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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1955

Our Naval Visitors

Most welcome visitors at this time are the officers and men of H.M.C.S. Buckingham, and the U.S.S. Cross and U.S.S. Johnnie Hutchins. It is unusual to have the Red Ensign and the Stars and Stripes flying at the same time from naval craft in Charlottetown, but nothing could be more appropriate, more in keeping with our Centennial observances, or more gratifying to our citizens.

The friendly ties between us and our American neighbors have long been an example to the world. Prince Edward Island has played its part in cementing these ties, and it has been said, probably with truth, that there are more Islanders, by birth or immediate descent, resident in the New England States alone than in our own Province. For a century we have visited back and forth across the international boundary line with the utmost freedom, and in recent years our naval and military forces have fought in the same cause in two world wars, and in bitter Korean battles. Today we take for granted this unity of aim and purpose in everything touching upon world peace, or upon defense of our own lands and free democratic institutions. But it is really one of the most remarkable chapters in history. We are writing new pages of it every day. It is a privilege to be able to illustrate these pages with the pictures in today's Guardian, symbolic of all that has gone before, and of what is yet to come.

A Big Weekend

This is a full year of centennial celebrations for Charlottetown, but the present week-end is of particular interest. This afternoon the aquatic sports will be held at Victoria Park, with the band of the 17th Recce Regiment in attendance, and the visiting Shriners from Halifax will hold a ceremonial parade with their own band in colourful oriental costume. Harness racing at the Driving Park will hold the spotlight in the evening.

On Sunday the Centennial Naval and Garrison Church Parade to St. Dunstan's Basilica and Trinity Church will be a most impressive one. The bands of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, and the 17th Recce Regiment, will participate. In the evening the R.C.C.S. Band, recognized as one of the finest in Canada, will give a concert at the Memorial Field.

Monday's civic holiday will commemorate particularly Charlotte-town's first civic election, which took place on August 7, 1855, following the passing of the Act of Incorporation by the Legislature. After a joint Service Clubs luncheon at The Charlottetown, the Centennial Mammoth Float Parade will get under way. This spectacular event will eclipse anything of its kind seen here, and will be a fitting prelude to the Centennial Historic Pageant which will be held on Monday and Tuesday evenings at the Coliseum. The Centennial Committee, the Art Society and numerous organizations, mercantile firms and individuals have cooperated in the multitudinous preparations involved in these activities, in which the past will come to life in many arresting presentations. It is to be hoped that all our citizens and visitors will see and enjoy these spectacles to the full.

Gaelic Bard and Scholar

The Edinburgh Scotsman reports the death of a grand old Gaelic scholar who won fame as the writer of the words of "The Road to the Isles", and also for his work in preserving, interpreting and popularizing the old songs, legends and tunes of Gaelic folk-lore. He was the Rev. Kenneth Macleod, D.D., a native of the Island of Eigg, where his father was the schoolmaster. Before his ordination as a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1917, Dr. Macleod travelled much in the Highlands and Islands where he was

known for his gift as "seanchaidh" or Gaelic storyteller. Before his retirement from the ministry in 1947 he was for many years an adjudicator at provincial and national Gaelic Mods. He was the collector, the translator, and, in a discreet measure, even the composer of "The Songs of the Hebrides" that were arranged and published by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser in Edinburgh. For this and other work he did for the preservation of Gaelic literature, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by St. Andrews University in 1932.

The Scotsman recalls how "The Road to the Isles", which was sung by Scottish soldiers in two wars, came to be written. At the beginning of the First World War Dr. Macleod (then plain Mr. Macleod) was assistant minister at Crianlarich. Every other week he came to Edinburgh to consult with Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser and they met many Isle-folk and Highlanders on their way to France. All the soldiers were singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." At one meeting a man from Barra was playing on the chanter the tune known as the "Burning Sands of Egypt". Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser liked the tune and suggested to Mr. Macleod that he should compose words for it more suitable for the Highland boys than the Tipperary song. Mr. Macleod returned to Crianlarich and composed the ever-popular words "The Road to the Isles" while walking along the shores of Loch Etive.

