

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION

"Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1952

Crisis In Argentina

State-planning under Argentina's dictator Peron has brought that once prosperous country to the brink of the most ominous economic abyss in the nation's history.

Today Argentina faces meatless days. Wheat, instead of being exported, is imported from abroad.

The reason? Argentines chose to tolerate a tinsel dictator and succumbed to the blandishments of his power-mad wife, instead of going about their normal business of tending cattle herds and growing crops.

The result? Peron's puppet government in Buenos Aires ignored the farmers, forgot the foreign markets for beef and wheat upon which Argentina's economy had flourished, and busily began building factories to compete with industry in Europe and North America.

Holiday traffic accidents in the last six years have killed half as many Americans as the Korean war, the National Safety Council reports.

It is no longer so surprising that Mount Everest should so long remain unconquered by climbers.

Such are the consequences of ignoring the farmer, cornerstone of the free economy which once brought prosperity to Argentina.

Alternative Voting Simplified

The Victoria Times, says Saturday Night, had what would seem a most happy idea when it decided to educate its readers in the mysteries of the alternative voting system by conducting an election under that system for the high position of Most Popular of the paper's six leading comic strips.

Orphan Annie led the field by a large excess vote in the first count; but the first count has very little significance for the long pull, as subsequent developments showed.

Kerry Drake was then thrown out, and no less than 29 of his votes went to Dick Tracy (they obviously belong to the same political party in Comic Stripland, and should never have run against one another).

"We feel," says Saturday Night, "that there is no doubt about Dick Tracy being the real choice of the Victoria electorate, which would have been grossly misrepresented had Orphan Annie been sent to the Legislature on the strength of her original 172 votes out of 616."

Hopalong Cassidy, decided that they did not care a hoot whether Orphan Annie or Dick Tracy got elected, and stopped marking their ballots.

That is the reaction of Saturday Night but it also demonstrates that under the alternative voting system it is not the most desirable candidate that is elected.

Canadians In Japan

It is far from satisfactory that while United States troops in Japan are subject only to their own courts martial Canadian and other U. N. forces come under ordinary Japanese law and courts unless in each particular case the civil authorities permit otherwise.

In days gone by, Britain used to conduct the diplomatic affairs for the British Empire and at least when concessions were obtained for British subjects they were equally applicable for those in the United Kingdom or in any part of the world.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A French court has ruled against the claims of one Freeman to be the heir of the Bourbons. Apparently it did not trouble the court to leave unanswered the question of who is the King of France.

Churchill once described defence production and consequently expenditure as being first a trickle, then a stream and finally a flood. Canada should now be in a position to produce a flood of war supplies.

The policy of cutting down on immigration during the winter months is presumably to reduce the hardship of immigrants coming to this country when conditions are worst and employment lowest.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, English poet, was drowned this date 1822 off the Italian coast. Probably the greatest lyric poet that England produced, he had great integrity of character and winning charm of manner and personal appearance.

There is wide interest in the speed being made across the Atlantic by the S. S. United States on the great liner's maiden voyage. It is disproportionately costly, however, to get the last couple of knots out of a ship's engines and with flying so readily available for those in a hurry, it is unlikely that either the Queen Mary or the United States will be pushed to the limit.

The late Mr. John H. Buntain was one of the stalwarts of the Conservative party in this Province in years gone by, and had served for two full terms in the Legislature with marked ability and conscientiousness.

The Mayor also states that Bedeque is closer to the liquor store in Summerside than it is to Borden. According to the maps and mileage charts issued by the P. E. I. Travel Bureau Bedeque is 8 miles from Borden and 10 miles from Summerside.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Jones and Mr. Leard are poles apart on this point. The former takes the position that since Borden is a port of entry the people of the town should have no more to say about this liquor store than the people of the rest of the Province, while the latter holds that the people within the town limits are the only people who have any right to be heard on the subject.

Annual Letter To Our Youngest Readers



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.

BORDEN LIQUOR STORE

Sir,—I have noted the comments by the Mayor of Borden on my letter which appeared in your columns July 3rd, and hasten to accept his correction in the proportion of those favoring a liquor store in the Bedeque to which I made reference. My statement was based on what I thought was correct information; it is my own fault that I did not check it with the town office, and I assure you, Sir, that I had no thought of misleading any of the readers of The Guardian.

