

THE GUARDIAN

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CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1952

Lively Issues

Two lively discussions featured the closing days of the Legislature, namely those on Prince of Wales College and on electoral reform. In the first instance Dr. MacMillan challenged the Government with religious discrimination both as regards appointments and salary increments, and demanded to know who was responsible. He also asserted that there were too many professors for the number of students enrolled and commented adversely on other features of the administration. It is to be hoped that the committee to be appointed by the Government to inquire into the College curriculum will clarify these issues as well and leave no doubt in the public mind as to the complaints which have been voiced on the floor of the House.

Until the Education Act was amended in 1945, the Board of Education was in control and this Board consisted of the Premier, as chairman, the Executive Council, the Principal of Prince of Wales College, and the Superintendent of Education as member and secretary. Since that time the Minister of Education carries on as in other departments of government, with an Advisory Council to assist him. This Council, of which the Minister is chairman and the Deputy Minister vice-chairman, comprises the principal of Prince of Wales College, the rector of St. Dunstan's University, one representative each from the Teachers' Federation, the Canadian Legion and the Federation of Agriculture, and three representatives of the Women's Institutes.

Last year a High School Committee was set up on the advice of the Advisory Council, under the chairmanship of the director of curriculum, Mr. Malcolm MacKenzie, for the purpose of studying the two senior high school programmes with a view to working out a uniform matriculation course for the two additional years of study beyond Grade X. This Committee includes representatives from Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's University, and from the Grade XI schools outside Prince of Wales. At the last meeting of the Council in February, the Committee reported progress but stated they had not yet arrived at a definite arrangement.

With regard to electoral reform, a committee of the Legislature has been appointed to study this question and report back to the House at its convenience. The proposals have already been pretty thoroughly discussed at meetings of the Federation of Agriculture, which is to be commended for bringing the issue so strongly before the public. There is no doubt that some reforms in our electoral system are necessary, and the extent to which the reformation should go will be the real question before the committee, and, later, the Legislature.

M. Pinay's Dizzy Pinnacle

France's Monsieur Pinay, having scaled the giddy heights that lead to the premiership of the Fourth Republic, must now be experiencing pangs of anxiety not dissimilar to that of the amateur alpinist who, having scaled Mont Blanc, is more worried about the problem of where to go next than concerned with the glamor of his achievement. For M. Pinay's election marks a turning point in post-war politics in France, in that it is the first time since the cessation of hostilities that a premier has taken office without the support of the socialists. Monsieur Pinay holds the premiership because of the fact that 27 de Gaullist members of the National Assembly disobeyed the order of their party leader to abstain in the voting.

Premier Pinay has struck a bold course in declaring his determination to "restore the franc." To do so he will have to close a gap of something like a billion dollars in the budgetary picture. It is, of course, unthinkable, considering the debacle that befell his predecessor M. Faure, that the gap should be closed by new taxation. The necessary savings, so far as they can be effected at all, must inevitably, politics being the art of the possible, be sought in the cessation of outlays for reconstruction, a drastic cut in the defence bill, and the adoption of some new policy respecting the war of attrition in Indo-China, already costing France upwards of a billion dollars a year.

The withdrawal of French forces from Indo-China, which M. Pinay is said to regard with favor, is certain to cost France dear in American eyes. For in Washington

the French role in holding the Communists at bay in Indo-China is regarded as second only to the American role in Korea. Moreover, French withdrawal in Indo-China would imperil much of southeast Asia and call for a complete reorientation of North American military commitments in Asia.

Against such a background, about all that can be said of the Pinay regime is that it brings General de Gaulle a step nearer power in France.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Maundy Thursday.

Thursday before Easter.

Tomorrow Good Friday—statutory holiday.

The Legislature has risen after a fairly strenuous session, and the members have returned to their homes and customary chores.

So successful has been immunisation against diphtheria in Britain that eradication of the disease is foreseen within the next few years, says Dr. William Logan, Chief Medical Statistician.

Britain now has 85,000 University students compared with 50,000 prewar. There are twice as many in Science and Technology and, in Arts, the increase is about 50 per cent. Teachers number about 8,500, compared with 4,000 prewar.

The numerous friends and clients here of Mr. C. N. Bissett, manager of the Eastern Trust, Halifax, are congratulating him on his unanimous appointment as president of the newly formed national organization of Canadian trust companies. A better choice could hardly have been made.

