

THE GUARDIAN

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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, JUNE 19, 1952

"The Clan Fraser Of Lovat"

In ancient days the big organized deer drives—called "Tainchels", from the Gaelic "Taincholl", a circuit—played a most important part in the social and military life of the (Fraser) clan, according to "The Clan Fraser of Lovat" by C. I. Fraser...

It seems that it was such a gathering in June of 1951 which led to the publication of the present little volume. On the south bank of the River Beaulieu stands Beaufort Castle, home of the Lovat Chiefs since 1511, and still inhabited by them.

A connection with Canada is noted by the author. It was the 78th Regiment (Fraser's Highlanders) which fought so valiantly and was largely responsible for Wolfe's victory at Quebec.

This authoritative account of the Clan is of special interest locally in view of the forthcoming visit of Lord Lovat, who will be the guest of the Caledonian Club at the Scottish gathering at Montague, on July 15.

Farm Loan Figures

The figures quoted in Monday's Guardian from the farm improvement loans division of the Department of Finance indicate that our Island farmers are participating to a greatly increased extent in the advantages of this policy.

Under this Act, the chartered banks make loans to farmers for such purposes as improvements of the farm and farm buildings, purchase of livestock and the purchase of machinery. The Government guarantees the banks against loss up to 10 per cent of the amount loaned.

In the first four years of the Act's operation there were no claims for losses made on the Government by the banks. In 1949, the loss claim on the Government was \$10,264, and although there have been claims in each of the years since then, none has been as high as the 1949 amount.

New Hope In France

Until three months or so ago the name of Antoine Pinay was virtually unknown outside the small French provincial town where he happened to operate a tannery. Today in Paris and abroad he is referred to in admiring terms as "the strong man of France".

Antoine Pinay the unknown was called upon to form a government in France and accept the premiership only after a succession of famous political leaders had successively tried and failed to bring order out

of chaos in the French economy. Just as in the recent Communist-inspired strikes and riots Premier Pinay refused to be intimidated and adopted strong and forthright methods to restore order, so too has he done in matters economic. He has spurned the practice of meeting budgetary deficits by borrowing from the Bank of France.

A France which is strong economically and stable politically is essential to the security of Europe and the free world. Antoine Pinay, more than any amount of foreign aid, is the best promise the continent of Europe has provided since the defeat of Hitler's hordes that order, decency and democracy will ultimately prevail in an area of the world darkened by the shadow of the oriental totalitarianism of Moscow.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Blight-resistant potato varieties Keswick and Canso promise to take some of the gamble out of the very uncertain business of potato growing. In developing such types the Federal Department of Agriculture performs a most valuable service to the farmer and also to the consumer at home and abroad.

An extension of the lobster season for ten days seems to be a very reasonable request on the part of the Fisheries Federation. Experts have expressed the opinion that increasing the length of the open season would not ordinarily result in a larger annual catch nor in any depletion. This year seasonable operations will be considerably less than ordinary unless the additional time is granted.

A curious situation is revealed in the figures submitted by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics that for the first five months of the current year creamery butter production jumped 78,000,000 pounds from 28,700,000 in the same period last year. It was believed by some critics that the bottom had permanently fallen out of the dairy business, and that farmers should devote their energies and enterprise in other directions.

