

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, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1952

Crown And Commonwealth

The Round Table, an English review devoted to Commonwealth affairs, suggests that the central problem of the coming Coronation can be epitomized thus: "In the sanctuary the crown set on the Queen's head is called the Crown of St. Edward; but she comes forth to her people wearing the Imperial State Crown.

"The purpose of the ceremony is the solemn rededication of all the peoples of the Commonwealth to her person; that is, of seven independent nations, in each of which she is the head of society; of a great Asiatic Republic, to whose citizens she is the symbol of their free association with their brethren round the globe; and of a large number of communities in tutelage, who look forward to progressive emancipation under her suzerainty."

The Round Table is only one of the newspapers and journals making a determined effort to have the ancient rituals so modified that they will reflect this present status of the Sovereign. One of the first to suggest a method by which the change could be made was Mr. John Grigg, writing in the National English Review. His suggestion has been endorsed by The Round Table and by The Times.

Mr. Grigg pointed out that under the present arrangements some 800 peers and their wives will occupy seats in the two transepts immediately adjacent to the central space or "theatre" in the Abbey. If this space were vacated by all except those peers who are "qualified by public eminence in addition to their peerage," it would then be possible for representatives from all "seven independent nations" to participate in the Coronation.

The suggestion is, in the words of The Times, "that the representatives should declare their loyalty in their vernacular language, that they should carry the flag of their country and leave it at the feet of the Queen, and that the banner-bearers of England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales, who already attend the Abbey, should participate in the ceremony on equal terms with the rest."

To compensate the peers for relinquishing their customary seats in the Abbey The Round Table suggests that an ancient ceremony which was suspended in 1881 be revived. This is the Enthronement in Westminster Hall; it legitimately concerns the United Kingdom alone. The temporal lords "raise the Queen into a marble chair set upon the Queen's Bench, her seat of justice." This is the modern equivalent of the pre-Christian custom practiced by the Teutonic war-bands when they elevated a new chief upon a shield and carried him round the camp to show him to the warriors.

The men and women in England who are suggesting these modifications (some of which are already being incorporated into the Coronation plans) are fully conscious of the "vast and venerable tradition which gives to the (Coronation) its hold on men's imagination." But they realize that the bonds, powerful though intangible, which bind together the British Commonwealth of Nations, have made that Commonwealth unique in the history of government, and they are anxious that these intangible bonds should be woven into the august ceremonies of the Coronation.

Can It Be Avoided?

A statement which is appalling when all its implications are considered was made at a recent meeting of the United States National Safety Commission. An official said in an address that one out of every three children on the continent now under five years of age would be the victim of a fatal accident before reaching 21 years of age, if the present rate is maintained.

There is only one answer to this statement, comments the Sherbrooke Record, and that is that by some means the accident rate must be checked. At the present moment it is rising. Despite widespread propaganda, despite restrictive legislation, despite improved motor car efficiency and despite warning after warning, the terrific toll of life and limb on the highways increases.

Education of motorists appears to be the only solution. Corrective measures serve a certain purpose, but until the idea is firmly rooted in the mind of every driver that he is in charge of a potentially death-dealing machine, there can be little hope

in the reduction of accident toll. The official made another striking statement, and one which all interested in the improvement of traffic safety might take to heart. He said that 10 per cent of the drivers are responsible for all the traffic accidents; that such accidents are a problem of human behavior. They are indeed, and reason suggests that such drivers should be removed from the road.

The Foolish Fish

An Ontario exchange tells this story about a naturalist who divided an aquarium with a clear glass partition. He put a lusty bass in one section and minnows in the other. The bass would strike every time a minnow approached the glass partition. After three days of fruitless lunging, which netted him only bruises, he ceased his efforts and subsisted on the food that was dropped in.

Then the naturalist removed the glass partition. The minnows swam all around the bass, but he did not strike at a single one. He was thoroughly sold on the idea that business was bad.

The Moral: Take another shot at the glass partition. Maybe it isn't there any more.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Festival of St. John.

Tomorrow, 1st Sunday after Christmas—Holy Innocents.

Island farmers have much to thank the potato for this year as well as in 1951. As pointed out in Federation of Agriculture News, livestock returns saved their bacon the year before that, indicating the wisdom of not having one's eggs all in one basket.

Today's issue contains a complete and authoritative review of harness horse racing in the Maritimes for the year 1952 by the undisputed dean of the game, Lt. Col. D. A. MacKinnon, D.S.O. This review is an annual feature to which racing fans look forward with great interest and appreciation.

