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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1955

The Country Doctor

Dr. J. M. Barry, registrar of the Medical Council of New Brunswick, has appealed to young graduates in medicine to take up country practices. In support of his appeal he quotes the "self reliance and initiative" which are developed by country doctors and which prove invaluable to them in their work.

Perhaps another reason for the situation complained of by Dr. Barry is found in the trend towards specialization which took a sudden spurt forward at about the turn of the century and developed to such an extent that by the mid-30's or early 40's the general practitioner was widely regarded as a sort of "jack of all trades and master of none".

Writing to the BBC recently Mr. Paterson said that one day over one hundred Ethiopians were gathered outside his house and he asked them why they had such a passion for listening to bagpipe music. He was told that it reminded them of the triumphant entry of the British Army into Ethiopia during the war and the liberation of their country by the British. Bagpipe music is the only type of European music that the Ethiopians like but their interest in it is so great that they would willingly hear it every day and at any time.

EDITORIAL NOTES

For future reference: One way to keep the windshield free from ice in cold weather is to rub it now and again with an onion. The tip comes from a polar specialist.

The Vaccine Report

Everyone remembers the feeling of dismay that went around the world early in the summer when it was revealed that quite a number of American children who had been inoculated with Salk polio vaccine manufactured by the Cutter Laboratories had, in fact, been stricken with polio. Coming in the wake of a great hope that polio had been conquered—though this claim for the vaccine had never been made by Dr. Salk or his colleagues—the news of the apparent setback was disappointing indeed.

Now, after four months of investigation, the U. S. Public Health Service has made a report on the unfortunate incident and its aftermath. It shows two things principally: (1) In some way yet to be determined live virus found its way into the Cutter preparation and was not detected in the ensuing safety tests; (2) The vaccine itself is safe. The Cutter incident was, of course, most regrettable. But, as the report points out, this was not the first

time that a new vaccine ran up against unfortunate difficulties. There has been in fact, much trial and error for every vaccine before it was finally established as a preventive of disease. The new safety tests, developed as a result of the Cutter incident, will, it is hoped, render all such mistakes unlikely in the future; but it will take some years to produce a vaccine that will be perfect in every detail.

Meanwhile, despite the setback, there are encouraging signs that the vaccine, if not the complete answer to polio, is at least very close to it. In Massachusetts, the principal trouble spot this season, the figures show that while there were 15 cases of polio out of every 10,000 of the child population who were not vaccinated, the ratio for vaccinated children (those who received two or more shots) was less than 1. All sorts of circumstances, besides the statistics, enter into the picture, of course; nevertheless, the overall significance would appear to be in the vaccine's favour. In short, it seems to be the view of officials of the U. S. Public Health Service that after this year there will be no more polio epidemics, although the disease probably will not be eradicated for some considerable time yet.

Skirl Of The Pipes

A large and interested audience of Ethiopians gathers outside George P. Paterson's house in Addis Ababa every Saturday afternoon when he tunes into the BBC's General Overseas Service to enjoy a breath of home in the weekly broadcast of Scottish entertainment. The crowd gathers to listen to the Scottish bagpipes which are nearly always played at the beginning and end of the programme and when the broadcast finishes people melt away with a disappointed look. Some of them beg Mr. Paterson to go on playing, obviously disbelieving him when he insists that it is not he who makes music but the radio.

