

THE GUARDIAN

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Cost Of St. Lawrence Project

Set against the expenditure involved in the proposed St. Lawrence Deep Seaway, Maritime demands for Federal aid have been picaune by comparison. Latest departmental estimate of the cost of constructing the 27-foot deep by-pass canals on the 115 mile stretch between Montreal and Prescott-Ogdensburg on the Canadian side is \$262 million. This includes \$15 million as the Canadian Government's share of the navigational part of the big power development at Cornwall. There must be added some \$2 1/2 millions for improvements in the existing 27-foot Welland canal which by-passes Niagara Falls and some upper river dredging.

In other words the estimate is really \$265 million. But the department now adds roughly 15 per cent to that to bring it up to about \$305 million. That's about \$210 million net more than Canada would have paid for her share of the deep seaway 2-260 miles to the head of the lakes had the 1941 agreement between Canada and the U. S. for joint construction been approved by the U. S. Congress—which ditched it.

The extra \$210 million cost is another estimate to which some 15 per cent more must now be added in the calculations. Critics are prompt to point out that all these estimates are guesses and in the end the cost may be a third or a half more. For example, it is expected that it will take some six years to complete the job. And, of course, the \$305 million must be borrowed, at interest charges which will add another substantial sum to the full account.

U. S. Parity Prices

A Canadian Press despatch tells how the farm vote is influencing the Presidential election campaign now in progress in the United States. The level of price support is the key issue on farm policy discussions and both Governor Stevenson and General Eisenhower have given farmers strong assurance on this point. Since 1933 the U. S. government has taken a hand in regulating farm prices. The established standard, named "parity", aims at giving the farmer a fair return in relation to the things he has to buy.

This level does not fix market prices at the parity level but uses various devices to push farm prices up to that level. That is where the fight comes. Parity price standard is generally accepted by both major parties but there have been bitter differences on the method of achieving this objective.

The most extensively-used method is that under which the government gives the farmer a loan on his crop, a loan based on parity. The farmer's crop is stored under loan and is not available for the market while under loan. Thus a miller must pay a price in line with the government loan rate if he wants the farmer to sell him his crop. At present, major products are being supported at 90 per cent of parity.

Growth And Immigration

By the end of the century, Prime Minister St. Laurent suggested in an address last week, Canada will have a population of perhaps 40,000,000. But, as the Ottawa Citizen points out, Mr. St. Laurent was counting on no more than the rate of increase that has been experienced since the beginning of the century, and the year 2,000 A.D., is still far away. Yet in a crowded world Canada is under-populated. Although much of its area is unsuitable for farming, manufacturing is on the increase, and settlement spreads with the discovery of new resources. Even in the long-established communities of Nova Scotia, Mr. J. A. Paul, chief of the department of immigration's settlement division, thinks agriculture could be greatly strengthened if skilled farm immigrants were welcomed in larger numbers.

Post-war immigration has totalled nearly 800,000, of whom some 200,000 arrived last year. Apparently Federal policy is to taper off this inflow and let the 1951 record stand. In all probability, however, immigration will continue to be heavier than in the years of depression. New opportunities, new wealth, are drawing home not a few Canadians who had left the country, and slowing down exodus. A higher proportion of children presages a more rapid natural increase. Altogether, a rise in population of at least 5,000,000 may be ex-

pected over the next 20 years, according to Toronto's town planning consultant, Dr. E. G. Faludi.

"If this prospect guides public policy-making," says the Citizen, "a great deal of human misery and unnecessary expense can be avoided. The slums of the big cities in the United States are a wretched legacy from decades of rapid but planless growth in population. Canada already has much bad housing. It is not building homes and schools fast enough to meet present needs. It has entered an era of expansion without fully realizing the fact."

Trade Fair Opportunities

It is to be hoped that as many as possible of our potato growers will take advantage of the forthcoming fairs to which reference appears in an advertisement in today's issue from the Potato Marketing Board. Entries of seed and tablestock potatoes are solicited for the Prince Edward Island Trade Fair, Oct. 22-25, the Amherst Winter air, Nov. 1-8, and the Royal Winter Fair, Nov. 14-22. Substantial prizes, including championship awards, are being offered at these exhibitions, and in the case of the Royal Fair especially the attendant publicity will be nation-wide, and of value not only to the successful competitors but to their home Province as well. On a quality basis we have every reason to believe that our growers can make an outstanding showing at Amherst and Toronto as well as at our own Trade Fair.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Feast of St. Luke.

