

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. CIRCULATION Total City Zone 2,765 Retail Trading Zone 4,457 All Others 826 Total Net Paid 13,948 Editor and Managing Director, J. K. Burnett Associate Editor, Frank Walker.

"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink" CHARLOTTETOWN SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1951

Historic Sites Threatened

The Premier's recent reference to erosion both of topsoil and of our shores was gloomy enough, although there will be standing room on the Island for a long time yet.

Much more pressing is the danger to historic sites which are for the most part around our shores.

A report from Georgetown indicates that the sea is rapidly encroaching at Shaw's Point or Point De Roma and that the location of many of the buildings erected by De Roma is in danger as the cliff face steadily falls away.

There is no doubt but that this was the fate of many early pioneer landmarks as witness the old French gravestones slipping into the sea at Priest Pond. It is bad enough that countless relics of early Island history should have been carried away by appreciative strangers but it is worse to have our historic sites consumed by the sea.

Emergency Powers

All sides of the House have shown their support of the Government in proposing to take sweeping powers to deal with what Prime Minister St. Laurent calls a state of apprehended emergency. The controls bill which will give effect to the general resolution of the House provides for authority to control wages, prices, trade, exports, imports, production, manufacture, rents, communications, harbours, territorial waters and all forms of transport.

Included also is control and suppression of plans and photographs but not censorship of publications and writings.

No additional powers of detention or deportation, nor spending of public money are given by the bill. Oddly enough it is set out that the authority granted would be subject to parliamentary veto on each measure launched by the Government. It is one of the few limitations on Parliament, apart from Provincial powers, that it cannot limit its own powers for the future. Whether specified in the controls bill or not Parliament can always revoke the authority it delegates.

The bill, however, though sweeping, is less so than was considered necessary for the prosecution of the Second World War and if the apprehended emergency becomes real it may well be necessary for Parliament to grant even wider powers to the Government charged with the responsibility of dealing with it.

Career Under Fire

The late Mr. King's political career is the subject of an article in the American Political Quarterly which is reportedly creating a furore at Ottawa. The author is Mr. John A. Stevenson, who for many years represented the London Times in the Parliamentary Press Gallery. Stevenson argues that the late lamented Prime Minister's entire political career was dominated by an intense conviction that he must always be respectful to Quebec opinion. He charges him with scuttling the old League of Nations by his refusal to support sanctions against Mussolini, with speeding the disintegration of the British Commonwealth by the uncertainty of his stand on matters of Commonwealth security and interest, with maintaining the tariff policy of a Tory protectionist while professing to be a Gladstonian Liberal, with showing a shocking disregard of personal liberties in the Russian spy scandal, and with being completely wanting as a Liberal reformer in his failure to do anything to mend the decrepit Senate. There is of course nothing new in these charges, but they indicate that Mr. King is still a storm-centre of opinion and that there will always be conflicting views as to his motives and policies.

Seeking Fair Returns

According to a submission to the Federal Cabinet by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, Canada's farmers are ready to do their full duty in meeting this year's demand for greater production. They expect national policy to take account of the facts of their situation, however, and to ensure them fair treatment. Since net farm income was 5 per cent less last year than in 1949, and 9 per cent less than in 1945, they naturally fear being caught at a disadvantage by a sudden price freeze. They propose that the Government ap-

point a competent body to determine the relative fairness of returns among various economic groups, recommending that if controls are enforced, wages and profits should be controlled as well as prices.

Noting that the volume of agricultural production is 20 per cent larger than before the war, while the farm labour force has declined by 170,000 since 1946, the Ottawa Citizen says: "These facts move the Canadian Federation of Agriculture to argue that essential materials like cement and hardware must be assured to them in quantities that can meet their greater needs. Because costs have risen faster than farm prices, farmers want a basic formula worked out for the application of the Agricultural Prices Support Act. Its purpose would be to give effect to the accepted principle that they should have a parity of economic returns with other groups. Their submission to the Government is a plea for more effective management of the economy, and their case for 'fair shares' implies a full recognition of the interdependence of all groups. Their views will give valuable guidance to parliamentary deliberations."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow Third Sunday in Lent.

