

THE GUARDIAN

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Museum Material

With the prospect of a Provincial Museum, or possibly two museums materializing it is worth considering what should be the objects of the project. The immediate impulse is to gather together everything available which shows signs of age and put them on display with appropriate tags attached.

Although one purpose served by a museum, however, is to prevent the dissipation of articles of historic interest the principal aim should be educational. Students, young and old, should be able to go to the Prince Edward Island museum and learn by examining the displays as much about this Island as possible within the bounds set by budget limitations.

The commonest things deserve prominent display. The visitor should receive an accurate impression of the natural history of the Province, its soils and vegetation, wild life and agriculture, its industries, products and means of transportation. The people themselves should be presented, illustrating their origin and history, clothes and customs.

The museum should be the Island itself, brought before the visitor under a single roof.

Opportunity Beckoning

Last March in the Legislature Premier Jones pictured tremendous possibilities for Prince Edward Island in becoming the supplier of farm products for Newfoundland, Labrador, and other Gulf of St. Lawrence areas in the years to come. Attention had been focused on the part Quebec would play in providing supplies for the Labrador iron ore development, but this Province is in a better position because it is closer to the Labrador area and is the only nearby Province with a surplus of agricultural products.

What we should consider, the Premier suggested, was becoming the supplier for Seven Islands, Que., where Labrador iron ore would come for water shipment to outside points. Charlottetown is nearer to Seven Islands than Quebec City, Montreal or Mont Joli, Que. Mount Joli was being used as a base to fly supplies which could be carried more cheaply from Charlottetown by plane or boat. Seven Islands would need plenty of supplies; so would the workers building the railway from Seven Islands to the ore fields, and centres along the rail line and the ore workers.

The Premier foresaw a great triangular trading route. Ships would ply 400 miles from Charlottetown to Seven Islands, 410 miles from Seven Islands to the paper manufacturing town of Corner Brook on Newfoundland's west coast and another 350 miles back to Charlottetown.

The millions of tons of ore to be stockpiled in Labrador, ready for shipment up the St. Lawrence to western Ohio, through Upper Canadian canals, should preferably be shipped down the Atlantic Coast. He emphasized in this connection the possibilities of the Chignecto Canal. Leaving Seven Islands a boat could sail down to Baie Verte and into Portland just as quickly as she could reach Montreal. It seemed ridiculous to think of taking all the ore there, because the Bethlehem Steel Company has established a big plant not very far from Philadelphia. Moreover, if the Canso Bridge becomes a reality, there was no reason why Sydney could not become a great steel emporium. "And we are in the centre of all this," the Premier exclaimed, "living in one of the most favorable positions of the whole continent."

These statements provoked no discussion from either side of the House at the time, but they are worth recalling today because the opportunity of capitalizing on this huge potential market has been brought perceptibly nearer during the past week. Mr. Jules R. Timmins, president of Hollinger Hanna Ltd., manager of Iron Ore Company of Canada, has announced that arrangements for financing development of the Labrador-Quebec iron ore deposits in the total amount of two hundred million dollars have now been concluded.

"From all available records," says the Financial Post, "this is by all odds the largest initial financing program arranged for a mining project in the history of Canada. Opening up as it does immense new vistas in terms of iron ore mining in this country, the Labrador project has a significance which it is hard to overemphasize."

Plans call for immediate construction of mining, railroad and handling facilities and contemplate the start of ore shipments in 1955, shipments to reach 10 million tons a year shortly thereafter.

Are we in the picture as a food supply centre for this gargantuan undertaking, as the Premier anticipated we could be? His vision of last March was a magnificent one; but it will only be a pipe dream after all unless we have the enterprise and initiative to turn it into a reality.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Princess Elizabeth married the Duke of Edinburgh this date 1947.

A champion hockeyist goes, and another champion immediately replaces him.

Still the Island does it—in agriculture and in play. Nothing but the best is good enough for us, when we can afford the cost.

The appreciative letter from Mrs. E. V. Jones, London, in our Saturday's issue, describing the joy and pleasure she had visiting this Providence-blest Province will long be remembered by those who have read it.

Import controls end Jan. 2, and rent controls on April 30th. The latter may worry tenants apprehensive of rent increases but the notice, given as long ago as last year, should result in preventing building to a disastrous jump.