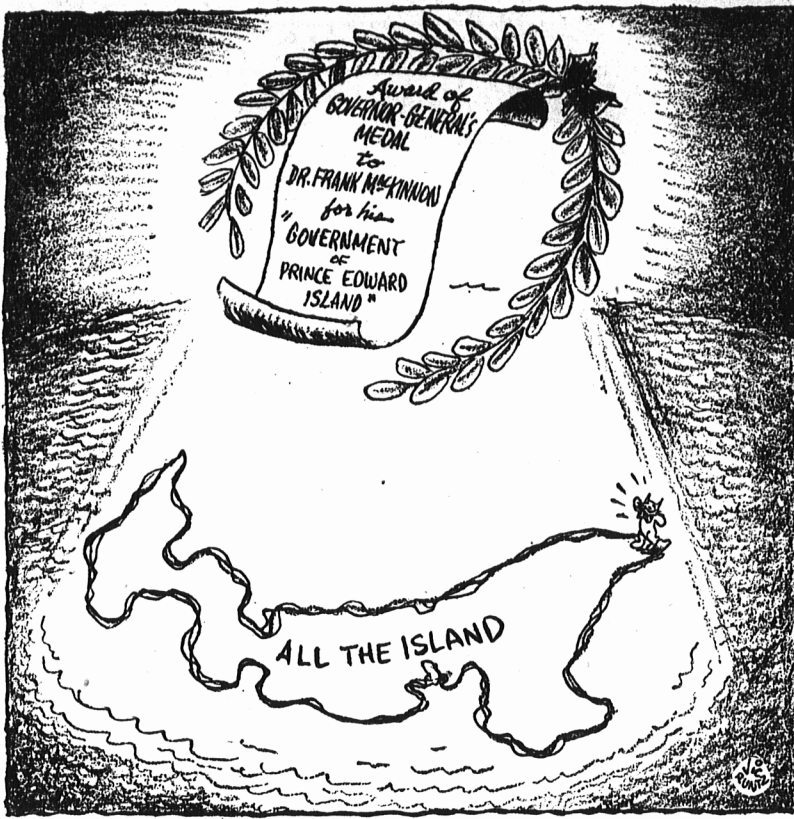
Field-Marshal Douglas Haig, first Earl, was born this date 1861. Having passed Staff College he served in Egypt, the Sudan, South Africa, and as inspector-general of Indian cavalry. He commanded the 1st Army Corps of the B. E. F. and in 1915 became commander-in-chief. After the war his exertions were largely responsible for welding various ex-servicemen's groups into the British Legion.

What's in a name? An exchange notes that the U. S. State Department calls the pact signed with West Germany a "peace contract" to distinguish it from a final treaty. The British call it a "treaty with associated conventions." The French call it "les arrangements contractuels", or contractual arrangements. The Germans at the outset called it the "Friedensregelung", or peace settlement. They switched to "Abkommen zur Ablosung des Besatzungsstatuts"—agreement to remove the occupation statute. Finally, they simplified it to "Deutschlandvertrag"—the German contract. The Russians have called it many things, all unkind.

A change is taking place in the editorship of The Times, London. Sir William J. Haley resigned as director-general of the BBC to become editor of that leading newspaper. He succeeds Mr. W. F. Casey, who will resign after 39 years on The Times, the last four as editor. Sir William Haley, 51, has been head of the BBC since 1944. He formerly was managing director of the Manchester Guardian and served as a director of Reuters news agency. He is expected to take over the 167-year-old paper sometime this year, the BBC said.

A hospital "case" record can not be considered a "privileged document", especially when it is demanded by the patient, Mr. Justice Harry Batshaw ruled in Montreal Superior Court. The decision was made on a motion entered by George Henry Mellen, 4315 Melrose avenue, who is suing St. Mary's Hospital for \$31,763 for injuries allegedly suffered by his four-year-old son while a patient in the institution. Mr. Justice Batshaw said the father was unable to give particulars of the child's treatment in the hospital so he had asked for the case record. The request was refused. The hospital maintained the case record was a privileged document, and that, in any event, it would constitute "hearsay evidence." The point of "hearsay" evidence, His Lordship said, did not arise at this stage because all that was asked at the moment was the right to make a copy of the case history.

Reflecting Honour



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

SUMMER VISITORS

"Each year visitors from outside are finding their way quietly and in increasing numbers to this fair Isle. Entering the Province here or at Summerside, they distribute themselves to the different points at which they have been informed they can find suitable accommodation. That most in favour is the quiet farmhouse in which a few persons or a family can be accommodated near to the sea. At Malpeque, a goodly number of visitors, some of them American, are to be found. At Rustico, and Stanhope (Mrs. Shaw's), similar resorts exist. Near to Summerside, and other points on the south shore, where the atmosphere, during summer, is suited to the needs of delicate persons and children, accommodation is in growing demand.

