

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink". CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1952

Unfinished Business

At the hearing before the House of Commons railway committee Mr. Donald Gordon was reportedly asked whether any steps were being taken to ensure against the M. V. Abegweit being tied up in the event of another strike. This question—along with Mr. Gordon's answer that the matter was being given "considerable thought and would come up for active discussion this Fall"—might just as well be stricken from the record. For it is the contention of the people of this Province that neither Mr. Gordon nor Mr. Mosher, nor any other railway executive or union leader, should have anything whatever to say about transportation rights guaranteed us under Confederation.

Not only is the Dominion Government obligated by the B.N.A. Act to maintain our ferry service uninterrupted, but under an order-in-council passed in 1925, vesting the operation of the service in the Railway, the right to vary or terminate this arrangement was specifically reserved, so that the Government would be in a position to take over at any time, when the interests of the Province warranted. Moreover, as Premier Jones has repeatedly pointed out, in the agreement with the unions there was a section providing that the Government Vessels Discipline Act should take precedence in the event of an emergency. There was therefore no reason why our ferries could not have been kept running during the railway strike of August, 1950, if the Dominion Government had shouldered its obligations.

So indignant were our people at that time that a special session of the Legislature was called and a resolution of censure was passed—not on the Railway but on the Government as the responsible party. Damages were demanded for the losses incurred, and it was urged that the ferries be placed under a Commission or Government department and that other steps be taken to ensure against further interruption of the service. That was nearly two years ago, and apparently nothing whatever has been done.

Now the issue has cropped up in a railway committee discussion on the proposed bus service in this Province, and quite irrelevantly because the whole point made in the Legislative resolution of September 1950 has been ignored. This is disappointing in more ways than one. Our representatives at least should be aware of the facts in the case, and should concentrate their fire on the right target.

Trained Social Workers

One of the results of government activity in welfare work and the growth of specialized agencies in the field is an ever increasing demand for trained social workers. This was met in the immediate post-war years by numbers of returned men who used their service benefits to take one or two year's training at a school for social work in addition to academic education.

That source of personnel has fallen off and in addition the former Federal grants to the schools have been discontinued, except to the Maritime School, Halifax, and the substituted grants to the parent universities have not been used for bursaries for the benefit of students going in for social work.

The Canadian Welfare Council understandably takes a very serious view of the situation. In fact its executive director, Mr. R. E. G. Davis, has declared that a reduction in enrollment for even two or three years would jeopardize the national supply of social workers seriously. The present day approach to social work involves the large scale spending of public money and money collected by great organizations. It would seem to be an elementary proposition that the necessary personnel should be trained to make the spending of that money effective.

This Christian Canada

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports that members and adherents of Canada's 10 largest religious denominations make up 93 per cent of the country's population. Four per cent takes care of the members of tiny religious groups, of those who profess no religion at all.

"Put in another way," says the Ottawa Journal, "about 95 per cent of the people of Canada are members of Christian denominations or profess some degree of ad-

herence to the Christian faith. Canada is predominantly a Christian country, and this is a factor in our social and political life that never can be ignored.

"It is quite true that with a large number of these Canadians their adherence to Christianity is a fragile thread. Nevertheless there is that link—perhaps surviving from childhood associations—and they are the better for it.

"Active church members, the men and women who concern themselves with congregational and denominational affairs, are the hard centre of Christianity. But when the people have to stand up and be counted for a census we see clearly that the assumed indifference to religion of large numbers of them is not truly representative of their feelings."

EDITORIAL NOTES

St. Philips and St. James.

Hitler died this date 1945.

No child immunised against diphtheria in Scotland in the past three years has died from the disease, it is revealed by the Scottish Office. Since the scheme started, 1,300,000 children have been immunised.

The over-riding considerations must be efficiency and guaranteed delivery but other factors being equal it is good sense for this country to purchase British tanks and aircraft to enable the United Kingdom to buy more of our cheese and other products.

In five days a Scottish hen laid two eggs weighing 6 1/2 ounces, another weighing 6 1/4 ounces and a fourth of 5 3/4 ounces. The owner of the hen, a Brown Leghorn crossed with a Light Sussex, is Captain J. A. McGeoch, of Kirkcowan, Wigtownshire.

The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, seventh child of Queen Victoria, was born this date 1850. He held numerous important military posts and from 1911 until 1916 was Governor-General of Canada. One of his last official acts in that capacity was to lay the foundation stone of the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa.

The boost to \$50 and \$90 a month from \$40 and \$70 of "Burnt-out Pensions" or the war veterans' allowance brings payments back in line with the purchasing power of the original grant. With this type of allowance it is all to the good that a wider discretion has been given the pension authorities in dealing with applications.