Members of Parliament have balked at PICMME, the abbreviation for Provisional Intergovernmental Committee for the Movement of Migrants from Europe. Canadians missed out on the schooling in such alphabetical nomenclature acquired by Americans under the New Deal and wartime practices failed to make such monstrosities an accepted habit in this country.

All that need be said about the Federal Budget is that it has readjusted taxation—has not relieved it to any extent for the average consumer. Luxury taxes have been lightened at the expense of the ordinary taxpayer who has had a two per cent "security" (defence) tax added to his burdens. In these strenuous times we ought to be thankful for small mercies.

William Hazlitt, English critic, author and painter, was born this date 1778. When unprejudiced—he often was prejudiced in the case of poets with whom he was acquainted—his judgment was usually sound, and generally well expressed. He wrote with sympathy but declined to be influenced by the conditions under which a work was produced. His many books include, "Characters from Shakespeare's Plays."

Nobody at present wants compulsory voting at political elections, though it would have its advantages. What most people interested want is a readjustment of constituencies according to population, and without endangering unduly the property interests of farmers and others. We hold a unique position in Canada of having a greater percentage of individual land and house owners than any other province in Canada, and these having most at stake are entitled to due recognition.

Farmers cannot work a five-day week, owing to the nature of their business. Any farmer with livestock must work seven days. What the farmer can do is to reduce his daily duties by reducing production, particularly milk production. This is now happening, and is the chief reason for present food prices. They will not come down till the farmer is willing to work harder; and he will not work harder till city dwellers do. They caused the situation, and only they can cure it.

Increased luxurious living in American cities is going to benefit the dairy farmers. The milk industry in the United States which hitherto has been satisfied with June as Dairy Month, has appropriated another month. Henceforth, the heavy promotion of dairy products will include May as well as June. May will be Milk Month and June will be devoted to ice cream. "Both months will see an unprecedented amount of related products promotion by most of the largest food companies," says Mr. Owen M. Richards, general manager of the American Dairy Association. A promotion to move ice cream into the home will be announced on Saturday, April 12 at a meeting of food editors. "A million extra pints of ice cream will be sold in the first 10 days of June," Mr. Richards promises.

Greatest Gift



The Passing Scene

By Observer

SPRING

Today I saw my first sign of Spring, my first this year, that is to say. Quite unexpectedly a tiny swallow flew by in a hurry, as if it were bent on the most important business imaginable, as indeed it might have been. The little thing did not tarry very long, but long enough to assure me that another winter of our discontent has passed into the turbulent stream of the years. The swallow knows more about that than the calendar. Much more.

Not that winter itself should be held in disrepute. Thoughtless people malign it. I know. Actually, it deserves honoured place both as a discipline and as an experience of its own right. Lands and how, where summer is the order of the year no doubt have their attractions. Somehow, it is difficult to see how they can possibly satisfy that part of the human heart which must have hope to live by or it will die. Perpetual summer has many delights, but hope is not one of them, for when fulfilment is at hand there is no need of hope.

If there were no winter to bind our spirits in the harsh discipline of Nature, there would be no Spring to release them, and what a loss that would be to the life of man! It is true that Nature speaks eloquently and sings sweetly in each season. She upholds her integrity in the cold winter as proudly as at any other time. For all that, there is no doubt that, if we had to choose one time before another, most of us would choose Spring. Spring is Nature's answer to man's innate desire to see and recognize permanence beyond the ephemeral incidents of the common way. I think we can say that, philosophically considered, Spring is the great season of the soul. The love of beauty which is in us all, through some may not always give evidence of it, finds in Spring that response which no other time or condition can provide. The diverse vicissitudes and pains which afflict mankind seem to fade into trivial and unimportant episodes when one has the time, the inclination, and the ability to explore the prodigality of the delights which Spring likes to open up to the mind that is willing to receive them.

And there is always something new. No one has yet discovered all of Spring's secrets, and it is safe to say that no one ever will. The picture I see this year I had never seen before. Next year it will be another and quite different one.

