

THE GUARDIAN

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Rural Mail Carriers

The Post Office Department is perhaps the branch of Government with which the public is most frequently in contact. The mail carrier is ordinarily a daily visitor to the great majority of homes both in town and country and it is of great importance that nothing should impair this service.

The rural carrier, however, is not in an enviable position. Although the Department has an enormous number of routes extending to points in almost every part of Canada, there is no attempt to put the employment of carriers on a par with that in other large-scale industries.

He has no minimum wage, no guaranteed condition of labour, no pension scheme and not even reasonable security of employment. By a freakish hang-over from another era he is not an employee at all but is regarded as an independent contractor. He must bid for the privilege of carrying the mails and is not infrequently up against the necessity of meeting the impossibly low bids of others who either do not know or care what is necessary to maintain a proper service.

It is high time the whole system was abolished and rural carriers allowed a fair compensation for their work in addition to their out of pocket expenses.

The Adjourned Conference

As Prime Minister St. Laurent himself indicated at the Dominion-Provincial conference on social security and taxation last week, the only real hope of any of us for security lies in the prevention of another world war. The conference seemed rather academic in the light of the momentous issues facing the United Nations in the Far East, and it is not surprising that it adjourned rather abruptly, after having reached a certain amount of agreement "in principle."

So far as old age pensions are concerned, they will remain for the time being payable, as at present, to persons over 70. The Provinces have yet to decide formally whether they will take on the payment of pensions to the group between 65 and 70. Premier Jones is not favorable to this proposal, but as there will be ample time in which to bring this matter for discussion before the Legislature, it is to be presumed that he will follow this course when the House meets next spring. It is proposed to open a new tax field to the Provinces to help meet the cost of pensions, but they will not be bound either to exact the tax or, if they do take it, apply it to pensions. New tax rentals have been proposed and the Provinces have a year or more in which to decide whether to accept them or not.

In offering a higher return to the Provinces for surrender of their income and corporation tax fields, the Prime Minister indicated that while "no fundamentally new principle is involved," the new proposal will take "a somewhat fuller account of the varying conditions of the Provinces." These were encouraging words to the delegates from this Province, whose complaint, as voiced by Premier Jones, is that the citizens of other Provinces have grown rich at our expense, and that the basis of any satisfactory financial arrangement between the Federal and Provincial Governments must make possible at least an adequate average Canadian standard of services in every Province.

In a front-page editorial in its current issue, the Financial Post expresses strong agreement with this view. "Any system of rental payments," it says, "will require a basic minimum which must be offered to all the Provinces. . . . What is needed is a system which will encourage maximum responsibility among those Provinces whose wealth and income are above the so-called national average." It cites the case of Alberta, which a decade ago might have been dependent on substantial transfer payments. Now, with its treasury bursting with oil money, Alberta can well afford to look after its own affairs. But under a firm and inflexible tax deal Ottawa would be saddled with huge new payments to a Province once shy of revenue but now flush. Conversely, flexibility would make it easier to be fair with Provinces honestly requiring aid.

All this boils down to the fact that the conference has been thinking, once again, in terms of fiscal need. That phrase was discarded at previous tax conferences, and now the word "flexibility" is being used in

its place. But it means the same thing as that on which the late Chief Justice Mathieson insisted in his minority report as a member of the White Commission

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Royal Canadian Navy continues to show its readiness for service, whether in attack or aiding evacuation.

The long spell of dry weather has broken, and welcome rain has ensued—welcome, at least, to farmers who were concerned about their well supply.

The Summerside Y's Men's Club do double service by carrying on their own projects, and supplying leaders when necessary, for the Boy Scouts.

China is said to be preparing for an invasion from the West, and buying her munitions of war from the west through Hong Kong. By the same media she is refusing to ship necessary material for western production. Yet she is not at war.

The school district meetings of the Federation of Agriculture do not make newspaper headlines but many a little "makes a muckle" and the collective view of the Federation on any subject is a very important factor indeed.