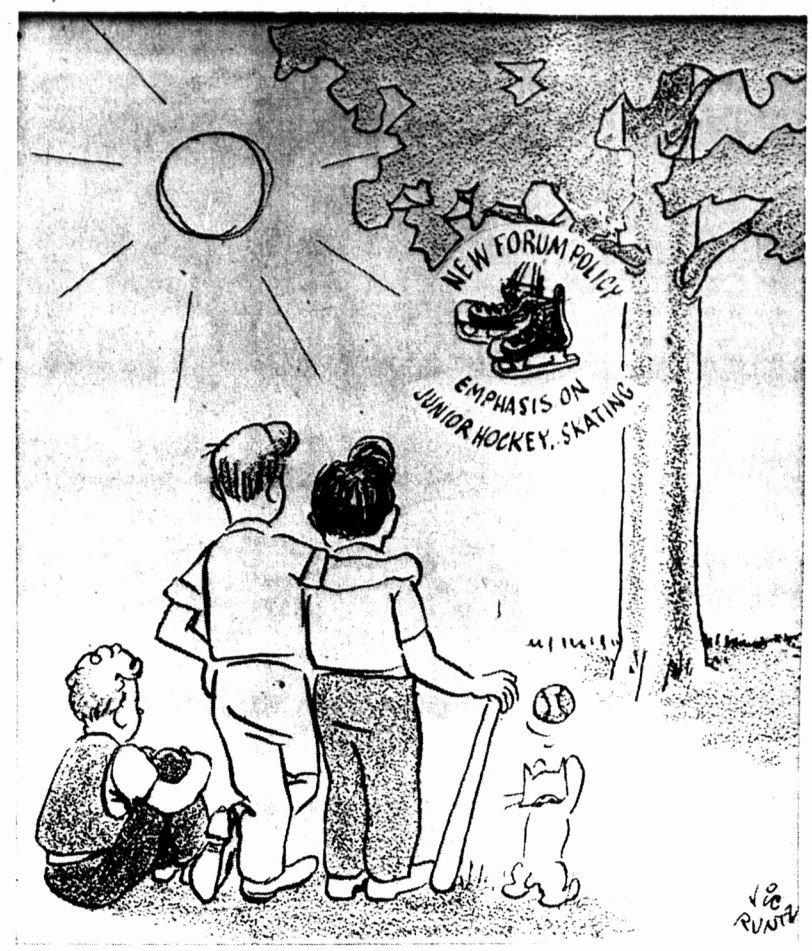
Upon investigating I found the following: Price to Island grower of 100 lbs. \$6 2 3 Price of empty bag67 Freight from Fodhla R. R. Station, C. N. R. to Charlottetown 1.20 Express charges Ch'town to Boston, Mass. 6.11 (By freight the cost would be higher) Entry Fee 1.25 Duty75 Total \$10.14 2 3

I estimate from this above that the Island grower would receive about 7% of cost to consumer. I made three mistakes before coming to the decision of shipping these potatoes.

(1) I should have kept my mouth shut and allowed the potatoes to sell themselves. However, you know how it is; one likes to blab about good food.

A firm of photographers has been giving away portraits of presidents in accordance with the customer's choice. Judging by the requests, President Eisenhower is the most popular chief executive in recent history. Then come F. D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover, and Calvin Coolidge, in that order. Nobody asked for Taft or Harding.

It is to be hoped that the practice does not spread to this part of the world; but we must say that a current strike threat in India is imaginative. 6000 civil servants, agitating for \$6 a week minimum wage in place of the present \$3, said they would appear with nothing on from the waist up one week after giving notice of their demands. A week later, if settlement is not reached they will remove their trousers and go to work in pyjamas. A week after that they will report for duty in loincloths with bedsheets wrapped round their shoulders. By then they hope, Mr. Nehru will have decided that \$3 a week is hardly enough.



Looking Ahead

PUBLIC FORUM

ISLAND POTATOES AND TWO DECISIONS Sir,—I have consumed potatoes of all the continents except Australia, and found the Prince Edward Island potato king of them all. It may be asked: How come? This would be the \$64,000 question.

It is believed the superiority of Island potatoes is due to climate, soil and above all to the growers' know-how. The growers' know-how is aided aside from self interest by the Canadian Department of Agriculture. In fact it is the growers' Privy Council in the matter of potato growing and many other crops. The personnel of this department know more than their prayers. In things agricultural they are as Her Majesty's Privy Council in the matter of law.

The thorough inspection of the potatoes by government is another factor making for a superior product. Last spring, 1955, I decided to send a gift bag of new Island potatoes to friends in Boston, Mass., as evidence of the quality of the product, and the truth of my statements.

After taking into consideration all the pertinent facts, especially the small return to the grower for his expenses, labor and know-how, as compared with the various charges, I reversed the decision to ship the potatoes. I am not shipping them.

Arriving in Charlottetown August 17 a complete stranger, today on my departure I am leaving behind friends from Summerside to White Sands. You have the knack and gift of playing the role of perfect hosts without the glory of the credit line. I also notice you don't seem to be persecuted, as elsewhere, with that feverish rush and urgency here; you still possess the basic right to set the pace without any interference or influence of the inhuman general jumble of mechanics, or the time-consuming TV.