Dr. Macleod, says The Scotsman, was a man of great modesty and charm, beloved by those who knew him as pastor, folklorist, or as a friend. So unobtrusive was he that few, even of those to whom his name was a household word, knew him by sight.

Naval Barracks Site

The acquisition of the Paoli waterfront property as a new Naval Barracks site indicates quite definitely that the Naval Division will not be abandoned here. The new site is an ideal one for the purpose, and as federal architects are already engaged in drafting plans for the building, it should not be too long before construction is started after the site has been cleared next year. Mr. Neil Matheson, M.P., has been particularly active in furthering the negotiations with the Dominion Government, and he has had every cooperation from his Conservative colleague Mr. Angus MacLean, as well as from the Provincial Government. It is by pulling together in this way that concrete results are achieved.

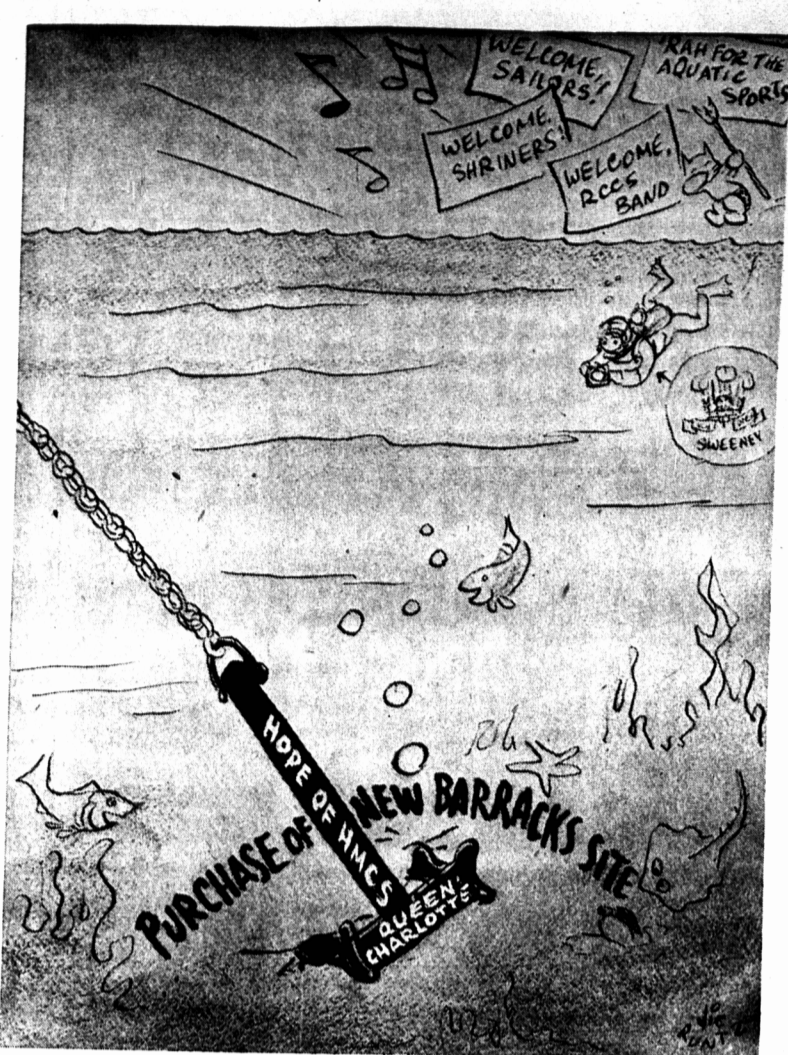
EDITORIAL NOTES

Two scientists writing in the British Science periodical "Nature" say that they have computed the age of the earth as five billion years. They did it by "simply" measuring the "amount of radioactive argon 40" present in a meteorite.

