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A Little Help

The release of the eleven American airmen is, of course, one of the happiest pieces of news to come over the wires for some time; it goes without saying that the entire free world will join with the young men and their families in their hour of rejoicing.

The new turn of events, on the eve of the Geneva talks between American and Chinese diplomats, was plainly a propaganda move on the part of Peiping. There is no doubt that it was intended to soften up the United States State Department for the inevitable demand for a seat in the United Nations, and, perhaps, for the repudiation by the Americans of all responsibility in the Formosa dispute.

They Counted Not The Cost

War memorials, such as the one that was unveiled by His Excellency the Governor-General on Halifax's historic Citadel Hill a few days ago, are useful and necessary reminders of what free men owe to those who in the line of duty kept the seas open in two world wars.

It is fashionable now, with the world in a state of acute anxiety, relieved now and then by hope of a happier day, to wonder if, after all, the sacrifices made by so many heroic souls on land and sea and in the air were indeed profitable and not in vain.

If free men today are determined to preserve the heritage which men of valour, of many races and nationalities, handed on to their safekeeping a decade ago, and if they are resolved to build a strength which no potential assailant will dare challenge, it is in large part because the men whose names are inscribed on granite walls on a hill

overlooking Halifax established a good pattern of devoted service without counting the cost.

Two Facts

By handing a note to the Bulgarian legation in London, Britain becomes the second country to "protest in the strongest terms" the shooting down by Bulgarian anti-aircraft forces of an Israeli plane that had wandered over Bulgarian territory.

The sorry incident emphasizes two facts: (1) at least one Communist state (there is no reason to suppose that the others are any more civilized in their outlooks) continues its callous attitude towards traditional international laws and courtesies and makes no effort to hide its disregard of ordinary decency.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Atom bomb on Hiroshima, this date 1945.

It was a grand turnout and reunion of veterans of the old 105th Battalion yesterday, recalling World War One experiences which seem so remote to the younger generation, but so vivid to those who participated in them.

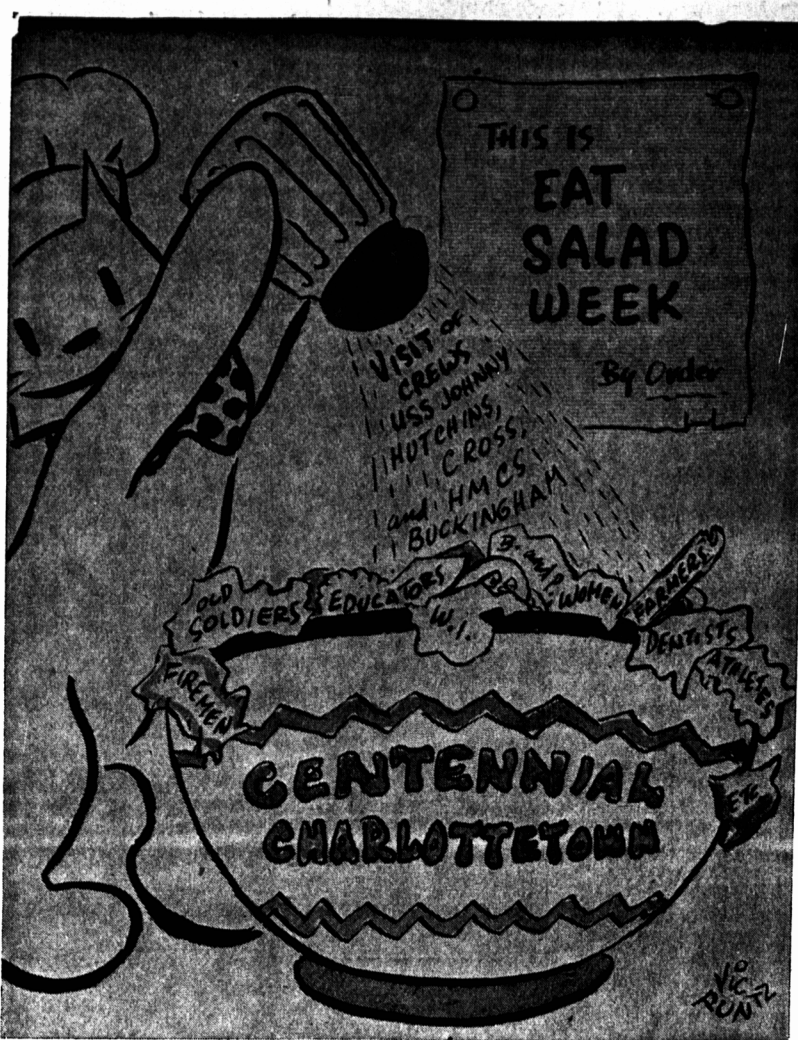
Joe O'Brien's sensational success in harness racing activities in the United States is bringing a measure of publicity to his native Province as well. He now ranks among the world's greats in his highly competitive field.