The law vs. parental affection. In Yonkers, N. Y., City Judge Albert L. Florillo ordered a fine of \$2 on Mrs. Alberta F. Lewis on a charge of improperly parking her auto. Then reached into his pocket and paid the fine himself. She is his daughter.

Sir Isambard Kingdom Brunel, English civil engineer, died this date 1859; first came to public notice by designing and completing Clifton suspension bridge in 1834. He constructed Great Western the first steamship to cross the Atlantic in 1838. He also constructed docks at Monkwear Mouth, Plymouth and Milford which are being operated at the present day.

This Province having, as pointed out by the Premier, an unusually high proportion of very old and very young among its population is especially interested in children's allowances and old age pensions, both from the point of view of the additional purchasing power so distributed and the problem of finding the funds to distribute.

George Bernard Shaw, socialist in principle, was purely capitalistic in practise. The theatrical weekly Variety, announces that when Shaw's royalties from touring productions, stock and repertory revivals and book sales are taken into account, his earnings from the U. S. alone obviously topped the \$1,000,000 mark annually.

The three names mentioned so far for nomination at tonight's convention of Queen's County Progressive Conservative Association are Mr. Angus MacLean, Mr. Walter MacKenzie, and Mr. Walter R. Shaw. Whoever accepts nomination will realize that he has an uphill job attempting to supplant a Government supporter who will enjoy the privilege of distributing government favours and extending Government patronage.

It costs plenty to reconstruct and modernize an old property. Toronto Telegram draws attention to the cost of converting the old Edwards home on Sussex Street, Ottawa, into an official residence for Canada's Prime Minister, which has gone up again—this time to \$550,000. The initial payment for "Gorphywsa", as the property was known when owned by the late Gordon C. Edwards, was \$140,000. But the estimated expenditures for remodeling the residence have ranged from \$100,000 to about half a million dollars. Now, however, the major expenditure for renovation has been set at \$305,000. The cost of furnishings is placed at \$105,000, making a grand total of \$550,000.

In Saint John, N. B., the Mayor (Mr. George E. Howard) and the majority of the City Council have been at loggerheads for sometime, resulting in the Mayor tendering his resignation and subsequently withdrawing it. The majority refused to consent to the withdrawal, accepted the resignation as originally tendered, and appointed a date for a by-election to fill the vacancy. The Mayor declared he submitted his resignation because of the methods of four councillors which he felt were not in the best interests of the city. He identified them as Councillors Campbell, Howard, Prince and Tippett. In his letter he stated that these four were holding meetings before the sessions of the council and were "planning on the running of city affairs by their majority vote." He added that he did not wish to be only a "putter of motions."

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.

A-CHASING THE DEER

Sir—It is certainly interesting news to everybody, and quite exciting news "to the children", to read from day to day in the local press the report of the latest appearance and movements of the Island buck and doe. It is not at all unlikely this news may travel far and wide to Islanders abroad, and one can easily imagine "those clannish Islanders" singing in their social gatherings the old Scottish song of the homesick Highlander, with a slightly varied version as follows: My heart's in the Island My heart is not here; A chasing the deer; A chasing the wild deer—The buck and the doe—My heart's in the Island Wherever I go!

I am, Sir, etc., ISLANDER AT HOME

INHUMANE SPECTACLE

Sir—The spectacle of a deer, separated from the only one of its kind in the Province, running through the city streets, pursued by dogs, leaping into the river, frantically searching for seclusion in a countryside which, for the most part, is fenced and forested, is one that has aroused genuine pity among many citizens.

Who is it who wants deer in this Province? Not the farmers certainly. It is too difficult to grow crops and gardens to sacrifice them to browsing deer, should the creatures in some way be able to exist and propagate. Who is it who wants them? Certainly not one with any humane instincts wishes to see these creatures taken from their natural forest habitat and forced to attempt to survive in a small, open, highly cultivated Province. To the hunters, perhaps, the project may offer some interest, but to the more sportsmanlike of these, the possible hunting at a future date, of these large, easily detected animals hiding in the sparse thickets of P. E. Island, offers little challenge. If a person wants to keep deer in this Province, let him keep them in a compound and look after them. There is no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals here, as in most Provinces, but there is a body of public opinion which feels only aversion to the prospect of these animals seeking painfully to survive in an unnatural habitat, merely because of someone's whim.

