

Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew
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"The strongest memory is weaker than
the weakest ink."

PAGE 4 TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1957

Time For Reform

In several of his campaign speeches Prime Minister St. Laurent has been critical of last year's attempts by members of the Opposition to keep the rights of Parliament from being stifled by governmental pressure. For the most part, his criticism has been based on the fallacy that the majority has every right to impose its will on the minority without giving the latter ample time in which to express its views. His jibe about the "natural gas" that featured the pipeline debate was not only in bad taste but contrary to his reputation for dealing courteously with friend and foe.

Mr. St. Laurent's departure from form in this instance would seem to indicate that he and his colleagues, however hard they may try to put a bold face on it, are in reality perturbed about the damage which the incident did to the Speaker's office. The only way they can make amends is by rehabilitating the Speaker's influence and prestige, in the event of their being returned to responsibility on June 10. Whichever party wins the election, this should be regarded as a primary task; and the only way it can be done is by insulating the office once and for all from any semblance of political control.

As things are now, the Speaker's office is regarded as a stepping stone to something more permanent—a judgeship, a senatorship, a diplomatic post or some other gift in the Government's power to bestow. This should be changed—and quickly. The British practice of making the office a permanent one and keeping it out of politics is better in every way. Better, not only for the dignity of Parliament but for the Speaker's personal standing in the nation. It is obvious that a man who knows he is immune to political pressure is more likely to do his best and spend considerable time in learning the techniques of procedure than one who is reminded day after day that he owes his tenure to the goodwill—or whims—of a political party as expressed in caucus.

Different Systems

The action of the United States Congress in reducing the President's foreign aid program by more than \$2 billion points up a fundamental difference between the American system of government and our own. Here, a government can remain in office only as long as it retains the support of Parliament. There, Congress goes its own way; but that doesn't have any effect on the Government, except that it is obliged to cut its financial garment to the cloth which Congress provides. Here, it is almost inconceivable that Parliament would flout the official will. There, it is common practice, even when the party of the Administration is in "control" of Congress. The fact is that no American Administration "controls" Congress in the sense that the Canadian Government more often than not controls Parliament.

There are advantages and disadvantages to both systems; and it is difficult to say which is the better system in an overall sense. But certainly there are times when a little more independence in Parliament would have a salutary effect on the government of the nation and act as a much needed check on ministerial power.

Incidentally, the Congressional action referred to above would seem to indicate that Mr. Eisenhower's popularity is not what it was at the time of the Presidential Election. This was revealed in a recent Gallup poll; but his rebuff by Congress shows it up more clearly. His dramatic act of appealing directly to the people by radio and TV broadcasts in behalf of his budget was obviously an attempt to influence Congress. Actually, judging by the vote on his recommended budget, it had the opposite effect. Not only did it fail to stir up public feeling for

his own viewpoint. It seems to have made Congress more sensitive than usual to interference from the executive branch.

Letters Of Kindness

A week or so ago there appeared on the front page of the New York Times a sad little picture. It showed a nine-year-old boy, Bernard Berry, crying while his father who was about to be sworn in as a municipal councillor was being booed by a crowd of bystanders. The father's arms were around his son's shoulders.

Since then, it is now reported, more than 100 letters and telegrams have been received by the boy who wept because his father was being badly treated. A prominent physician in the Midwest wrote to say that "throughout the pages of American history many great men have been booed and hissed." A building contractor in New Orleans assured the boy that his father was a winner "because he holds the love and affection of a boy named after him." A woman sent five dollars and told him to buy a good book with it. All the letters in one way and another assured him of sympathy and cheer.

Fortunately, a nine-year-old boy doesn't hold his grief very long, although it is sharp enough while it lasts. It is likely that within a few hours after the unkind experience Bernard Berry's sorrow had given place to other interests and other emotions. But he will remember for a long time to come the kindness which came to him from strangers far away. And he will treasure the assurance that it is no shame for a boy to weep when his father is in trouble. As for his comforters, they have their reward; for, as Rousseau said, "what wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness?"