The new lights along Victoria Park boulevard accentuate the graceful sweep of the shoreline and are a distinct improvement in every respect. The City Council's light committee under Councillor MacDonald are receiving many deserved compliments on their initiative.

Prosperity, as well as poverty, has its disadvantages. That is the implication of the new financial restrictions announced by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Plenty of spending money means more demand for goods, which, in turn, means diminishing export trade, the main source of the country's economic well-being.

Mr. Cyrus Eaton and his distinguished guests at Pugwash paid an all too brief visit to Charlottetown this week. But at least they know now where we are, and they had an impressive view of the Island's scenic charms from the air and on their return via Borden to the mainland.

In a recent item about the Russians now visiting the American Midwest, and who are scheduled to come to this country late this month, we referred to them as "practical farmers". We find from later information that the designation was not quite accurate.



Another Welcome Dash Of Salt

Meg's 500th Birthday

Edinburgh Scotsman

This summer, one of Edinburgh's oldest residents is celebrating her 500th birthday—that is, if you can believe all the stories told about her. But lassies are notoriously unreliable on this question of age, and this is a rare lassie—none other than "Muckle-Mou'd" Mons Meg, up in the Castle.

Let us admit at once that we don't know, for certain, where or when she saw the light first. The experts all, more or less, agree that she was forged in the fifteenth century. Some of them, with the evidence of her name to go upon, as well as her resemblance to another old cannon, Mad Marjory of Ghent, think she is a product of Flanders. But what patriotic Scot will ever admit that Meg is other than home-bred?

One tradition says that she was forged actually in Edinburgh Castle by Robert Borthwick, master-gunner to James IV, towards the end of the fifteenth century, and that her first shot was a salute in honour of the birth of the fifth James at Linlithgow.

Borthwick did produce some notable cannon, among them the set known as the Seven Sisters, which were lost at the Battle of Flodden. One of these "Sisters" afterwards came back to Edinburgh, as a loan from Queen Elizabeth to the Regent Morton when he was besieging Kirkcaldy of Grange in Edinburgh Castle. She was used to batter down David's Tower.

THE POPULAR STORY

But the story which has always found most popular favour is that she was forged at Castle-Douglas in 1455 for James II to use in his siege of Threave Castle. The walls of the Douglas stronghold were impregnable to ordinary gunnery, and the King called for more powerful weapons.

Bars of iron were collected and handed over to Blacksmith McKim afterwards came back to Edinburgh, as a loan from Queen Elizabeth to the Regent Morton when he was besieging Kirkcaldy of Grange in Edinburgh Castle. She was used to batter down David's Tower.

As the good lady was reputed to have a figure like that of the gun and a voice quite as loud, the cannon was speedily named after her; and when smith McKim was rewarded for his good work by a grant of the lands of Mollance (just outside Castle-Douglas), the gun became "Mollance Meg," later corrupted to Mons Meg. They will show you near Threave to-day the place where her cannon balls were cast. At any rate, it's a good story, and on that basis, we can hold our birthday party for Meg this summer.

GARRISON GAVE UP

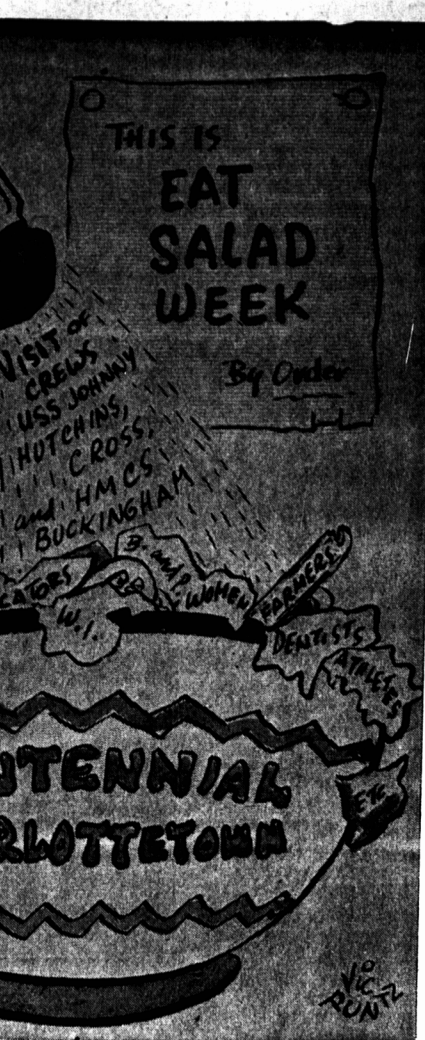
Meg's first appearance at Threave was an instantaneous success, it appears. According to tradition, she had only to be fired twice at the walls to create such an impression that the garrison surrendered.

