

THE GUARDIAN

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in-council was cancelled when it was found there was no possibility of those imports being made in the foreseeable future." The Journal wonders why, if there was no possibility of further exports, there was such a great rush to cancel the original order. It finds interesting also the fact that Mr. Gardiner was not in the House for the opening or during the first days of the session and was not in Ottawa to meet Premier Holland of New Zealand, who might be expected to have had a considerable interest in this matter of New Zealand butter.

EDITORIAL NOTES

United States rail switchmen may not have been very sick, but they certainly caused a severe hardening of the arteries.

Parkdale was a long time achieving corporate existence as a municipality, but now that it has become an entity it is showing commendable vigor in improvements and expansion.

It seems doubtful whether the Maritimes will be represented at the B. C. junior curling bonspiel. It is a long way to go and expensive. N. S. and N. B. have turned it down, and indications are that P. E. I. will do likewise.

U. N. forces are advancing instead of retreating just now but face the same old problem that they must leave the enemy in North Korea, because that is the only place in which they are authorized to meet him.

Many a pedestrian was splashed Wednesday evening by cars travelling all too fast for street and traffic conditions. Drivers would do well to remember that it is the foot traffic which has the right of way at intersections and that boorish behaviour may bring punishment as well as imprecations.

The financial aspect of civil defence is probably the most immediate problem to be ironed out at the forthcoming Ottawa meeting. There should be no lack of personnel with suitable experience and training to plan and put into effect the appropriate measures.

The almost insignificant majority of ten held by the British Labour Government has enabled it to withstand all attempts so far to defeat it on a lack of confidence vote in the House of Commons. The probability is that had the majority been greater, there would have been enough absentees on occasion to permit such a vote to carry.

Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, Scottish noble, died this date 1567; was great grandson of Henry III, and son of Earl of Lennox; created Duke of Albany in 1565, and married Mary Queen of Scots the same year, being proclaimed King the day previous to his marriage; he became father of James VI of Scotland and I of England; he assisted in the murder of Rizzio, and was himself murdered at Kirk O'Field House on the site where Edinburgh University now stands.

February 11 to 17 is this year announced by officials of the Canadian Council of the Blind and the Canadian National Institute for the Blind as White Cane Week. During this period they ask the community to give a little thought to its blind members — to inform themselves that the sightless citizen is a normal Canadian, with an inconvenient handicap. This year the effort to develop a closer understanding between blind and sighted centres around recreational activities, which are the great means of promoting normal living among the blind.

How they get ahead industrially in Quebec. Actual construction of the 360 mile railway from Seven Islands to the rich iron ore deposits at Knob Lake, in the New Quebec-Labrador area, will get underway in the Spring. Sixty miles of right of way has now been cleared. Engineers are preparing plans for the two major bridges contemplated. The first, 460 feet long, is over the Moise River at Mile 14. The other, 900 feet long, will span the Ashunai River at Mile 335.

The argument is advanced by the Montreal Gazette — and The Ottawa Journal thinks it has much merit — that if in these perilous times Canadians must make sacrifices to assure their survival as free people they might begin now with the sacrifice of early television. The times are far from normal, The Gazette points out, and the current problem is not to give us all a new form of entertainment but "to find the materials and the skills for defending life itself." The CBC's television program is being advanced out of public money. The CBC, to save money and man-power and materials, might well call the whole thing off until a more convenient season.

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.

NEWFOUNDLAND TRADE

Sir.—When the Hon. Eugene Cullen became Minister of Industry and Natural Resources, I did the best I could to point out to him in detail what I was intending to do for our Island and shippers, and perhaps how our good market in Newfoundland might be increased and held, also the feeling in Newfoundland about the "Eskimo" boat.

This was the first time in my life that Mr. Cullen and I ever talked about trade, because before then one of us never had any reason to speak on that subject, although we were lifetime acquaintances. As we talked I told him things which I had seen on my many trips to Newfoundland, and how you find things out when you travel among the people down there; some of our talk even dealt with the United States market for poultry, and why I figured some of our Island farmers should be raising more capon chickens instead of cockerels, when they had their eye on the American trade.

In the States the majority of poultrymen never raise capon chickens, because seven or eight months to them seems far too long a time. They prefer raising broiler and roaster chickens instead, because the time period is very short. But to those of us down here on the Island who only intend to raise one flock a year, it does not matter much whether we raise cockerels in five or six months or capons in seven or eight; yet in United States a premium is usually paid for good capon chickens as the trade looks upon them as a treat, and they prefer them to turkey meat, as they find the average turkey is too large and expensive for one family.