Times have changed in transportation in this Province. A report from Bristol tells that only six railway passengers were travelling to Charlottetown on the Saturday before Christmas, four of them being railway men on passes. Formerly the same train required fifteen coaches to handle the traffic.

The sympathy of the community will go out to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur King, Highland Avenue, on the death of their son Arthur Allison, from war wounds received in Korea. Manning the outposts of freedom is not without cost. Of this we are all well aware, but we are more vividly reminded of the unselfish sacrifice of those at the "front" when the news from casualty lists strike close to home.

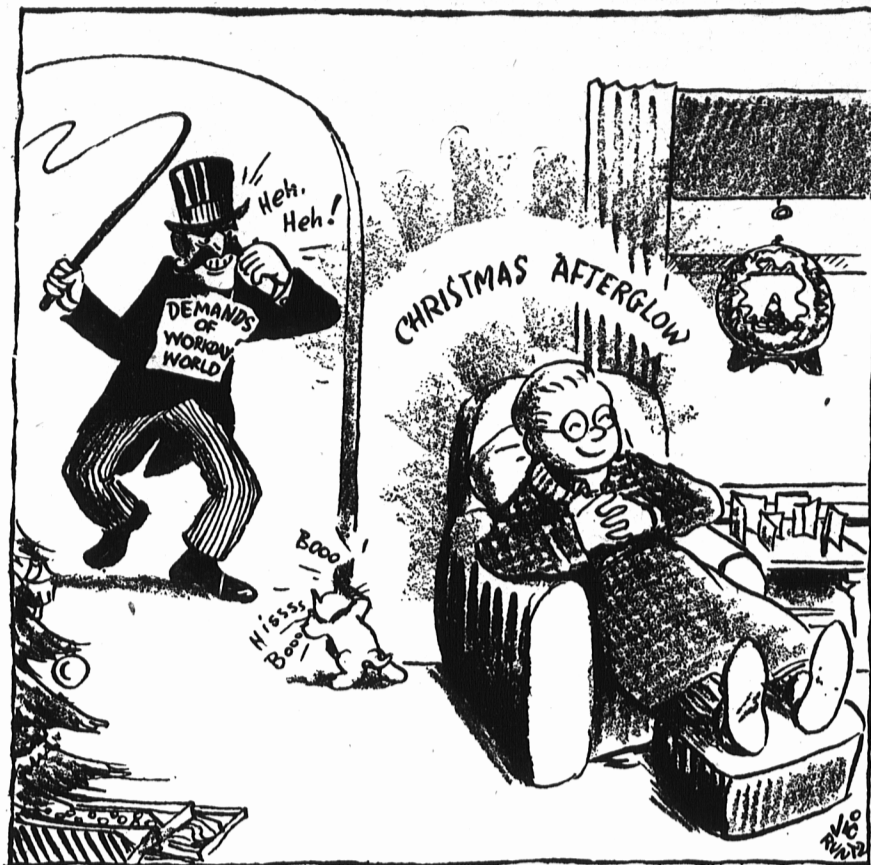
The death of Mr. Walter S. Weeks came unexpectedly to many who knew him. A well known business man dealing in farm equipment he enjoyed many associations throughout the Province. His business reflected his energy and drive. In his rather short career he witnessed a transformation in farming operations in this Province from the lowly dobbin era to that of a high degree of mechanization.

Charles Lamb, English essayist, died this date 1834. He wrote much of his school days in Christ's Hospital. He augmented his small income as an India House clerk by contributing to newspapers and periodicals. His successful "Tales From Shakespeare" brought a ready market for his work, the best of which was probably his "Essays of Elia." He was one of the most beloved of men as he is of essayists.

One hundred years of free education in this Province certainly does not make our educational system one hundred years behind the times. A process of continual adaption to changing conditions has kept the schools of this Island as up to date as finances permitted. The teachers, school boards and the Department are not resting on their laurels, however, but are trying to keep pace with the more rapidly changing conditions of today.

Delivery men who would carry both milk and bread were suggested to the Ontario Milk Distributors Association as a solution to the excessive cost of making deliveries. Another proposal is a three-a-week delivery scheme which would enable fewer drivers to serve a given number of customers. Also suggested were the canning of fresh milk and the use of advertising to push such products as buttermilk and cottage cheese.

Re-Enter The Villain



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.