For a year that began most inauspiciously it is astonishing to see realized bumper crops of almost everything imaginable. The result is not good from a marketing point of view but it adds markedly to the strength of this country in any emergency, "real or apprehended."

Tibet strikes many people as a strange objective for Communist aggression. The target that lies beyond Tibet, however, is India, now Pakistan and India, probably the most glittering prize that presents itself to the eyes of an aggressor today.

Visitors are sometimes struck by a typical Island expression, "that's right clever," and assume that it is a colloquialism. On the contrary, it is purest English, as where Shakespeare makes Lucullus say, "I am right glad that his health is well, Sir."

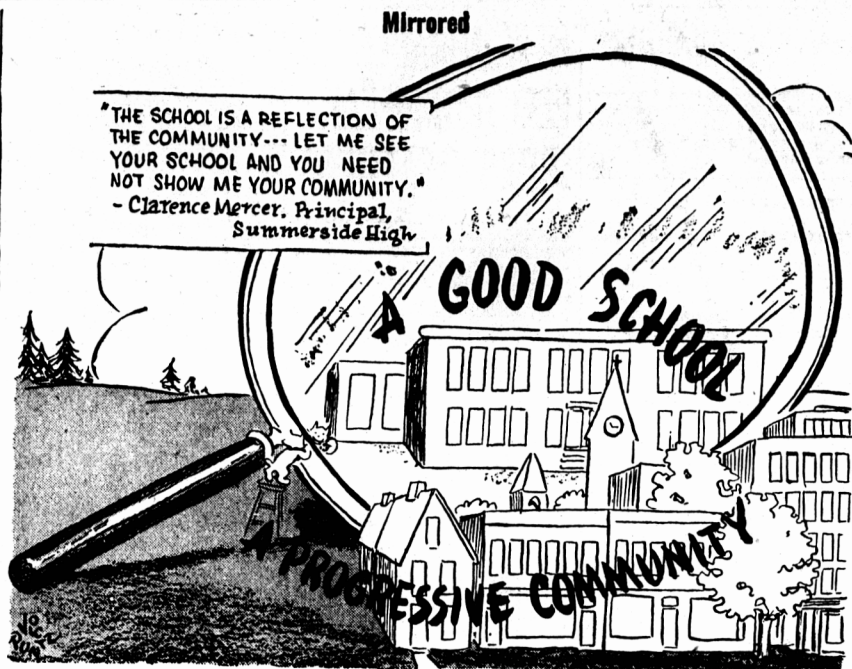
What is the particular honour and significance of being raised to be a K.C.—(King's Counsel)? It ranks the recipient as being outstanding in his profession, entitles him to wear a silk instead of a stuff gown, and forbids him to appear in court unless accompanied by a junior. Alas, the restrictions are more often honoured in the breach than in the observance.

A well informed reader advises that spring water is not infrequently found on the highest point on a farm instead of in its valleys. A farmer in St. Catherines was at his wits end attempting to locate water, and at last decided to sink a well on the peak of his land. Before going very deep, he had all the water and more than he required, and now enjoys the comfort of a surplus flow all the year round.

Anglicans, Roman Catholics and Non-conformists in Britain are holding a combined Christian Arts Festival this month. Special messages of support are given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth and the President of the National Federal Free Church Council. Features of the Festival will be a display of Bibles of historic interest, an exhibition of contemporary Christian art; religious drama and films.

Dr. Keeping on his retirement, will be greatly missed in the Department of Public Health where he has been an active, progressive and obliging official for many years. He did not appear much before the public, letting his work speak for itself, but his services were greatly appreciated by the powers-that-be, and he was a very present help in the time of trouble. May he have a long and enjoyable retirement with his recollections of work well done in both army and civil employment.

In the early days of the Scouts, the local Association raised money by putting up an apple to auction in the Charlottetown Hotel, realizing quite large sums of money. In Vancouver, fur raisers are resorting to a similar device. One live mink was worth \$400 to a fund to aid Manitoba's fur ranchers wiped out by last spring's great Red River floods. The little animal was auctioned off at the annual dinner of the Lower Mainland Fur Breeders Association of British Columbia. The amount will be sent to aid fellow fur ranchers in Manitoba.



