

THE GUARDIAN

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Father's Day

Fathers will consider that they are getting only their just deserts in Father's Day being the longest day of the year. Their unassuming role during the rest of the year deserves no less. The day has long passed when father was not merely the head of the house but its absolute dictator and martinet. The father today whose children address him as "sir" is a relic of a bygone age. There are compensations, however, for the loss of absolute power, for power is notoriously a lonely thing. The comradeship of today's family life has been caricatured greatly to the disadvantage of the man of the house but in truth it is a very fine relationship and one which the traditional stern father might well have envied. Like statesmanship in a democracy, being a modern father calls for far more ability than does being a dictator. He must understand his children, who may at times seem beyond understanding, and also know something of the outside demands which are and will be made on them. He chooses to spend much of his time in activities which will keep the family as a unit, not in any sense acting the martyr, but because he wishes it so. He does not look for gratitude or even acknowledgment of his efforts which he regards as being only what he wants to do, but it is pleasant, nevertheless, at least once a year, to be made much of.

Both Sides Benefit

To listen to the highly protected potato producers of Maine or the equally highly protected dairymen of Wisconsin, one might imagine that the U.S.-Canada trade in farm products was in one direction only—south. That, of course, is wrong, quite wrong, says the Financial Post.

Actually we buy more farm produce from the U. S. than that country buys from us. In the five year period from 1946-51 our bill for U. S. farm products was \$221 millions. In the same period the U. S. bill for Canadian farm products was \$208 millions.

Most Canadians know all about the chief Canadian farm exports to the United States, livestock and livestock products, feed grain, seeds, some wheat for upgrading the softer American flour and, until Washington set up new and highly questionable special restrictions, some dairy products and potatoes.

The trade the other way, however, is not so well known. Few people on either side of the border seem to realize the huge amounts of American fruit and vegetables Canada imports every year, oranges, grapefruit, grapes, out of season vegetables, early potatoes and other fruits and vegetables, either canned, dried or frozen.

In an average year our bill for early potatoes which we bring in freely from late winter until June, will be far bigger than that which the Americans will pay for our late potatoes which move to their country in the fall and early winter. And there are a whole lot of farm products which we can't grow here at all or can't grow in sufficient quantity, things like peanuts, sweet potatoes, cotton, some grades of tobacco, soy beans, corn and so on.

It is perfectly true that the U. S. market for our surplus farm products is important. A lot of our farmers would be hurt, and hurt seriously, if this trade were restricted. But even more U. S. farmers would be hurt if farm exports to Canada were curtailed. That's a point which should not be overlooked in all this alarming talk of new restrictions or retaliation. This trade north and south in both farm and non-farm products is a natural trade and of mutual benefit. Any interference with its steady development will hurt both of us.

New State Secretary

The new Secretary of State, Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, was once secretary to Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King and latterly clerk of the Privy Council. So much has he been to the fore of late that rumor has nominated him as a possible heir-apparent to Prime Minister St. Laurent in the Liberal Party leadership. He will seek election as Liberal candidate in the Newfoundland riding held by his predecessor, Hon.

F. Gordon Bradley. There has been some criticism, notes the Hamilton Spectator, of this choice of a new Secretary of State on the grounds that Mr. Pickersgill was a civil service careerist and should not be thrust into the political arena. But whether the civil service should be a stepping stone to public office seems in the end to rest pretty much with the voters. It was the road taken by the late Mr. King himself, who got his start as deputy minister of labour. Hon. Lester B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, is another recent and classic example.

Just what qualifies a man to aim for the highest office in the land is a nice debating point. Historically Canada has not been too consistent, except in choosing nine of its twelve Prime Ministers from the legal profession, which is perhaps too commonplace or too disturbing an observation to bring up. Law has been a natural highway to politics since Sir John A. Macdonald built his reputation first at the bar and then as leader of the Conservative Party. Our next "great", Sir Wilfrid Laurier, started off as a lawyer, edited a newspaper for a couple of years until it ceased publication, then chose public life. Sir Wilfrid admitted, and it was universally conceded, that he was a better statesman than a lawyer or an editor. Which was nothing to worry about. Abraham Lincoln, after all, failed at nearly everything he tried until he became President of the United States.

For a time there was a rash of Blue-nose Prime Ministers who were also lawyers. Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson and Sir Charles Tupper all held that high office toward the close of the nineteenth century, and may have originated the unappreciated dig about the Maritimes exporting fish, brains, and Premiers. Sir Robert Borden, Arthur Meighen, R. B. Bennett and Mr. St. Laurent were all in the legal tradition. Only Mr. King and Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Alexander Mackenzie broke with the pattern of law and politics.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, Father's Day.

Tomorrow the 3rd Sunday after Trinity, 4th after Pentecost.

Tomorrow, the longest day, Summer begins in the northern hemisphere.

Welcome and farewell to the Royal Arch Masons from the three other Atlantic Provinces who have gathered in Charlottetown for their annual convocation of their grand chapter.