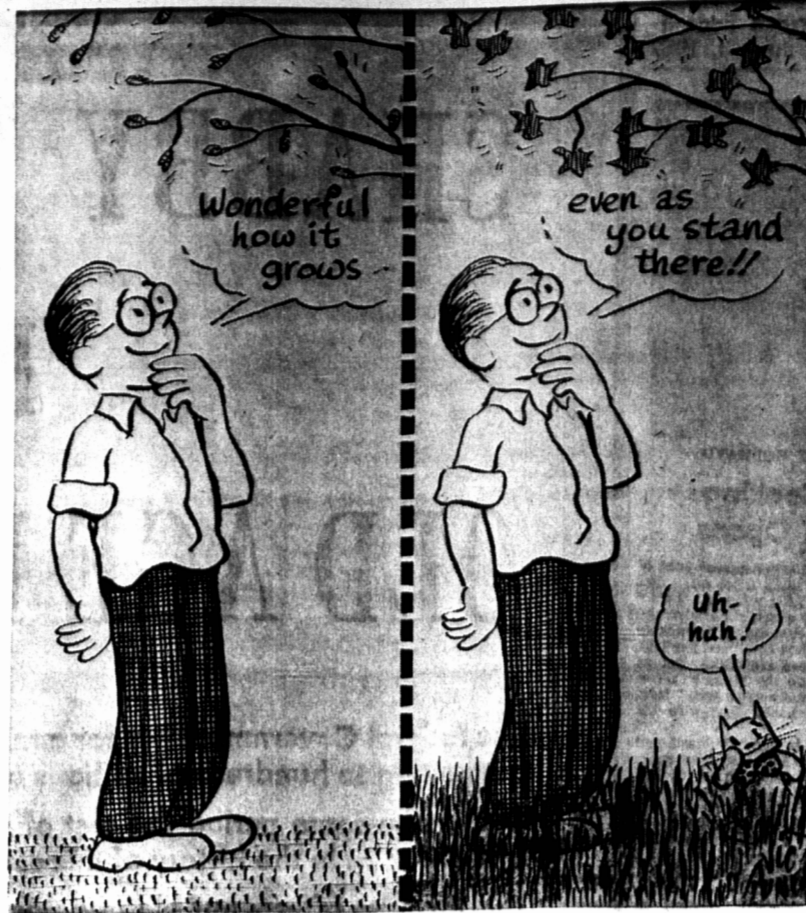
EDITORIAL NOTES

Commenting on British-American relations, Oliver Poole, Chairman of the British National Conservative Association, said: "Partnership between our two countries is essential to the wellbeing of the free world. But it has got to be a real partnership. In no circumstances must we allow ourselves to slip into a position of satellite status or permanent dependence on America." That certainly is the general British view. Any other interpretation of the alliance by American policy makers can only lead to mutual irritations and ill will.

The 4,000 inhabitants of South Uist in the Outer Hebrides, who were considering moving to Canada en masse as a protest against the British Government's decision to build a guided missile range in the vicinity, are now reported to have changed their minds. After talking to the crofters and explaining the Government's intention, Lord Mancroft, an official of the Defense Ministry, said: "The trouble was that they really did not know what was going to happen. Some of them were under the impression that we were planning to explode a hydrogen bomb every other day."

But for "term 29" in the Newfoundland Confederation Agreement, that Province would now be in a somewhat serious financial condition, notwithstanding the fact that great economic expansion has taken place since 1949. This point has been brought out by speakers on both sides of the House in the current session of the Legislature. Term 29 was a device intended to insure higher federal grants to the Province if and when the original grant scale proved unsatisfactory. It would be well if some keen-sighted lawyer were to find a similar loophole in the agreement under which P.E.I. became a part of the union.

Mr. Philip Gruchy, C.B.E., recently retired as First Vice President of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. and General Manager of mill operations at Grand Falls. Mr. Gruchy was one of the six delegates who went from Newfoundland to Ottawa in 1948 to put the finishing touches to the Confederation Agreement. He was also a member of the Newfoundland Royal Commission assigned the task of preparing the Province's case for an upward revision of the financial terms of the union. The St. John's Daily News says that Mr. Gruchy, a native Newfoundland, has taken up residence in Prince Edward Island but will continue as a director of the A.N.D. Co. He will be heartily welcomed to our midst.



POINT OF VIEW

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 CLOSED DOOR

Sir,—How many times do we read of the doors of business places being closed, and pass on and think no more about it? Very recently we read where Dr. R. J. MacDonald, at St. Peter's Bay, had closed his office door for the last time, the same office he had opened as a young doctor sixty-three years ago to the day. There were no hands playing, no parade marching by, no high hats taking the salute, in a word no fuss that we see so much of today.

We might stop and think, as we pass that office door, who this man really was. Was he a general whose coat was covered with tinkling brass medals, a governor or an ambassador, a potentate who sold girls in the slave market or an Indian leader with a hundred wives? Those are the ones who flash their pictures across the front pages of newspapers. If not, who could this old man be to have the front page of our morning paper with his picture across it? No, he was none of those big high fellows at all; he was just a country doctor who had a small three-storey office and ten, left it any hour or moment of the day and night when neither snow nor rain nor cold nor heat nor gloom of storm-swept nights stayed him from his answered call.

