

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink".

CHARLOTTETOWN SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1953

Welcome High Commissioner

The visit to this Province of Britain's High Commissioner, Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye and Lady Nye is a pleasant occasion indeed. Sir Archibald's mission in this country is largely to encourage trade with the United Kingdom, an object which is of at least as great interest to ourselves as to the Old Country.

Before coming to Canada Sir Archibald had a distinguished career in the army, the Bar and in diplomacy. Joining up as a private in 1914, he was commissioned in the field and subsequently was awarded the Military Cross.

In 1928 he turned to law and in 1932 was called to the bar of the Inner Temple but retained his interest in military affairs. With the coming of the Second World War he rose, in 1940, to director of staff duties at the War Office and the following year became vice-chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Travelling by car, as Sir Archibald and Lady Nye are doing, with his secretary, Mr. K. East, they will see the Island, as well as the rest of the Maritimes, to best advantage. May their visit be enjoyable and prove to the advantage of all concerned.

New Wooden Ships

Wooden-hulled battleships, notes an exchange, are making a comeback and for a very good reason. Currently under construction or coming off the ways in several United States shipyards are wooden-hulled ships which are, paradoxically, the result of new advances in modern warfare.

The reason for the switch from steel hulls to the wooden variety is to make a vessel as non-magnetic as possible. Wood fits the bill for this new type of hull as well as it did in the days before magnetism was put to work as a weapon.

The wooden hulls being built would probably cause raised eyebrows among old shipwrights. Instead of using solid keel and rib members, these hull frames are built up of small strips, glued together, and cooked under pressure until the resulting rib is stronger than a piece of solid wood the same size.

Giant presses do the shaping, and other huge machines do the cutting and fitting. The metal fasteners are of special non-magnetic metal.

The Red Terror

If we read the Soviet constitution we are told that all power belongs to the working people; that any federal republic has the right to secede freely from the U. S. S. R.; that all citizens of Russia enjoy freedom of religion, of speech, of the press, of assembly; freedom from arbitrary arrest; freedom from search of their houses; freedom from the censorship of correspondence.

The terrible Russian reality flames up whenever there is a fight for control, as there was between Stalin and Trotsky, as there has been in many lesser cases and as there is now in the power vacuum left by the death of Joseph Stalin. The deified Stalin is reduced to mere pigmy size almost as soon as he is dead, and the only surviving reality of the Marxian dream—the socialistic paradise where all men were to be equal, all men free, all men brothers—is the naked battle for domination.

"Whoever becomes the new ruler of Russia," says The Times, "he too, must

build on lies, for when the lies end the rule will end. Perhaps that stage is coming. Perhaps it is nearer than we recently supposed. Perhaps not all the people, even in Russia, can be fooled all the time. Perhaps the pitiful dupes who have played the game of Russian Empire on other parts of the world will wake up some day soon and realize the hideous never-never land, the land of falsehood and pretense, in which they have been living."

Manitoba's Last Word

The outcome of two deferred contests in the Manitoba provincial elections makes it possible to see in accurate detail the general result in that province.

In a legislature of 57 members the Liberals have a comfortable majority of 35 seats. The Conservatives elected 12, which is a gain of three over the old House and makes them (says the Winnipeg Free Press) "clearly the alternative to the present government."

Social Credit took two seats, Independents two, and one Communist was elected. The "collapse" of the Social Credit movement in the province was the feature of the election the Winnipeg paper thinks most striking. In the general election proper on June 8 the Social Credit party nominated 42 candidates. Only two of them were elected, and 19 lost their deposits.

Altogether Manitoba seems to have made distinct progress back to the two-party system.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, 7th Sunday after Trinity, 8th after Pentecost.

P. E. I. - N. B. Golf Tournament begins at Charlottetown.

The Guardian was at fault in stating on Thursday that the Selkirk settlers who arrived here in 1803 preceded the landing of the "Hector" in Pictou. That widely heralded event occurred in 1773.

The success of the Cerebral Palsy School for tots at Mermaid should be an encouragement to the Parents' Organization and other parents who may not have realized that much can be done for these children.

This Province is indeed fortunate in having no new cases of poliomyelitis this year. It is the part of wisdom, however, not to disregard possible symptoms. The earlier the first or any attack is treated the better are the chances for complete recovery.