About two fifths of the deaths from the various types of accidents among insured preschool children in the United States occur in the home; the proportion is nearly as large in Canada.

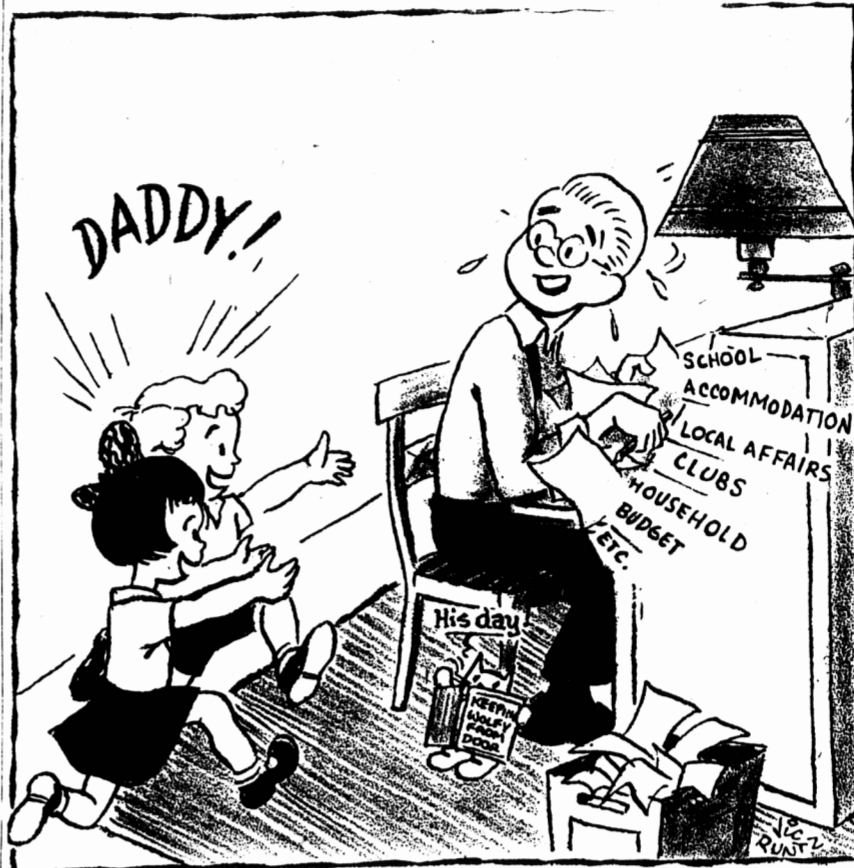
Medical science has been catching up with folk medicine and witch doctors and now is catching up with the sentimentalists. An Ottawa physician reports that it is literally true that one can die of a broken heart.

Federal and Provincial contributions in the proportion of three to one should provide satisfactory financial assistance to lobster fishermen who were hard hit by last month's storm. Basing the need on the total catch for the season, however, would be unrealistic for even with an average total catch many individual fishermen might well have failed to share in it.

Nadir the Conqueror, shah of Persia, died this date 1747. He drove out the Afghans from Persia and restored the shah, later replacing him by his infant son, Nadir becoming regent. On the death of the child in 1736 Nadir was crowned. He extended his kingdom as far as Kandar and Delhi, but his tyrannical government caused much dissatisfaction and he was assassinated.

Of much interest to our fur farmers and all concerned in the industry is the promotional campaign decided upon by the Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders Association, reference to which appears in Colonel MacKinnon's weekly column in today's issue. At the suggestion of Mr. George A. Callbeck, manager of the Fur Marketing Department, a sum of \$75,000 is being set aside for this purpose. The proposed plan includes the making up of some 1,000 silver fox and its mutations from designs of leading stylists, to be placed in the better fur stores and featured. A publicity campaign will also be put on, and other steps taken to foster interest and make sales. The campaign will be launched in co-operation with the American Fox Breeders Association and should prove of great value to the industry.

A Pause That Refreshes



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.

NO WOMAN CANDIDATE?

Sir.—We should have more Island women taking an active part in political affairs. Are we the only province which can boast having an all-male Legislature? The woman's point of view might increase the usefulness of enacted law. The eligible female voters outnumber the male and perhaps with the incentive of having a lady M.P. to whom they could voice their opinions, the women might make use of this latent voting power.

Women have a different slant on things than men do. The former have a more idealistic and sympathetic approach to problems as opposed to the cold-faced judicial attitude of men. I attended an informal meeting recently of a group of women were talking with two candidates for the coming federal election. One rather disappointed lady said later, "If I had any inspirational light he certainly kept it well hidden under a basket of all-male Legislators. They reminded me of Jack Horner. They are going to sit in a corner at Ottawa and pull out plums to drop in the laps of their district constituents."

I am, Sir, etc., SUPP'LED - JET FATHER'S DAY

Sir.—Year after year the day set aside as Father's Day grows in popularity as Dad seems to become more and more important. It has so often been said, "What is home without a Father?" Father is the one who is away all day like the birds seeking food and shelter or the means to provide it for his dear family. He is the one who is called upon so many times to restore order in the family when things get beyond mother's control.