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.

A TRIBUTE

Sir,—Permit me space in your column to give public expression of the profound sorrow which I, like many others, experienced on learning that Mrs. Helen Marjorie Johnson, R.N., met death in the recent air tragedy in Southern France. Helen has many friends throughout the Province and most especially in Central Bedouque and Kinkora where she spent the greater part of her life before she began her formal academic training. Her mother died when she was a very young child. After this she lived at the home of Mrs. M. H. McCabe, Central Bedouque, who reared her as a child of her own.

In matriculation examinations Helen made an outstanding showing, and after receiving the required training at P. W. C. she returned to her native community where she taught school for one year. Three years later she was among the graduates of the Charlottetown Hospital School of Nursing and in the R. N. examinations of that year she won top honors in the Maritime Provinces in one of the most outstanding showings ever made by an Island nurse. Later Helen enrolled at St. Dunstan's University where she pursued her studies before accepting a position with T.C.A. Her kindly and sweet personality brought her employment with several leading American airline companies, and in the course of her work she visited almost every part of the world.

It is indeed unfortunate that this brilliant young mother should meet such an untimely death. To her husband, Mr. Alan Johnson, and her little son, to Mr. John MacDonald and her family, and to her foster-mother, Mrs. M. H. McCabe, a former classmate of the late Helen Marjorie Johnson extends her sincere and abiding sympathy. I am, Sir, etc.

RAMONA LOUISE HENDERSON Charlottetown, Nov. 18, 1950.

NO MARK FOR NIMRODS

Sir,—Mr. Malcolm McKenzie's letter concerning our latest wild animal acquisition, to wit: the pair of deer presented to Premier Jones some time ago by friends in Ontario, is mirth-provoking. It will cause merriment and a case of "mind over matter." The spectacle of a Nimrod, with costly outfit bringing home two or three grouse reminds one of the cliché "the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse." Many men have many minds, and in a case of "mind over matter." Perhaps the poor fellow had a hard time to exist in his earlier days — force of circumstances precluded the possibility of

The Poet's Corner

THE SIMPLON PASS

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait did we journey several hours And with their did we journey several hours At a slow pace. The immeasurable height Of woods decaying, never to be decayed, The stationary blasts of waterfalls And in the narrow rent at every turn, Winds whistling winds, bewildered and forlorn, The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky, The rocks that muttered close upon our ears, Black drizzling crags that spoke by the wayside As if a voice were in them, the sick light And giddy prospect of the raving stream, The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens, Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light— Were all like workings of one mind, The features that were on the same face, blossoms upon one tree; Characters of the great Apocalypse The types and symbols of Eternity, Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

—William Wordsworth.

his indulgence in the great outdoor sport for which he yearned, but when the wheel of fortune turned, and he achieved opulence and leisure, he was then able to pursue his fondest legitimate fancies and fancies—provided he observes the simple amenities proscribed by farmers—and all good Christians—of not damaging a crop (or any portion of it), and not leaving gates open after passing through—and in general leaving everything "as is." The practice of the "Golden Rule" will get nearly anybody by.

In regard to the deer being turned loose some will be mildly surprised. One would think of a well fenced corral or on one of the islands on the coast would have been better — Curtin Island or Ram Island in Richmond Bay—for instance. In Victoria Park would be a good place to corral wild animals. They would be of great interest to city people—especially children. Perhaps the Premier's Canadian friends will send other animals. There should be more warnings to "lay off" them. Some of our local Nimrods, in excitement, may think they are overgrown jack-rabbits or some unheard of animals. I am, Sir, etc.

JAMES PENDERGAST Kensington, P. E. I.

VETERINARY PRACTISE PLAN

Sir,—With reference to an article appearing in the November 16th, 1950, issue of the Charlottetown Patriot giving reasons for the formation of a Veterinary Practice Plan for the Province, purportedly submitted by the P. E. I. Veterinary Medical Association to the Department, I would like to make the following remarks.

The P. E. I. Veterinary Medical Association has placed itself on record to the effect that they favour the idea of a Veterinary Practice Plan for Prince Edward Island, providing a plan which is satisfactory and workable can be formulated.

