

THE GUARDIAN

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Job Well Done

Almost forgotten are the broken streets which faced Charlottetown citizens last spring. From having what must have been the worst streets of any city in the Maritimes we have now streets which will bear comparison with any in the country. It must have been a difficult decision to make, to proceed with more than eight miles of paving. In civic government, far more than in Provincial or Federal affairs, the taxpayer is acutely conscious of the relationship between spending and tax rates.

The work, however, was essential to the capital and the street committee and the Council as a whole proceeded with it in the most efficient and businesslike way. There will inevitably be complaints at the cost but the fault, if any, was in permitting the streets to reach the deplorable condition that they did. Councillor Storey can well be proud of the way in which city employees carried out their share of the task. The Warren Paving Company also may be proud of accomplishing all that it undertook with satisfaction on all sides.

The streets are a most valuable asset of Charlottetown and it is to be hoped that proper care will be taken for their preservation so that citizens may get full value for their money. The city cannot afford to permit anyone, whether its own employees, those of the Provincial Government, or private individuals to damage the pavement.

Still A Killer

Popular opinion to the contrary, whooping cough is one of the deadliest of childhood diseases. Among children under the age of two it takes a higher toll of life than polio, diphtheria, measles and scarlet fever combined. This startling fact is pointed out by the Health League of Canada as proof of the need for immunization.

It is in the younger age group that high mortality in whooping cough occurs. Eighty-five to 90 per cent of deaths from this disease occur before the third year of life, and more than half of the total whooping cough deaths occur in infants under one year.

The Health League, which is sponsoring the tenth annual National Immunization Week now in progress, stresses that whooping cough vaccine must be administered early in life (by six months of age or even earlier) if it is to do the most good. And recall or booster doses must be administered during pre-school years to maintain immunity through this dangerous period.

To make protection easier for both parents and children, a combination of whooping cough vaccine and diphtheria and lock-jaw toxoid can now be given either by the family doctor or at public health clinics. It is the clear duty of every parent to see that no child runs the needless risk of death from one of these preventable diseases.

John Alexander MacDonald

It was an Islander, Sir Joseph Pope, who nearly sixty years ago published the "Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir John Alexander Macdonald, G.C.B., First Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada." Now the vast mass of the Macdonald correspondence which Sir Joseph transferred to the Public Archives of Canada has again been sifted and a new biography "John A. Macdonald the Young Politician" written by Donald G. Creighton, professor of history at the University of Toronto and published by MacMillan.

Many other sources have been tapped by the author both in this country and in England to bring to life the career of the real Father of Confederation. Written as though by a journalist recording contemporary events, the volume follows John Alexander from his Scottish birthplace to British North America and his supreme achievement of bringing about Confederation. A second volume yet to come will carry on the story of the early days of Canada as a nation.

Macdonald is shown as a skilful lawyer and politician and at the same time a student, reader of learned books and reviews, a theoretical conservative who had grounded his beliefs on history and philosophy. There was still another side: He obviously enjoyed politics and every other part of life. His conviviality, exuberant gaiety and perpetual flow of robust good spirits was famous.

As Premier of Canada, formerly Upper

and Lower Canada, Macdonald was faced with the breakup of that Province into its two parts. His alternative was the proposal for a larger union in which the two could play their parts.

The Maritimes were already proceeding with plans for a local union when the Macdonald proposals were received. The author credits the Prince Edward Island representatives with blocking that scheme by insisting that Charlottetown must be the capital in any Maritime union. In any case Macdonald was listened to. "We shall not be New Brunswickers, nor Nova Scotians, nor Canadians, but British Americans," he declared, "under the sway of the British sovereign".

At Quebec, notes the author, the Maritime delegates wanted larger representation in the Upper House. Mr. A. A. Macdonald, an Islander, hinted at the right to equal representation based on provincial sovereignty, but unfortunately this and other proposals failed to gain the united support of the Maritime delegation.

No Privacy At All

A brilliant young electronics engineer at the National Research Council is given the credit for developing what is probably the world's finest underwater television camera. It is now being tested by two Canadian Wildlife Service biologists on Lake Minnawanka in Banff National Park. They sit comfortably in their boat, manipulating the camera perhaps 100 feet beneath them, and they can see every detail of the lake bottom as clearly as if they were actually down there.

The benefits to science—and in turn, to the angler—may be substantial. For this underwater television technique holds great promise in a field of biological study where the ordinary handicaps are formidable. Observers will be able to glean precise knowledge of the natural shelters of game fish, their food, spawning habits, and so on. "But it all seems rather unfair to the fish," comments an exchange. "From now on, even these species that dwell in the murky depths will be no more secluded than the unfortunate types that spend their lives in a glass bowl."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Blueberry pickers in Newfoundland using mechanical pickers have been picking 25 to 40 gallons per day. That is enough to make veteran blueberry pickers turn green with envy.