My first welcome to Charlottetown was extended by Miss Anne Smith of 17 Kings Square tourist home, and my sight-seeing tour of the city by Mr. and Mrs. Haddon MacLeod of "Snowy Owl Farm", Bridgetown, whom I met at breakfast in the "Rendezvous".

Due to limited space, I shall confine myself to a few candid glimpses of scenic and historic spots such as Green Gables, a romantic old farmhouse at Cavendish, where Lucy Maud Montgomery in October 1905 brought into being her delightful masterpiece "Anne of Green Gables", it is a must for both tourists and Islanders.

Mr. D. MacDonald of the MacDonald's Taxi Service (a relative of Reverend Ewen Mac Donald, Lucy Maud's husband), drove me some thirty miles over the red clay highway to "The Birches", where I enjoyed two perfect days, a few steps from "Green Gables",

jected to any such foolish waste of the taxpayers' money. However the powers that be, Mr. Large and Mr. Stewart said "Yes we should have a road, the present cow path was not good enough."

But what has happened? Well, the road was surveyed and staked, and our Liberal friends said, "We told you so. If you want a road just vote Liberal." So they thought they should have asked for a little more, and proceeded to have the road extended in two directions so a couple of the supporters could drive their cars all winter. One fellow even got his lane bulldozed.

After the last election the Liberal victory was compared to a steam roller running the Conservatives down. However the roller of rather the bulldozer has lost its steam.

For after tearing the trees out and ripping the fences down at Glen Valley, this machine started for Fredericton. But alas for the road, it met a good old Conservative with fire in his eye, got scared and turned back.

Our Liberal friends said the road must go through and the "dozer" back to Glen Valley to finish some of these "extras" I mentioned, and to see if it was safe to proceed to Fredericton. However, as our "conservative" friend still was on his guard they took off for parts arther south instead.

A few years ago this road was started and the work was stopped because a couple of potato growers objected to having a little mud to haul through. Well, they may have to use a helicopter this fall.

But there is hope for the good old "Tories" yet. Maybe "Reg" didn't beat the Liberals but we know who can. If one man can stop our members in their tracks just wait till we all get going. However I hope Mr. Large and Mr. Stewart are not whipped yet and that we will get a road. In the meantime I express my deepest sympathy for their supporters who have half a road and no place to go.

I am Sir, etc., TRUTHFUL TORY Fredericton, R. R.

THANK YOU, P.E.I. Sir,—This morning (August 22) I am leaving your enchanting Island for my home in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, and I am taking along priceless, loss-proof, and life-inspiring memories. Thanks everybody for everything!

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the Poet's Corner

BIRTHRIGHT Lord Ramesses of Egypt sighed because a summer evening passed; And little Ariadne cried: That summer fancy fell at last To dust; and young Verona died. When beauty's hour was overcast. Theirs was the bitterness we know Because the clutters of Hawthorn keep

So short a state, and kisses go To throb unfathomably deep. While Ramesses and Romeo And little Ariadne sleep. —John Drinkwater.

in the spicy atmosphere of the exhilarating forests and beautiful winding streams. But of course, the most thrilling experience was visiting the interior of the famous "memorial home" of Matthew, Marilla and Anne; of the latter Lucy Maud wrote "The good stars met in your horoscope, made you of spirit, fire and dew".

The boot-jack and swallow-tail coat in Matthew's room, the single-stem rose on Anne's white dressing-bureau, and the ingenious scalloped hassock, which Marilla contrived artistically from seven large cloth-covered tomato cans, topped with cream-colored hooked mat with a red rose in the centre, shall stay stamped indelibly upon my mind.

A couple of days after at Hunter River on a momentary acquaintance, I was whisked away by Mr. Wellington Patterson to his over-century old home "Flora Lee" in a breath-taking setting of pine and birch, overlooking the Hunter river, where along its bank lies the unmarked grave of Fred Hunter, around which is entwined a sad but true love story of himself and neez Trueman, during the time of the American civil war in 1812.

Soon after our arrival I was treated to a delicious home-cooked luncheon by Mrs. Patterson. Florrie to her friends —whose brother Capt. William M. Silliphant MC, USN, was appointed director of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology last July 27. A few minutes before my departure I mentioned the Irish Moss I picked on the Cavendish beach to take home as souvenir of Prince Edward Island.