Russian astronomers are congratulating themselves on the discovery of a new comet, which they say the Americans have been looking for for years. Even so, it would seem that the United States has a slight edge in the scientific market, with an artificial moon almost ready for service.

The first chaplains in the United States Army must have been versatile fellows. In addition to "suppressing the horrid sin of swearing (their chief duty) they were expected, among other things, "to strengthen the officers' hands by public and private exhortation to strict obedience, to discourage desertions by recommending the service, to encourage cleanliness as an aid to virtue and to reprehend the neglect of it."

Communist Party Secretary Khrushchev has been practising all sorts of little discourtesies lately in his attempts to show all concerned that he, and not Premier Bulganin, is the real ruler of the Soviet Union. Some of these discourtesies, indeed, have been in the form of outright rudeness, as, for example, when he pushed the Premier to one side as the two were boarding a plane. He may do this sort of thing once too often for his own good; for there is mounting evidence that the Army, which can be expected to favour Bulganin over Khrushchev, is assuming growing influence in public affairs.



More Firmly Anchored Now

The Causeway And The Pioneers

By Charles Bruce
Canadian Press Staff

As far as the Florida refugees were concerned, these settlements, separated by snowbound woods and windy water, might just as well have been in Timbuctoo. But at the doorsteps of their drafty huts the strait was filling up with ice. Across its entrance on Ile Madame, three or four miles away at its nearest point, were the little French settlements fanning out from Arichat. There, after the fall of Louisbourg, the British had left some families undisturbed. Then, after the expulsion of 1755, returning Acadians had drifted.

Toward this island, across a grinding causeway of ice, a group of volunteers from the Florida refugees worked their way. We do not know specifically who made the crossing; we have only the names of the 48 families from whom they came. Carter... Hunt... Lyle... Reeves... Martin... We do not know who, among the French, gave them help. All we have are the names of families who lived there. Boudreau... Benoit... Girrion... Theriault... Forgeron... Fougerie.

The Florida settlers crossed the ice and returned with food. Potatoes, tradition has it. Bags and bags of potatoes. SPREADING SETTLEMENTS A simple story, and one of many. A story of grit and stubbornness and human charity—and having in it the beginnings of nationality. For the grit and stubbornness and charity were concerned with community survival. With the founding of a settlement, not a military post.

For 100 years Nova Scotia has been a counter in the war games little wheel at last mattered little whether a man had come to birth under St. George's cross or the Bourbon lilies. Now at last a man could plant life, plant a family, if he could meet the harsh demands of sea and weather. So, gradually, the wilderness on the mainland side began to fill. Scots and English loyalists branched out from the groups around the head of Chedabucto bay, and the settlements came into being along the 20 miles of strait shore: Sand Point, Middle Melford, Sleep Creek, Pirate Harbor, Harris's Cove (later McNair's and still later Mulgrave) and so on up to Havre Boucher.

THE FLORIDA LOYALISTS In the fall of 1784 a British transport sailed into the southern reaches of the strait, between the indented coast of Ile Madame and the red bluff of Cape Argos, and set ashore on the mainland side a group of ragged passengers. The passengers were 48 families from among the 8,000 men, women and children, driven from Georgia and the Carolinas by revolution, who had re-established themselves briefly in Florida—and seen their new land traded from under them to the crown of Spain. Now, on the eve of winter, they were set down on a narrow beach under steeply rising bluffs along the Strait of Canso.

They left no written word to record the effect of northern frost on blood thinned by southern sun. It was all they could do to keep alive. But something of what they felt has come down in hearsay. As spring approached the last food was gone. Twenty miles and more to the southeast, across the flaring mouth of Chedabucto bay, was Canso—already a summer fishing station for two centuries, but only then beginning solid settlement. Twenty miles to the north, where the strait enters the lower reaches of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was the haven where Capt. Francis Boucher had wintered in 1759, and which still bears his name—Havre Boucher. Twenty miles to the west, around the head of Chedabucto bay, were the Manchester settlers—soldiers from the Chedabucto Corps, from the 71st Highlanders, from Tarleton's Legion and the 60th Rifles, fighting the rigors of their first winter in eastern Nova Scotia.