One need not be particularly malicious to enjoy reading of West Coast cities, with their fabulous climate, having to direct children home because the youngsters cannot see anything over the snow-banks.

Thomas Bowdler died this date 1825. His "Family Shakespeare in ten volumes; in which nothing is added to the original text; but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family" (1818) has given us the expression "to bowdlerize."

Polio has certainly not behaved according to form recently. Last summer's heat went by bringing scarcely a case. It increased to serious proportions all through the early winter months and now, after a phenomenally mild spell the incidence of new cases drops to nothing.

The first jet aircraft to cross the Atlantic without refuelling, the British Canberra bomber, failed to keep pace with the sun, but it came close enough to doing so to make it obvious that it will soon be possible to leave the United Kingdom at noon and arrive on this side of the Atlantic at noon.

It is gratifying to learn that the film "Johnny Belinda" which was so well received here has won for actress Jane Wyman the British Picturegoer gold cup, the Netherlands Hetlaats Nieuws Film-Referendum statuette and the Spanish Triunfo magazine bronze pillar.

It seems only the other day that ships were being laid up and Canadian and American seamen urged to "swallow the anchor" or face unemployment. Now President Truman is told that during the last thirty days 142 ships were delayed in sailing because of crew shortages.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is reportedly going ahead with huge expenditures of public money on television stations for Montreal and Toronto. Meanwhile more important Government projects all across Canada are being held up on the plea that they are not essential to our defense programme.

Prince Edward Island is not the only Province interested in the Newfoundland livestock market. A shipment of 396 horses—reported to be the largest single consignment ever made by one Nova Scotia shipper—was recently made from Middleton, N. S., for delivery to a large pulp and paper company at Cornerbrook. The shipment included some Western horses, but according to an official of the Federal Department of Agriculture's production service, the majority originated around Middleton.

A writer in the Saint John Telegraph-Journal warns the New Brunswick people—a warning equally applicable to us—to get busy in obtaining a share in preparedness expenditures. He says the Federal Government is pouring billions of dollars into a rearmament program and the indications are that this money, except for a tiny fraction, will be spent in Ontario and Quebec, with complete disregard for the claims of other provinces. If this is done Canada's economic stability will be undermined by an even greater degree of industrial centralization than there has been in the past—and the future of this region will be bleak. The only comfort to be found in the present outlook is that it is not too late, at this stage, to try to persuade Federal authorities to change their attitude and adopt a policy that will encourage decentralization, rather than centralization.

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.

SINGING INSTRUCTION

Sir,—The allotment committee of the Musical Festival Association have sent questionnaires to applicants for allotment to be filled out and returned. There was a good response from Queen's and King's Counties. We wonder why none have been received from the western part of the Island. Could it be that their music teachers are paid by the Department of Education? The allotment committee exists for the purpose of helping districts finance instruction in their schools and thus have a chance to participate in the Festival and get the benefit of advice and criticism from these highly trained musicians, the adjudicators.

We are, Sir, etc., P. E. I. MUSICAL FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION Per Mrs. J. J. Hayley.

THE POTATO LEVY

Sir,—May I be allowed to make a few comments in your Open Forum which seems to be attracting a lot of attention these days. The subject of course is potatoes. I was struck with the tenor of a letter in your paper last week by Mr. Jerome O'Brien of the Co-operative Services. He finally admitted that his organization had not paid its levy in 1949 but the admission had a feeble excuse attached to it which we who have paid the tax regularly object to strongly. He says that since some one else didn't pay he does not intend to. In plain words two wrongs make a right. A bad philosophy for either personal or business life.

Along the same lines was his challenge to the dealers recently formed organization to be responsible for the back payments of dealers and he would pay his. To call such an argument absurd would be putting it mildly. It is a perfect example of bravely setting up a nice looking straw man and then vigorously proceeding to knock it down. He knows full well that an association such as the dealers recently formed could not carry out such a suggestion and that his offer to pay on that condition would not likely be taken up.