Tomorrow, the 19th Sunday after Trinity.

The Maritime Electric Company is to be congratulated on the speed with which its high tension power line was completed to Alberton after the destruction by fire of the local plant. If all goes well Alberton should have a full power supply this week-end.

The addition of three new "draggers" to Alberton's fishing fleet is particularly important in view of the loss of men from the Maritimes fishery industry to construction jobs in Labrador and elsewhere. The Island is building up its capacity for landing and handling fish at a time when the supply generally will tend to fall off.

During 1951 about 53,000 horses were eaten as horse meat in the United Kingdom. About 12,000 of them came from Eire and 4,500 from Northern Ireland. The remainder were from England. High prices offered for horse meat in the United Kingdom and the Continent are tending to reduce British horse numbers considerably.

Highway accidents are the greatest cause of casualties today with home accidents the second killer. The American National Safety Council holds its annual convention in Chicago next week and will spend five days studying means of improving safety in such cases and also with regard to industrial, farm, school and other public perils.

Henri Louis Bergson, French philosopher, was born at Paris this date 1859. He held many important teaching posts and approached philosophy by the path of mathematics, his earlier works being occupied with semi-mathematical problems. He regarded the functions of the intellect as practical rather than theoretical and that sensible reality is beyond the scope of any conceptualistic logic. He became a favorite authority amongst pragmatists.

The opening Thursday of the Naval Research Establishment's new laboratory at Dartmouth was an important event in Canadian naval affairs. During the last war the establishment showed its worth in developing "CAT" gear to foil the acoustic torpedo. Indeed war at sea was to a very considerable degree a contest of scientists ashore. First one side would have the technical advantage and score heavily. Then the other side would regain the initiative with some new device.

A strict program of quarantine kept Canada relatively free of the dread rabies disease, until recently when it broke out among the foxes and wolves in the Fort Vermilion area of northern Alberta, and a number of cattle, swine, horses and dogs were bitten and infected by the wild animals. Federal and provincial officials and the R. C. M. P. went into action immediately, vaccinated all dogs, destroyed all animals showing symptoms of rabies and quarantined premises where the disease was suspected. With wild animals, however, quarantine is difficult, and the officials are considering the possibility of reducing the fox and wolf population in that Province



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 MONA LISA

Sir.—There appeared recently in the columns of the press a news sketch in which it was stated Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa, the world's most famous portrait of a woman, hangs in the 500-yard long Grand Galerie of the richly ornamented Louvre Palace, once the home of France's kings, that a throng of enchanted people from all countries, daily milling about this remarkable canvas were so moved to touch it that the museum's workshop put up a low railing to keep visitors at more than arm's length from it. Eventually the management had to have a glass placed in the frame which held the portrait. Even today fan mail arrives at the Louvre addressed to Mona Lisa.

Now this is news, indeed, to your present correspondent; for this notable painting like a poetical vision that in its passing left with a thought of spiritual excellence completely vanished on August 21, 1911 from the Louvre, where it had been since 1793, and its disappearance constitutes one of the most mysterious thefts of all time. It was never thereafter offered for sale, nor was it ever found the world over in any private collection. No ransom money was ever demanded. What was the motive? Was it the act of someone with a peculiar brain-twist? This lady with the firmness of moral peace and health in her face, the serene eyes with an amused tinge of irony in them, was she who four hundred years earlier had sat at intervals during four years for the original painting of the Mona Lisa portrait. La Gioconda, though long dead, lived in the heart and mind of her admirer. Was it this that prompted him and him alone to possess her?

As the news writer remarks, the 500-yard Louvre Palace is so long that King Louis XIII of France once galloped up and down the Grande Galerie on a camel which he had received as a gift. Its miles of galleries exhibit 146,750 paintings and other works of art. Its extreme size if anything enabled the thief to carry out such a bold act successfully. The theory was that he who did so was an ugly duckling of the higher classes of society who moved about freely among connoisseurs, who dressed in the garb of a quiet gentleman and carrying a very usual gentlemanly walking cane entered the Louvre shortly before closing time. He emerged from his hiding place during the night, neatly cut the mooring out of its frame (it had no glass covering), and neatly inserted the rolling canvas in his hollow cane. After some chat and the expression of airy nothings with the morning visitors he quietly left the building.