That Fall a firm near Boston offered us 72 cents per lb. for all dressed capon chicken we could buy and haul down to them but instead we trucked down all the capons we could buy alive, and we usually paid approximately \$500 to \$700 per load more than our local trade was paying here. I wish if Premier Jones reads this, and I guess he has been told to watch, I know some more have been told that he will remember it, because we still have a little unfinished business together over "Opposition is the life of Trade."

It is hard for me to explain some parts of my talk to Mr. Cullen without first taking my readers back again to my last trip to Premier Jones when he forgot he ever promised to loan money. At that time if our Premier had kept his promise, it was my intention to fit a 200 ton boat with refrigeration to serve our Island, and to run to St. John's, Newfoundland. I argued with the Premier that to take a boat of that size and fit it and put it on the run in conjunction with a public killing abattoir, would not affect a bigger boat that was calling here, but it would be a good experiment and, if proved successful, then the following Spring one of the shipping companies was offering to service that established run with an up-to-date large boat, and this smaller boat of 200 tons could be put on the run to serve our Island, so that trade could be worked up.

Now I have pointed out previously that three and a half years ago, when something had to be done about our method of shipping to Newfoundland, and Ottawa authorities were demanding it, our Premier Jones and Trade Agent had Mr. Gordon White draw up a set of blue-prints to apply to a building which they intended to remodel for a cattle barn, in conjunction with a wharf, as their idea of how our trade would be held and serviced. I had decided that the time had come when a public killing abattoir should be established for all, where livestock could be slaughtered under Federal inspection, chilled, graded and properly shipped under refrigeration.

So far, so good. Now what did our Premier Jones do when I took up the boat question with him? Our Government purchased the Eskimo boat instead and decided that our trade to the outside of Newfoundland should be fostered and built up first. Here again is where Premier Jones and I have disagreed.

Resuming my talk again with Mr. Cullen, I pointed out to him whereby our shipping of cattle alive was costing our Island farmers \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year more by this loss in freight, the difference in dressed meat to cattle being shipped alive. I further impressed on him that during the War, Newfoundland importers were more or less forced to buy certain things in the Maritime Provinces but that was all over, and as Newfoundland was always considered the world's market, we had better "wish up" and resort to killing our meat, chilling it, then shipping properly under refrigerated boat.

Further, we should change our method of shipping every three weeks by the "Island Connector" to one of smaller boat service every ten or twelve days. Feed and supply Newfoundland, but don't stockpile here, then flood their market; ship them what they want and the way they want it, and some of the thorns which have existed for years will be pulled out.

I asked him too, how could one be expected to ship fresh eggs in summertime without proper facilities. What about butter for example; who is willing to ship on a hot boat during the heat of summer? Shipping as it exists to-day is being carried on by a lot of individual shippers, each in turn shipping small consignments to individual importers — and if we are to continue this method of shipping, we must have facilities whereby one and all can be serviced, and serviced properly — if not, it is going to be too bad and too late for bigger interests are getting ready to control it. I haven't given Mr. Cullen any chance to say anything yet, but he will get his turn. There is such a thing as speaking out of place. At this time I would like to point out to Mr. Joseph J. P. O'Brien that what he said about me calling Mr. J. O. C. Campbell foolish, is not correct, because I think he is smarter than some others in our Government. How long did it take him to see that Premier Jones had made a mistake in buying the "Eskimo" boat, remember where he said "the Premier has a horse now, but no buggy?" I am, Sir, etc. WOODROW WHEATLEY Charlottetown.