"Oh, you must meet Miss Helen Hazard, my guest, who can give you some interesting information on this Lillian Duchemin (a relative of Cardinal Newman) next of "Lead Kindly Light" at a lunch conversation I learned from her that Mrs. R.E. Mutch, 185 Euston Street, was an old friend of Lucy Maud Montgomery — to whom she gave me a note of introduction.

Thus I met Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Mutch on a Friday evening, whose hospitality exceeded that of life-long friends. Mrs. Mutch is a lively, entertaining manner related to me the highlights of her friendship with Lucy Maud. It was a stimulating, wonderful evening and I left them with a light and happy feeling.

Next morning Mr. Mutch telephoned my hotel to ask me whether I'd like to go to church with them on Sunday, and to drive in the afternoon. Without hesitation I accepted. At 10:30 o'clock Sunday morning, we were sitting in the well-filled

Medically Speaking

Herman N. Bundesen, M. D. VITAMIN C ESSENTIAL TO A CHILD'S HEALTH

If the warm summer weather makes your youngster thirsty, give him a glass of orange juice. It's a thirst quencher and a body builder too. Orange juice is rich in vitamin C, which is especially essential for babies and children.

This vitamin is also needed in the formation of intercellular material in cartilage and bone and it helps tooth formation, bone growth and repair. It is required in all fibrous tissues of the body.

Vitamin C helps prevent bruises and aids in healing wounds. It is also necessary for maintaining gums in proper condition and it helps maintain the strength of the walls of the blood vessels.

Yet, so important as Vitamin C is to youngsters, few of them get enough of it. A six-year study of 2,550 children ranging in age from 2 to 18 years, showed that far less than half of them were meeting the daily amounts of vitamin C recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council.

LACK OF VITAMINS While the younger children fared pretty well as a group, the teen-agers showed a distressing lack of vitamin C intake. Not a single boy of 13 or 14 met the recommended daily vitamin C requirements. Girls did a little better, but not much.

Beginning about the age of 12 and extending through their teens, children are growing in size and developing physiologically more rapidly than any other age group. Because of this rapid growth, they need vitamins more than ever.

But what do they do? They eat far too many meals away from home—at parties, ball games, outings—away from parental supervision. It is extremely difficult for them to maintain a well-rounded diet.

BETWEEN MEAL SNACKS These same students show that teen-agers, especially those in the 13 to 15 age bracket, are most likely to eat between-meal snacks. That one glass will give him his daily vitamin C requirements. Grapefruit, orange, is rich in this essential vitamin.

One more thing. If you use fresh or canned orange juice, be sure to store immediately in the refrigerator or any juice that is left over. And cover it with a plate. This helps prevent it from losing much of its vitamin C content.

QUESTION AND ANSWER H. P. S.: What are the symptoms of pyorrhea?

Answer: The symptoms of pyorrhea are bleeding gums, pain from deep pockets around the teeth, which causes loosening of the teeth and inflammation of the gums.

The Village Smithy

(Kitchener-Waterloo Record) At one time the blacksmith shop was a fascinating place to a 12-year-old lad when he brought the mares to be shod on a rainy day.

The window panes were streaked with grime and half covered with cobwebs. The floor was dark stained and covered with hoof parings, bits of metal, sawdust and shavings. For a blacksmith, in the era before horseless carriage, was a craftsman; he not only shod horses; he mended broken buggies and sleds, tightened iron tires on wheels and repaired plows and cultivators.

The heated coal on the fire glowed red when the smith pumped the bellows with his left hand and turned the reddening shoe by the long pliers in his right. After he had pounded the shoe to fit the horse's hoof, he shoved it into a tub of scummy, black looking water and gray clouds of steam billowed upward among the timbers lined with new shoes of all sizes. There was an acid, nostril crinkling smell as the still hot shoe was pressed against old Harry's hoof, and the kindly smith explained to the wide-eyed boy that it did not hurt the horse.

Going to the village to get the horses shod on a rainy Saturday

pews of the Trinity United Church where Dr. Thomas E. MacLellan gave us an excellent sermon, based on the hymn: "In Christ there is no East and West, In Him no South or North. But one great fellowship of love, Throughout the whole round earth."