France held up the conference planned for Bermuda by not having a Premier who could remain in office until Prime Minister Churchill's compulsory rest cure resulted in it being called off. It may well be that the proposed Foreign Ministers' conference between the United States, France, Russia and Britain would be held up by a similar uncertainty over Russian representation.

William Makepeace Thackeray, English novelist and essayist, was born this date 1811 in Calcutta. At Cambridge in England he was a friend of Fitzgerald and Tennyson. The loss of his fortune required him to earn a living, first as an illustrator and then as a contributor to periodicals. He slowly obtained recognition as a leading novelist and lectured in America, England and Scotland. His writing shows wit, irony and polish but avoids bitterness.

Those who have made a study of the summer casualty problem declare a high percentage of fatalities are avoidable. Doctors seem to be unanimous in declaring that swimmers should not go into the water within an hour after eating, yet everybody who has ever been at a tourist resort has seen the youngsters and adults, too, get up from the table and troop off to the water for a plunge. The best medical opinion, too, is that when one begins to feel tired in the water one should declare a halt for the day and let Mother Nature restore the dissipated strength.

The Poet's Corner

THINGS OF BEAUTY

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. Therefore, in every morrow, are we wreathing A flowery band to bind us to the earth, Spite of despondence, of the inhuman death Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways that make us weary.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

110th ANNIVERSARY

"On Tuesday last, July 18th, the Catholic Bishop of Charlottetown, the Most Rev. D. M. MacDonald, after the celebration of Mass, laid the corner stone of the intended new Catholic Church in this Town, which, when completed, will be the largest building in the Island, being 111 feet long, including the tower, 60 feet wide and 36 feet high. It will be built in the Gothic style, and from its situation and style of architecture, will be highly ornamental to the Town. Under the stone was placed an hermetically sealed tin, containing the silver and copper coins of the present reign, together with a newspaper of the day, and the name of the reigning Sovereign, the Governor and the Bishop. His Lordship was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Fathers Reynolds, Brown and Melville. At two o'clock the Right Rev. Bishop, with the clergy, attended by the Benevolent Irish and Temperance Societies, with the Band, and the badges and banners of the respective societies, and a considerable number of the citizens, solemnly walked to the recently purchased burial ground on the St. Peter's Road. On the Bishop's arrival, after being vested, he proceeded to consecrate the ground for a burial place, except a small portion, which was reserved for those who may die in such a state as to be deemed unworthy of burial in consecrated ground. After the ceremony, the procession returned to the Town and escorted the Bishop to his residence. The day will long be remembered by the Catholic population of the Town and neighborhood." - Colonial Herald, July 22, 1843.

Forgotten Glories

(Hamilton Spectator)

The late George Bernard Shaw was fond of browsing in second-hand bookstores. The chance of getting a bargain is only a small part of the pleasures of browsing and although Shaw was not one to miss a chance of saving money, there can be no doubt that his cynical mind appreciated as much those inscriptions in the inside covers of rejected volumes. For it is in second-hand bookstores that one finds the paths that underlie all human relationships—the frailty of friendship, the coldness of ingratitude, the insincerity of compliments and the impermanence of fame—all are there for the discerning eye to see.

Shaw, browsing in a second-hand bookstore, found one of his early editions marked down at a cheap price and on opening it saw an inscription from himself to a friend, "With compliments and good wishes, G. B. Shaw," scrawled on the title page. Shaw was so wise to be angry. He bought the book for a few pennies and sent it back to his friend inscribed, "With renewed compliments and good wishes, G. B. Shaw." Not every one, however, would react as philosophically as Shaw. Rejected volumes are often a source of anger. One sees a school prize, bound in morocco and stamped in gilt, the label telling a story of scholastic achievement. In imagination one

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Do cowboys need their door left open? Do spacemen insist on a night light?"

Notes By The Way

"Every man longs to marry a good cook, a witty companion, a skillful housekeeper, and a devoted partner," declares a writer. Perhaps so — it is said that men are naturally polygamous. - Kingston Whig-Standard. Speaking about learning the English language — how do you explain to a foreigner that after chopping "down" a tree, one chops it "up" for firewood? Or that while mice is the plural for mouse — nice won't do for house? - Christian Science Monitor.