Port Hastings, where the causeway ends on the Cape Breton side, was still Plaster Cove while this immigration was at its height. Ship harbor—now Port Hawkesbury—was the main port of entry. Typical of scenes there was arrival in July, 1828, of the ship St. Lawrence from the Inner Hebrides. Her 208 passengers ranged from infant-in-arms Mary McLean to 85-year-old Rory McIsaac. Except for a Campbell and a couple of Dalgleishs, every one of them had the Mac to his name. This was the kind of thing that made a new Scotland of Cape Breton and added a colorful element to the French and English and Irish and Scots and Germans who peopled the mainland side of the strait and on up around the shores of Chedabucto bay. A land of settlers it was and is. And a land of migrants, of homeloving wanderers. For up through

Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Budeson, M.D.

Recent attacks of vomiting are comparatively common among infants and children. While there are a variety of causes for such alarming attacks, cyclical vomiting, or vomiting in fair regular cycles, usually can be traced to nervous or dietetic causes. If your youngster is what you might call the nervous type, the excitement of the beginning of school, an approaching party, or a long awaited outing, might precipitate an attack. Again, car sickness may be the cause.

In many instances of this sort, I think you find a family history of migraines or allergies. If your youngster complains of a disturbance of his vision or a severe headache, migraine might be the trouble. Cyclical vomiting is most often found in children over the age of three. Usually, a short period of nausea, listlessness and abdominal discomfort will signal the start of an attack.

When the vomiting begins, it is apt to be difficult to control for two days or more. Your child will become tired and weak and might complain of pain in the upper abdomen.

EXPECT CARE

He will need expert medical attention. Meanwhile, put him to bed in a darkened room. If his bowels have not moved for 24 hours, your physician probably will suggest an enema. He may administer sedatives, also. Try giving your ailing youngster sips of sweetened orange juice. Begin with 1 dram and double the dose each half hour as long as he retains the fluid. Or maybe your doctor will suggest a mixture of saline and glucose instead of the orange juice.

You might find that your youngster will retain dry toast and honey better than the liquid. However, if dehydration can't be overcome by administration of fluids through the mouth, your doctor probably will inject a specific solution into the patient.

There's one bright outlook to this dismal ordeal of cyclical vomiting. The child usually outgrows his susceptibility pretty much by the time he reaches puberty.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion of public affairs. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

Sir—I would like to express through the columns of your paper on behalf of the Red Cross, very sincere and deep appreciation over the results of the 1955 Red Cross campaign. For the first time in some years we have reached and exceeded our campaign objective.

This fine result could not have been accomplished without the sincere cooperation and support of all who associated themselves with this worthy work. The Red Cross Headquarters Staff, the County and City and Rural Chairmen of Committees, the canvassers, the press and radio stations, the Women's Institutes, the Catholic Women's Leagues, and other organized groups, the clergy, and lastly the individual contributors all over the Province are all deserving of very warm thanks and commendation for this splendid effort.

I am sure that in the light of this achievement, all who sincerely associated themselves with the campaign, sometimes in the face of considerable difficulty and inconveniences, will feel a deep glow of satisfaction that the Red Cross objective has been reached this year. As Provincial Campaign chairman, I commend this great effort in which so many have been associated. Because of the value and influence of Red Cross in the lives of all our people, I would strongly urge the same sincere and widespread support in future appeals that has characterized the 1955 effort.

I am, Sir, etc. WALTER R. SHAW Provincial Chairman 1955 Red Cross Campaign Committee

the generations, as economic tides changed, the sons and daughters moved on. To New England, to the California gold rush, to the Klondike and the opening of the prairies, and to two world wars.

