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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink."

CHARLOTTETOWN, FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1950

A Great Island Churchman

Prince Edward Island has lost one of its most distinguished sons in the passing of Archbishop Morrison of Antigonish. A man of great mental, physical and spiritual endowments, he was a Doctor of Philosophy at twenty-five, three years before his ordination to the priesthood; and all through his long life he devoted himself with passionate intensity to education and culture as well as to religious leadership.

A son of the late Daniel Morrison and Mary Campbell Morrison, of St. Andrew's, his first appointment was as curate at St. Dunstan's Cathedral. The following year he was named Professor of Philosophy at St. Dunstan's College, and subsequently became Rector of the institution. Three years later he was appointed Rector of St. Dunstan's Cathedral. In time the responsibilities of Vicar-General were placed on his shoulders. In 1900 he suffered a serious breakdown in health, and it was to lighten his work, after recuperating, that he was made parish priest at Vernon River. Consecrated Bishop of Antigonish on Sept. 2, 1912, within a very few years his influence was felt in the building up of St. Francis Xavier University into one of the leading centres of learning in Eastern Canada; and it was under his leadership as Chancellor that new units were added and University Extension work took its first toddling steps.

Despite a life lived necessarily in the limelight, Archbishop Morrison was of a very retiring disposition. His few leisure hours he liked to spend in the quiet of his study, or in the enjoyment of music and the fine arts, of which he was a great admirer. Correctness was a cardinal principle of his life, and in church ceremonial, particularly exacting for a Bishop, he was correct to the utmost detail. In this, as in other matters, he sought to teach by example as well as precept, as one "who laboured always in his Master's eye."

First Class Publicity

A wealth of information about every Province, and the Dominion, is contained in a special edition of The Times, London, entitled "1950 Survey of Canada and World Trade." Prince Edward Island receives invaluable publicity in an article by Premier Jones reviewing the farming and fishing activities of the Province, as well as its tourist attractions and other features.

Brought out in advance of the Third International Trade Fair which opens at Toronto on May 29, this edition of the great British newspaper will be widely read throughout the English-speaking world. The typography and illustrations are of the highest standard, and there is no doubt but that the issue will contribute materially to the success of the Fair as well as to the interests of Canada generally.

Receipt Of Custom

There have been times in history, notably under imperial Rome, when the collection of taxes was farmed out to speculators who usually made a good thing of their investment. These publicans would wring the last penny from the unfortunate subject to swell their profits and consequently were thoroughly detested by all.

As the national state developed more fully this practice came to an end and taxes were regularly levied and collected by servants of the crown or its equivalent. In either case the job of tax collecting was a voluntary one, undertaken either in the hope of making exorbitant profits or a less spectacular commission or government salary.

Today there is a new kind of tax gatherer sitting at the receipt of custom. The scheme of deducting taxes at the source of income makes possible the imposition of rates of taxation which would be otherwise insufferable. At the same time it makes the employer, or other person by whom money is paid, into an involuntary and unpaid agent of the taxing authority. The Income Tax has been collected in this way since early in World War II. The odium which once was the lot of Department now largely falls on employers who, whatever they may be paying for work done, only get credit from their employees for the amount of "take-home-pay" which actually reaches the employee.

This inescapable duty of employers is

hard enough under the Income Tax Act. It would have meant further expense and unpopularity had the City Council seen fit to throw its collecting work on the business man's shoulders also.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Our teachers enjoyed their week's "feast of reason and flow of soul."

The Provincial Premier and the City's Mayor were conspicuous by their absence from the Teachers' functions.

During the Spring with highways almost impassable the railway really has a chance to prove its worth. There are not likely to be any complaints that the season is too short.

With the 16th falling on Sunday, trout fishermen lose one day of the fishing season. It is surprising that they did not follow the example of their professional brethren and try to wangle an extra day.

Freedom of the seas, and of the skies does not seem to apply over the Baltic. Indications are that too close an interest in that area got an American aircraft shot down by the Russians.

The havoc to telephone and electric wires caused by the recent storms would have provided an excellent peacetime use for a variation of radar. The cathode ray tube makes it possible to measure instantly the length of a wire and thus can indicate exactly where a break is located.