The Association has not as yet drawn up or submitted a plan. They have submitted several suggestions and recommendations which they felt should receive consideration in drawing up a plan of this nature. These suggestions made no reference to any retirement policy for veterinarians or the trifling expenses or guarantee by the Government for the collection fees. In fact, the Association has made no formal requests nor asked any concessions from the Government in this connection or any other at any time.

The Association has expressed its interest on several occasions as being willing and agreeable of assisting as much as possible in the working out of a Veterinary Practice Plan. It is their considered opinion that a committee consisting of representatives of the Department of Agriculture, the Veterinary Association and the Federation of Agriculture, working together might possibly evolve a practice plan which would meet with acceptance and approval of those concerned. The offer of assistance of the Association still remains in effect. I am, Sir, etc.

J. E. CUNNINGHAM, President, P. E. I. Veterinary Medical Association, Summerside, P. E. I.

REPLY TO "PIONEER"

Sir,—A few days ago a letter appeared in your Forum, directed at myself and signed "Pioneer." The writer incidentally blamed himself on the Fort Augustus disaster—or alternately, presumes to speak for the good people of that respectable locality en bloc. Perhaps the day may come when he will be a case of "mind over matter," but for the present, no matter how bright the prospects may appear to be, I suggest he keep it under his hat and use some other form of disclaimer to protect his identity.

The profusion of enconium in the early part of his letter was somewhat marred by his attempt to be jocular at my expense, when referring to communications addressed to the public over my own signature, through courtesy of your paper. I can assure "Pioneer" that the former did not use any great elation on my part, nor did the latter disturb me to any greater extent. I regret that my letters to the people did not meet with his approval—that they were so superficial in matter, they lacked appeal to the more intelligent readers who sought mental inspiration in your columns. I appreciate his personal interest in me—that I should advance in my mental exercising—that I should no longer be content with padding on the literary

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

SAILING DAYS

The days of wooden slups and iron men are recalled in the following account of a voyage of the schooner "Edwin and Eva", belonging to Mr. Solomon Mutch, of Southport, as related in a letter to Mr. Mutch by the captain under date of January 1, 1868:

"We are now in St. Thomas, West Indies. We had repeated gales of head winds after we left Charlottetown, so that we were detained in the Gut of Canso for some time, not being able to sail from there until the 27th of November. Three days after we left the Gut, we had a perfect gale—the sea running high and breaking tremendously, washing off most of our deck load, and staying in part of our bulwarks. On the 3th of December we had a fearful blow from the N. E. — or it was more than a blow, rather a hurricane. It threw us down on our beam ends, so that we were forced to cut away the main mast to save the ship and our lives. "Had we been two minutes longer in getting it cut away we would have all been lost. As it was she lay on her beam ends until the sea stove in the cabin windows, and the water was running in the companion way, filling up the cabin; and until the remaining part of the cattle on the deck were drowned. We had a slim chance, nothing but the weather being above water, even the mast heads being submerged. "We were then within two days' run of Bermuda. The wind soon after turned to the N. W. and blew a gale, but we having no after sail were driven to the eastward of Bermuda 120 miles. A jury-mast was then rigged out of the square-sail yard and we reached within two hours sail of Hamilton, when the wind again turned to the N. W. and drove us off, because we could not hold our own without the main sail. "For nearly three weeks we were working and beating to make Bermuda, till at last we were taken by another gale from the N. W. and forced to square away for St. Thomas. I believe there are some 20 sail here now which were dismasted at the time, and our schooner was the least hurt of any of them."

The captain effected a sale of the ship's cargo at St. Thomas, all except the oats, at remunerative prices. Of the animals on board, which were 9 horse, 5 horned cattle, 60 sheep, 20 pigs and 50 turkeys, only two cows and one horse remained when she reached port. There were also on board a Mr. Stewart and his wife, and his wife's brother, Master Wickwire, son and daughter of Mr. Ezra Wickwire, of Georgetown.

shore—and his invitation to "launch out into the deep," with examples of the "more profound" topics he would have me discuss. And above all, his admonition "not to be afraid" and assurance that in case of becoming engulfed in these more turbulent depths, he has a retinue of philosophers at his personal command who will rush to my rescue and effect a salvage "if not by brain maybe by brawn." So far I have failed to figure out where the "brawn" comes in, as I am still able to sharpen my own pencils; but I wonder who this charitable brother can be?