"Last year a few groups of Canadian and American visitors who spent a few months with us, found a pleasant element in the society of the place, and found for themselves health, pleasure and new friends. Could we not advantageously encourage this business? With the town as general headquarters, Rocky Point, West River, North River, the Harbour's Mouth, Southport and Keppoch might receive and comfortably accommodate a large number of desirable strangers. Could those who may have suitable accommodation to offer, not leave their general offices, in a form immediately available to strangers on their arrival? This would not seriously affect the interests of our hotels, or of such an establishment as the Seaside Hotel at Rustico. General travel would follow in the wake of an enlarged volume of holiday seekers... "The proprietors of the Osborne House evidently have faith in the possibility of accommodating profitably a larger number of guests than they can receive at present. The Revere House, recently enlarged and improved, indicates progress in a similar direction. Let us have faith in the possibilities of our position, and they will soon become actualities. There is no reason, if we show well-considered enterprise, why our fair Island should not become the pleasure-ground of the eastern part of the Dominion, and of some of the States of the neighboring Republic."

—The Examiner, April 21, 1863.

The Poet's Corner

ENDURING THINGS

Only a man harrowing cloeds In a slow, silent walk With an old horse that stumbles and nods Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame From the heaps of couch-grass: Yet this will go onward the same Through Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her night War's annals will cloud into Ere their story die.

—Thomas Hardy.

The Age-Old Story

Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel, for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem. And many among them shall stumble, and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken...

Notes By The Ways

Departing Soviet Ambassador Panyskhin expressed his "deep feelings for the peace-loving people of America." Since the language of diplomacy has become the language of insult his words must be welcomed as more than a "diplomatic" compliment.—(Christian Science Monitor).

To plant trees that take about fourscore years to reach maturity is to look a long way into the future. It is, however, the only plan for anyone who possesses a forest property and is determined that its value will not deteriorate. It is the modern practice which concerns with huge capital investments at stake must adopt. The old system, lumbering with lumbermen in this country, of cutting out a stand and then abandoning it in order to set up a mill elsewhere where timber is available, is merely spreading destruction.— St John's Telegram.

Alderman Mrs. Violet Grantham, widow of a former Lord Mayor of Newcastle upon Tyne, has been selected Lord Mayor of the city. She is the first woman civic head of Newcastle in more than 700 years. Alderman Mrs. Lillian Farmer was elected Mayor of Hythe, Kent. The borough has been choosing civic leaders since 1066, and Mrs. Farmer is the first woman to be elected. The first woman civic leader at Boston, Lincolnshire, in 407 years, Councillor Mrs. Alice S. Johnson, was also elected. It was announced that the new Mayor would be addressed as "Mr. Mayor." The style "Madam Mayor" employed in some towns, it was stated, lacked any historical precedent.—London Times Weekly.

Maria Sumat, \$2, midwife of Aubagne, near Marseilles, has been presented with an award by the French Minister of Public Health, a distinction acknowledging her service to the community by having brought 4,046 babies into the world. On the same day in Chicago, Judge Joseph Sabath, 81, who has heard evidence in more than 100,000 divorce cases, retired after 42 years on the bench. A little more tolerance, he said, would have saved many marriages. We worship numbers. We bow in adulation before quantity. More babies, more divorces, and more of everything. It tickles our sense of importance based on size. But O. Henry would have told us the story of a few babies, and one or two divorces, and we would have known so much more about Madame Sumat and Judge Sabath.—London Free Press.

And now, what do you think people are going to smoke? Bagasse, of all things! What's bagasse? Well, according to the patient of this new, alleged smoke, it's sugar cane from which the juice has all been extracted. This residue is beaten, cut and shredded, washed and the fibres screened and put through a paper-making machine. At this point the product has the color of tobacco, chemicals are then added to give it the tobacco taste and smell. Then it can be used in cigarettes, cigars or pipe. But it's milder than the real thing, much milder. Probably so mild one wouldn't know it was supposed to smell like tobacco. Probably tastes like the rotten leaves of yore. The big question is: if someone did develop this synthetic tobacco from bagasse, would Hon. Douglas Abbott tax it as heavily as the real thing?—Lethbridge Herald.