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, assassinated this date 1865. On his election in 1860 as President on an anti-slavery platform, seven slave-owning states seceded from the union leading to the Civil War between the Confederates and Federates. The war ended in April 1865, and on the 14th of that month Lincoln was assassinated at Washington.

About a year ago this Province hailed Newfoundland by erecting a great map of the tenth Province on the Provincial building. The gesture was a fine one and appropriate to the occasion. It should not, however, have been regarded as a precedent for using our seat of government as a bill hoarding. The Cancer Society's campaign deserves every support, but the Provincial building is surely not the place for even the most desirable of posters.

Mr. Kickham rendered great public service by his letter in the Public Forum on the alleged discrimination against P. E. I. war veterans. Veterans Minister Gregg supplied in reply (published yesterday) a very complete detailed statement of the money received in this Province, over \$14,500,000 in authorized benefits, apart from \$4,500,000 to \$5,000,000 individual war service gratuities, which brings the total to \$20,000,000. But for Mr. Kickham's letter these facts and figures would have remained locked and unrevealed in the department's archives.

How man might produce vast "reservoirs" of snow crystals in the sky to help nature make rain was described recently by Dr. Vincent J. Schaefer, weather scientist of the General Electric Research Laboratory. Schaefer said that by overseeing supercooled or below-freezing clouds with large quantities of dry-ice or silver iodide, large areas of snow crystals much too fine to fall might be produced. Because by over-seeding all supercooled moisture would have been transformed to snow, the resultant snow crystals would have no additional moisture upon which to grow into snowflakes, and thus would remain too light in weight to fall. In such a stable condition, these huge areas of snow in fine crystal form might remain in the sky indefinitely and thus become, in effect, reservoirs, according to the G-E scientist.

Five years ago, in April, 1945, troops of the First and Fifth Canadian Divisions engaged in their first battles since leaving the Italian theatre. Now part of the First Canadian Army, the "Red Devils" of 1 Div. launched an assault across the IJssel River with Apeldoorn as their objective. Troops of 5 Div. were committed to battle at Arnhem and struck north and northwest to roll through to Nijkerk. Getting back a bitter taste of their own pincer tactics, the Germans were again divided in Holland by this two-pronged stroke. Thus, pressed from the east by the 1st Division and from the south by the 5th Division, the Germans at Apeldoorn found their escape route into Fortress Holland had been cut. The end was not far off, and from that point onward in the last few rushing days of war the mighty German army found itself disintegrating on all fronts. . . . one of the most completely routed armies in the history of war.

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.

POEMS APPRECIATED

Sir.—I was very glad to see a poem in last week's Guardian by my favorite Island poetess, Constance I. Heckbert. I enjoy her poems so much, and this particular one of Easter was very lovely. And I have been thinking it would be an excellent idea to have a certain corner of your paper devoted to poems written by Island poets only; you might call it "Today's Poem"; and in this way you would be encouraging Island writers who some day we might have cause to be extremely proud of, and who at the present time are not getting the praise and recognition they deserve.

Thanking you for this space and hoping to see in the future more poems by my favorite Island poetess.

I am, Sir, etc., A GUARDIAN READER, Summerside, P. E. I.

WHO PAYS THE PENSIONS?

Sir.—It was with some misgivings that I read of the proposal to pay pensions to Cabinet Ministers of 10 years standing. Your editorial is the only thing I've seen against it. It should have been met with a flood of protest. Likewise re a \$100.00 a month pension plan for industrial workers.

"Why protest?" That question is answered by another, "Who pays?"

We all pay some. Myself with \$2,300.00 a year, including \$600-\$800 travelling expenses; farmers, with about the same; teachers, with less; and many others with even less than that. We pay through taxes for Government personnel; and for the workers in purchasing consumer goods made by the employers who add pension costs to the price of these goods. The Cabinet minister will get \$6,000 or so annually having paid 7.8% of his \$8,000-\$10,000 salary; the industrial worker will get \$100 a month having paid in only a small portion of the fund. A clergyman will get \$30 for every year in service; at the end of 40 years he gets \$800 a year and no old age pension allowed after paying about 6% of his \$1,500-\$1,700 salary. Farmers get the old age pension—if they have no farm and no money! Teachers: how many stand the awful grind long enough to get a pension? and no old age pension if they get any other.