So James brought her home in triumph to Edinburgh. Actually, it would not be at all surprising if it could be proved that she was forged for James. He had a weakness for big guns—it will be remembered that he was killed when one burst at the siege of Roxburgh Castle.

From that time on, Mons Meg's name crops up constantly in Scotland's records. She accompanied the Scots army on a number of expeditions, notably to the sieges of Dumbarton Castle in 1489 and Northham Castle in 1497.

She travelled in considerable state, with minstrels playing before her. Her transport must have been quite a problem. She is 13 ft 4 in. long, and weighs nearly nine tons; and it is on record that, on one occasion, two men were killed in hauling her from the Tron up to the Castle.

How effective she was as a weapon of war we do not know.



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Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

IMPROPER "BLOWING"

D.G.

By Herman N. Bundesen M.D.

Today, I'm going to tell you how to blow your nose. Now don't snicker. This is not as silly as you might think.

I'll bet the majority of you don't blow correctly. And improper blowing might have serious and painful results. You have to be especially careful when you have a head cold and sore throat. Let me explain.

During the early stages of a head cold your nose secretes mucus which reaches the back of your throat.

To get rid of it, you probably press your nostrils tightly together with your handkerchief and blow violently. Occasionally, you might feel your ear drums snap upon an exceptionally hard blow.

This is a warning of what might happen. The air pressure you generate can push this mucus from your throat through the eustachian tube into the middle ear. When this happens you're apt to have trouble.

MAY CAUSE INFECTION

Inflammation may fill the chamber with pus. Swelling of the eustachian tube might close the tube, trapping the pus in your ear. Pressure of the pus on your ear drum will cause intense pain and maybe complications such as mastoiditis.

Aided by new drugs, your doctor can usually clear up such complications, but he may have to lance your ear drum to do it.

You can avoid trouble simply by blowing your nose correctly. Take your handkerchief and hold it loosely. Be careful not to press both nostrils closed at the same time. Then, blow easily.

There is one more precaution, which, while not always polite, is proper as far as your health is concerned.

Generally, the safest thing to do when you have a cold is to sniff the mucus to the back of your throat and then spit it out.

Society, however, frowns on this method. Blowing is much more gentlemanly.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

K. K.: I have been troubled with dizziness for a period of six weeks. What would be the cause of it?

Answer: Dizziness is caused by various conditions, among which are constipation, high blood pressure, heart and kidney trouble, and disturbances of the eyes or ears.

It would be advisable for you to have a thorough physical examination by a physician to determine its cause.

VICTORIANS OLDER

VICTORIA (CP) — The average Victorian is older than the average citizen of any other principal Canadian city. Figures released by provincial government officials on Wednesday showed 17.75 per cent of the citizens older than 65. Quebec, Canada's oldest city, has only 5.92 per cent of its population over 65.

Time For A Change

By Heath Macquarrie

Although reform of the Election Act was not an important issue in last Spring's campaign, in a city people who stood in the polls on Election Day must have been convinced that certain reforms could well be undertaken.

In the first place the separation of candidates into Councilors and Assemblymen is an anachronism hard to justify. Since we have no Legislative Council and have not had one since Confederation it is difficult to see the merit in dubbing some of our constables Councilors! After the election the difference between the two types of MLA's disappears completely.

What distinguishes a Councilor from an Assemblyman is the restricted franchise with respect to the former. Only the owners of \$25.00 worth of real estate are entitled to cast votes for the Councilor candidate. If the citizen is a landholder in a given electoral district he may come into it on election day and cast a vote for the Councilor candidate. This also entitles him to the ballot on which the Assemblymen candidates are listed.