Despite his cross look, father is the one whose heart and soul are in the welfare of his family; his last cent will go for them, his last heartbeat and his last breath. Friends and sweethearts may drift from us when we need them most; when we go begging to them they often don't want us any more; they seek out new friends, and we must go to Dad—the one we were afraid to tell our troubles to. "Oh, he would never understand this fast age!" How we mistook him! He is the one who has shouldered the load and faced the sea of life with its temptations and passions, its ains and hardships; he best knows his children's very minds and hearts from his own.

For many long years I looked to father for his counsel, and to lean on when friends failed me and I was down. Since last Father's Day I have gone with him to the very door of Eternity, only to come back alone as he went on through the portals to everlasting life. And before Father's Day comes again in another year, more and more fathers will have passed on, beyond the call of their dear ones and the touch of their hands. Let us all remember this as we observe Father's Day this Sunday—yours and mine. I am, Sir, etc., WALTER O'BRIEN Morell, P. E. I.

FOR THE BEST IN Cameras AND PHOTO SUPPLIES See TAYLOR'S JEWELLERS BY CHARLOTTETOWN EXCLUSIVE HONNELL DEALERS

Notes By The Ways

Only twenty-eight out of 100 persons queried at random on the streets of London, England, by The Daily Mirror, knew what the letters NATO stand for. They were taken for a medicinal preparation, a foreign statesman, a rude remark and the name of a race horse. Sixty said frankly they did not know. Before we look down our contemptuous noses at those other Londoners we should speculate on our own store of knowledge about these post-war organizations with their alphabetical abbreviations. It is easier to say NATO than recite it in full. By constant repetition it is easy to forget the full title, and these are repetitious times.—London Free Press.

Every generation is happily content with its own dances, inclined to smile at what its mothers and fathers loved. The waltz was once thought rather shocking. Pavane and Coranto, minuets and saraband flourished and faded and flourished again. Dances, like all sweet customs, have their ups and downs. But the dancers who take the floor today, falling, young people should, under the spell of rhythm and seeking for romance, may claim to enjoy as wide a choice as has ever been offered since— heaven knows when—the first fiddler started toes beating in time to his invitation.—London Times.

The Poet's Corner

WATCHING BY A SICK-BED

I heard the wind all day. And what it was trying to say I heard the wind all night. After the wind the rain. And then the wind again. Running across the hill As it runs still.

And all day long the sea Would not let the land be. On to the land heaped her sand On to the land. I saw her glimmer white All through the night, Tossing the horrid hair Still tossing there.

And all day long the stone Felt how the wind was blown. And all night long the rock Stood the sea's shock. While from the window, I Looked out and wondered why. Why at such length Such force should fight such strength.

—John Macfeld.

The Age Old Story

And Jesus departed from thence, and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee; and went up into a mountain, and sat down there. And great multitudes came upon him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them: insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel.

TIMES CHANGE

Eighty years ago, the sailing ship filled the eye and stirred the longing for adventure. Throughout these years from wooden sailing ships of yesterday, to the streamlined fabricated steamer and air ships of today, we have always endeavored to keep pace with the vast changes that have occurred in transportation and its relation to insurance.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

CONCERNING TWO POTATOES

On the last day of March when Spring was still behaving in "manner hesitant" I planted two small potatoes in the garden. No particular ceremony was brought into use for the occasion. I simply dug two small holes, put in a bit of dressing and covered the seed with a handful of earth which I must say was not too warm or mellow at the time. Then I directed my mind for a minute to the unseen power that looks after the young and went on my way to more urgent tasks.

The few friends whom I told about the early planting smiled indulgently and informed me that nothing whatever would come of the experiment. It was much too early in the season, the ground was too cold, and the seed would either rot or freeze to death. In this climate it is foolish to put anything in the ground until June, at the earliest.

When April passed without so much as a breaking of the soil where my seed had been sown I began to feel a bit uneasy. And when May followed April into the silent chambers of the past and there was still no sign of a tiny sprout I reluctantly admitted that my sceptical friends had been wiser than I. Then some way in the month of June I happened to see a tiny green shoot in the garden. It was not the same in principle as the one I had seen in the garden of my friend who had been so kind to show it to me. It was a different one, a different one, a different one, a different one, a different one.

I did not go to that particular spot in the garden between the last of May, which I considered would be the last chance for something to happen, and the 17th of June. My visit on the latter date was for some other purpose, for by that time I had given up hopes of ever seeing a potato vine in my place. But I had given up too soon, for there they were, five or six inches high, and carrying themselves proudly, rejoicing in good health and spirits. My first thought was almost of shame. Shame that I had been a

setting forth that they are in the habit of sowing large quantities of agricultural produce, but which I put underground yesterday. That to me is of no consequence. The thing that matters is not the rapid growth of the plant in its warm earth, gentle moisture, and everything else that is good to help it along, but the hardness of that which started out at a disadvantage and came through in spite of it all.

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