I would suggest (1) that pensions be paid only when someone, who has been conscripted or whose services were demanded for the country's welfare and security, is killed or disabled; or for some such reason, on a non-contributory basis; or (2) that pensions be paid to all in need (enough to meet cost of living) and provided for income tax. "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need."

I prefer the latter programme and method.

People are foolish indeed if they do not persistently oppose all such pension schemes as proposed by Premier Macdonald. (Judge!) too; they get \$6,000.00, I believe, for the majority of the people have to pay for the while getting little or none themselves.

I am, Sir, etc. MINISTER (NON-CABINET).

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

BARACHOIS HARBOUR

"On the 2nd day of December, in the year 1828, the writer left Charlottetown in company with the late Chief Justice Archibald, for Nova Scotia. The latter was anxious to get to Truro with the utmost celerity, and the vessel made as direct a course for the opposite shore as it was possible for her to steer. Mr. Archibald was landed somewhere between River John and Tatamagouche, and we have ever since been puzzled to ascertain the exact spot. "Our attention has, however, been called to the subject of a nearer postal line than that now used, and upon an inspection of Capt. Bayfield's charts, we think we have hit upon the place we visited in December, 1828, and one which is in every respect the proper route for mail communication. The place to which we allude is Barachois Harbour. It lies in a direct line from Charlottetown Harbour, and is only 30 miles across, while Picotou is 50 miles by water, and enabling a steamer to effect a passage and back with perfect ease the same day. "There is at Barachois a bold shore having 12 feet of water at low tide, so that no difficulty would exist on the score of a convenient landing place, and we see by the map of Nova Scotia, by McKay, that there is a road from thence to Picotou, about 25 miles long, and we would suppose level, from the circumstance of its being laid down as running between two hills. The distance between Point Prim and Amet Island is about 12 miles, so that this is the only place in which a vessel is liable to a heavy sea during the passage."

—Hazard's Gazette, Nov. 29, 1834

The Age-Old Story

De good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

For Quicker Despatch in Time Of Need



"Russian Diplomatic Tactics"

By Walter Taplin (Assistant Editor of the London Spectator)

The new cases of diplomatic plunking and accusations directed at Western diplomatic and consular officials which crop up almost every day in news from east of the Iron Curtain can hardly be dignified with the title of diplomatic strategy. They are local and sectional manifestations of that strategy—the tactical small change of the cold war. When it is announced that a Mrs. Constantin, a local employee of the British Legation in Bucharest, has disappeared, or that Mrs. Frith, former translator at the British Embassy in Warsaw, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment after being held "incommunicado" for ten months, or that the Hungarian Government is asking for the reduction of American or British Legation staffs in Budapest, we know what is going on.

All these cases and half a dozen others have occurred since the beginning of March. They range from tragic instances in which some unfortunate person suffers imprisonment or death, to the ridiculous, as when the Czech ice hockey team is forbidden to travel to London without the support of its own wireless commentators. But they can all be traced back to the same Russian policy of bringing all the Eastern European countries into line with the diplomatic practice of the Soviet Union. If very few cases now come from Russia itself, the probable reason is that the process which is now being carried out in other Cominform countries is long ago completed in the Soviet Union proper.

Reference to the Soviet Union in this connection at once draws attention to the fact that this diplomatic skirmishing has been going on for a very long time. The spate of new cases from the Satellite countries may indicate nothing more than a belated rush to catch up, for it is perfectly clear that Soviet foreign policy is meaningless without uniformity of practice in all Communist countries. The continuous campaign against Tito, which reaches its most exaggerated expression when any question of Yugoslav contacts with the West arises, is a clear enough indication of the disturbance which arises when there is any departure from that uniformity of foreign policy—although for internal purposes Yugoslavia remains essentially a Communist state. In fact, we have developed before our eyes a demonstration of an essential element in Soviet strategy—the manipulation and exploitation of every contact with the non-Communist world for the sole purpose of adding to Communist power. If there must be diplomatic exchanges across the Iron Curtain—and the most extreme Russian Communists have not publicly argued that these exchanges can be dispensed with altogether—then they must be so arranged that the Soviet Union derives maximum advantage from them while the Western powers derive as little advantage as possible and, when the occasion permits itself, are even subjected to attack through the diplomatic channel. The utter disparity between Western and Eastern ideas on this subject has been demonstrated in almost every one of the recent "spy trials" in Eastern Europe. The defendants are invariably accused of sending "economic information" to the West. But one of the purposes of any property-run consulate established by the Western countries is precisely to provide economic information about themselves to other countries. The very act which in Western eyes is and in plain common sense is regarded as a useful service becomes in Eastern eyes the act of saboteurs and spies.