The new Canada Descriptive Atlas published by the Queen's Printer contains in convenient form the most up-to-date information on Canada and her ten Provinces that is readily available today. Its pictures, maps and text form a valuable complement to that standard reference, the Canada Year Book.

Synthetic detergents came on the market merely as a substitute for soap when that article was in very short supply indeed. In more recent days detergents are reported as being used for such diverse purposes as speeding up the fattening of hogs and improving the effectiveness of lubricating oil.

Parliament's action in endorsing a resolution urging acceptance of any invitation to meet with parliamentary representatives of North Atlantic countries to discuss closer co-operation does not, of course, commit this country to the principle of world government. It indicates, however, to other countries that public feeling in Canada is favorable to the limitations of national sovereignty necessary for the establishment of an effective international community.

Almost two hundred years ago Britain changed from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar and Sept. 2, 1752 became Sept. 14, 1752. At the same time the year was made to begin on January 1st instead of March 25th. The new calendar was more accurate than its predecessor but unlike the World Calendar now proposed it had unequal half-years, unequal quarters, and presents the utmost difficulty in making comparisons between one year and another.

Senator John Williams (Rep.-Del.) whose speeches helped to turn up scandals in the Internal Revenue Bureau, told the American Society of News Editors that the U. S. administration has the resources to root out wrong-doing but has "failed to meet its responsibility." He said the Treasury did nothing for months even though evidence of wrongdoing lay in its files. "Can you recall a single case of bank embezzlement in which the bank head deflected the crooks?" he asked. "That is the condition we have in this administration."

Spring Offensive



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.

ISLAND ASSOCIATIONS RECALLED

Sir,—During the war a few officers from Toronto area had the good fortune to serve with the 1st Battalion Prince Edward Island Highlanders. (Black Watch) then under the command of Lt. Col. W. MacDonald. We joined the regiment with a chip on our shoulder at Nanaimo, B. C., this being the opposite direction from where our ambitions lay. In less than a week our ideas had taken a complete change. The kindness and character of the men of P. E. I. made an impression on us all that has undoubtedly influenced our thinking and will remain with us all our days.

With this feeling in mind this same group of officers arranged to have a reunion in the name of the regiment we all feel the most proud in identifying ourselves with although we all eventually did serve with outfits whose glories were painted in more brilliant colors. I think many of the old Highlanders would be interested in hearing of this gathering, so I enclose attached news item. I am, Sir, etc., MALCOLM D. MURDOCH 145 Rosewell Ave., Toronto, Ont.

(Enclosure) TORONTO, April 25—"The fiery cross burned brightly and the heather was ablaze" in Toronto's King Edward Hotel when ex-officers of that city attached to the P. E. I. Highlanders during the war held their first reunion. Following some initial refreshments Lieutenant James C. Webb set the pace with a few rollicking verses of "Oh! Billie-Archie how are you today", etc. Hundreds of incidents and persons were recalled from the past with merry-making and some nostalgia.

Remember how Big Chief MacNeil, clad in his ceremonial blanket at eventide would say, "Bring-um forth magic water (gasoline) for start-um council fire,—usually a pile of logs about the size of telegraph poles. Then the chiefs of support tribe would set around at a safe distance (about twenty five yards) while the great conflagration blazed. Major W. Couttes at senior officer present, proposed a toast to the Colonel and Major J. S. Wright. Battalion honors were proposed by Lieut. D. M. Kallmeyer while Lieut. M. D. Murdoch shrieked the words to the regimental march past, "Wha Saw The Forty Second".

Each song and incident stirred up memories of the Highlanders and the wonderful esprit de corps of its members. The Toronto ex-officers all expressed their desire to extend best wishes to their never-to-be-forgotten friends in P. E. I.

COURAGE

Sir,—No dictionary can define courage. One has to see it illustrated in action. There is a story coming out of the last Great War that gives us the idea. Three chaplains were among the passengers on the Dorchester, a Jewish rabbi, a Roman Catholic priest, and a Presbyterian minister. During the voyage they had become well acquainted, swapping experiences as chaplains, and retelling jokes among themselves. In mid-Atlantic the ship was torpedoed and was sinking. These three men stood together, held hands and sang "Nearer My God To Thee", as the ship went down. There have been many such exhibitions of courage in the face of death, but this story is told, because it has a touch of beauty about it that illustrates our kinship which would be good for the world if oftener seen in life as well as in death.

Many people have heard this story and admired the courage of these men. Such stories fire our imagination; but we often fail to recognize heroes just as great or

Notes By The Way

A suggestion is being made in Britain that emigrants take pre-fabricated homes with them, thus meeting the housing problem in countries where they settle. Here in Ottawa, at least one immigrant from The Netherlands did just that, and erected a pre-fabricated home brought from Holland. Possibly the idea is worth looking into.—(Ottawa Citizen.)

