

THE GUARDIAN

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King In A Perambulator?

Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum. In the realm of public affairs, a political vacuum nowadays is surely something to be feared indeed. For it is just such a state of affairs that accords to Moscow the long-awaited opportunity to pull the strings designed to place its puppets in places of power.

That is why the situation in Egypt is occasioning such grave concern in the Capitals of the western democracies. For General Nguib Mohammed's more than successful attempt to purge the higher ranks of the army and to reprove the abdicated King Farouk for his corruption have resulted in a situation where it is little short of impossible for him to retire into the background. For, once he does so, the keystone of Egypt's shaky political structure is removed and chaos is bound to follow.

Who is going to replace, both constitutionally and in politics, the important if corrupt element hitherto represented by the Palace? A King in a perambulator? Who is to have the final say in summoning a premier, dismissing parliament, or declaring war?

Three possible candidates for the role exist at the moment. The first is the army under Nguib Mohammed, working with such politicians as possess sufficient experience and enjoy the army's confidence. The second is the regency council named by King Farouk in a sealed letter not to be opened until parliament meets. The third is the people which, for the moment means the fanatical Wafdist party which dominates Parliament.

So long as no group holds decisive power, the danger of strife and Communist influence will continue to throw an ominous shadow not only over Egypt but the entire Middle East. It may be that Egypt's road to political stability lies, as did that of Turkey, in acquiescence in a benevolent dictatorship until such time as the Egyptian people manifest an awareness of the fact that democratic government, to be enduring, must be responsible and not anarchic.

Looking Backward

The pleasures of anticipation are sweet and unmarred by such trivialities as horses that do not place or children who manage to get lost but they cannot compare with the excitement and satisfaction of the event. This year Old Home Week of the Provincial Exhibition really was an event. People crowded from far and near to have a part in it and they were not disappointed.

The emphasis, of course, was on the racing which Islanders have in their blood, but every other attraction of a summer fair was well represented. Those thousands who enjoyed their days and nights of Old Home Week owe a debt of gratitude to the directors of the Exhibition Association and to the many hundreds of workers and exhibitors but for whose time and effort such an outstanding programme would have been impossible.

The perfection of the weather for the event certainly justifies the date which for many years now Old Home Week has been held. Old timers may regret that it is too early for a display of fruits, grains and vegetables but these can be seen at later shows and, indeed, to better advantage because the smaller exhibitions offer greater opportunities for individual growers to show what they can do.

Old Home Week has been growing in every way. People are coming from greater distances. The area of the grounds in use has been extended. More buildings have been put up and occupied, and from all indications the growing process has far from ended. Fans of horse racing, fine livestock, arts and crafts and good fellowship can look forward to even greater things to come.

More Goods From Britain

Practically all Canadians, no matter of what national descent, regard the "Old Country" with feelings somewhat akin to the way individuals look upon the homes of grandparents. It is sad to see once proud family homes become mere shells with the departure of the young and the death of the old. Sometimes if there be financial difficulty, these homes suffer great deterioration before finally passing out of the family.

So it is we are saddened by the circumstances in which the "Old Country" finds itself. But Britain is in its present condition because of the tremendous sacrifice made in defence of liberty. Sacrifices far in excess of even those who were defeated and who are now returning to a healthy economy.

Yet Britain is not decadent, behind the times, economically crippled, nor materially or spiritually impoverished. She has merely acquiesced to the demands of those controlling the majority of votes. A principle for which she has given her noblest blood. The real power in any nation always has been and always will be in the millions who as a matter of routine do their daily task whether it be operating an elevator or the development of the newest atomic discovery.

The expansion of the trades union movement in Britain has ensured that their leaders control government policy whether the labour party is in or out of office. The result is that the British labouring man has never been better off than he is today. Difficulties stem from the converse side in that the British labouring man never gave less in return. The policy, appears to some, very much like a man keeping himself warm by burning the props which support his house.

For Britain's recovery does not require unequalled fortitude, supreme courage, miracles of skill, nor even that British labour accept a bit of the austerity — but merely that each give a little more. This in the aggregate would amount to millions of pounds daily with which Britain might regain her place in world trade, and carry out the advice of the Hon. C. D. Howe, "No one can get a country out of financial difficulties unless it is that country itself."