We were always under the impression that there was never found any real trace or clue to the whereabouts of the stolen Mona Lisa. The theft occurred before both world wars. Then it had been returned to the Louvre why should such waffle secrecy be maintained about it?

I am, Sir, etc., J. P. McCLOSKEY, Charlottetown.

The Age-Old Story

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

Don't Mention It!



Charlottetown Conference Story Is Retold

From "John A. Macdonald: The Young Politician", by Donald Creighton. The MacMillan Company of Canada Limited, 1952.

On Monday, August 29, (1864) Macdonald boarded the Canadian Government steamer, "Queen Victoria", at Quebec. With him was a large company of people. There were the seniors in the cabinet, Cartier, Brown and Galt, and their junior colleagues, McDougall, McGe, Campbell and Langevin; and what was distinctly unusual in British North American conferences—a secretarial staff of three. It was, for the times, a large, determined, and well-equipped delegation that set out from Quebec.

But it had only the vaguest notion of what its reception was likely to be at Charlottetown. The letters from the Maritime Government had been polite—but very formally polite. The Maritimers might be simply annoyed by this uninvited Canadian intrusion. The whole affair might have a most deplorable ending. And yet, at the same time, it was impossible not to regard the meeting at Charlottetown as a divinely granted opportunity. The Canadians might succeed, though their mission was strictly unofficial; and if at the end of the conference there it seemed a reasonable prospect that a general federal union could be formed, then it would be easy to call a formal conference on the subject. The great thing was to convince the Maritimers; and as the "Queen Victoria" travelled slowly down the Gulf of St. Lawrence towards Prince Edward Island, the Canadians must have been frantically busy, putting the last touches to their federal plan and deciding who had best speak on this or that phase of it.

It was late Wednesday night, the last day of August, when the steamer began slowly to approach Charlottetown. The somewhat curious citizens of the capital city of Prince Edward Island casually noticed a strange vessel just off the harbor that night; and next morning the strange vessel, which was without benefit of pilot, came timidly up the harbour, casting the lead for the admirer, every few feet. The exciting news spread that the Canadians had arrived; and W. H. Pope, a member of the Prince Edward Island Government, procured a small boat and rowed manfully out to the steamer to greet them. The Queen Victoria hoisted its flag. The breathless Pope presented the greetings of Charlottetown and Prince Edward Island. And shortly after, while it was still morning, the formidable Canadian delegation came ashore.

Charlottetown was crowded with a sudden influx of visitors. The "Heather Belle" had brought the Nova Scotian delegation on the afternoon of August 31; the New Brunswickers had arrived on the "Prince of Wales" a little before midnight on the same day. But the conference on Maritime union was not the only, nor, indeed, the main attraction which drew people towards the somnolent little town of Charlottetown on the last day of August, 1864. There was also a circus, the first circus to visit the Island, it was said, in twenty-one years, and people were travelling eagerly from sixty miles away to behold it. "What is the cause of this 'wonderful migration'?" the correspondent of the Saint John Morning Telegraph enquired satirically. "The circus, Sir, the circus," came the answer from a dozen throats as the "surging throng" swept past him.

The circus not only attracted people from all over the Island; it also apparently attracted a good many members of the Prince Edward Island Government. At any rate they were not on the dock to greet the delegates. Not a soul was on hand to give an official welcome to the Nova Scotians. There was not even a carriage or a wagon, so it was said, to take them or their belongings to hotels. Pope, the indefatigable Provincial Secretary, hurried out alone to welcome the New Brunswickers, and the Canadians. And after this rather meagre reception,

it was discovered that there was difficulty about lodging. The New Brunswickers could be put up at the Mansion House; but there was not enough room for the Charlottetown delegation. The embarrassed Islanders subsequently tried to excuse themselves for this unfortunate lack of accommodation by pointing out that Monck had indicated a Canadian delegation of only four. In the end, some of the Canadians stayed in town at the Franklin House; but most of them remained in the Queen Victoria, and among these, with his secretaries, was Macdonald. It was an awkward beginning. Was it an unhappy symbol of the Canadians' real position? Physically, their delegation was half in town and half out in the harbour; morally, they were a part, yet not a real part, of the conference. Was the whole enterprise to end in embarrassment, irritation, and defeat? The first hour or so after the landing at Charlottetown must have been full of painful uncertainties. And yet, though the Canadians were, of course, unaware of it, their problem was already solved in a fashion which could hardly have been more favourable.