FOOD SUBSIDIES

Sir,—This reader has been at a loss to understand the following contrasting items in the news from Ottawa, and doubtless other rural readers would be in the same fog concerning these twin items. The organized farmers announced (through the Canadian Federation) that: "The Federal Government's price support program in agriculture, for the six and one-half years from the fall of 1946 to March, 1952, has cost the people of Canada the very small sum of about 72 cents per capita for the entire period... The net cost of the entire program, as revealed by the annual report of the Agricultural Prices Support Board just issued, was \$10,099,317—or about 12 cents per capita per year." On the other hand, the general news-columns indicate that: "Agricultural subsidies paid by the Federal Government amounted to \$853,000,000 in the 12-year period covering the 1939-1951 fiscal years according to a publication issued by the Federal Department of Agriculture."

Now there is an immense "spread" as between the above brace of "farm subsidy" pictures? As most of the fog—or smog—has been dissipated by the following clean-cut editorial in my farm paper, I beg the privilege of bringing the core of it to the notice of other readers, who may still be as hungry for the facts—as between the CFA's diminutive \$10 million and Agriculture Minister Gardiner's massive \$853 million as I was, up to yesterday:

"Obviously, Mr. Gardiner was referring to the millions of dollars that were paid in consumer subsidies to hold the price ceiling intact during the period of wartime controls... It was a determined policy of the Government at that time to keep food prices low—a point made abundantly clear by the then Minister of Finance, the Hon. J. L. Isley, who said: 'Subsidies are paid when there is no other way of insuring adequate supplies for the consumer at prices permitted by the price ceiling. It should be realized clearly that the subsidies are being paid in the interests of the consumer.'"

"It was unkind of Mr. Gardiner to rub salt on a raw sore for agriculture looks back on those wartime controls and consumer-subsidies without either joy or gratitude." — (Farmer's Advocate). I am, Sir, etc.

FAIR PLAY.

The Poet's Corner

WINTER SCHOLARS Sometimes our careless city in its sleep Is taken by a snow storm unaware And wakes like some old giant in a snore To find its eager pace slowed to a creep. The buses and the streetcars, like lost sheep, Huddle in drifts and give up in despair And strong men stay at home, afraid to dare The mounting fury of the blizzard's sweep.

But not the children! Off they go to school— Rebels— pint-size, who cheerily ignore The stormy conqueror's attempted rule. The world of learning waits with all its lore And no mere wintry blast can hope to cool The urge to learn that two and two make four. —Bert Penny in the Christian Science Monitor.

Notes By The Way

More than 2,000 United States soldiers in West Germany are spending more than one million dollars to fly home to the United States for the Christmas holidays. Service in an army of occupation — although Allied forces in Germany are not referred to as armies of occupation — is always an unattractive assignment. But a soldier whose living standards are as favorable as those of the American soldier abroad overseas can find compensations. The plane and modern aviation and a high rate of pay take some of the old pains and grousches out of soldiering. — London Free Press.

The exasperated State of North Carolina sat down and figured out just how much it cost to replace highway signs, that has been maltreated by the public. Turned out to be a quarter of a million dollars a year out of taxpayers' pockets. Among leading forms of maltreatment were: Shooting of holes through signs by deer hunters who got no deer. Doodling by bright guys who liked to change the words or figures. Theft by college students who thought it was funny to decorate their rooms with signs saying: "Soft Shoulder." — New York Herald Tribune.

Probably the most embarrassing case of switched pictures happened to a Texas dairy. As told by Robert Casey in his "Such Interesting People" the newspaper published on the same day two pictures of the same size. One of an old ice house which had been torn down and one of the mayor's wife who had died. Under the picture of the mayor's wife when the paper came off the press was the caption "Old eyesore removed at last." — Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Scientists have perfected the spansule. This is a medical capsule with a built-in "time bomb." The patient swallows the spansule which releases the medicine a dose at a time. If the patient requires a dose every hour or every two hours, the spansule gives it to him automatically and intentionally. This eliminates the necessity of a nurse waking a patient several times during the night and day to give him his medicine. Nurses probably will boycott the spansule claiming that it takes one of the few joys out of their hard lives. — Detroit Free Press.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.) WINTER NAVIGATION "Mr. E. W. Sewell, of 'Northern Light' fame, is pressing upon the attention of the Dominion Government a scheme, by the adoption of which he contends that the River St. Lawrence can be navigated as far inwards as the City of Quebec. It would be a grand thing for Canada if Mr. Sewell's views in regard to this project are correct. But, as Mr. Sewell is possessed of a very sanguine temperament, he has not much faith in his declarations on this head. The public know how far Mr. Sewell was astray in his calculations respecting the 'Northern Light's' capacity for breaking through green ice in the Strait. So wide of the mark was he in regard to this matter that he has since been looked upon as a visionary character. It is just possible, however, that there may be some truth in Mr. Sewell's theory. If the Government deem the project worthy of attention, they will, no doubt, give it consideration." — The Examiner, March 7, 1881.