Britain's strength lies in its trades unions, for as surely as these unions have the power to demand, they also have the power to give. A Nelson in British labour might make a startling change in the entire picture with the words, "England expects this day that every man will do his duty."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, 10th Sunday after Trinity.

Never a community to be left behind, Montague is meeting rural beautification with what amounts to village beautification.

Sydney is fining motorists who splash pedestrians, a very proper and salutary proceeding. The only question raised by the report is, what have the motorists been splashing their victims with?

It's been a big week. Exhibitors, exhibition officials, friends from other parts and Islanders generally enjoyed one of the finest Old Home Weeks ever. The weather could not have been kinder and everyone seemed to enter into the Old Home Week spirit.

Canada is taking steps to declare herself free from foot-and-mouth disease after the Saskatchewan outbreak of last February. The relaxed internal restrictions, however, are of little more than local significance compared with the general effect of the re-opening of the American market when the time comes.

Ontario is restocking its streams with the aid of aircraft. Young trout and other game fish are flown some 400 feet above the waters to be restocked and the fish placed in the rear of the plane, for all the world as if in a wash basin. At the right moment the plug is pulled out and the fingerlings or yearlings are released with the prospect of 100 per cent survival.

The Netherlands are not unlike this Province agriculturally. Mixed farming on easily tilled small farms is the rule with considerable emphasis on dairying. The Dutch farmers and their families who come here quickly fit into the community and are a decided asset. According to Mr. Stallings, of the Netherlands embassy, the Dutch are as happy to be able to come here as we are to have them.

Thomas Edward Lawrence, "Lawrence of Arabia", was born this date 1888. He became interested in archaeology and visited Syria, then Carchemish and Egypt. He joined Hogarth in the Arab Bureau on the outbreak of war and conducted an extraordinarily successful campaign for the Arab cause, becoming famous as a wrecker of Turkish trains. Considering the Arabs neglected at the peace conference he re-nounced rank and name and became Aircraftman Shaw. He died in 1935 as a result of a motorcycle accident. His work was recorded in "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and its abridgment, "Revolt in the Desert".

Sketchpad Report



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.

THE "OVERLANDER" RETURNS

Sir.—The "Overlander" Special which left the Maritimes on July 13th returned on schedule, arriving back in Moncton at 9 a.m. on August 12th, carrying back to their homes a happy group of Maritimers, 60 per cent of the party came from P.E.I., the largest quota from any one point being from the Kensington area.

Continuing our brief outline of the trip as far as Montreal, we proceed on our westward journey with two days of travel through the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Arriving in Winnipeg on the morning of July 15th where our train stopped one hour, we were greeted by former friends.

Here, a special feature of the journey was observed when two of our party were feted, Mr. Duncan MacGouge of Malheur, P. E. I., and Mrs. K. H. MacDonald of Chatham, N.B., whose birthdays fell between the excursion, dates July 12th to Aug. 12th were invited to take their stand on an elevated platform, where a complimentary address was read to them by Mr. Parker, President of the Maritime Association of Winnipeg and the gift of a birthday cake was presented to each. The cakes were later served to the passengers during afternoon luncheon. "Happy Birthday To You" was heartily sung.

Leaving Winnipeg we at once came in view of the wide open spaces of the Prairies, with their broad acres of waving grain. Next morning, July 16th, we arrived in Edmonton where all passengers were driven from the station by bus to the MacDonald Hotel (the largest in the city). Here we were treated to a delicious breakfast sponsored by the Maritime Association of that city, of whom there are some 500 members.

Breakfast ended, we were given a rousing reception by the Mayor, Lieutenant Governor J. J. Bowlan (who by the way is a former Islander), the President of the Alberta College and by the President of the Maritime Association. These addresses, filled as they were with a warm, hearty welcome instilled into the heart of every passenger a thrill that we shall not soon forget.

At Edmonton the group began to separate, a goodly number continuing their journey on to the coast, others going to Calgary as their destination, while still many more going to the country sides to visit friends and relatives.

Then began three weeks of happy re-unions and sight seeing tours through the great Canadian West with its rich oil fields of Leduc, Devon, etc.; extensive coal mines of Drumheller, the three beautiful National Parks of Alberta — Jasper, Banff and Waterton; the majestic Rockies with their peaks towering skyward to an altitude of anywhere from 7,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level; on their summits traces of snow are still to be seen in late July. One gazes at the awe-inspiring works of nature with a feeling bordering on the sublime. Nestled in the heart of the Rockies is Lake Louise, for beauty and grandeur, it is recognized as the most picturesque spot in Canada.