The Declaration of Human Rights should be accompanied by a Declaration of Responsibilities. If duties are performed, rights will take care of themselves. That is the view of Dr. Jha of India, expressed at an international conference of teachers.

There is not much sign of it in this Province but a farm revolt seems likely if the price of food continues to fall while the price of everything else continues to rise, according to the Letter Review. The retail food index, as reported by DBS, now stands at its lowest point since March, 1951. While the general cost-of-living index fell five points in the first eight months of 1952, the retail food index fell 12 points.

Sir Joseph Austen Chamberlain, English statesman, was born this date 1863, eldest son of Joseph Chamberlain, exponent of imperialism. Sir Austen, who has been called "the last reminiscence of Victorian correctness," held many cabinet posts but twice missed a chance to be Liberal leader—in 1911 and 1922. He received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1926 and wrote his autobiography in 1935.

The national health insurance question is high on the long list of resolutions to be studied by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce—Canada's national business organization—at its annual meeting in Toronto next week. Few issues are more controversial at present than the matter of health insurance. The solution, of course, will not be either complete government control of medicine or withdrawal from the field of public health. The exact nature of the compromise is all that is in doubt.

The Federal Government is completing a health survey—termed by authorities on Public Health in other countries the most important study ever undertaken—which will show what medical attention costs the average citizen. This survey together with reports of the various provincial committees will provide the guidepost for future action in the matter of public or private health insurance. Some 10,000 householders across Canada agreed in 1950 to supply the necessary information and the details concerning accidents and illnesses as well as the costs related thereto will provide facts to replace guesses.

Endorsed

Resolution Section. To THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT: Request for improved transportation service between Prince Edward Island and neighbouring provinces. (1) by preparation for replacement of thirty-seven year old Borden ferry S.S. "Prince Edward Island." (2) by immediate provision of a new larger boat for Wood Island. Includes a drawing of a hand holding a pen over a document with 'MARITIME PROVINCES' and 'BOARDS OF TRADE' stamps.

The Poet's Corner

FROM "NATURE" O Nature! I do not aspire To be the highest in thy choir,— To be a meteor in thy sky, Or comet that may range on high; Only a zephyr that may blow Among the reeds by the river low; Give me thy most privy place Where to run my airy race. In some withdrawn, unpublic mead Let me sigh upon a reed, Or in the woods, with leafy din, Whisper the still evening in. —Henry David Thoreau

Old Charlottetown

MARK BUTCHER'S FACTORY "The furniture factory of Mark Butcher is situated on King Square, corner of Hillsborough and Kent Streets. It is the oldest and one of the best establishments of its kind in the Province, and was established by the present proprietor in 1820. We learn that in commencing business Mr. Butcher employed but few men and ran his machinery by horse-power. In 1832 the demand for his manufacture of furniture increased, and to fill orders he was obliged to fit up his establishment with steam saws, planers and lathes, etc. In 1869 he purchased his present stand from Mr. George Douglass, and has continued to do a lucrative business in it up to the present. The premises occupied by Mr. Butcher consist of a building three stories high, forty by eighty feet, adjoining which is a three-storey wing eighteen by forty feet. Entering the main building from Kent Street is a spacious and well-lighted showroom, containing specimens of furniture manufactured, and all work done in the establishment. The sets are chiefly of mahogany, walnut, ash, birch and pine, and commonly sell at the following prices: Bedroom, from \$15 to \$400; parlour from \$40 to \$300; dining room, from \$14 to \$100. By this scale of prices it will be seen that furniture can be purchased from Mr. Butcher at prices and quality to suit all classes of buyers. All work in the establishment is done under the supervision of Mr. Butcher and his son, and only the best material is used; and that the furniture gives satisfaction is proved by the ready sale it commands in the markets of Newfoundland and New Brunswick, as well as at the branch stores in Georgetown and Cardigan." —The Examiner, March 12, 1881.

HALIFAX, Oct. 7 —(CP)—The aircraft carrier Magnificent and the cruiser Quebec will arrive here Thursday following North Atlantic Treaty Organization exercises both in European waters and on the return trip naval authorities said today.

SHOE POLISH Extra Wear with Nugget Care 10 POPULAR SHADES

Notes By The Way

In Windsor the police caught a wrestler driving his convertible with his feet—sitting on the back of the driver's seat and steering with feet on the wheel. He has ten days in jail to ponder on the merits of the orthodox way.—Ottawa Journal.

About this modern picture window craze, we don't know. It's true they afford an unobstructed view of the weedy vacant lot on the other side of the street. But they work both ways, and a fellow feels in social jeopardy, perched in the living room in shirt-sleeves, with his boots off and his feet up on a chair.—Ottawa Citizen.

It does not pay to raise horses on Western Canada ranges. These ranges will produce a lot more beef or mutton per pasture unit than they will horsemeat. Horses eat a great deal more grass than cattle of the same size, and they hurt the range that much more by comparison. It's just about time the fad passed out of the picture. We never could herd to think of Dobbin on the grid.—Lethbridge Herald.