A woman's handbag theoretically could not be taken into the British House of Commons where custom bars weapons, umbrellas, walking sticks and despatch cases, although Cabinet ministers have a dispensation on the latter. Now the Speaker has ruled handbags carry for women what pockets carry for men and they are legal. Who ever heard of pockets that big?—(Ottawa Journal.)

The United States army used to be a large user of the famous Missouri mules for packing supplies in rough country, but with the progress of mechanization it has gradually given them up. An officer recently explained to a congressional committee the difficulty of the army was having in disposing of its surplus mules abroad. In India, for example, it proved impossible even to give the beasts away—despite the fact that animals are still largely used for transport in the sub-continent. The reason? American mules had always been fed too well. "Nobody in India wanted an animal that ate that much," it's a tough outlook for the one-time pride of Missouri. He will either have to take a drastic cut in his standard of living, or face the prospect of becoming fox meat.—Edmonton Journal.

greater that may be seen in the quiet and obscurity of the home. This week we received a letter from a friend who is a victim of arthritis and has not walked for twenty-seven years. All day and every day she is perched up in a wheel chair. Her occupation is writing letters to her friends, of whom she has many, and these letters overflow with good cheer. There are many such cripples in this country. I know five of them. They keep on living, cheerfully. These are fine exhibitions of courage.

Last October, on our way to Sarnia, our car broke down at Herring Cove, thirteen miles from our destination. It was 9 p.m. and a Roman Catholic family gave us lodging. The woman of the house is the mother of five young children, but is the victim of some disease that attacks her periodically. She makes no complaint, but keeps on living cheerfully among her children. Here is courage to be admired and praised; and throughout the country there are many a one like her, working bravely.

Courage on the battlefield is to be commended and rewarded, but soldiers, usually, have the inspiration of their comrades and commendation of their general, but in the home the mother is often taken for granted; and sometimes her work and her sufferings are not appreciated.

The story is told of Norman, a ten-year-old boy, who one morning tendered his mother an account for errands run and services rendered, in full, \$2.00. The mother said nothing, but took the bill. Next morning at his plate at breakfast he found a \$2.00 note and beside it an account from his mother against him. It read: For naming Norman through a long sickness from typhoid fever, nothing. For clothing, washing, cooking for him and caring for him for ten years—nothing. When the boy had read the account the tears began to come. He handed her back the \$2.00, put his arms about her neck and murmured in her ear, "Mother, I never thought of that way before." I guess there are a good many of us grown-ups who never thought of it that way. I am, Sir, etc., Stanley Bridge, W. I. GREEN.

An American comedian ends up in a police station in Detroit after a dispute with a waitress over the valuation of the Canadian dollar. The incident suggests the fact which may have to be employed by store clerks and proprietors of tourist resorts in Canada this summer.—(Hamilton Spectator.)

The United States Office of Price Stabilization announced last week that due to an error in its calculations each purchaser is entitled to a refund of about \$25. This announcement probably will be picked up by Pravda to illustrate its thesis that under capitalism, the poor gets poorer and the rich gets richer.—(Ottawa Citizen.)

There were about 75,000 crocuses in bloom a few days ago around the National War Memorial and on Parliament Hill. Their fleeting loveliness was visible evidence that Spring had come again. The crocuses are a contribution of the Federal District Commission to Ottawa's charm and beauty. Another contribution takes the form of close to 100,000 daffodils now coming into bloom, and these will be followed in a couple of weeks by the generous flushing color of half a million tulips on Parliament Hill and in beds in the system of driveways and parks. It is said that nowhere in the world can Ottawa's tulip display be matched. Holland has tulips in millions, of course, but they are a crop as wheat is a crop here. The Ottawa climate seems particularly kind to these beautiful flowers and their massed battalions in a variety of vivid colors are a sight to which all of us look forward. For this display much credit goes to Queen Juliana, who made Ottawa a gift of tulips and opened our eyes to their possibilities.—(Ottawa Journal.)

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

NEWS FROM ENGLAND From the Royal Gazette, Jan. 31, 1826: "His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Ready arrived at Falmouth on the 19th January after a passage of 29 days. He will embark, it is expected, on his return to this country early in May. "The application from hence of our being placed on a footing with other Colonies, by having the benefit of a Free Port in this Island, was before the Board of Trade, and His Excellency, we understand, was pressing a decision. "A plate for the Ten Shilling notes was preparing and will be sent out by an early conveyance."