There is one immediate and simple moral to be drawn from this fact. In the Communist scheme of things, all arrangements for contact with the rest of the world are offensive devices. They have nothing to do with the promotion of peaceful relations. For the advantage which the Communist countries derive from diplomatic and consular representation in the outside world there is no return except the petty irritation or possible hardships and dangers to which foreign representatives are subject in Cominform countries. If

The Poet's Corner

KIND OF AN ODE TO DUTY

O Duty, Why hast thou not the visage of a sweetie or a cutie? Why glitter thy spectacles so ominously? Why art thou so abominously? Why art thou so different from Venus? And why do thou and I have so few interests mutually in common between us? Why art thou fifty per cent martyr and fifty-one per cent tartar?

Why is it thy unfortunate wont To try to attract people by calling on them either to leave undone the deeds they like, or to do the deeds they don't? Why art thou so like an April post-mortem? On something that died in the storm? Above all, why dost thou continue to hound me? Why art thou always albatrossly hanging around me?

Thou so ubiquitous, And I so iniquitous. I seem to be the one person in the world thou art perpetually preaching at who or to who; Whatever looks like fun, their thou art standing between me and it, calling yoo-hoo, O Duty, Duty!

How noble a man should I be hadst thou the visage of a sweetie or a cutie! But as it is thou art so much forbidding, than a Wodehouse hero's forbiddingest aunt. That in the words of the poet, When Duty whispers low, Thou must, this erstwhile youth replies, I just can't.

—Ogden Nash.

there is any truth in the constant Russian assertion that the Cominform states are "peace loving", or any substance in Premier Stalin's periodic statements that it is possible for Communist and capitalist states to live at peace side by side, then there is no trace of it in those day-to-day contacts which should provide the most constant and ready opportunities for demonstration of feelings of peace and good will. Instead, there is organized hostility and constant Communist endeavour to squeeze every drop of advantage from the relationship while giving nothing and less than nothing in return.

There is, of course, a limit to this state of affairs. And there are indications that in the case of certain Eastern European countries the limit is being reached. There has been, recently, an extremism and arrogance in their disregard for diplomatic decencies which seems to indicate complete indifference to Western reactions. In the case of relations between the U.S.A. and Bulgaria, an actual breach has occurred and it is pretty clear that other Russian satellites—Hungary in particular—are drawing near the same point. All this may be quite consistent with the Russian policy of cutting off other Cominform countries from any outside influence other than that of the Soviet Union itself. But there is no indication, so far, that the Soviet Union itself, as distinct from its satellites, is willing to run the risk of losing the points of vantage enjoyed by its diplomatic and consular representatives all over the world. In fact, it is likely to be left to the Kremlin to judge how much the Western powers will stand of this process of abuse of the diplomatic machine. But even before that limit is reached, all civilized peoples can judge, in the light of Communist behaviour, how little credence need be given to the Russian's claims to peaceful intentions. For their diplomatic practice is a mere expression of xenophobia.

CONVINCING TALKERS

HALIFAX (CP)—Don't argue with a woman, is the old saying, and it applies especially to students of Mount Saint Vincent College, a Roman Catholic school for women here. Its debating teams have not been defeated in inter-college debate in 10 years.

Notes By The Way.

According to a rabid partisan the recent visit of the general Mr. St. Laurent "recognized that there is now in office in Ontario a Premier who has demonstrated his willingness to co-operate with the Federal Government" it might have been more flattering to the visitor to have said that it indicated that there is now in office at Ottawa a Prime Minister who has demonstrated his willingness to co-operate with the Ontario Government.—Toronto Telegram.