Spring tells me that I have all Nature for my own personal property. From the stars at night to the tiny leaf along my garden path. It is all mine and my neighbor's. I may do little with it. I may even repudiate it. That is what most of us do, in fact. But it is there for my use whenever I am conscious of my kinship with divine energy and the eternal strength of creation. "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years," wrote Emerson, "how men would believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!" And I suppose if Spring came only once in a man's lifetime, he would strive for that brief period of time to study the verities of life and realize a little better his nearness to the heart of the Universe.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Ever since human life first appeared, philosophers have been asking that question. All the great religions that have influenced men and civilizations have answered "yes," with many differences in interpretation and understanding. Indeed, whenever men have let the fact itself and wandered into an attempted explanation of the why and how, they have come up against great difficulties. This is natural enough since of course the language we know is sufficient only for the experiences we have had. Theology can certainly help a man in his reasoning towards a sound and satisfactory belief in immortality. Nevertheless, the voice of Spring can sometimes answer questions about which the theologians are uncertain and confused. It is easy enough for a man to become sceptical in the autumn, as he stands amid falling leaves and listens to the shrill winds of approaching morning. But on a Spring morning, when everything about him is in the full joy of resurrection, the sceptic shows less intelligence than the swallow, or the tiny plant, manifestly eager to burst through the soft earth in order that it may resume its life of service. Last fall we said "good-bye," as we thought, to the tiny pansies that had beautified our garden walk. Apparently, however, they had no fear of dissolution. Without a murmur they went to sleep and the heavy snows soon gave them cover and warmth. Now they are ready to live again and already they are looking up to the sun. In their own way and in their own language they have power to renew and strengthen faith in the unspoken Wisdom that moves, unerringly through the Universe.

Spring does not say there is no death, but that life is a stronger force. Death is an incident. Life is a permanent principle. Incidents may be annoying, even fearful at times, but they cannot destroy that which in its very nature is indestructible. "Except you become as little children you shall not enter the Kingdom." The kingdom of the spirit is only for those who retain the Spring-time of youth in their souls. The man who does not feel a stream of wild delight coursing through his mind and spirit when Spring comes in all its glory and renewing power is an old man, whether he be in his twenties or his nineties. Conversely, the man who finds joy in the fresh budding of the trees, the new song of the birds, the reawakening of plant and flower, is young, whatever the calendar of his years may show. When the spirit of a man grows old along with his body, that is tragedy.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

WE SHOULD AT LEAST WARN THE POOR TOURISTS:

Sir,—Our Department of Public Works should certainly put up two signs, one at Aulac on the turn-off to P.E.I. and the other right in front of the car-ferry at Cape Tormentine, warning the tourists that our main roads are either under construction or are very bad.

These two signs will probably cost the Province of P.E.I. maybe one million dollars in tourist money this year. But they will protect and save our tourist industry for the future years.

If we don't put up these two signs, we are in serious danger of crippling our tourist traffic for half a generation.

This statement will be no exaggeration to anybody who has driven a car outside of P.E.I. We might as well start to face facts and at least be honest about it.

Yesterday I had the misfortune of being obliged to drive from Summerside to Charlottetown and return and then to drive to Borden and return, all in one day. It was a hectic experience, hectic for myself and worse for the car. Fortunately, I was not driving a new car. I have driven the Charlottetown highway twice a week for the past ten years and it is obviously going to be in worse shape this year than ever before. Most of it will have to be either torn up or feeble attempts made at patching. I don't know what is worse.

If the Government takes as long to patch the Borden and Charlottetown highways as they took last year to patch the Charlottetown highway, they are going to be at it right in the middle of our tourist trade. Roads under construction are a nightmare to the holiday tourists. The dust is very bad. But the myriads of bumps and the thousands of holes in the open pavement are worse. It is bad enough in daylight when you have some chance of seeing the holes in time to save wrecking your car, but on a rainy night, you just can't help pounding and banging.

We must remember that these tourists are accustomed to driving 50 miles at a stretch coming from Montreal or Boston or even in the other Maritime Provinces without hitting one hole in the pavement. Anybody who has been outside P.E.I. will know this is a fact and no exaggeration. Therefore, we should at least forewarn our tourists at Aulac and at Cape Tormentine and suggest they wait until next year. Surely they will be forewarned, they will not get so mad and disgusted at our roads. It is indeed too bad that we haven't got at least one good main highway between Borden and Summerside and Charlottetown. The other roads are not too bad. Tourists don't expect clay roads to be as good as pavements. Our pavement is mostly awful, but it is a boulevard compared to the pavement from Borden to Summerside. I won't attempt to describe it in words. Other motorists will soon find out to their sorrow that I am not exaggerating.