Favored with lovely weather, we saw the immense grain crops of wheat, oats and barley, (no mixed grain), at their best. Barring the storms of Western Canada are this year looking forward to the reaping of a bountiful harvest. With all excursionists enjoying themselves to the full, we realize our time is all too quickly slipping by and on the evening of Aug. 8th the "Overlander" steamed into Edmonton from Vancouver.

Regretful good-byes are hastily said to friends who had assembled at the Depot to "see us off" and soon we hear the order "all aboard" and we are starting on our long journey back home. If the outward journey was good (as it certainly was) the return trip

The Poet's Corner

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

Only a man harrowing cloids In a slow silent walk With an old horse that stumbles and nods Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame From the hoops of couchgrass: Yet this will go onward the same Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight Came whispering by: War's annual will cloud into night Ere their story die.

—Thomas Hardy.

was even more so. Our meeting together again was intensified by an acquaintance of only a few weeks previous and we soon became fast friends.

On Friday and Saturday evenings we enjoyed hearty sing-songs in the recreation car. In her own inimitable manner Mrs. L. R. Ramsay, of Kensington, R.R., delighted her listeners with a humorous recitation entitled "My Five Husbands". This was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Our stop of one hour in Winnipeg gave us another opportunity to meet and greet friends who quietly observed on the train in the morning we had a devotional period led by Mr. J. C. Moore of Sydney, N.S., who read a passage of Scripture, followed by repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison. Following this we enjoyed an hour of singing the old familiar hymns, with Mrs. Leslie MacFarlane as organist.

Monday evening was given over to one of the highlights of the excursion in the recreation car, taking the form of a meeting, Mr. A. G. Baxter of Amherst very ably performed the role of chairman. He invited to the front of the over-crowded car Mr. J. V. Dods, the organizer, Mr. Chas. Goodridge, his assistant, and conductor Bourgeois, the train "slow-ed down" to fifteen miles per hour and Mr. J. C. Moore of Sydney read a complimentary address to the trio.

This was followed by the presentation of a substantial cheque to each (a gift from the passengers). The presentation was made on behalf of Nova Scotia by Miss Lillian Haley — from N. B. by Miss Grace Thompson and from P.E.I. by Miss Winnifred Haslam, Springfield. In response, each of the men replied, thanking the passengers and for their friendly and hearty co-operation in making the excursion an outstanding success. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the three organizers, Mrs. MacFarlane, Mrs. MacKinnon and Mrs. Lord. In keeping with the spirit of the hour, Mrs. L. G. Ramsay recited another fine poem entitled "Home."

On the last lap of our return journey we arrived in Moncton at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, Aug. 12th. The organ used on the train was taken off and placed on the station platform and all passengers lined up and sang heartily "The Overlander Special Song" composed en route by Miss Bessie Klessman, R.N., of Sackville and sung to the tune "The Isle of Capri". At this stage, Mr. Dods called the gathering to order by announcing that before separating, he had several presentations to make. He presented beautiful corsages of roses to each of three registered nurses, namely, Miss Bessie Klessman, Mrs. McVarnan and Miss Irma Faudet, who had kindly rendered "first aid" to a lady passenger who had taken ill on the train—also a similar gift to Mrs. MacFarlane for acting as organist.

To each of five men whom Mr. Dods considered worthy of merit on the trip we made the presentation of a fine English Morocco billfold, as follows, H. F. Morrisson, C. S. MacKay, Eliphalet Howatt, Alex Wood and Mr. Harett of Springfield, N.S. Before parting, all joined heartily in singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" and "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot". When three

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

OLDTIME PRIZE-WINNERS

Handicraft and farm produce exhibitions were held separate from livestock fairs in the old days in this Province, and were equally popular. They were called Industrial Exhibitions and were held for some years in what was known as the Temperance Hall now The Guardian building. The following were among the prize winners at an exhibition of this kind held on November 7, 1862:

Best grey homespun wool, milled land wool, spun, woven, dyed and dressed on the island: Mrs. Jacks, Cavendish; 2nd, Mrs. Fraser, Cavendish.

Best grey homespun wool, milled and full dressed: Miss Susanna Deacon, Little York, 1st and 2nd.