I am, Sir, etc., CHARLOTTETOWN.

Old Charlottetown

(AND P. E. I.)

MILITIA INSPECTION

"His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Dundas, attended by Col. J. Douglas Smith, I. F. O., and Capt. Atkinson, A. D. C., inspected and reviewed the nine City Companies of the first Queen's Regiment Militia, under command of Lieut. Colonel McGill, on Wednesday last, at the Drill Shed.

"The unfit state of the weather for making military movements in the field prevented execution of the intention to have had the inspection and review on Rochford Square, and the alternative was the inadequate space afforded at the Drill Shed. Lieut. Colonel McGill, however, by military tact overcame, to a degree, the difficulty presented by insufficient space, by various marchings and wheelings of six Companies from column of quarter distance, and finally forming two lines, stretching severally along one entire side and end of the Drill Room. This tactical disposition of the men left all the remaining available space for Battalion exercise of three Companies alternately.

"After the review was concluded, the whole body of men was reformed and massed in close column and faced to the left. The Governor then approached the centre of the column, and made a short and pertinent address. He highly complimented the men upon the progress they had made during a few days' drill under competent officers, and delivered finished encomiums to Lieut. Col. McGill and Major DeBlais on the commanding ability they had severally developed in manoeuvring the Battalion so well within a limited space. And coupling these gentlemen with the officers under their command, we understood His Excellency to say, that they were worthy soldier sons of the Military School at Charlottetown, organized by and under the immediate control and supervision of the Inspecting Field Officer. These were no hollow compliments coined to please babbling vanity, but were the opinions and sentiments of a honourable gentleman and soldier, whose eulogiums were the language of conviction."—The Examiner, March 10, 1868.

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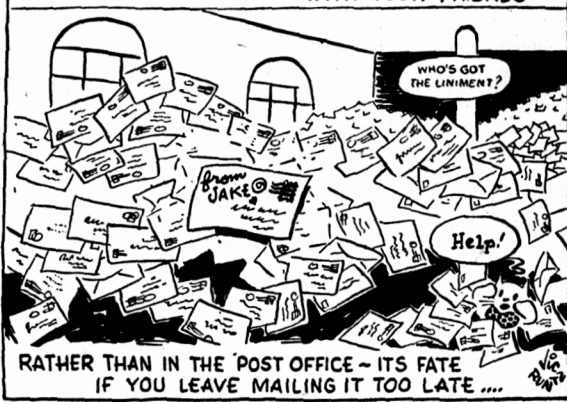
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RATHER THAN IN THE POST OFFICE - ITS FATE IF YOU LEAVE MAILING IT TOO LATE

Notes From Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, ENGLAND:—When the Korean war began a few months ago it seemed that things were as bad as they could be. How much worse they could become is now revealed, and who is to say that the worst is not yet to come? Some experts who should know about such things—or at least who know more than I—are saying that the danger of world war is as great now as it was in 1939. This, one hopes, is not necessarily to say that war will follow the danger as it did then; perhaps we have drawn a lesson from our experience of that year that will help in our efforts to avoid the ultimate catastrophe.

Now, I have no pretensions to inside information. I can only write about things as I see them, and as they appear to me, personally. That is why I would consider it ludicrous to try to make any prophecies about what is likely to happen; about what, indeed may have happened already before these words get into the Guardian's columns. But because I have no reason to suppose that my reactions to momentous happenings are very much different from those of a great many other people in my station of life, perhaps I can be representative almost without knowing it.

To begin with, I do not think that the comparison between now and 1939 is a good one. The danger may be as great, but if a man walking on the edge of a cliff falls over, it doesn't follow that everybody else who walks on the same spot is going to meet the same fate. In any case, we seemed in 1939 to be waiting for the outcome of a clear-cut issue. After Poland had been guaranteed against a Hitler invasion, everybody knew—or ought to have known—that if Poland was attacked, we should be at war. It was as simple as that.