How many times, while these whose offices glitter with style and assistants were too busy to be disturbed, was this country doctor making his way through blinding night storm behind a horse moving at walk speed, following up his "yes" to a phone call: "Yes I will go"; a call that took him from a sound sleep—if there is such sleep for country doctors—getting his grip ready—his own drugstore in a grip—and his own horse and on into the night.

How many nights while you and I dined and danced into the wee hours did this country doctor hope his way with oil lamp in hand to the old office door in the stillness of the night to greet a man with snow-crusted face: "My wife needs you, Doctor. It may be too late." No hot coffee, no nothing; the tired doctor is on his way again with a prayer on his lips that he may get there in time, to step between life and death and with his skill block the way.

There is only one who knows how many homes this doctor has entered in his sixty-nine years of professional life in hand in hand with the stork. He alone knows how many souls have come into this world through his skill and steady hands and how much pain and suffering he had relieved far from the interior of spotless hospitals, far from modern equipment and helping nurses, where water was heated on an old wood-burning stove and milk warmed over an oil lamp.

Now in the one hundredth year of his life Dr. Roddie has retired from the medical world, still fresh as ever, to work in his garden. But that same old office with its doorstep worn from his tread is closed forever, for no man will ever follow in his footsteps. The day of the oil lamp is gone, as is the horse age. Hospitals swing their doors open now day and night as nurses and doctors wait for the sick.

So in closing my tribute to this grand old Doctor, as one of the souls he brought into this world, and relieved of pain so many times in the past, I would say, why not erect a plaque beside his office with the inscription: "From this office every hour of the day and night for sixty-nine years there went forth to relieve the pain and suffering of human souls Dr. Roderick J. MacDonald, the greatest man who ever lived in this vicinity, known as 'the daddy of them all.'" Let us do it now while he is still with us, not after he is gone. Someone who knows how can start the ball rolling for the fund, and at the bottom of the memorial the inscription could read: "Erected by his countless friends."

I am, Sir, etc.
W. A. O'BRIEN
Charlottetown.

JET-PROPELLED CLAM

National Geographic Society

When a scallop gets to the dinner table friend. It is a mere fragment of its original self. It has lost its handsome shell, most of its body, and its 120 bright-blue eyes. At home in ocean or bay, this gustatorial delight is an intricately designed, jet-propelled clam. It also is star of a television show. Unlike its cousin the oyster, the scallop is a free-swimming animal. It moves by opening its shell and rapidly closing it, forcing the water out in jets.

MUSCLE COLUMN EATEN

The white column of muscle that ties together the two halves of the shell, and operates the biting movement, is the scallop of sea-food restaurants.

In addition to pushing the scallop along, the highest shell is home and fortress. Wavelike corrugations fan out from the hinge to give the distinctive shape familiar in ancient symbolism and modern gasoline advertising. The form provides great strength with little weight. At the edges of the shell, when open, can be seen a remarkable organ, the mantle. This enveloping membrane secretes the shell, but its services do not stop there. The scallop has no head, so the mantle grows its eyes.

As many as 120 have been found on a single animal. They are blue or blue-green, and equipped with lenses, retinas and optic nerves. The scallop breathes and eats with its mantle, which contains two siphons. One pulls water into the gills, while the other pushes it out again. The gills draw oxygen from the water and pass it on to the colorless blood. The gills also catch the scallops' dinner. Mucus coatings trap microscopic life in the water and deliver it to the creature's mouth.

\$12 MILLION INDUSTRY

Gathering these shellfish is a big industry. In 1955, the latest year for which the Fish and Wildlife Service has figures, 23,734,000 pounds of scallop meat were taken; value, \$12,589,000. More than 16,000,000 pounds of wet sea scallops, netted off the coast of New England. The smaller bay scallop, living in the shallow water, is also important commercially. The Fish and Wildlife Service is conducting investigations of the

OUR YESTERDAYS

From the Guardian Files
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
(June 4, 1932)

At a meeting of the Unemployment Association of Charlottetown in the Strand Theatre yesterday afternoon, the officers and committees were elected to carry on the work of the Association. The purpose of the meeting was to become more strongly organized. Standard wages in contracts and limiting relief work to people of the province, were two of the recommendations set forth.

Since the beginning of last week the R.C.M. Police have taken over the enforcement of prohibition on the Island, for which purpose they have enrolled three new members. P. F. Morris, City; W. E. Heywood, Summerside; and G. Munn, Kings County.

TEN YEARS AGO
(June 4, 1947)

Good backward weather resulting from excessive rainfall has greatly retarded farming operations throughout the province, Mr. Norman Black, Supervisor of the Province's Illustration Stations, said yesterday. In the eastern section potato planting is abnormally late, and the seeding of grain has been delayed as a result.