What would you think if you were a tourist here on a holiday with a nice new car? If this tourist were anything like me, by the time I had driven the bumps and holes into Summerside and been tantalized by one very short stretch of good pavement such as I'm used to away, I would be in such a rage that I would catch the next car-ferry back again and tell all my friends "for heaven's sake don't take a decent car into P.E.I. ever!"

The tourist trade means a great deal to the theatres and to the stores of P.E.I. but of course, the tourist trade is the bread and butter of the hotels and tourist cabin operators. I think if I were a tourist cabin operator, with an eye to the future, I would petition the

The Age-Old Story

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Government to put up those two signs.

Another thing has always amazed me about the roads of P.E.I. and it is still a blind mystery. When is the Department of Public Works going to realize that ordinary pavements will not stand up for more than eight or ten years in this Province? When are they going to realize that the only permanent solution is a cement highway? It will be the cheapest in the long run. Our Minister of Public Works has only to examine the cement stretch leading into Summerside and leading out of Borden and to compare their proven long life with the other ordinary asphalt pavements to realize the correctness of this observation.

What is the sense of continuing to dump our money into mud with ordinary asphalt pavements when it has been proven that cement is the only permanent highway for this Province? Otherwise we will always have the main bulk of our highway either torn up under construction all summer or feeble attempts made at patching what should be torn up. How can we ever expect to enjoy a really expanding tourist industry with always such awful roads?

I am, Sir, etc., ROBERT T. HOLMAN, Summerside, P.E.I.

FARM MARKETING PROBLEM

Sir,—It seems to me that there was an important economic principle in the following paragraph in a news item reporting suggestions made in the Legislature for improving conditions in the primary industries of the Province: "Mr. W. A. Acorn, Squire, thought the Department of Agriculture should look into the matter of better and fancier packaging of products grown on the farms here. He thought that clean potatoes attractively packaged in cellophane would attract the buyers and bring better prices to the producer; and, in support of his suggestion, pointed out that imported tomatoes brought far higher prices in the local stores when they were put up in specially prepared one-pound packages than when they arrived in bulk lots." (March 28, Guardian.)

The above appealed to this reader as being "good business," even if it also reminded me of the following ebullient assertion by a wholesale provision dealer (in farm language, a middleman) discussing a cereal product for the market: "If we can package it, our fortune's made!" also this very different comment from one of the farm leaders on the Prairies: "The farmer is the only man in the world who spends all his time in production, without ever thinking where, or how, or in what way he is going to sell his product."

And I am only frank if I take the opportunity of adding to my

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

CHANGE OF NAME

"The inhabitants of Bull Creek held a meeting on the 3rd inst. for the purpose of changing the name of the place. On the meeting being called to order Mr. John McAulay was appointed chairman and Joseph McEachern secretary. It was then proposed by Capt. James Campbell and seconded by Mr. Vincent McCormack, that the name of the settlement be changed to Bayfield. On this being put to vote it was unanimously carried. After a vote of thanks to the chairman the meeting quietly dispersed."

—The Examiner, Feb. 10, 1883.

The Poet's Corner

LAST SNOW

Although the snow still lingers Heaped on the ivy's blunt webbed fingers And painting tree-trunks on one side Here in this sunlit tide The fresh unchristened things appear. Leaf, spathe and stem, With crumbs of earth clinging to them To show the way they came, But no flower yet to tell their name, And one green spear Slashing a dead leaf from below Kills winter at a blow.

—Andrew Young.

approval of the suggestion made by Mr. Acorn this limitation, or caveat: I am not at all sure that he was asking the right people to "look into" this problem? My own view is that it should be investigated by the growers' own organizations if, in fact, those "better prices" are to accrue to rural treasuries? I think it is fairly reasonable to assert that, if the better grading and processing and packaging is done by off-the-farm operators, the tendency would naturally be, if one may say so, "to the packagers belong the spoils," i.e. in this instance the "better prices" leaving the primary producers occupying their historic position at the "bulk lots" level.

I am convinced, Sir, that in this marketing problem there is really no enduring substitute for organization, whether dealing with potatoes, eggs, hogs or fruit? I am, Sir, etc. AN URBAN FRIEND Toronto, Ont.

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