The Poet's Corner

EPILOGUE

And all their passionate hearts are dust, And dust the great idea that burned In various flames of love and lust Till the world's brain was 'turned. God, moving darkly in men's brains, Using their passions as his tool, Brings freedom with a tyrant's chains And wisdom with the fool. Blindly and bloodily we drift, Our interests clog our hearts with dreams. God make my brooding soul a rift Through which a meaning gleams. —John Masfield.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

SHORT-TERM LEASES

Text of a resolution passed at a public meeting held in Mr. A. McNeill's district school house, Lot 48, 26th October, 1946:

"Whilst this meeting heartily deprecates that unhallowed system of leasehold tenure, which so extensively prevails in this Colony, they at the same time are constrained, through every benevolent instinct of humanity, to reprobate and condemn that impolitic and inhuman practice, now becoming so general in this Island, of landlords or their agents granting leases of short terms of yearly tenancies and tenancies at will, to the needy and unfortunate tenantry, for the avowed purpose of speculating on, and profiting by their hard earned improvement. The better to prevent the evils of so nefarious a system, this meeting is firmly of opinion that such tenancies are contrary to the public interest and should be cured in the full value of their improvements by a local Act of the Legislature in its next session, ere they shall be compelled to leave their locations, and to remain in force till a purchase of the alleged proprietary rights to the 'soil' shall have been effected."

The Age-Old Story

Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: Prepare ye war, ye mighty men; let them come up; beat your plowshares into spears; let your pruninghooks into swords; let ye heathen, and gather yourselves together round about: thither cause thy mighty ones to come down, O Lord. Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; come, ye down: for the press is full, the fats overflow, for their wickedness is great. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near, and the moon shall be darkened and the stars shall withdraw their shining. The Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem: and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel. —(Joel 3:9-16.)

whereby one and all can be serviced, and serviced properly — if not, it is going to be too bad and too late for bigger interests are getting ready to control it. I haven't given Mr. Cullen any chance to say anything yet, but he will get his turn. There is such a thing as speaking out of place. At this time I would like to point out to Mr. Joseph J. P. O'Brien that what he said about me calling Mr. J. O. C. Campbell foolish, is not correct, because I think he is smarter than some others in our Government. How long did it take him to see that Premier Jones had made a mistake in buying the "Eskimo" boat, remember where he said "the Premier has a horse now, but no buggy?" I am, Sir, etc. WOODROW WHEATLEY Charlottetown.

When Prayer Worked Miracles

(George Black in Globe & Mail) Canon Haslam's timely letter on the need for prayer in this dark hour brought to mind some things that happened in answer to prayer in the last war. When France capitulated, and Britain was left to stand alone facing the might of Germany, with what pride Hitler flashed the news that "The British armies are surrounded, and our troops are proceeding to their annihilation!" As our troops slowly made their way to the coast, a great rainstorm broke upon them, which prevented the German planes from attacking. When eventually the Britishers reached the shores of Dunkirk, an umbrella of fog covered the Channel, and the waters were so calm that sailing craft of every description were able to ply to and from the coast of Dunkirk and rescue the astounding number of 335,000 men.

Mr. Churchill, speaking of the calamity in the House of Commons, said: "When a week ago I asked this House to fix an afternoon for a statement, I feared it would be my hard lot to announce the greatest military disaster in our history." (Mr. Churchill had counted on 20,000 or 30,000 being saved). But, by a supernatural act of God, a vast army was saved. In that dark hour the King called the nation to a day of prayer. He and his Ministers proceeded to Westminster Abbey, while thousands of his subjects assembled in various churches and halls, and cried to God. This great miracle of deliverance was the result. Even the daily press acknowledged it as such. The whole root and core and brain of the British Army was back in England, minus equipment, having to begin from scratch.

On the other side of the Channel, Hitler, flushed with victory and 200 divisions of crack troops, began setting his trap for the coast. The first date he fixed was September 16-20, 1940—a time when the English Channel is always smooth, and a harvest moon shining. The 16th came. Nothing happened. On the 17th "God blew with His winds," as He did in the Spanish Armada. Great gales swept the coast in France and continued until the 29th. The barges assembled by the enemy at various points along the coast had to be taken back into the harbor. Many were swamped; those which sought shelter in the harbors went into a death trap. They made excellent targets for the RAF, and were destroyed.

Germany then declared that Providence had twice favored Britain. First at Dunkirk and now by storms. Wait for the November and December fogs! November and December came and passed, but for the first time in memory there were no fogs that winter. Again, February 15, 1941, was fixed by Hitler as an invasion date. Britain, at that time, was shockingly ill-prepared. But on February 14 a submarine earthquake of great violence shook the Atlantic coast. The effect was such that vessels were driven as much as eighty miles off their course. There was no invasion attempt!