While we are speaking of Co-operatives, Sir, the manager for that organization might give us some information on its works. Is it true that about 75% of their last year's potato business was marketed through other firms such as H. B. Willis, Associated Shippers Inc. and other dealers he is attempting to discredit? Why is it that most of the co-operative associations are allowed to ship without either a dealer's license from the Marketing Board or the Federal Department of Agriculture? And the Government potato warehouses which are often being run in such an autocratic and inefficient manner: how much are they paying back to the Government and how much responsibility does Mr. O'Brien take for these people directly within its folds?

The potato dealer in this Province is usually one of our own working with Island capital, of good standing, competent and with the interest of the farmers at heart. The number who have accumulated any worthwhile means from potatoes is very few. They have served the farmers well in their various communities throughout good years and bad, and have pioneered new markets for this Province. Many of them have had their ups and downs with the farmer and for a few people to try and work up antagonisms is indeed very presumptuous.

To suggest that the Marketing Board has served any useful purpose is just deliberately shutting one's eyes to the facts—the lowest prices for years. If they fully understood what could happen to the farmers under certain circumstances they would never take a chance on tampering with the potato market. And this is only too well realized now by many of our registered growers.

I am, Sir, etc. CURIOUS. Charlottetown.

"BE NOT AFRAID"

Sir,—Fear is perhaps our greatest enemy. We dread the winter or the possible bad weather in store. We fear that our heart ailment may get worse, and the very thought affects that organ. We fear that our money will be gone before we are. We fear old age. We fear to see our name in the newspaper. We fear our neighbor's opinion. The wife is afraid that her husband is unfaithful. We fear war and hope it does not come to Canada. We do not care so much about it going on in Korea, if it is just some one else's boys who are in it. There is plenty cause for fear and always a way of coping with the problem and one particular way much better than any other: For instance the traveller on slippery roads, if sober, drives carefully. Or the little child, knowing that hot iron burns, protects himself.

In this trifling annoyances of every day life I find people well agreed that we are ourselves to blame when homes are divided, neighbors disagree, or poverty comes. We say that sin is at the bottom of it. But when war comes and the bombs begin to fall, some say it is God's doings. He said there would be wars and it must be His planning. As I talked with a busy business man, who had been a school teacher, he gave as his opinion that there was some great Divine plan being carried out. If what he says is true, then

Last Laugh



Sea Take Toll Of Coast of Britain

(Rene Outforth in London Calling) An engineer lecturing before the Royal Society of Arts quoted a figure about coast erosion: he said that the Royal Commission on the subject in 1911 had worked out that over a period of 25 years, the sea had swallowed up 31,000 acres of land on the British coasts—most of it good agricultural land, and quite a fair proportion of it land with valuable property on it in towns and villages.

In return, the sea had given back only a few acres less than the stolen 31,000 in barren sand and shingle. The sea takes most of its spoil from the soft coast of eastern and southern England and gives back its load of shingle indiscriminately all round our shores, but mostly on the west coast of Cornwall, Wales, and Scotland, where the cliffs are hard granite.

The only reason the British Isles exist at all, at this date, a geologist told me, is because the hard rock is on the west side and the soft rock on the east. If the clay had faced the Atlantic rollers instead of the North Sea, England would have disappeared centuries ago.

The Government can now compel landowners and local authorities to act, and to act in the most enlightened way. Since 1947, the estimate of Government-aided work which has been put in hand is worth £2,500,000 and the work done without Government aid comes to about £750,000.

I would say that the bank robber, the sneak thief, the perjurer and the alcoholic are all doing the will of God, which is absurd.

As the days pass I notice more and more that the work accomplished in Korea is measured, not in the square miles cleared of the enemy, but in the numbers that we capture, wound, or slaughter. It seems a hopeless task, and we are running a terrible risk. Mr. Hoover sees the danger when he speaks of us jumping off the deep end, and getting into war with Russia. He feels that we can not win and survive, if we do.