The first diesel-electric engines to make their appearance in P.E.I. arrived at the Charlottetown railway station yesterday. These are 41-ton machines, smaller than 75-ton machines expected to be in operation throughout the province before the beginning of winter.

Pet Remedies
And Head Colds

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

Beware of well-meaning friends who offer unsound medical advice. At no time are you more vulnerable to these suggestions of special home remedies than when you have a cold.

ACTUAL MEDICAL VALUE

Many persons quickly seize upon such an idea with a relish. Granted a stiff drink or two will give a person a feeling of well being, but does it have any actual medical value as far as the cold is concerned?

Let's look at the facts. A cold is generally conceded, is a virus disease. Taken internally, alcohol will not kill any infection, virus or otherwise.

A drink of liquor, however, does raise your internal temperature somewhat. By dilating the blood vessels in your mucous membranes and skin, it brings a feeling of warmth to the chilled surface of the skin.

GIVES SOME COMFORT

In this way, it might actually make you a bit more comfortable. Yet, too much alcohol can make you more uncomfortable than would the cold alone. Dilating the membranes of your nose too much only adds to the congestion and makes it more difficult to breathe. All in all, a small amount of alcohol does have a limited value in making a cold victim feel a little better.

NOT A CURE

But it will not stop your cold; it will not even shorten its duration.

One more thing. If you do decide to take a nip to ease your cold suffering, make sure you do it at home. The best place for anyone with a cold is in bed. But you don't want to wind up there as the result of an auto accident caused by a bit of lurching to "help" your cold.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

A.E.S.: I have eczema at the back of my knee joint and other parts of my body. What causes it and is there any cure for it?

Answer: It is possible that the rash is due to what is known as psoriasis. Examination by a skin specialist would be advisable.

Eczema, as a rule, is due to some type of sensitivity. Treatment usually consists of finding the substance to which you are sensitive and eliminating it. The use of a brand ointment may be helpful.



MAXIMS

All men are not equally qualified for getting money but it is in the power of everyone to be thrifty and save.

COINCIDENCE CONTINUES

ST. BONIFACE, Man. (CP)—Two sisters married to two brothers shared a ward at St. Boniface Hospital and both had a baby the same day. At 8:30 a.m. May 31, Mrs. Ovide Marion gave birth to a son. About 4 1/2 hours later, a girl was born to Mrs. Philbert Marion.

VETERAN DOCTOR DIES

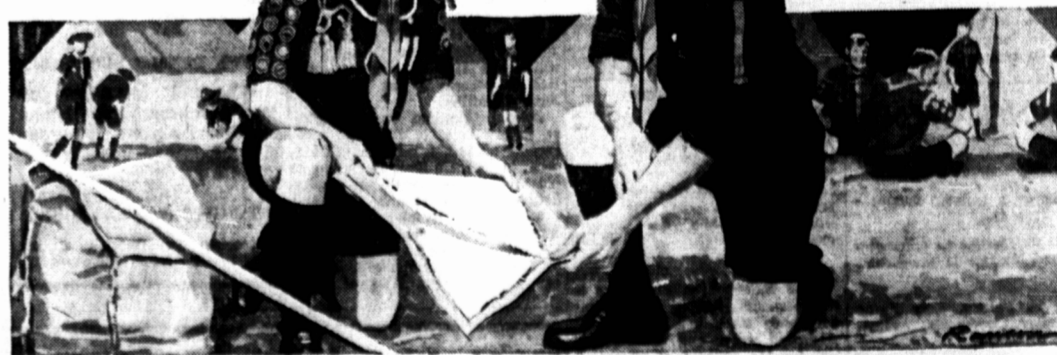
GALT, Ont. (CP)—A distinguished physician and former member of the Ontario legislature, Dr. James McQueen died here in his 90th year. He had practiced medicine for 52 years at nearby Freelon and 36 years in Galt. He was Liberal member for Waterloo South from 1911 to 1914.

USEFUL ADDITION

LONDON (CP)—A reading room to be built at the Tate Central Library in the Britain district will cost more than 2,500.

The scout is saving odd-job earnings to buy a movie camera

The scoutmaster is saving to cover future expenses of his growing family



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BORDEN - CAPE TORMENTINE

The C.N.R. ferries will operate TEN TRIPS in each direction DAILY, commencing SUNDAY, JUNE 16, leaving BORDEN and CAPE TORMENTINE at 7:00 am, 8:25 am, 10:05 am, 11:30 am, 12:50 pm, 2:15 pm, 3:40 pm, 5:25 pm, 7:30 pm, 9:15 pm.

Atlantic Standard Time.