This was the last move before the Germans marched east. In 1942, when German submarines were playing havoc with Allied shipping, and Britain was low in food supplies, the greatest English harvest in memory was reaped. The Hon. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, speaking over the air, said: "This also I would say to you, in humility and seriousness. Much hard work and technical skill have played their part in these mighty yields, among the richest of all time. But I believe that we have a higher Power to thank as well, and from the depth of our hearts. Some power has wrought a miracle in the English harvest fields this summer, for in this, our year of greatest need, the land has given us bread in greater abundance than we have ever known before. The prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' has in these times a very direct meaning for us all." All of these striking instances of divine intervention were preceded by days of prayer.

COMPLETE VISUAL REFRACTION and ANALYSIS G. F. HUTCHESON & SON Optometrists 53 Grafton St.

Memoirs Of The Hon. A. E. Arsenault Former Premier and Retired Justice Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island

I Am Sent To Africa

One day late in May, Russell called me into his office and said: "Arsenault, how would you like to take a trip to South Africa?" I said the proposal was sudden but that I thought I should like the trip. "Well," he said, "a client of mine will be here this afternoon; you may interview him and get all the particulars from him. They you can take the day off tomorrow; go to Cook's and get all the information you can concerning the places which you will visit; find out the date of the first sailing for South Africa and engage passage. Supply yourself with the necessary clothing for travelling through the tropics."

Mr. Russell had spoken to me about going to South Africa on a Tuesday. Thursday, two days later, I was ready, took the boat train for Southampton, and sailed from there that same evening on the Castle Line steamship, "Vorham Castle." She was a small ship of about 5,000 tons, but well appointed and comfortable. Our first port of call was the Island of Madeira. We dropped anchor in Funchal Bay about noon and were immediately boarded by a horde of natives who had come from the shore in small boats loaded with handicraft work of many different kinds. I remember having bought for a pittance an eight-foot crocheted shawl. So fine was the silk used in the making of that shawl that I could compress my purchase within one hand or pass it through a woman's finger ring.

I was one of a number of passengers who went on shore after luncheon for a brief inspection of the Island. Madeira belongs to Portugal and the inhabitants are Portuguese. Funchal Bay is semi-circular and the town is located at the foot of a mountain about 4,000 feet high. The streets were paved with polished cobble stones with the only means of transportation being that of hammocks swung on poles and carried by porters, or that of wooden sleds each of which was drawn by two oxen. We chose the latter and visited some parts of the town but were so pestered with beggars that we left the streets and went up the mountain side. We took a ride on the Funicular Railway which went up and up, past vineyards, flower gardens, and orchards. Fruits were in such profusion that large quantities lay on the ground unlicked and flowers were so plentiful that I bought a large basket of them embedded in damp moss for the equivalent of twenty-five cents.

On the top of the mountain we visited an ancient cathedral and a hotel. The hotel garden was a thing of beauty, the beds set in groves of tropical trees. At one of those tables I had my first taste of the celebrated Madeira wine, a bottle of which I took aboard the ship with me. The return trip down the mountain was made by sled. Two men stood on a board at the back of the sled and guided it with concrete skis as it slid over the polished cobblestones at a tremendous speed. As we descended we saw a wall of stone ahead and with dexterity the guides switched the sled around and off we went again. Time and again on our descent we were faced with like dangers but cleverly avoided by the guides.

We sailed the same evening for Cape Town and, during the trip of twelve or thirteen days, we had beautiful tropical weather with scarcely a ripple on the water. One evening, however, there was a ground swell; the ship listed to starboard at an angle of about 35 degrees and the dishes slid off the table on to our laps. Fortunately, we were past the main course of the meal and suffered no damage to our clothes. At my table and opposite to me during the whole voyage sat an Irish couple. The husband was an old gentleman much older than his wife. He was taking the voyage for his health. He had been a Zouave and had fought in the Papal Army at the taking of Rome by Garibaldi. Made a Papal Zouave for his services, he was treated with much respect in his native Ireland and was no longer spoken of as "Mr. O'Cleary" but as "The O'Cleary." In a moment of forgetfulness I called him Mr. O'Cleary and was promptly corrected by his wife. "The O'Cleary, if you please," she said. I took good-care in future not to repeat my mistake.

Invariably at the dinner table the wife would pass her aging husband the menu and say: "Now dear what would you like to eat?" He would point to a number of items and she would say: "Oh, no dear, that will never do," and she would proceed to order him something quite different, but always if it was on the menu she would order Irish stew.