The Age-Old Story And they came to Jericho; and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. . . . And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And he called the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee. . . . And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

TO OUR MANY POLICY-HOLDERS Throughout the Province and beyond, we extend the Season's Greetings and best wishes for Happiness, Peace and Prosperity in the New Year.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer A KIND WORD FOR WINTER There are people, I know, who take the view that the less said about winter the better. The only thing we can do is endure it as best we may and hope for the Spring. This view I cannot agree with and it seems that my love for wintry winds and snows increases year by year. And I am glad it is so for I should not want to treat with scorn or hostility indifference that which the Creator has clothed with such shining splendour. Yesterday I walked a mile or so across the fields and around the edge of the woods and every step of the way I was conscious of melody all around me. Not summer melody, to be sure, but something, in its own way, just as exhilarating. "With what glory comes and goes the year!" said Mr. Longfellow, and certainly winter has its full share of the glory that springs from the varied seasons.

The very austerity of it is in itself something for which to be thankful. It is a symbol of the fundamental seriousness of life that cannot be reduced to playful nothingness. But winter's face shows other things besides austerity. It has a sweetness and charm which no time of the year can surpass. In the woods, where once green vines clung tenaciously, there are now icicles so pure and white "so as no fuller on earth can whiten them". The trees look much the same as they did at midsummer, though perhaps not quite as green, but they do not dance and sing as they did then. Another thing that seems to me, to the effect that, both gaily and solemnly are ingredients in the good life. They seem to rest and wait in reverential expectancy of that which will be again. For winter preserves; it never destroys. It takes the organisms of the forest—the little ones and the big ones—under protection; it does not kill them. It holds in trust many things from nature's treasury and no steward was ever more faithful. In due time, perhaps in March, certainly not later than April, it will surrender its trusteeship, and Nature will say, "Well done!"

Snow can be an inconvenience at times. In fact, when aroused to its fullest possible intensity, it can render useless all the machineries of man's devising. But, in its quiet moments, and these far outnumber the violent ones, it bestows a sense of beauty which few other natural phenomena can give. A sense of wonderment, too. It is impossible to watch the flakes falling leisurely one by one without contemplating the mysteries of the unknowable. Science can explain it all, no doubt, what it is and why. But after all the explanations there is still that sense of oneness which the finite feels with the infinite and for which no scientific language is adequate. There are times when one wishes that one could dispense with scientific thought altogether and recapture something of the first years of life when one had no difficulty in believing that the stars really twinkled, the moonbeams smiled, and the pretty snow flakes came down joyously from Heaven. One remembers the words of Walt Whitman: "When I heard the learned astronomer, When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me, When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them, When I sitting, heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture room, How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick, Till rising and gliding out I wandered off by myself In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time Looked up in perfect silence at the stars." The well meaning but unkind critics of winter will tell you that it is undoubtedly the most severe and hard of all the seasons. To prove their point they will cite blizzards, cold, heavy snows that disrupt transportation and that brings all sorts of bad tidings. True, very true. The hand of winter can lie heavily on man's comfort and ease. Which of the seasons does not? Spring is the symbol of man's will to live. Nature's resurrection to new and abundant life will never cease to inspire and heal the heart of man. But Spring is not always kind. Often it brings floods that devastate as well as the gentle rains that bless. Summer itself, when Nature is pre-eminently at her best, is sumably at her best, is pillaged, drought, one of man's chief enemies, can turn the long summer days into melancholy discontent. "The varied story" of the autumn includes the long, shrill, ruthless gales that strike terror into the heart of the mariner far from the haven where he would be. I expect the truth of the matter is that winter, like other experiences, is able both to gladden and to harass our hearts; to bring a measure of contentment to those who will receive it and, at the same time, to encourage the restlessness that seems to be part and parcel of our nature. The freedom that by and by will reappear with Spring will be all the more cheerful because for a season it was subjected to certain limitations. Many of life's values are like that. I never walk in the woods when snow is on the ground without feeling new admiration for that cheery little fellow, the Chickadee. While his summer friends, many of them much bigger than he, fly to warmer places at the first sign of chill, he elects to stay where he is and see it through. Whether he is wise or foolish, who can say? At any rate he seems cheerful enough. So far as I am concerned he is the hero of the woodlands. The porcupine, found in most forest regions of Canada, does not hibernate and is active throughout the winter.

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