A trip through Ontario at this time of the year demonstrates how far ahead Essex County is, in growth of crops, in relation to more easterly and northerly parts that peep, and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? For the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. (Isa. 8:12-15, 19, 20.)

of the province. While wheat and rye are in the head in this southern part of Ontario, grain in the easterly districts of Ontario is only a very few inches above the ground. That means wheat and rye will be harvested in Essex County before these crops are "headed out" in some other parts of Ontario. One also finds it difficult to convince some of our fellow-Canadians how far south Essex County is. When told it is in the same latitude as Northern California, many just snort with scorn—until they look at the map and gasp. Our southerly position, of course, is the source of our specialized crops, our fruit and vegetable industries. Our early potatoes will be dug before many of those in Eastern and Central Ontario are out in bloom.—(Windsor Daily Star).

The National Hairdressers' Federation in the United Kingdom has noted the trend of men to longer hair. It also has been noticed on this continent, with young men about town having the hair on the sides of their head about as long as the top, usually oiled and slicked back smoothly. Menfolk, down through the ages, have not shown much originality in hair styles, though the trend through the generations has been to shorter hair. All have seen the pictures of kings and other nobles of the past with their long hair or, at times, with wigs. The Chinese had 407 years of long, black manes. Indians their long, black manes. And, as recently as the period of the American Revolution, men wore their hair long, tied with a string at the back of their heads to keep it from blowing about.—Windsor Star.

No Need To Gild Canada's Lily

(Victoria, B. C., Daily Times)

Progressive Conservative J. Angus MacLean has brought an important point to the attention of Parliament in his discussion of immigration appeal. Many of our new settlers, he says, are coming to Canada under the impression that it is a land flowing with milk and honey, only to find that there are still hardships to be overcome and problems to be faced.

He suggests that the National Film Board produce documentaries to furnish a completely realistic picture of the country so that newcomers will know what they face and will not arrive with false impressions. It is the belief of most Canadians that their country offers opportunities and a standard of living virtually unsurpassed in the world. In comparison with conditions on other parts of the globe the nation probably qualifies as the land flowing with milk and honey. But the cows still have to be milked and the honey has still to be gathered. Every sensible immigrant realizes that.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that some create an erroneous picture of Canada from the accounts given to them. The immigrant cannot step onto Canadian earth and find a convertible Cadillac waiting to carry him to a new and modern home equipped with all the amenities of a Hollywood luxury film. He has to work for what he gets—and work hard to achieve success.

Canada has no need to be ashamed of the future it offers the newcomer who is prepared to put his shoulder to the wheel. The country, on the other hand, does not need imported parasites who are not ready to do their share of work.

If the outlook presented to the potential immigrant is inexact, if it is being glamorized, corrective action should be taken. It is not necessary to gild the Canadian lily. If the film board, which already has done such excellent work, can assist in defining Canada in true lines to the prospective settler, it will be doing him and the country a distinct service.

The Passing Scene

By Observer

CRANKS I HAVE KNOWN

It is not only in the big things of history that so-called cranks have rendered signal service. Their influence has been felt, too, in the little things that happen from day to day. In my time I have come across quite a number of them, and almost invariably they have done me good.

The first that comes to mind was a middle-aged farmer, whom I will call Sandy, though that was not his real name. He lived on a small farm in the eastern section of this Island. There were two things about Sandy that attracted attention. He was always late with his planting, and his flower garden was always in full bloom long before anyone else's. This had been going on for so long that some of the neighbours said he was lazy. Others maintained that he was not quite right in his head. Both groups of critics were wrong. He worked just as hard among his flowers as his neighbours did in their fields, and his mind whenever I chanced to see him, appeared to be as clear as a bell. The only trouble with him, so far as I could see, was that he had a passionate affection for any and every flower. Even a weed with a bloom was for him a picture to delight in.