A recent story from Fredericton commenting on the results of the New Brunswick provincial election mentioned that one of the elected Progressive Conservative candidates, Norman Buchanan, was "Canada's only triple Military Cross winner in World War I." That statement is incorrect. We know of one prominent Northern Ontario resident who also holds the honor of being a triple Military Cross winner. He is Colonel W. W. Johnson, DSO, MC, who won the Military Cross three times in the First World War and received this decoration at Buckingham Palace from the hands of the late King George V. The popular Colonel Johnson is general tourist agent for the Ontario Northland Railway.—North Bay Nugget.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer NOISE

Many of the news items that make the headlines these days are anything but encouraging. Almost all of them reveal symptoms of a sick world and some of them seem to indicate that the human race is accelerating its drive towards extinction. Incidentally, one historian seriously suggests that this might be the best thing that could happen, on the presumption that some other kind of beings would in due time take over where we left off, and perhaps make something worth-while out of this terrestrial sphere.

Now and then, however, there appears a news item that makes sense, like the one that appeared a week or so ago to the effect that in a certain American university a determined scientific approach to the problem of noise is being made. The hope is that within the next half century this menace may be removed from the earth.

What the scientists may be able to do remains to be seen, but it is clear that modern man is surrounded by noise of one sort and another from the cradle onwards. What is worse, there is much evidence to show for many people familiarity has bred not contempt but admiration. Witness the popularity of the juke box. It seems almost impossible nowadays even to grab a sandwich in a public eating place without first of all coming to terms with what is perhaps the most formidable of all distracting noises.

The irony of this is that restaurants, originally, were meant to be places of restoration and refreshment. Not that the men and women who run the restaurants are in any way to blame. One such businessman—confided to me that he was sick and tired of it. "But," said he, "what can I do? A restaurant, like any other place of business, must try to give the customers what they want, and most of them want noise and plenty of it."

Some say that the more noise a politician can make the greater chance he has of winning popular support. Certainly there have been classic examples to substantiate this allegation. The late and unlamented Herr Hitler seems to have proved it beyond question. My personal opinion is that it serves a politician's purpose up to a point, beyond which it tends to take on the character of subversion.

At the same time, I am well aware that many well-meaning men put a great deal of trust in the loud voice. Recently I listened to such a man for whom, in every other particular, I have the highest respect. What he had to say was full of good sense. The way he said it, his voice booming louder and louder with each sentence, was to me, at any rate, a sad and regrettable circumstance. I wanted to tell him that convictions do not depend for their strength on "the earthquake, wind, and fire," but thought better of it. The man is well past middle age, and disillusionment comes hard to the elderly. Moreover, a man who has always regarded noise as a good tool would almost certainly resent the sort of friendly advice I had in mind.

And, who knows? Perhaps if he were to suddenly cease from bawling his constituents would take it as a sign of approaching decrepitude, and that would be the beginning of the end. Public opinion, always a bit unpredictable, has been known to turn against a man for no better reason.

The saddest thing of all is that noise has often received, or appeared to receive, solemn sanction of preachers of many denomina-

tional labels. It is a pity that many a good discourse has been spoiled by the loudness of the preacher.

Said a noted divine (a Scotchman, by the way) to a group of young men about to begin their ministerial duties: "There are only two unpardonable sins, mumbling and shouting. The Lord will not tolerate either."

Perhaps he was right, but the young preachers naturally covet human as well as divine favour, and it is unfortunately true that a great many people, brought up on noise in other environments, seem to relish it in Church, too. In fact, I knew one brilliant young preacher whose soft but well modulated voice was his undoing. He had been invited to preach before a congregation who were looking for a new pastor. He thought he was being well received, but the expected call did not materialize. Some months afterwards he learned why. It turned out that an influential member of the congregation had been a little displeased because the young man did not "raise his voice and pound the pulpit."

It is a bit strange that among all the creatures of the earth man is the only one who indulges in noise for any but protective or self-preserving purposes. Noise for the sheer fun of it would seem to be unknown in the animal world, with the exception of the dog who barks at the sight of a stranger. But even in this lone instance human influence is mainly responsible for every dog is a born mimic and delights in following the example of his master.

The scientists will not find it easy to persuade men to be less noisy for the habit is apparently deeply rooted in our basic instincts. And, when the race was young there was some excuse for it. It was the only protection primitive man had against natural forces he did not understand. Imagining the gods to be far up above the earth it was natural that he should cry as loudly as he could to attract their attention to the dangers that confronted him. Fear of his environment gradually diminished but, by this time, the loud voice had become settled in his emotional behaviour. Like all other instincts it has persisted through all the ups and downs of his growth towards maturity.

The scientists, who have worked a great many miracles thus far, may be able to find some solution to this pressing problem. If so, they will be doing generations yet unborn a very great service.

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