The piece of legislation now before the provincial law-makers, which provides for an enquiry into the status and rights of the Indian population of British Columbia, is one that should find ready support among the general public. When passed, the act will authorize a study of the whole Indian problem, leading to the granting of full citizenship rights and being tipped to the natives. At the same time, care will be taken to assist the Indians in preserving their age-old customs and tribal observances.—Victoria Times.

Oddly enough, while clams are found almost everywhere along New Brunswick's hundreds of miles of seacoast, there are not many places in New Brunswick where you can buy them fried—and still fewer where you can buy them properly fried. They should be dipped in evaporated milk, then rolled in cornmeal flour, and cooked in deep fat. Prepared in this way, the lowly clam becomes a tasty delicacy—one which would rate as something of a tourist attraction if it were featured on more New Brunswick menus.—Saint John Telegraph-Journal.

It looks as if this is the year to cut wheat acreage. The Dominion-Provincial farm conference in December suggested a cut of 20 per cent in acreage and the growing of more coarse grains to take up part of the slack. Soil conservationists in high places, men like Dr. Archibald, director of Dominion Experimental Farms, have been urging that land be taken out of wheat and put back to grass, and that Canada begin a swing towards more livestock. The livestock outlook is generally good. Cattle and sheep ranchers have been making big money. We've just about gone out of hog production here in South Alberta—we might swing some wheat acres to growing more livestock. That would appear to be the safe trend towards which South Alberta might look for the 1950 crop year. It's one way to meet the need for readjustment of the farm program to fit the actualities of the world food trade situation.—Lethbridge Herald.

Canadians of the older generation are mourning the recent death of Julia Arthur, the Hamilton girl who achieved fame on the stage and played the part of

the great Sir Henry Irving. Her death came at the age of 81. Julia Arthur was a born actress. At the age of 13 she played the part of Portia in an amateur performance. At 14 she was an assured success as a professional. In 1898 Irving chose her to be an associate of Ellen Terry. She starred in "A Lady of Quality," which was rated her best performance, and was very good in "The Black Masque" and "More Than Queen." Her beauty and graciousness, added to her dramatic ability, made her a popular favorite. A true woman, Julia Arthur renounced the stage to marry the man of her choice. She did so at the height of her success when her admirers believed she was capable of even better work. Her career should remind ambitious Canadians that there is always room at the top and that genius, when combined with study and application, is almost sure to gain worldwide recognition.—Toronto Star.

In Ottawa, Painter Henri Masson has become something of a civic institution: his tenth annual exhibition last week in the little Sparks Street gallery was, locally speaking, the art event of the year. Experts rank him as one of Canada's half-dozen top painters; wives of Ottawa's leading citizens consider it fashionable to have a Masson hanging in the living room. Ottawa art critics, who have called Masson the reafter of the French Canadian scene, noted last week that he was still painting homely reflections of Quebec life: monks on skis, groups of skaters, old men reading newspapers. But they also found traces of a major change: the early Masson's flashing swirls of color had yielded to more subdued tones; the primitive forest atmosphere of his Chagall-like touches of fantasy had given way to sharp, straight lines, abrupt angles and geometric designs. Masson defines his new style as "a little more abstract." He is apt to give startling examples of his abstract imagination. Once he declared flatly: "A bunch of monks playing ball looks like a group of ballet girls." Belgian-born Painter Masson came to Canada when he was 15. Working as a jewelry engraver in the daytime, he painted landscapes at night school, began to roam the Galtineau hills in search of subjects. A woodcut of the countryside brought him his first qualified success: a dealer sold it for \$150 then pocketed the money. Now Henri Masson's best canvases sell for as much as \$350. At the National Gallery, he teaches a weekly course in painting to a group of admiring youngsters who picturesquely sit on the floor and mix their paints in baking tins. In class Masson frequently casts an eye over deft strokes and admonishes the painting into a tyro's Masson study. Soils one local critic: "He's turning out embryo Massons like automobiles."—(From Time Magazine)

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