There were some interesting passengers on the ship. One was a young Irishman who had been with Kitchener at Khartoum. I sat on deck with him one day while, for an hour or more, he entertained me with the recital of some of his experiences. I can now recall but little of what he said, though I still remember his telling me that the British had used machine guns against the natives in Africa and that they would be so scared they would run away. Finally, their officers chained them to posts in the trenches. Two young Boers were also on the ship. One had just graduated in medicine and the other in law. Both had studied in Edinburgh. They were fine athletes and took a prominent part in the ship's sports.

Another passenger who made himself popular with everyone aboard was an American mining engineer. He was in the employ of the De Beers of diamond fame, and was returning from a trip to his home in the United States. I learned that his salary was 10,000 pounds a year. He was about 35 years of age, stood six feet, three inches, and weighed over 200 pounds. He was a great athlete and was the anchor man in the tug-of-war against the ship's crew.

On crossing the Equator, there was the usual ceremony of King Neptune coming on board. Those passengers who were crossing the "line" for the first time were supposed to be initiated by Neptune by being dipped into the sea. Some of the passengers went through the ordeal; I was one of the few who managed to escape it. We passed near the Island of Tenerife. We could clearly see that high cliff which reached 6,000 feet into the sky and the clouds which encircled it midway. Its top was bathed in the bright sun. I feel sure it was that towering cliff which had inspired Goldsmith to write: "A soft fall cliff that lifts its swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm; Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Sixteen days after we left Southampton, we entered the harbour of Cape Town, one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. As you enter the harbour, which is partly landlocked and partly enclosed by harbour works, you have a splendid view of Table Mountain, at the base of which the town is built. Table Mountain rises to a height of 3,500 feet; to the east lies Devil's Peak; and to the west, the Lion's Head. A mist frequently covers Table Mountain and from the resemblance of this mist to a sheet of white linen, it is called the "table cloth."

The older part of the town is rather unattractive but the new section is well built and is laid out with avenues lined with palm trees. The botanical gardens are especially worth seeing since they cover 14 acres of ground and contain more than 8,000 varieties of trees. There are also many suburban districts, including a distance of seven miles along the foot of the mountain. For natural beauty, these suburbs are among the finest in the world.

A short distance out of Cape Town is Groote Schuur built by Cecil Rhodes as a residence and requested by him as a home for the Prime Minister of Federated South Africa. It is of Dutch architecture and is surrounded by a beautiful park in which is enclosed South African flora and fauna. It is one of South Africa's show places.

During my week's stay in Cape Town I sat one day at table with the Prime Minister and other members of his Cabinet. I did not know at the time, I should add, the identity of my luncheon companions. Before rising from the table, one of the strangers spoke to me and, when he found out I was going to the interior of Cape Colony, strongly advised me not to go. This was in June, 1899. The Boer War broke out the following October. The gentleman told me the interior of Cape Colony was much disturbed, that war was imminent, and that my trip might prove dangerous. No doubt it was my ignorance of the conditions of affairs in South Africa that caused me to pay so little attention to his warning. However, I met with no difficulties since I was out of the country a few months before hostilities began.

Our next stop, after leaving Cape Town, was Port Elizabeth. There, the ships have to anchor some distance from the piers. The passengers who went ashore were transferred from the ship by means of a large wicker basket lowered to the deck of a tug. The basket was swung outward and as the tug rose to the top of the ground swell, was dropped on the little craft's deck. It was a tricky operation, for the rise and fall of both vessels had to be synchronized in order to make the transfer. Port Elizabeth was then noted for the many ostrich farms which flourished just outside the City. There I purchased two beautiful ostrich feathers for less than one dollar each in Canadian money. Our next port of call was East London where landing conditions were about the same as those at Port Elizabeth. Durban, about 800 miles north of Cape Town on the East Coast of Africa, was our next stop and the port where I disembarked. Even then it was a modern waterworks and an electric-power system. Although it was the winter season in Durban, the temperature was quite warm. One of the means of transportation was by rickshaw. This rubber-tired vehicle had its origin in China and Japan. In Durban, the vehicles were drawn by negroes who vied with one another in the outlandishness of their head-gears. Those boys would wheel you around the town at a pace equal to a horse trot and keep it up for mile after mile. (To be continued) STRAMBOAT PIONEER The first practical steamboat built was made by Robert Fulton on the Hudson River in 1807.