An ambitious scheme for the regulation of Niagara Falls calls for reducing the volume by half after dark. Buy the poor engineer trying to remember whether he went off duty. - Edmonton Journal.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has amended its regulations to allow twice as much advertising time per hour as has been theretofore permissible. hitherto. It has also extended the hours during which spot announcements might be broadcast. Formerly, this type of advertising was prohibited in the evening. At first glance to permit three minutes of advertising in each quarter-hour of broadcast time would seem an intolerable imposition on the listener. But actually, the change will not be noticed, as most of the stations using spot announcements have been breaking the regulations since the beginning of time. The generosity of the C.B.C. is a mere formality. It has simply abandoned the pretence of protecting the listener's interest against excessive commercialization. - Toronto Globe and Mail.

There are as many ways of cooking an egg as there are cooks and would-be cooks. Some do choose a verse of a song and know when they have ended it the eggs are done as they believe best. But it took a renowned orchestra conductor to give us the real thing. When Sir Thomas Beecham made one of his rare appearances on BBC television recently, he appeared in the guise of a cookery expert as well as musician. Speaking of Mozart's overture to his opera "The Marriage of Figaro," the great conductor said that anyone who should put it into boiling water at the moment the overture started. By the time the piece was finished the egg would be exactly cooked. As the overture takes about four minutes to play, the veteran conductor's culinary advice should be tempered with reserve by those who like a well-cooked egg and followed to the letter by those who like a fairly lightly boiled one, always providing, of course, that they have a gramophone and are prepared to invest in a recording of the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" — conducted by Sir Thomas.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

To fish every second or third day for three months less a day without getting a trout worth keeping is a sad experience for an angler. I know, for that was my lot this year from April 15 to July 14, both inclusive. Fresh water and salt; streams and mill ponds; high tide and low; fies, bait and spinner; early morning, late evening, and at mid-day; rain and sunshine; wind and calm. I tried them all and, until July 15, all I had accumulated were mosquito bites, a disposition growing worse by the hour, and a rapidly growing cynicism regarding Walton and all his works.

That was the situation when on St. Swithun's Day I set out for a little dam which, apparently, few people know about. And, because I am anxious to keep it that way, its name and location must not be given here. While I was hoping, like Mr. Micawber, that something would turn up, my hopes were not too well buttressed by sound and reasonable expectations. After all, three months of empty-handedness are bound to have some effect on one's accustomed optimism. A little rain was falling, as might be expected on St. Swithun's, and there was a gentle ripple on the water. This year, however, rain and gentle ripples haven't seemed to justify the importance that traditionally has been accorded them. Consequently, on this occasion I did not put too much stock in these allegedly favorable conditions.

When I made my first cast, dark, montreal, silver body, I did not really expect much response, but it was at that moment that the frustrations of three months were swept away into the limbo of forgotten things. Now, if I were like some fishermen I know, (J. H. Skinner, W. G. Doyle, Ralph Gordon, George Gallant, just to mention a few of the more imaginative ones) I would say right here that the first trout that came to my lure on this good St. Swithun's weighed exactly three pounds, eight ounces. But I am a truthful man and great tales that others like to tell have no place in my mental storehouse. Only under extreme provocation would I think of adding an ounce to the weight or an inch to the stature of any fish that I might drop in my basket. Actually, the trout weighed exactly eight ounces, no more, no less. Those who have been hauling in the big ones all summer will smile at my delight in such a small achievement. They can well afford to do so, and I cannot help it. In any case, size is always relative.

It all depends what you are used to. I have been used to fingerings for so long that a half-pound trout loomed pretty large. It wasn't always like that. I can remember when no fish weighed less than a pound found its way into any creel of mine. Those days are gone. There are occasions now when I would settle for the statury six-incher. It only shows how one can adapt oneself to "the ringing grooves of change."

As I sat in my little boat and pulled in one half-pounder after another until I had reached the limit as provided by law, I thought of how little we know about the behaviour of Salmo Fontinalis or any of his kindred. Why do trout stay in the depths one day, unresponsive to any enticement, and play around the surface the next, ready to grab anything that moves? I know that some fishermen put great stock in special flies for special conditions. Personally, I don't believe that a trout, even the most learned one, has the slightest interest in any such theory. There have been times when I have changed flies almost every other cast, and all to no purpose. On this occasion, just for the fun of it, I changed from red to black, from black to white, and from white to yellow, and the fish kept on coming. Indeed, I think almost suggest that a bare hook would have been the trick just as well as anything.

The Age Old Story

And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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