Later in the afternoon I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Will Mutch, and the five of us, the two brothers, their wives and myself spent seven hours driving around the southern countryside, stopping off at Wood Islands terminal to watch the Northumberland car ferry service in action, on which Mr. R.E. Mutch is the president. It ferries 27 cars several times daily across the 14-mile Strait between the Island and Carribo, N. S.

Then winding up with supper at the "Bison", Montague, and a 30-mile drive along the seashore, they left at the door of homey Revere Hotel and we bade one another good-bye. I went in with an ache in my heart, wondering how can I ever repay adequately such kind hospitality which I received here from so many.

Now "Abegweit" the world's most modern and powerful ice-breaker is swiftly carrying the visitors away from your shores — a place about as close to the concept of "Shangri-la" as I shall ever likely to see again. With this message I'll bid you all farewell. "Never let anything change you, Stay forever, unspoiled and human." I am, Sir, etc., —AGATHA P. PHILLIPS, Saskatoon, Sask.

A woman's fashion expert says that in 250 years women will wear virtually no clothes because they will have achieved "perfection of body." In this hot weather we have seen several who appear almost to have reached that desirable goal—as well as a great many others who have merely achieved perfection in self-confidence.—Peterborough Examiner.

Ottawa is going to build a village for the Eskimos who are employed around the Air Force base at Frohisher Bay on Baffin Island. Ottawa explains that the Eskimos now live in tents in summer and igloos in winter. We can't help wondering if the Eskimos might not remain a lot healthier in their traditional habitations. After all generations of Eskimos wintered in igloos long before Ottawa came along with its prefabs.—Vancouver Province.

In favor of the red licence is the general agreement that it will act as a deterrent against such offences. Anyone holding such a permit naturally will make doubly sure that he or she does not again run foul of the law. Such a plan has been in effect in Saskatchewan since 1938. Saskatchewan issues red licences to certain offenders and blue ones for less serious violations such as speeding. Some states in the U. S. A. also have similar schemes which undoubtedly succeed to a degree in reducing certain offences.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

It is due to heedlessness, not lack of means that broken glass is left on the roads. People say: "Oh, well, some day soon the city sweepers will be around." That is not good enough. Perhaps if some examples were made in magistrate's court the neglect of this minor obligation would be arrested. To find the culprit might, in some cases, take the police an hour or two, but the time would be well spent if a charge resulted and the public general idea of the idea that broken glass is legally offensive.—Peterborough Examiner.

The outlook for new cars provides little encouragement for traffic safety authorities, who are constantly working on accident prevention with a view to reducing the tragic toll in lives and injury on Canadian and American highways. It is hard to understand why car manufacturers persist in making automobiles capable of greater speeds when speed laws generally provide for a maximum rate of 50 miles per hour. Cars with engines capable of hitting exceptionally high speeds prove a great temptation to many of their owners to "tramp on the accelerator" to see just what the car can do. Excessive speed under modern highway traffic conditions has been responsible for innumerable fatal car crashes. Yet car manufacturers are responsible for turning out models designed to feature such death-dealing speeds. Surely this is a situation which requires remedial action if we hope to decrease our rapidly soaring motor car accident rate, and at the same time save lives, prevent injury and senseless property damage which each year hits astronomical proportions.—Cornwall Standard-Freeholder.

Something should be done to maintain the old summer home of Stephen Leacock as a museum and a national shrine. We have few literary shrines in Canada. And this old summer home near Orillia would be one of the best we are ever likely to have. Stephen Leacock was a Canadian writer known throughout this country and far beyond it. And his old home was very much part of himself, reflecting his tastes and amusements and interests. There he did much of his writing, and there he entertained his friends.—Montreal Gazette.

The mortality rate from appendicitis has been reduced by more than 92 per cent in 15 years, is the finding of a Canadian survey. In 1939, there were 26 deaths for every 1000 cases of appendicitis. In 1954, there were only two! The chief threat from appendicitis has been that the appendix would rupture and the infection spread throughout the body before the surgeon could operate. But the Canadian survey shows that since 1939, even ruptured appendices have become 15 times less fatal. Much of the credit for this goes to surgical advances and antibiotics drugs like streptomycin and penicillin, a potent penicillin combination.—Brandon Sun.

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was a big event in a boy's life before the modern era of radios and records, television and hard roads. And in cities and towns today, there are men who look out of office windows and hear those clanging blows of hammers on iron when the village smith pounded shoes to fit.

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