The proportion was 4 1/2 to 1 instead of 2 1/2 to 1 does not, however, change my basic premise which was that all the people in the area affected by this store should have an opportunity to express themselves concerning it. If a plebiscite is to be taken as a means by which public opinion is to be determined it ought to include all the people in the area concerned. In this case it is obvious to all except the wilfully blind that this would include more than the town of Borden which does not even include the Borden School District. This is a principle which has been widely followed in establishing liquor stores elsewhere and I submit it is more truly democratic than a process which limits expression of opinion to only a portion of the people in the area. To cite only one example: Windsor, N. S., (pop. 3700), has no liquor store because the area in which it is located is dry, and for the same reason there are no liquor stores in other centres of population in the county of which Windsor is the capital.

The Mayor states that I had petitions circulated in the churches of my denomination in Tryon, Albany, and Bedeque. I have no apology whatever to offer for my share in the circulating of these petitions, but in fairness to others who initiated and assisted much more than I in this effort on behalf of temperance, and who represented two denominations other than my own, may I say that this tangible evidence of widespread opposition to Mr. Leard's project, was not the product of one man's crusade but the result of the prayers and Christian concern of a large number of people in the area. "Why should they have a say in the matter?" Because the Bible is reporting truth when it states "We are members one of another," and for the same reason that the people of Bedeque and Albany contributed large sums of money to the building of churches in Borden. On the basis of his logic the Mayor could argue that Borden should have no interest in the Prince County Hospital, in the National Park, nor fishing in Tryon's brooks or Bedeque's mill ponds.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Jones and Mr. Leard are poles apart on this point. The former takes the position that since Borden is a port of entry the people of the town should have no more to say about this liquor store than the people of the rest of the Province, while the latter holds that the people within the town limits are the only people who have any right to be heard on the subject.

The Mayor also states that Bedeque is closer to the liquor store in Summerside than it is to Borden. According to the maps and mileage charts issued by the P. E. I. Travel Bureau Bedeque is 8 miles from Borden and 10 miles from Summerside. He also refers to a dozen bootleggers. As the chief executive official of the town why did he not take effective steps to curb these law breakers? May I humbly suggest that it is far more important to be concerned about being on God's side on any issue than on the side of the largest battalions. I prefer to be one to say with Paul and I am more painfully aware of my own shortcomings than even the Mayor—"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," than to offer thanks to the Jones Government for a liquor store. I renounce liquor from whatever source it is supplied because the liquor trade has always stood for everything that decency was opposed to, and has fought everything decency desired. The Mayor of Borden rejoices in the business this new store is doing. I am sure that God does not.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

ROWING MATCH

"Yesterday evening, a six-oared rowing match took place between the 'Mayflower', belonging to the officers of the Garrison, and the 'True Love', owned by some gentlemen of the Town. On starting, the 'Rifles' took the lead, which they maintained throughout, but owing to the coxswain changing places, as well as returning to the wrong side of the river, the race was declared by the umpires in favour of the Town boat. A challenge was given by the gentlemen of the latter boat, to pull with the crew of the 'Mayflower' against time, which, we believe, will be accepted."

—The Islander, July 5, 1844.

Rev. Mr. Burton Crowe, Minister Borden United Church, Borden, July 7, 1952.

HIGHWAY ROUTES

Sir,—I wonder if your staff artist will pardon a suggestion for a cartoon. Of these I hear many comments, amused and favorable. Our Premier says he runs the highway "the shortest route." He means "the longest way round is the shortest way home." When running the road from Craपाud to Borden, going by Augustine Cove would have been direct, level and "no villages." Instead, the road went through Tryon and North Tryon village and some of the fill-ins are dramatic. Then running to Summerside from Borden it meanders over to Kinkora Road and getting to Central Bedeque, in the traffic has nowhere to go. So it was decided to branch off at Middleton because the liquor trade, Freetown, coming out at Ross' Corner. The most direct road would have been to come up from Borden, taking a road that comes out at Bedeque rink.

This is a red-hot issue right now, and a picture of the "longest way round" might prove entertaining.

I am, Sir, etc., SEARLETTOWN.

REMINISCENCE

Sir,—I remember the village of "County Line", where I "saw the train" for the first time. Not long after, this name gave way to the name Emerald, likely suggested by some loyal son of the Emerald Isle. The merchant in the place also changed his name from John Hughes to John Wellington Hughes. This was effected by Act of Parliament. The boys enjoyed making the same puns in a general manner. He was also the local magistrate. In a recent issue of The Guardian I saw that his daughter Lauretta (Mrs. Robert H. Knell) has died at Ottawa and that her birthplace was Rustico. She seems to have had a distinguished career; served in the Spanish-American War as a nursing sister, formed the School of Nursing at the Ottawa General Hospital and in 1907 organized the Catholic Women's League in Canada or at least formed the first unit in Edmonton.