On Thursday morning, September 1, as the Queen Victoria was moving deliberately up the harbour towards Charlottetown, the Maritime Conference had held its first meeting. The delegates had scarcely assembled when the news of the imminent arrival of the Canadians was announced. And then an odd but revealing event occurred. With a unanimity and alacrity which almost suggested a general sense of mental relief, the conference decided that it would postpone the discussion of Maritime union until the unofficial visitors, the Canadians, had had a chance to present their very different plan.

Notes By The Way

An elderly woman in Odessa, Ont., spent 5 1/2 hours in a cold storage locker after she was locked in by mistake. Such lockers should be equipped with some sort of signalling device to enable anyone locked in by error to get word to the outside world. — Brantford Expositor.

Somebody wants to know, "What is a horse-track?" The purpose of horse-tracks (and don't confuse them with the tracks of a horse) is to demonstrate that some horses run faster than others and some don't. Mostly the latter. And all it costs you is a couple of bucks per race to find out which is which. They call it the "sport of kings," though we've been at many a horse-track and haven't seen a king round one of them yet. Any further questions? — Ottawa Citizen.

A gardener in Boston died and left \$5,000 in his will to Lassie, his collie, with instructions that she live with a friend in Quincy and pay for her keep. Naturally, the dog felt pretty secure. But the Massachusetts State Tax Commissioner read out that in the paper. Dog or no dog, he ruled, Lassie must pay an inheritance tax. He figured it at \$300, including surtax. Furthermore, if Lassie invests the remaining \$4,631, she will have to pay a yearly income tax on what the fund earns. — New York Herald Tribune.

We were somewhat astounded recently to come upon a dog who

charming, belied any suggestion of undue gravity. He was full of his subject. British history and constitutional practice, the precedents in the other colonies of the Empire, the tragic experience of the United States, and the brief experiments of the Southern Confederacy—he knew them all. His speech—probably the longest given at the conference, and certainly one of the most serious efforts he had ever made—lasted most of the day's session. He was a good advocate, but as the Canadians knew very well, he was also a convivial host; and it was only appropriate that his speech should be followed by a lavish exhibition of Canadian hospitality. At three o'clock in the afternoon, all the delegates—thirty-three in number—adjourned to the "Queen Victoria" for an elaborate luncheon. They were still there, talking and drinking toasts, until late in the evening.

On Monday, after Brown and Galt had spoken at length on the economic and financial aspects of the project, the impression began to form rapidly in the minds of the delegates. The conference had almost ceased to be a meeting for the consideration of a Maritime legislative union; it was becoming a conference for the promotion of British North American federation.

Everything that subsequently occurred seemed to confirm this tacitly accepted view. On Tuesday—before the Maritime delegates had devoted so much as a single session to their own separate project—the conference decided that it would adjourn two days later and proceed to Halifax.

On Wednesday—when at long last the Maritimers got down to the subject for which the conference had ostensibly been called—a complete impasse was quickly reached as a result of Prince Edward Island's possible demand that the capital of the united provinces should be established at Charlottetown. It was not that Macdonald and the Canadians were hostile to Maritime union—so long, of course, as it did not get in the way of federation. According to a rumor which the correspondent of the Halifax Morning Chronicle retailed to his readers, the Canadians were reported to be quite indifferent as to whether the Maritime Provinces should enter their proposed federation as one government or three. But the Maritimers simply could not agree. And now the best chance of reaching an agreement had gone by. The conference was on the move. On Thursday, September 8, the delegates went off on an excursion to the northern part of the Island; and that night, when they returned, came the final ball.

The Province Building, where the conference had held its sittings, had been hurriedly prepared for the festivities during the brief absence of the delegates. The Legislative Council chamber had been fitted up as a reception room. In the legislative library—now a refreshment room of a rather different character—tea, coffee, sherry, claret and champagne were available in copious quantities; and the Assembly, where the dancing was to take place, had been decorated with flags, flowers, and evergreens, with tall and cunningly placed mirrors, and with the most brilliant lighting effects which the superintendent of the local gas works could produce.

Macdonald was paired off with Mrs. Dundas, the wife of the Island's Lieutenant-Governor, for the first quadrille. At one o'clock, when supper-time came, he took his seat to the right of the chairman, Colonel John Hamilton Gray of Prince Edward Island. In the eyes of everybody he had come to represent the visitors, and he responded first to the toast in their honour.