It is not nearly as simple now. Any one of the scores of things might happen, and any one of them might land us in trouble. And that it seems to me: is the most worrying thing. This business of not knowing quite what to expect; even worse, having that feeling that something is likely to burst, and not being able even to guess at its consequences.

It makes everything seem so unreal. We go about our normal routine tasks almost as if in a dream, with a horrid feeling at the back of our minds that the alarm clock might go off any minute and rouse us to a particularly nasty reality, from which there would be no escape into dreams again for a very long time. But no one ever stopped his dream just because the alarm clock might go off; and in this particular fanciful analogy the alarm might not, of course, ever sound at all. But it is all very worrying. So

The Poet's Corner

THE SCRIBE

What lovely things Thy hand hath made: The smooth-plumed bird In its emerald shade, The seed of the grass, The speak of stone Which the wayfarer ant Stirs—and hastes on!

Though I should sit By some tarn in thy hills, Using its ink As the spirit wills To write of Earth's wonders, Its live, wild things, Flit would the ages On soundless wings Ere unto Z My pen drew night; Leviathan told And the honey-fly:

And still would remain My wit to try— My worn words broken The dark torn dry, All words forgotten— Thou, Lord, and I.

—Walter de la Mare.

worrying, in fact that it takes some of the gilt off the gingerbread of life. We are well accustomed to pursuing our normal occupations, enjoying our normal leisure and pleasure, and laying our normal plans in the face of recurring crises. There have been so many crises in our history that if we had called a halt for every one, we would have got nothing done at all. Even so, locking back over the infinitesimal span of history encompassed so far by my young life, I cannot remember a time that was quite like this. The possibility of another world war, likely to be even more terrible than the last, and so soon after its close, seems so utterly outrageous that it is completely dwarfs everything else.

It seems faintly meaningless to look beyond to-morrow, and one wonders, cynically, if it isn't really rather futile to know what plans the Government are making for next year's Festival of Britain; if it isn't a little ostrich-like to read that American cars in 1952 are expected to show up in quite new styles; if it isn't somewhat akin to wishful thinking to learn about the ship that the King and Queen will travel to Australia in 1952. ? 1952 ... 1951 ... next month ... next week ... who knows what's in store for us? It is a rather morbid frame of mind to get into, and that is probably the most depressing aspect of the whole business—the fact that we don't usually get morbid about periods of crisis; and yet, is there any alternative to continuing to make all the normal plans for the future? When I discussed all these anxieties with a fellow-sufferer the other day, I suppose I really knew the comment I should get in return:

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AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE

Notes By The Way

People who say that you cannot fool nature, have never watched a beauty shop operator at work.—Wall Street Journal.

A gift of 150 Christmas trees has been sent from Nova Scotia to Canadian soldiers in the United States and Korea. In the midst of war, men still hold dear a symbol of peace.—Ottawa Citizen.

A ferry captain in Maine lassoed a deer which was swimming in the river, dragged the animal to the deck and shot it. Possibly he will have the head mounted and place it on a wall in his home, as handy proof that he is a sportsman.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Fifty years after his death, the copyrights have expired on the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. It is a tribute to a fertile and temperamental partnership that he is known to the public as one-half of Gilbert and Sullivan. Sir William Schwenk Gilbert's copyrights run for another eleven years, as he died in 1911. When a movement got under way in the British Parliament to extend the Sullivan copyrights if possible until 1961, it was Producer Bridget D'Oyly Carte himself who put a kindly

simply "What else can one do?" What, indeed? When U. S. Secretary of State Acheson said we must hope for the best whilst preparing for the worst, it was to be presumed that we might as well do a bit of preparing for the best at the same time, just in case the worst didn't come.

One fish processing plant, it is noted has adopted the plan of wrapping kippers in cellophane. This ensures cleanliness in the handling of this food product. It is also a safeguard against the testing of the quality of the kipper by a method recently observed by a Telegram representative, when a prospective purchaser applied his teeth to it in order to sample its flavor, and then returned the fish to the box. Since then our appetite for kippers has disappeared.—St. John's (Nfld.) Telegram.

The Age-Old Story

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