It is worthy of note that her mother's brother, Rev. Father O'Brien, was in those early days

The Poet's Corner

AT THE END

Let me die, working. Still tackling plans unfinished, tasks undone! Clean to its end, swift my race be run. No laggard steps, no faltering, no shirking; Let me die working! Let me die, thinking. Let me fare forth still with an open mind. Fresh secrets to unfold, new truths to find. My soul undimmed, alert, no questions blinking; Let me die, thinking! Let me die, laughing. Not sighing o'er past sins, they are forgiven. Spilled on this earth are all the joys of heaven; Let me die, laughing!

—Dr. S. Hall Young, Missionary to Alaska.

The Age-Old Story

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Deer Crossings

(North Bay Nugget)

Throughout the woodland areas of Ontario, along the highways and side roads, from time to time motorists may see ahead of them signs warning: "Slow Deer Crossing." These signs are placed wherever deer are known to cross roadways frequently; not only for the protection of the deer but the motorist himself, his passengers and his motor-car. Wise motorists obey the sign.

When the forest green up and the sun shines warmly, the impulse to roam inspires the deer to a nomadic existence. Then the deer travel far and wide, singly or in pairs, with their young until they are grown, and move about in search of shelter, water and food. To reach his favorite recreation lands, man has criss-crossed the country with roads along which he speeds in his high-powered motor cars. Deer, moving back and forth from secluded resting places to food and water, establish many trails which frequently cross over roads built by man. At such points there are often accidents in which the deer comes off second best, although considerable damage may be done to the automobile with probable injury to the driver or passengers.

Among the number who since then "sold goods" at Emerald, I remember the name O'Regan, son-in-law of Mr. Hughes, the Cole Brothers, William H. Haslam, Craig and Haslam, Albert Craig, Peter Hughes and so forth. It is regrettable that so much old history of such a small community should be forgotten.

I am, Sir, etc., KENSINGTON.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

QUO VADIS?

I have made my annual visit to our 20th century comfortable con-

It is well for us to recall from time to time that in its greatest hour Christianity was anything but a comfortable religion in the modern sense of that term. Nor was it respectable. Anyone familiar with its history knows that but, because materialism is creeping more and more into the churches as well as into all other institutions, the fact is often over-looked. Actually, primitive Christianity was, in the eyes of the worldly wise, a scandalous philosophy, in so far as it was a philosophy at all.

Men like Peter, Paul, and the old general in the picture, were popularly known as fools. And they were content to be so known, for most of an ideal which had taken possession of their hearts and minds. Nero, for all his training in philosophy under the noted Seneca, could not understand why ordinary men and women could sing while on their way to martyrdom. It is a question whether we ourselves, for all our involvement in Christian tradition, understand it much better than he did. However fervently and however sincerely we may talk about the glory of the Cross, the fact remains that for most of us the Cross itself, not as a symbol but as a fact, is still "an enigma wrapped up in a riddle."

The performance did not measure up to the advance notices, but that did not disturb me, for no performance ever does. In fact, I doubt if anyone except the most naive ever expects any picture to be as good as the producers claim it is. At the same time, Quo Vadis is, in my opinion, one of the few pictures that are worth three hours of a busy person's time, for it deals with a subject that is eternally relevant to fundamental values, the impact of a spiritual ideal on a purely materialistic way of life. In this instance, the impact of new faith (Christianity) on an old institution (Roman Imperialism) which carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

There were many fine things about the Roman Empire, both as a Republic and as a kingdom. The genius of many of its administrators in forging widely crattered communities into a working federation will always be accounted to their credit, as will their diplomacy in granting a good deal of autonomy in matters of government to subdued peoples.

Roman civilization, despite its weaknesses and limitations and inconsistencies when viewed from a 20th-century vantage-point, was considerably better and more enlightened than anything that had preceded it. Its law, while stern and relentless in operation, did contain a measure of justice.

The Pax Romana, like all other historic political instruments, was imperfect. Nevertheless, it was one of the most serious attempts ever made to insure world peace, and for a long time it contributed a good deal to the idea of political stability.

The thing that killed Rome as a World Power was corruption in its domestic fabric. Its decline was a classic illustration of the utter worthlessness of materialism as a philosophy of life, whether for an Empire or an individual.

If Quo Vadis did nothing else but remind us of the inadequacy of

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