

THE GUARDIAN

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St. Andrew's Day

Throughout the world Scotsmen gather today to toast "the Day and a' wha honour it." They mean, of course, St. Andrew's Day and those of Scottish blood wherever they may be. That others may honour the saint is completely irrelevant. He was, it seems, a modest man not seeking the limelight but was one of the first apostles and indeed introduced his brother Peter to the Lord.

There is much in Scottish character that reflects the patron saint. Scots have always been notably religious, far from backward in declaring their convictions but seldom seeking personal publicity or outward marks of honour. This does not apply at all to their attitude towards Scotland and its traditions for which practically every Scot is an unpaid press agent.

There is a curious aspect to the Scot's loyalty to tradition. Other groups have shown an equal or greater reverence for their traditions but none have combined such a regard for their origins with a capacity to adapt themselves to the land in which they live. Being a Scotsman does not make a man less of a Canadian or even an Islander, but rather improves the quality of his Canadian character.

Scotland has been generous to the world in giving away her sons and the world has been generous to those sons, welcoming them in every clime and taking pleasure in the colourful way in which the clansmen keep up their traditions. It would be an interesting study to find out why the Scots, almost alone, can emphasize their unique origin without giving offense. When other tribes and races do the same thing the result is apt to be suspicion and antagonism. Possibly a vital truth about human relations would come from such a study.

How's The Weather

Mark Twain's classical quip notwithstanding, people everywhere still spend a lot of time in discussing the weather. And why not? It is one subject on which one man's opinion is as good as another's and it provides an outlet for the guessing instinct which is in us all. It is, moreover, a harmless diversion, and in these days we need all the harmless diversions we can get.

The time of the year has just about arrived when the question as to whether or not our winters are getting shorter and less severe than they used to be can be debated far into the night. Most people think they are but there are still some who are a bit sceptical when they hear about the huge banks of snow that once upon a time reached to the tree-tops. "They only seemed like that," is the annoying way they have of confounding the believers.

The scientists, who differ in their opinions just like ordinary mortals, are no great help in the matter, although some of them admit, grudgingly, that the earth is just a little warmer than it was, say, a couple of thousand years ago. Some have gone so far as to predict that another such period will see the disappearance of winter in this part of the world. It is by no means certain that this, if it does happen, will be all to the good for the far-off descendants of a snow-bound race and, anyway, it is futile to speculate about it now. For the present it may be just as well to dream of other things besides tropical skies in the North Atlantic. And it would not be a bad idea to air last year's overcoat and muffler and, meanwhile, not to forget the galoshes. All three (or is it four) will come in handy one of these days.

Vital Food Problems

A survey presented to the opening meeting of the Food and Agriculture Organization's three-week session in Rome, notes the Globe and Mail, stresses the widening gap between the world's increased food production and the growing need of the world's hungriest peoples. Food production has risen somewhat faster than total population. The survey notes, however, that "progress was unbalanced between commodities and between regions"—a euphemistic statement which means that no effective effort is being made to accompany concentrated production with economic distribution.

The significant conclusion is that all such mechanisms as dollar aid, Point Four development schemes and postwar foreign

investment programs have failed to raise the status of backward areas. On that basis the survey offers ground for criticism of leading democracies which have sought security in defensive armament while neglecting the basic security of peoples exposed to hunger—and hence to Communist influences.

"North America alone," adds our Toronto contemporary, "is raising 15 to 20 per cent more food than before the war, while the Far East is producing 15 to 20 per cent less per capital. We give lip service to the principle of multilateral trade, but overlook the fact that security must be multilateral also. In every month since the beginning of FAO seven years ago Britain and France alone have spent more for the military suppression of Communist insurrections in the Far East than the aggregate FAO budgets for the entire period. If the equivalent of these vast military costs had been used for the promotion of food production, plus some distributions from Western World surpluses, the insurrections would have dwindled to near nothing. The trouble areas would by now be well on the way to becoming effective allies of the West. Today they are dead-weight liabilities, so far as defense is concerned, because their food problems were assigned to FAO and then forgotten, although an area's food supply is its first line of defense against Communist agitation."