We are now back to the Sermon on the Mount. "Agree quickly with thine adversary, while thou are on the way, lest he hale thee before the judge, and thou be cast into prison, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

To come to terms reaching an agreement we would certainly have to make some sacrifices of material things. We would have to make restitution as it were. And in this we would "lose face", which the natural man hates to do. In private affairs, we approach our antagonist and say—"The fault has been mine, as much as yours and I am sorry." It might be necessary for us to say in the words of Zacheus: "Look here, the half of my goods I give to the poor. Behold a block of land I give thee in Canada of 100 miles square, sufficient to support a million souls and bodies." One sensible neighbor of mine said, "I am willing to live on two meals per day to bring peace." I agreed, one who has a chance to know, says that they mean to get what we have, even if it takes twenty years. We are the "haves". They are the "have nots".

Are we afraid that we will lose our souls if we bring them in? That is the only way in which we can save our souls. "Then shall I say to those on the left—Canadians, I was hungry, thirsty, dirty, sick, and in prison, and you gave me no help, you simply butchered me." (see Matthew Chap. 25.) "He that withholdeth, tendeth to poverty."

The question is, who will be the ambassador of good will? Why, some one who loves and pities those people. Let us ask the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. L. P. Pearson, to receive say ten out of their number who have counted not their lives dear unto them by giving service in China and Korea for ten to forty years. We might ask him to listen to their idea of what we are willing to give in exchange for peace. At the same time, this missionary delegation could make their plea for a chance to serve longer in their chosen fields. Or if denied this we could use them in our Home Mission fields that are even now understaffed.

The door is not yet closed. Canada can lead the Western powers, into a sacrifice of material things—into peace and good will, but peace with honor. We would not then be hanging our heads in guilt, but holding them high in faith and courage.

I am, Sir, etc. J. A. MacKENZIE, Kensington, P.E.I.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

A FEMALE PREACHER

"Among the marvels of the week, one not the least remarkable is the advent of a Female Preacher, who has been holding forth to crowded, and we have reason to think, admiring audiences. She preached on Thursday evening in the Methodist Chapel; and on Sunday afternoon, in the Market House, she delivered a discourse to a numerous audience, while the Church in the vicinity was nearly deserted.

"We had the curiosity to go to hear her on Thursday. When we entered the Chapel it was nearly full, and such crowds continued to pour in that in a short time all the passages were blocked up, and several persons, alarmed for the stability of the building, went out. Way was however made for the preacher, who entered soon after. She was decently but plainly dressed in a napt cloak and black bonnet, which she kept on during the service. Her countenance had nothing in it peculiarly intellectual, neither could it be said to be devoid of expression. She appeared to us to be about twenty-five years of age, and altogether rather an ordinary looking personage. She mounted the pulpit with the greatest composure, and without betraying the least appearance of embarrassment, gave out the hymn, which commenced as follows:

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man The Spirit's course in me restrain?"

Or undismayed in deed and word, Be a true witness for my Lord?"

A prayer followed, delivered with considerable fervency of manner, in which she supplicated for aid to enable her to reveal the "whole counsel of God. She then commenced her sermon, choosing for text I Timothy, chap. 1, v. 13. We cannot pretend to report her sermon, which was delivered with astonishing volubility of utterance and with considerable energy and effect, but had it been delivered by a preacher in the usual habiliments of a Divine, it would, doubtless, like many more learned discourses, have been devoutly listened to, and then thought of no more.

"The name of the devotee is Martha Jago. She is a native of Devonshire, and came to this Island last Spring, in a vessel from Plymouth, and has since been living in the humble capacity of a domestic servant, first at Bedeque and subsequently at Tryon. The distinguishing name of the sect to which she belongs is 'Becientes', so called after their founder, and so called to be very numerous in the Counties of Devon and Cornwall. They are a species of enthusiasts who possess no Chapels or stated places of worship, but go about preaching in fields, barns, market places, etc., and female preachers are by no means rare among them.

"The success of Miss Jago in this place, we hear, has been remarkable; there has been no small degree of religious excitement, and many flock to hear her who scarcely ever, in the memory of man, were known to go near a place of worship before. We have heard even of gentlemen of considerable literary attainments admiring amongst the train of her admirers."

—Prince Edward Island Register, Feb. 24, 1929.

The Poet's Corner

CHORUS FROM POMPEY THE GREAT

Man is a sacred city, built of marvellous earth. Life was lived nobly here to give this body birth. Something was in this brain and in this eager hand. Death is so dumb and blind, Death cannot understand. Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the young limbs glory.