He was beginning to win the Maritimers, as he had already won the Canadians and, from his point of view, the conference could hardly have been a more complete success. But now he was ready to be gone. It was three o'clock in the morning. The Canadians had agreed to carry the entire conference across the straits to the Nova Scotia mainland in their steamer; and the delegates, having torn themselves away from the ball, packed their bags frantically and hurried down to the harbour in the early hours of the morning. By Saturday they were supposed to be in Halifax.

A young surgeon recently performed a difficult and successful operation on an 83-year-old lady, and, in conformity with modern medical practice, instructed her nurse to get her out of bed and walking as soon as possible. The day after the operation, she was made to walk around her room for a few minutes. She complained loudly and protested every morning the second day, when she was kept on her feet for short periods both in the morning and afternoon. By the end of the week, still grumbling, she was shuffling around the hospital corridors, egged on by her nurse. A few days later, by now a rather cheerful walker, she was home. Soon after this, her son stopped in at the surgeon's office to settle the bill. The entire family, he said, couldn't have been more pleased with the results. "Well, it was rather a tough operation at her age," the surgeon said. "Oh," said the lady's son, "it wasn't the operation so much. It was getting mother on her feet. You know, she hadn't walked for seven years." — New Yorker.

chews gum. Readers may be inclined to raise an eyebrow in view of this declaration. . . we are here to say that the family who owns this dog actually demonstrated the phenomenon to us. And the dog did indeed chew gum, and avidly. This particular dog makes a daily round of waste baskets in his home looking for discarded bits of gum. When one is found he retires with it to the fireplace, sits down and begins the kind of rapid-fire gum chewing that one sees best demonstrated in pool halls. This animal enjoys his gum thoroughly and has never been known as yet to swallow a piece. After witnessing this peculiar sight we suggested to the animal's owner that the dog might find more scope for his activities if offered a piece of bubble gum. The suggestion, however, was greeted by the owner with a rather fishy eye. Understandably, perhaps. — Brockville Recorder and Times.

Seventy-five years ago this month Thomas A. Edison shouted the lines of "Mary had a little lamb" at a slowly revolving cylinder wrapped in tinfoil. He had invented the talking machine. From these crude beginnings the modern phonograph evolved. What a pity the invention had to wait till 1877; we might have been able to listen spellbound to the oratory of Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke, the playing of Jenny Lind, the voice of the great leaders of history or the wisest accounts of the landing of the Mayflower. Kingston Whig-Standard.

Austerity And Pigs

(London New Statesman and Nation) The effects of the war and the peace which followed the war are deplorably familiar to both producers and consumers. But like many other familiar things they need analysis. First, then, the supply of imported foddors, which were the mainstay of the pre-war industry, declined heavily. Secondly, human beings once more began to eat food formerly given to pigs—more wheat in the loaf, for instance. For the pig does not create food, he merely converts one sort of food into another—and, in so doing, he inevitably takes his toll. But his terms were too high for a besieged nation; food for direct human consumption, imported or home-grown, was too valuable to be processed, at a price, by the pig. In statistical terms, therefore, the pig population of England and Wales, some 3,515,000 in 1939, fell to 1,988,000 in 1941 and 1,146,000 in 1947.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) THE ELFIN "A beautiful screw steam vessel called the Elfin, built by Donald Stewart, Esq., of Cardigan, for Messrs. Walsh, Westaway and Owen, is now lying at the builder's wharf. She is 308 tons burden, measurements in copper fastened, iron strapped, and rigged with wire rope. She will sail in a few days with a cargo of oats for Glasgow, where she will be furnished with the necessary boilers, machinery, etc., by the Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton. We wish the enterprising owners of the Elfin every success in their spirited undertaking." —The Monitor, Oct. 9, 1862

The Poet's Corner

THE CLOSING DAY Oh the dim and solemn quiet of the closing of the day! When the leaves are drooping slow, And the wet birds come and go Through the hedgcs, and whin wicker is already on its way When the smoke of smouldering tares, Loosely borne on lagging airs, Prets the nostrils with its savour, at the closing of the day. Oh the gruff and ghanly quiet of the closing of the day, When the cattle cease to move, And the trees stand close, above, And the mounds about the churchyard. He unshadowed in the gray; When the soul that dwells alone Finds a sadness like its own In the heart of Mother Nature, at the closing of the day. —Arthur Joseph Mumby