Oyster Bed Diplomacy

The Minquiers and Ecrehous are groups of islands in the English Channel, tiny barren rocks between Jersey and the French coast. Both France and Great Britain have been showing interest in these little specks of land because under their coastal waters are some of the richest oyster beds in European waters. The dispute was set before the International Court of Justice at The Hague nearly two years ago. Recently the court announced its decision in favor of Britain.

The Hague Court, notes an exchange, was set up in 1899 by the First Hague Peace Conference, summoned, ironically enough, by the Russian Czar, Nicholas the Second, to consider armament limitation. The Hague Conference of 1899 and its successor in 1908 are now almost forgotten, but this one result of their work, the foundation of the International Court, remains. Prior to the Second World War the court settled many outstanding issues, but unfortunately it is remembered for failing to save Ethiopia. Since 1945 it has fallen on less glamorous days, as two years required to settle a dispute about oyster beds in English Channel testifies. It flourished in the age when idealism was not dead particularly idealism in Russia which sponsored other equally commendable but unworkable plans for the improvement of man's international being during the Nineteenth Century.

The fact that the Czar's successors in the Kremlin have a different conception of international co-operation is symptomatic of the realism of the Twentieth Century which has relegated the International Court to problems of oyster beds and rocky bits of land in the English Channel.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Festival of St. Andrew.

Seventy-ninth birthday of Sir Winston Churchill.

El Kazwini, Zakariya ben Muhammed, Arab geographer, was born at Kazvin, Iran, 750 years ago. He has been called the Herodotus of the Middle Ages and the Pliny of the Arabs. His geography had a wealth of information about all the countries known to the Arabs of the 13th Century, their towns, mountains, islands, lakes and rivers as well as biographies of many famous men. Unesco notes that his maps and drawings are of great importance in the history of science.

The rank of Queen's Scout is one of high honour in the Boy Scout movement. It was instituted with the approval of King George V to mark those entitled to form a Scout guard of honour for the sovereign. It implies advanced training for public service in emergencies. The report that no less than 20 Island Scouts are to receive the badge indicates that Scouting is in a very healthy condition indeed in the Province.

Delegates to the eighth annual Federal-Provincial tourist conference are faced with, amongst other things, the fact that Mexico's share of the United States tourist dollar is increasing while this country's share has dropped, although the total amount spent in Canada shows an increase. It will not be lost on the delegates that what attracts Americans to Mexico is not imitation of their own communities but the emphasis on aspects which to the American visitors are exotic.

Not Touched By Dior



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

ELECTION LEGISLATION

From The Royal Gazette, Feb. 10, 1835: "On Saturday the time of the Legislature was chiefly taken up in going through different clauses of the new Election Bill in Committee of the whole House; and we must say, that considering the magnitude and importance of the subject under discussion, they made quick work of it. At first indeed a suggestion was thrown out, that as it was Saturday, and several of the country members had gone home, the discussion had better be postponed until there was a fuller house. But this suggestion was rejected with scorn, as conveying something like an imputation upon the members who remained. So to work they went, and the blanks in the different clauses which were gone through were filled up with a rapidity which must have appeared astonishing to those who remember the time when half a day would be spent in discussing a road vote.

"The elective franchise in towns was lowered one half, namely, from ten pounds to five. This was pretty well, but the reduction for the Counties was still greater—namely, from a leasehold qualification of five pounds per annum, to forty shillings; the principle was even carried further for it appearing that in some parts of the country many persons paid rent who had neither leases nor agreements for leases, it was determined that they should all be placed upon the same footing, and that to pay an annual rent of forty shillings was a sufficient qualification of a vote for Counties.

"It was even seriously proposed to extend the franchise to squatters—that is to persons who neither pay rent, nor pretend to any title to the land on which they have settled themselves; and it was only by a very small majority that the proposal was rejected.

"Some discussion took place as to where a County election should close when there was no contest—that is, whether it should be allowed to terminate at the place where the candidates were nominated, or whether it should go the rounds of the different stations appointed for polling. Just the same as if a contest were going on. After discussing the subject, however, in all its bearings, it was agreed that no alteration should be made in this respect.