The Poet's Corner

BOOKS Books are not seldom talismans and spells, By which the magic art of shrewd-er wits Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled. Some to the fascination of a name Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds Of error leads them by a tune entranced. While aloof seduces more, too weak to bear The insupportable fatigue of thought, And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice, The total grist unsorted, husks and all. —William Cowper (1731-1800).

The Passing Scene

By Observer PAROTITIS, COMMONLY CALLED MUMPS

It happened at two o'clock in the morning. At least that was when I awoke with pronounced soreness back of both ears. The parotid glands, I have learned since. Two thoughts came to me simultaneously: (1) I had never had the mumps; (2) three weeks ago I had entered a house where they had been resident for some time. Putting the two together, adding the sum total to current symptoms, there seemed to be but one answer to the question of my nocturnal awakening. I dreaded the thought, partly because of the inconvenience I knew I would experience, chiefly because of the disgrace involved.

Medical testimony was the only thing lacking so I called the doctor. When I explained my fears and forebodings he seemed so amazed as if I had told him I was cutting a new tooth. However, being a charitable man, he came to see me and, during the course of his visit, confirmed my diagnosis. So for the rest of my life I must bear the shame untold of having had the mumps when I was fifty years old. My first feeling was one of resentment. What had I done to deserve such a blow? Men no better than I am (some of them not half as good) have grown old, entirely mumpsless. If the horrible things had to strike, couldn't they have done it during the winter, when staying in bed was the only sensible procedure anyway? Only last week I had lost the biggest trout I have ever seen, and I am not exaggerating. My plan was to give him a week's respite, then go back and nab him. It's all over now. By the time I get back to the stream he will have gone out to sea. That trout can thank the mumps for saving his life.

When I was a youngster it was the practice for most parents to see to it that their children made contact with the mumps in the respectable period of immediate post-infancy. Apparently, there was a hitch in my case, and today I am paying the penalty. My word to all parents who may read this dissertation is: If your child has not yet caught parotitis, commonly called mumps, get him into the nearest mump house just as soon as you can and get it over with. Whatever anyone may tell you to the contrary, mumps are inevitable. For fifty years I thought I was getting by only, just as I had passed my birthday, to have both ears grabbed by about ten million of them in the dark waters of the night.

Since I am a very patient man in all the circumstances of life, it is impossible for me to harbour resentment for any length of time, against even such an underhanded creature as a mump. What if I should be declared the only man of this generation who had mumps at fifty? That would be signal honour indeed! I would be interviewed by all the medical and osteopathic journals and the story, profusely illustrated, might even be written up in Life Magazine. There would be picture galleries showing me in every imaginable pose, before, during, and after the fell onslaught. Mumps would really be paying their way. I can see the headlines now: "Middle-aged scribe contacts mumps—Case per-

plexes medical world." No doubt, though, something would turn up to spoil it all. A report from Moscow would be almost sure to claim that in Russia adult mumps are not at all rare. In fact, it would be a new-year-old grandfather on his mother's side had them when he was more than a hundred years old.

Just in case my mumps don't bring me world fame, I think I'll put them to some use by making them the basis of a new Society to be known as the "Fifty-year-old Mumpers". We'll start right here on the Island, where many a fine movement has had its beginning. Mumps at fifty or better will be the only qualification for membership.

When I feel better I'll do something about Constitution and By-laws, that is to say if there are enough applications to warrant such formalities. Frankly, I shall be much surprised if there is even one. Deep down beneath my swollen glands I have a feeling that I am unique in having had mumps at fifty.

I wonder where the name "Mumps" came from in the first place. I have consulted all my dictionaries, but to no purpose. It appears to be the only word in the book whose etymological source is not given. Having the disease is annoying enough. It makes matters worse to be kept in ignorance of the root and descent history of such a silly sounding word. I looked up "Measles" which, as a disease for fifty-year-olders, ranks only after mumps in stupidity. There it was in black and white (the word, I mean) "from Old High German, masala, blood-blister".

Then there is "Croup" which comes from an obsolete Old English verb "craupan" which meant "to crouch". Now, if I had either of these, I could at least entertain visitors by launching into a learned discussion of root origins, derivations, etymological beginnings, and such like. As it is, I can only pretend to be in great discomfort and therefore unable to answer intelligently, when they ask me the inevitable question: "Where does the word 'Mumps' come from?"

I don't like to admit ignorance on any question having to do with the use of words, but to be tormented by mumps, intellectually as well as physically, is even more humiliating.

I've just taken my temperature for the third time since noon (it is now 2:30) and, according to what it says, I am doing all right. By next week I should have something more pleasant to write about. I hope so for mumps, however one may try to laugh it off, are (or is) no joke. I'd better not be too hopeful, though. So far as I know, I've never had Whooping Cough.

The Age-Old Story

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

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