Best fancy mixture homespun: Mrs. Robert Robertson, St. Peter's Road; George Muttart, Cape Traverse, 2nd.

Best fancy women's wear, wool and cotton, William Mathewson, Rustico.

Best hearth rug, made of woolen yarn: Miss Susanna Deacon, Little York.

Best hearth rug made of rags, Mrs. J. Mutch, Charlottetown.

Best woolen fancy plaid shawl, Miss Lane, Dunstaffnage.

Best pair of thick knit woolen stockings, for overalls, Miss E. Bryenton, Brackley Point Road.

Best woolen socks, Miss Marla Higgins, Cove Head.

Best woolen gloves, Miss Theresa Campbell, Tracadie.

Best woolen mittens, Miss Judson, Lot 49.

Best willow baskets, Edward Lane, Dunstaffnage.

Best tub of butter, not less than 30 lbs., Mrs. Bain, York River; 2nd, Miss Ferguson, York River.

Best cheese, not less than 20 lbs., Samuel Hyde, Elliot River; 2nd, William H. Hyde, Elliot River.

Best half-dozen carrots, for the table, William Gay, St. Eleanor's.

Best blood beet, W. Crosby, Elliot River.

Best mangold wurtzel, George Dods, Charlottetown.

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Notes By The Way

Nurses in an English infirmary went on strike because they were offered smoked kippers and tea for breakfast. Other English would strike if they didn't have kippers for breakfast.—Ottawa Journal.

Trying to convince some Americans that their dollar isn't worth its full value on our side of the border is like trying to sell a refrigerator to an Eskimo. To many tourists a buck is a buck, and it takes diplomacy to convince him otherwise. But remember, courtesy and fair play pay off in return business.—Niagara Falls Review.

Colonel Tom Kennedy, Ontario Minister of Agriculture, speaking at Guelph to rural clergy attending a Summer school at the Ontario Agricultural College, said they ought to have a union to insure adequate salaries. Unions enforce their demands by the threat of unified action and by the strike. The clergy would not do that. But Colonel Kennedy's suggestion is a reminder of the sorry monetary recompense which our rural clergy receive for their devoted services.—London Free Press.

There was a time when all the revenues of the country went into the hands of the sovereign personally, and he defrayed out of them the whole of the national expenditure. We have traveled a long way since then, and it has been a wise journey. But it is possible to go too far. No one can decide with accuracy what the different members of the Royal Family may reasonably be expected to need, and go to Foster personal extravagance would be the grossest folly or ignorance.—London Spectator.

A local man who visited friends in Detroit states that he made a purchase in a store the price of which was 70 cents. Inadvertently he put down a Canadian \$2 bill and noticing his mistake remarked: "I'm sorry, I suppose you will not accept that." The girl clerk replied: "Oh, yes, I'll take that, but in exchange." The result was that he paid the equivalent of 85 cents for the article. Yet, there are Canadians who are so afraid of offending an American that they accept dollars at par.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Every effort should be made to settle the strike at the H. J. Heinz Company of Canada, Ltd., at Leamington and Wallaceburg immediately. These plants process perishable foods and unless they can be processed, they will be lost. Farmers, who have no part in the dispute, will be the innocent victims and could lose the entire season's work on the crops concerned. It would be an economic waste, as well, to have good food spoil because of the differences between the company and its employees. This isn't the same category as a steel or coal strike. Steel and coal don't decay.—Windsor Daily Star.

W. DeBlois, Charlottetown Royal. Best roots of parsnips, W. Murphy, Charlottetown.

Best ears of Indian corn, Thomas Dodd, Charlottetown.

Best onions, William Mallet, Charlottetown.

Best apples, Mrs. Lewis, Charlottetown.

Also recommended for prizes were Miss Theresa Campbell, Tracadie, and Miss Ann Higgins, Covehead, for stockings; Mrs. Henry Longworth, for white flannel; Mrs. Hector Munn, Lot 62, for flannel shirt and overalls; Mrs. Robert Robertson and Miss Mary Beers, for women's wear; Miss Flora McSwain, Belfast, for a fancy plaid shawl; Miss Ann Higgins, for a cake of myrtle wax; Elisha Weatherbie, for an ax, William Lane, Dunstaffnage, for a four-prong dungfork, and Robert Cairns for "very fine pears."

The Age-Old Story

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went unto a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore. . . . And the disciples came and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. . . . Another parable spake he unto them: The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

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