"Mr. Clarke was of opinion that it would be a great improvement, and the means of preventing much plotting and cabaling at elections, if instead of the poll being adjourned from one part of a County to another, it was agreed that no alteration should be made in this respect. He was not, however, prepared to submit any specific proposal to the Committee on this part of the subject, so it excited only a passing remark from the chairman (Mr. Brennan), that it would not answer, and no more was said about it.

"In going further into the details of the bill, when they came to fix the different polling stations for King's County, Mr. James, who was the only member for Georgetown present, stood manfully out for Georgetown being appointed one of them; he was overborne by the united weight of the four County members, who would not even consent to postpone the consideration of that part of the question until the other Georgetown member was present, and it was finally carried that there should be only two polling stations in future for that County, namely, at the head of Livingstone Bay, between Three Rivers and Murray Harbour, and the head of St. Peter's Bay, and that the poll should be kept open three days at each of these places. "At this stage of the business the Committee rose, reserving the consideration of the other clauses till a future opportunity. The discussions on this Bill so far have excited very little of the public attention, as no one out of the House seems

Island Schooldays Recalled

From an address delivered in January, 1951 By Archbishop Sigmund before the Maritime Provinces Association in Winnipeg.

I was not only born on Prince Edward Island, but I went to school down there, and I read not very long ago in a great daily newspaper, that the public school system on Prince Edward Island was the least progressive—and that is only another way of saying it was the worst—in all the Provinces of Canada, and even the whole British Empire, not to mention the United States, France, Italy, Germany and various other civilized portions of the globe. It is hard, indeed, to overcome a handicap of that kind, but somehow, in spite of so many inefficiencies, I have never ceased to keep a tender souvenir of the old school, and especially I have never lost my affection for and my pride in the old schoolmaster. The old schoolmaster: He was a Scotch Presbyterian of the old school, rigid but kind, vigorous but prayerful.

All my fellow-pupils were of the same faith and national origin. It was amidst these surroundings that I learned my first lesson, the great lesson of tolerance and mutual understanding—a lesson which I hope, I will never forget—a lesson, which, with our various claims and divergent opinions, is still very necessary in this country. I can still see on memory's page the picture of the old schoolmaster, Bob McEwen by name, in the rough homespun suit, with shaggy beard, and the quiet blue eyes in which were mirrored those qualities of mind and heart which won him the confidence and love of all his pupils. No one ever had greater mastery of the intricacies of Yenn's grammar; no one could solve with greater ease and assurance the puzzling problems of arithmetic; no one could take you for a more pleasant jaunt around the world and make you realize the charm and beauty of the counties of Nova Scotia: Cumberland, Colchester, Halifax, Lunenburg, Guysborough, Antigonish, Queens, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, Kings and Hants; and the vast importance of knowing the name of every cape and bay and river, of which the old blode could boast.

In all these things he was unsurpassed, but there was one kingdom, in which, like Robinson Crusoe, he was monarch of all he surveyed. That kingdom was the Royal Readers, where he constantly held us enthralled, fascinated, as he pointed out the vigor and clarity and charm of the best productions of English Literature. Is it any wonder that I hold his memory in reverence and affection and veneration!

In those days our school conditions were very primitive. No janitor was employed and the first scholars arriving at the school on a cold wintry morning had the task of putting on the fire. At the noon hour no hot lunch was served, as in the most modern and up-to-date schools of our day, but our cold buttered bread—fresh chunks of nourishment—had to be brought forth from its receptacle and warmed and toasted on the old stove. We had only one grievance against the old schoolmaster: his grasp at the noon hour was altogether too comprehensive, too inclusive and of too wide a range. Many a timid scholar had to lament this fact, when they saw their nice piece of toast expropriated and going to fill the void created by the forenoon's toil of "teaching the young idea how to shoot. Perhaps it was the only idea of communism that ever took root in Scotland. I fancy that many of you have memories of more or less similar conditions, and I sometimes think that it was from this strenuous competition that we Maritimers learned the art of annexing more than our fair share of the positions of

to consider that there is the least likelihood of its ever passing into a law in its present state."

Notes By The Way

A Polish princess, who was unable to speak English when she came to Canada from Austria three years ago, won every scholarship at Scarborough High School, in the Toronto area, last term. Was somebody saying something about the quality of our immigrants?—(Windsor Daily Star.)