In conclusion let me express my sympathy for "Pioneer" in that he is not being fed the literary riches which he craves. But I cannot understand why, if he is surrounded by such a galaxy of grey matter as he would have us believe, there should not be a discussion of these "more profound topics" originate in and emanate from their ranks, for the edification of persons such as myself. After awhile I too might be able to discourse to the world from a higher plane of intelligence.

As a postscript, let me add: A correspondent writing over an assumed name and addressing directly, has a considerable advantage over the party addressed; but the latter has some advantage too, when replying. He cannot be accused of indulging in personalities. I am, Sir, etc.

J. A. GILLIES, Charlottetown.

RACCOON RESPONSIBLE

WALLACEBURG, Ont. — (CP) — Investigating interruption to hydro-electric service, workmen found a big raccoon electrocuted on top of a transformer pole, the body lying across a wire with bad burns. The animal weighed 21 pounds.

Notes By The Way

Too often at this time of year we hear people talking about a contest for the mayoralty as though the word were pronounced "moral-ity". Indeed, we see a heading in a Western Ontario contemporary in which the word is spelled "mayoral-ity". Neither the Oxford Dictionary nor Webster gives anything but "mayorality", pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. — Peterborough Examiner.

"There are no safe battles", writes Mr. Churchill in his latest volume on the recent war. This aphorism occurs in his account of the hard months of May and June 1942 in the desert war culminating in the loss of Tobruk. All along Mr. Churchill and the military chiefs had been urging General Auchinleck to attack Rommel. General Auchinleck did not agree and finally on May 10 was ordered either to attack or to resign. He agreed to attack but while the issue of how, where, and when were being debated, Rommel struck. Mr. Churchill ruminates on these events as follows: "I have often tried to set down the strategic truths I have comprehended in the form of simple anecdotes, and they rank this way in my mind. One of them is the celebrated tale of the man who mixed the powder to the bear. He mixed the powder with the greatest care making sure that not only the ingredients but the proportions were absolutely correct. He rolled it up in a large paper spill, and was about to blow it down the bear's throat. But the bear bit first. — Winnipeg Free Press.

The Quebecer who asks for a lottery for his province runs the risk of being viewed askance in the rest of the country. Voluntarily, the Ontario press would teach a lesson to the people of Quebec who think only of gaming. However, during that time Ontario will be betting a great deal more than Quebec on horse races; during that time Ontario will buy more foreign sweepstakes tickets than Quebec, and during that time Ontario will organize monster bingos in which thousands of players will take part. The Montrealeur who arrives in Toronto cannot believe his eyes, so many bingo posters are stuck up everywhere. And yet this pure city says that it has nothing to compare with what goes on in another Ontario city, the capital of the country, to be precise... We offer no reproach to our Ontario friends. Nevertheless we do not quite under-

stand why a provincial lottery in Quebec for educational and charitable purposes should scandalize them, while great bingos in Toronto and Ottawa with automobiles and fur coats as prizes seem to them to be entirely normal. — Montreal Matin:

Anna Rosenberg (nee Lederer) was born in Budapest in 1902. Her father made furniture for Emperor Frank Josef. When the emperor cancelled an order for furniture already delivered the board went broke and came to New York to repair its fortune. Anna was then eight. When she was 16 she settled a wartime strike of Clinton High School boys who were in revolt because military drill lengthened the school day by an hour and a half. It was really none of her affair, because she attended the Wadleigh Girl's High School. Nevertheless, she told the boys "For God's sake, don't queer things by striking!" Then she persuaded the board of aldermen to shorten the school day. This was the first public demonstration of Anna Rosenberg's two principal talents—the ability to give advice that makes sense and the ability to mediate disputes. In the intervening years the first talent has earned her as much as \$60,000 a year as a public relations counsel. Last week Secretary of Defence George C. Marshall recommended to President Truman that Mrs. Rosenberg be made Assistant Secretary of Defence to specialise in manpower and personnel problems. The President is thought certain to make the appointment. — New York Times.

Though, after my skin worms destroy my body yet in my flesh shall I see God: when I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me.

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