Somehow, despite his dilatory habits, Sandy managed to "make a living" on the farm, but he "lived" fully and completely only when he was standing or kneeling in his flower garden. He had, as I remember, many hundreds of them of all sizes, hues, and fragrances. He would give them away to anyone, especially children, who asked for them, but he would never sell so much as a petal. Once, to my subsequent regret, I ventured to suggest that he should grow flowers for sale as quite obviously he had more interest in and more aptitude for that sort of thing than for general farming. He did not make any answer in words, but he gave me a look of utter amazement, and I could see a distress written in his face. It was as though I could not have hurt him more had I suggested that he sell one of his sons or daughters.

One day during a particularly wet Spring I happened to remark that it was pretty bad growing weather. "Bad for the crops," he replied. "What about the flowers?" I asked. "My friend," he said, "flowers will grow in any kind of weather, good or bad, if you understand them and know how to care for them." The man who was "queer" about flowers has been gone for several years, but I should not wish to speculate on whether his spirit may be or what it may be doing. But I do hope that as each Spring comes around those who knew him will take a little time off from their hasty planting and drop a violet or daffodil on his resting place. Perhaps Sandy will know nothing about it. On the other hand, he may. Who knows?

I remember another farmer (this one did not happen to live on the Island) who used to waste a lot of time, so his neighbours said, in reading poetry. Because much of his talk was interspersed with quotations from various classical writers, most of the people in the district could not make "head or tail" of what he was driving at. Consequently they said he was a bit weak "in the upper

story." All such criticism, however, did him not at all. Indeed, I think he relished it. When the day's work was done, and sometimes before, he would settle in his favourite chair and allow his soul to soar far up on the wings of poetry. While others talked about the weather, the crops, the prices of fertilizers, and other important things, he conversed with Scott, Burns, Southey, Wordsworth, Longfellow, and others of the great and near-great. He even professed a liking for Walt Whitman, which proved that, besides being a lover of poetry, he was a man of deep charity.

Speaking of charity, one of the most charming cranks I have known earned the title simply by exhibiting an unusual measure of that supreme virtue. Somehow, he could never bring himself to speak ill of any man or woman, even in jest. His friends found his trait extremely exasperating, chiefly, no doubt, because it frequently put them to shame. "Unkind gossip," he used to say, "is the worst sin there is." That showed, of course, lamentable ignorance in the matter of moral theology. But it showed other things, too, that made up for such ignorance. To him there was no such thing as a bad man, but only a good man who had temporarily lost his way.

Once when I visited him he told me about his two sons, John and Bill. John lived at home and, apparently, was everything a son should be. Bill was away and, unfortunately, drank much more than was good for him. I expected him to speak glowingly of the one boy and disparagingly of the other, but it didn't turn out that way. "John is a wonderful boy," he told me, "no father ever had a better one." "But, you know," he added, almost in a whisper, "if Bill could only get over his little trouble he would be every bit as good, and some day he will." I could not help thinking of the preamble to one of the greatest stories ever told: "A certain man had two sons."

The young clergyman in a small charge who consistently declined calls to larger and more lucrative spheres deserves mention. Most of his brethren who knew about this apparent "twist" in his make-up were quite sure that he was an eccentric, as I suppose he was. The common practice, when a call came to a bigger church, was to pray about it and then accept without too much delay. And one must admit that the practice was both devout and realistic. A man can hardly be blamed for hating himself when the chance comes his way. The strange thing was that the man about whom I am writing was neither devout nor realistic in this respect. He did not even bother to pray about it when the time came. He simply said "no," and that was the end of it. "I'll stay here so long as the people can put up with me" I once heard him say.

As a matter of fact, no one in his congregation knew anything about any calls he had had, for he was not in the habit of saying anything about them. That, too, was strange and most unusual. Whether he was right or wrong, wise or foolish, I am not in a position to say. There may be others like him, but I fancy they are few and far between.

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H. R. DOANE and COMPANY CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS 145 Great George St., Charlottetown PHONES 2080 - 1477 - Box 247 Other offices at Halifax, Moncton, St. John's, Amherst, Dartmouth, Kentville, Liverpool, New Glasgow and Truro. ERMA F. MacPHERSON, C.A. RANDOLPH W. MANNING, C.A. Other offices at Charlottetown, Moncton, Hamilton, Charlottetown, Currie Bldg., Charlottetown. Telephone 1634