The homes which would shelter a happy contented people devoted to the pursuit of peace and the welfare of the commonwealth. But that was not to be: we all had the wanderlust, and the fact is that, for better or for worse, we, Maritimers have migrated North and South, East and West, wherever opportunity beckoned and there was hope of improving our condition. Sometimes, perhaps, we have been deceived, but in the main we have met with success.

An American writer has said that there are two ways in which men advance in this world—one is by doing and the other by being. "The doers", he goes on to say, "are our heroes. Doing leads the way to riches, power any reputation, and if it occasionally lands a man in the penitentiary, still we feel that there is something grand about it and reflect that the same process also leads to the senate or the White House or a palace on Fifth Avenue". We Maritimers have been essentially doers. In youth we had neither the education, nor the chance to be doers. We are not dreamers, and that is the reason why we have succeeded. And at this juncture in our history, I feel that we have that in us which will enable us to render particularly valuable service to our country. Everywhere at the present time, men are talking blue ruin. Pessimism is abroad in the land and a stranger within our gates might think that the only safe, warm, comfortable places in the country were our jails and penitentiaries.

Nothing could be more false. Our country is so richly endowed that it is almost an insult to Providence to talk of poverty in this Canada. It is big enough and broad enough and rich enough to give every man a chance to live and to develop the activities with which Nature has blessed him. We are proud of Canada and of our Canadian citizenship. We are proud of the institutions of government under which we live. If we have any pride in any of the enterprises, industry or gift of our fathers, we can make this a mighty country, blessed with the greatest gift that any country can possess—the gift of a happy, contented, prosperous people.

I cannot do better than repeat for you the advice which Lord Dufferin, the greatest of our people of Canada on the eve of his departure from the country. "To all moribund persons", he said "as to Jacob when he gathered the Fathers of Israel round his bedside, the privilege of monition and benediction has been granted. What then is to be your valediction—my parting counsel to the people of the Dominion, before I turn my face to the wall? A very few words will convey them. Love your country, believe in her, honor her, work for her, live for her, die for her. Never has any people been endowed with a nobler birthright or blessed with prospects of a fairer future."

The best way we can show our love for Canada, at the present time is by buckling down to work, and by singing as we bend to the task in hand. Cheerfulness and optimism are contagious, and soon we will be on the high road to prosperity. There is no room for pessimists, parasites or idlers. We should all be workers for the common good, road builders or road menders, so to speak. We have not all that spirit of adventure which will blaze new paths through the wilderness, but we can all do our part, we can avoid the narrow, selfish spirit of working for ourselves only—we can develop that community spirit—one for all and all for one—in other words we can at least be good road menders.

I can remember that my Father never went upon the road with truck or cart, but he took a spade along, to fill up any ruts that he might find in the way. A community spirit is a wonderful asset in the people of any country—it is a spirit of charity and concern for the welfare of others, to which is attached a special blessing of Providence.

Overcrowding is a problem throughout the whole of Canada. A 1951 Census bulletin defines overcrowding as a household in which the number of persons exceeds the number of rooms. On this basis almost one out of every five Canadian homes is overcrowded. For the nation as a whole, overcrowding is worse in rural areas—where it is as high as 23 per cent—than in the urban districts, with 16½ per cent.—(Edmonton Journal.)

No one appears to have possessed a pet with anything like the acumen of Theophile Gautier's cat. From his account, this tabby not only listened to music but had all the makings of a first-class critic. "Seated on a pile of scores," he relates in his memoirs, "he would listen attentively and with evident signs of pleasure to the ladies who came to our house to sing. But the shrill notes made her nervous, and when the high A occurred she never failed to shut the mouth of the singer with her paw."—(Manchester Guardian.)

Tread lightly here, for here, the said. When pipping winds are hushed around, A small not wakes from underground. Where now his tiny bones are laid. No more in lone and leafless groves. With ruffled wing and faded breast. His friendless, homeless spirit roves;—(Gone to the world where birds are blessed! Where never cat glides o'er the green, Or schoolboy's giant form is seen; But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring Inspire their little souls to sing.—Samuel Rogers (1768-1855).

The Age Old Story

And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power. Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought.

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