THE WANDERERS

The stories are legion. Of sons who went south and north and west and east from this region of homes around the strait. Of the Gloucestermen, for instance, who used to take on bait and supplies at Hawkesbury, and men to man their dories. Men like Big Duncan and Wild Archie and John the Weasel. A local history remarks that men like these, forced to accompany the vessels to Massachusetts to be paid off, "contributed a vast amount of terror and revenue to the town of Gloucester." They said Wild Archie paid \$10,000 into Gloucester's coffers in the course of his career. For a Highlander, a gentle man at home, sometimes reverts to the claymore and plaid-on-the-heather when away.

NEW WAR MEMORIAL

OTTAWA (CP)—A new war memorial, to commemorate some 800 Commonwealth airmen who sleep in unknown graves, is to be erected on the northeastern side of Ottawa, overlooking the Ottawa river. The structure will be in memory of Commonwealth airmen killed while operating out of Canada and other western hemisphere points during the Second World War.

Seamen, wheat-farmers, laborers, politicians. A university president or two, and bankers. Priests, bishops, ministers and miners. Doctors, nurses, teachers and lawyers. They were raised in sight and sound of the strait, and went away. And their lives are typified in the simple biography accorded A McIsaac of Creignish: "John, the second son, went to sea. On a voyage from India he went to Constantinople and died there."

NOTES BY THE WAY

John Rusin sage said it: "In order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it."—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Ottawa prohibited the Canadian Pacific Railway from calling its new scenic dome transcontinental train the Royal Canadian. However, the cables have been carrying reports of the hit made at the Brussels fashion show by a Canadian fur piece. This piece is advertised to the world as the "Royal Canadian Onyx Fox Boa." As the Canadian fur exhibit is under the sponsorship of the Federal Department of Agriculture, it can only be assumed that the state department experts had not got around to passing their ruling on the use of "royal" over to the agriculture department.—Vancouver Herald.

Honeymooners naturally seek a degree of seclusion. Except in most unusual cases, they don't wish to be accompanied by in-laws or to have their idyllic happiness interfered with by friends or strangers. Yet there perhaps can be too much seclusion even on a honeymoon. This is illustrated by a neatly worded advertisement in an English newspaper of a honeymoon cottage. It is described as a "perfect dream; secluded, accessible." The advertiser recognized even honeymooners should want to be completely sealed off from society. Honeymooners can be too long, just as they can be too short. Even a loved one can become somewhat tedious. Most honeymooners are quite content to return home, the young wife to arrange the wedding presents and fix up the home; the young husband to get back to his job and the earning of his income. He already has learned two can't live as cheaply as one!—Windsor Star.

Infant mortality rates show a steady drop in the last 30-odd years in countries for which statistics are available. In some countries, the Yearbook reports the infant mortality rate in 1953 was less than one third of the 1920-2 average. In Sweden, for example, 61 infants out of 1,000 died in their first year of life in the period 1920-24; in 1953 the rate had dropped to 18.7. In Mexico the rate dropped from more than 200 to less than 100. Increasing life expectancy is shown in other tables giving previously unpublished material for a number of countries. The highest life expectancy in the world—according to calculations based on data for 1946-50—could hope to live to the age of 73. On the whole, all the statistics—the relatively high birth rates, the low infant and general death rates, the decreasing still-birth rates—point toward larger populations in the future. And thus our international responsibilities are increased.—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

Just why a 12-mile stretch of an important highway leading in to the nation's capital has been let go from repair for so long is causing quite a lot of heated questioning in this area. The stretch in mention is, of course that rough old part of Highway 31 from a point one mile north of the Metcalfe corner to the southern limits of Ottawa. Motorists in this area swear that it is the worst piece of highway in Ontario, and American cousins are inclined to agree. Carleton County and other nearby Eastern Ontario citizens are not necessarily criticizing the Government's highway program. They are wondering why such an important part of the province's great network of highways is consistently ignored. After all, the road is being travelled more heavily each year, and it is one of the main links between United States and the nation's capital. For commuters it is a driver's nightmare.—Winchester Press.

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