Death makes women a dream and men a traveller's story. Death drives the lonely soul to wander under the sky. Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die.

—John Macfeld.

AUSTRALIAN SETTLEMENT

Australia has been settled since 1788, although the Commonwealth was not formed until 1901.

Memoirs Of The Hon. A. E. Arsenault Former Premier and Retired Justice Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island

(Continued)

At the first session of the Bill Government, a Bill was brought in which not only substantially increased all existing taxes but introduced new ones. In fact, Mr. J. J. Johnston, the Attorney-General, candidly admitted that the Government was taxing everything "tangible and intangible."

In 1918, while I was Premier, I received notice from the Bank of Montreal that the interest on our overdraft would be raised one per cent. Such an increase did not involve a great deal of money but in those days we had to watch the dollars. With an income of less than \$700,000 a year, a one-per-cent increase in our interest rate was something not to be lightly passed over.

As I had business in Ottawa, I resolved to stop off on my journey and call on the General Manager of the Bank of Montreal and discuss the interest rate with him. Some time before making up my mind to call on Sir Frederick William Taylor, Mr. Fred Nash, Editor of the Charlottetown Patriot, and a very good friend, had related an incident to me which had occurred when Sir Frederick's son had been killed overseas. Fred Nash's son had been in the same unit with this boy and had told the incident to his father upon his return from overseas.

The death of his son had been a great blow to Sir Frederick, and during my conference with him, I told him the story as Fred Nash had told it to me. He then produced some souvenirs which his son had sent him before he was killed and spoke of him for some time. By this time, Sir Frederick was in a very melancholy mood. Turning to me, he said, "Mr. Arsenault, we have raised our rate of interest with all other Governments, but I am a Maritimer and have a soft place in my heart for little Prince Edward Island and your financial difficulties. Just don't think any more about it; we shall let the interest stand as it is. But don't forget, as it is, it is a difficulty with our Government whose interest rate we have also raised."

On this trip to Ottawa, I had been accompanied by the Rev. and Doctor F. C. Gauthier, now with our Government, who was then President of the Prince Edward Island Farmers' Association. Dr. Gauthier was on his way to attend an agricultural conference in Ottawa at which Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, presided.

In order to help pass the time on the train going to Ottawa, I had told Father Doyle the story about Father Doyle who was the beloved pastor of Vernon River. On a hot July day, Father Doyle had been out on a sick call. He had been forced to walk because his horse was being used at the time by the hired man. On his way back from the call, he met with a horse and buggy overturn. Father Doyle and I went to the drive. They started to talk and Father Doyle said, "I know a great many people in this neighborhood, but I am sure I never saw you before. Would you mind telling me your name?" "My name is Murphy, Father," the man said, "and I'm a Protestant."

"Well, that's all right," Father Doyle replied, "I have a lot of friends, and many of them, especially in Charlottetown and Summerside, are Protestants and I think none the less of them."

When they arrived in front of the parochial house, Father Doyle got out and, turning to his new acquaintance, said: "It has been very good of you to take me to work on this hot day and I don't know how to thank you. But perhaps as some slight token of my appreciation for the drive, I might be able to tell you something which may help you. It is this. You, as I, are getting along in years. It cannot be so many years away when you will want to say good-bye to this world and when you have to stand in front of St. Peter at the gates which open to Paradise, he will say to you, 'My good man, what might be your name?' My advice to you is that you just say 'Murphy' and stop at that!'"

Dr. Gauthier made a fine impression at the conference when he told the gathering of the plan of work that had been done in Prince Edward Island with respect to the organization of egg circles and of the great benefit that had accrued from the circles since the Island eggs now sold readily on the Montreal market on their reputation alone.

At Lunenburg there were several speeches, and among the speakers was a Mr. O'Donahue from Ontario. He, too, spoke of the progressive spirit of Prince Edward Island and ended by saying, "It is remarkable that the Province of Quebec, being an agricultural Province, should purchase so many eggs from Prince Edward Island. But Quebec is Catholic and as such observes fast days and Fridays on which no meat is eaten, and that, no doubt, explains the reason for her large egg consumption. I, myself, am a Protestant, but I always observe Fridays."

Dr. Gauthier, who was the next speaker, opened his speech by saying: "What Mr. O'Donahue said just now about being a Protestant but always observing Friday, reminds me of a story told me by the Premier of Prince Edward Island on the way up here. Then he proceeded to tell them the story of Father Doyle and Mr. Murphy and ended up by saying that when Mr. O'Donahue met St. Peter at the gates, he had better just tell the Saint that his name was O'Donahue and let it go at that. Father Doyle was a jolly fat

Irishman who was everybody's friend, and counted his own by the thousands. He had been parish priest in Summerside and in Kirkcubria before going to Vernon River. He was a great story-teller and loved to tell some of his own experience.

He was driving one day by Fort Augustus and came to McGurk's Corner where Michael (commonly known as Mickey) McGurk lived. Mickey had recently built a new chimney which went up one end corner of the house to the eave, then along the eave to the top of the roof so that it formed an angle. Mickey was out in the yard splitting wood and Father Doyle, who knew Mickey well, stopped and after inquiring about his health, said, "Mickey, does your chimney draw?" "Sure, Father, it does," said Mickey. "I draw the attention of every damn fool that passes this way."

In Father Doyle's parish there was a widow whom I shall call Mrs. Mulcahy (that was not her name). She had raised a pig and, thinking very much of Father Doyle and almost as much of her pig, she had called it "Doyle." The pig had a habit when hungry of knocking on the door with its snout. Hearing a knock one day, she sang out, "Get away from that door, Doyle. It's not your year you'll get now, so get away from that door."

Father Doyle walked in and the widow was so flabbergasted that she couldn't speak. "It's right, Bridget," the priest said, "I'm thirsty, and I just called for a glass of milk."

"Off went the widow and returned with a whole pail of milk. "Now, now," said the priest, "I will spin a good yarn for you. I just want a glass of it." The widow still flustered, passed the pail to Father Doyle and said, "Take it, Father Doyle, take it. I'll only have to give it to Doyle anyway."

While Father Doyle was pastor in Summerside, the old Presbyterian Church building got past its usefulness and its members decided to tear it down and build a new one. More for a joke than for a subscription, the solicitors met Father Doyle on the street one day and told him they were going to tear down the old church and build a new one. "We know," replied Father Doyle, "and we want you to help us out. We'll reply Father Doyle, 'It is against the tenets of my faith to propagate a Protestant religion. I can help you to build your new Church, but here's ten dollars to help tear the old one down.'"

Milton Berle, the comedian, claims that there is no such thing as an original joke; he has a library of 25,000. He is inclined to believe him for, the next day after writing the story about Father Doyle, I picked up the current issue of the Reader's Digest and read the same story about a Father Fitzpatrick.

It was in the days when Mr. Seaman was principal of Prince Street School. On an Empire Day he invited me to attend a concert given by the pupils and after the performance asked me to address them all. This I did by complimenting them on their entertainment. I said that I enjoyed being among children, that I had eleven of them at home and that as a remarkable member of the Council of Chancery I had to look after the welfare of the lunatics, the widows and the orphans and as such I was acting as father to about one hundred orphans throughout the Province.

Among the pupils present that day was the young daughter of H. R. Stewart, then Deputy Secretary-Treasurer. She went home from school and was having her lunch with her father and mother. Usually Joan was talkative but this day she was silent. Her father asked her what she was thinking about. "Well," she said, "I was thinking about what Judge Arsenault told us today. Do you know Dad, Judge Arsenault has eleven children at home and he said that he was father to about 100 more scattered throughout the Island."

Joan had not appreciated the distinction between children and orphans!

When I sat at the table with my wife and eleven children I carved and served and by the time I had finished with the last one three or four of the first served were clamoring for a second portion, and I was fortunate if there was anything left for myself.

(To be continued)

The Age-Old Story

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be as the rain and the snow, and shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

SPRING SAMPLES HAVE ARRIVED AT J. P. MacPherson & Son Men's Clothing That Fits 187 QUEEN ST.