Property qualifications for voting have a long history. It was once held that a man with a stake in the country had more right to a voice in its government than the landless resident. Through the years, however, democratic states have broadened the franchise beyond the landed citizens without bringing danger to the well-being of the nation. No one has ever been able to establish that a citizen's interest in, or knowledge of, government is extended by the possession of more property.

Of course in modern times the property qualification has lost whatever reason d'être it once had. In a day when all revenues were raised from taxes on land there might be some reason for giving a stronger voice to the holders of land. A glance at any government revenue statement today will readily show that governments derive their spending power from a multitude of taxes and levies, unconnected with the acreage possessed by the taxpayer. The purchaser of cigarettes, gasoline, or liquor, the patron of amusement centres—all of these contribute to the treasury. There is also the revenue derived from federal subsidies and grants and other direct taxes.

Indeed there are few who do not contribute substantially to national revenue through taxation. It is therefore unrealistic to differentiate voting privileges on one particular form of taxation (especially

in a province where provincial land taxes have been abolished!)

The equalization of the franchise would be right in the right direction. It might also remove some unpleasantness from the conduct of polls. Questioning as to ownership of a given piece of property and inquiries as to the length of time it has been in the possession of the owner are often carried out in a painful manner by over-zealous poll agents. At times loyalty to a party has caused voters to do things on election day which they would scrupulously avoid at any other time. All of this could be avoided and the voting process made more effective and representative if the principle of "one man - one vote" were adopted. This along with the use of a list similar to the federal would solve many problems and avoid countless embarrassments.

A careful scrutiny of the Election Act would prompt other suggestions for reform. It seems scarcely fair that the young man in military service should be denied the full exercise of his franchise. There are a number of other clauses which might lend themselves to a careful redrafting in the interests of efficiency and propriety.

It is unfortunate that so few people presented suggestions for reforming out dated procedure when given the opportunity by the government. Surely there is great room for improvement and a matter of such vital importance should be the subject of public interest.

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NOTES BY THE WAY

We just can't fathom it. Easily half of our acquaintances proudly proclaim they've given up cigarette smoking. But what do we find here? Dominion Bureau of Statistics, which measure everything down to a decimal point, reports a month-by-month increase in cigarette consumption. In May last, for instance, the increase amounted to 14 per cent. Have our friends taken to smoking behind the woodshed?—Wind sor Star.

For longer than most Ottawa residents can recall an ancient gun back of the Chateau Laurier and pointing westward up the Ottawa river has been barking out a daily time signal. The nine-pounder fires at noon except on Sundays when the salute comes at 10 a.m. Why the different time on Sundays? One theory is that fewer people possessed watches in the earlier days, and the gun was fired to give an hour's warning of the traditional time for Sunday morning church services. Another—and we much prefer this one—is that the cannoner of that day, serving voluntarily, wanted to go to church, too.—Windsor Star.

Manufacturers of automatic clothes dryers usually claim their versatile machines can dry such diverse items as cottons and cashmeres, stuffed toys and foam rubber pillows. But they've been a bit awed by some other uses customers have found. A Detroit photographer reported he has shortened his print drying time from 24 hours to 40 minutes by placing them in his clothes dryer. And a breeder of white miler wrote poodles in Wilmington, Del., wrote Norge that her new dryer was "ideal" for drying the poodles after shampoo.—Norge executives, their minds filled with visions of snubling dogs, rested easier when they noted the breeder first turned off the dryer's tumble action.—Wall Street Journal.

In addition to the present serious shortage of salmon in New Brunswick, the effect of spraying the forest with DDT has yet to be experienced. It is probable that the young fry are starved to death by the extermination of the insects which are their food. The fry would normally become salmon returning to the rivers in four or five years. The next few years, therefore, may well bring a serious decline from this cause in the numbers of salmon. That factor, however, should not be confused with the causes of the present emergency. They are almost certainly excessive netting.

Urgent and effective restrictions should be imposed on the killing of salmon by rod or net until the loss can be stemmed. Otherwise the Atlantic salmon may be exterminated.—Frederick Gleaner.

A New York medical man presents the theory that men who work hard live longer. We should think that this news will release a lot of wives from cutting the grass this summer.—Hamilton Spectator.

New Brunswick and Maine relations have a special flavor of their own, but they are not any less cordial than those that have developed, for example, between southern Quebec and the States of Vermont and New York, between the immediate neighbors of Windsor and Detroit, or between the people on both sides of the border in the Seattle-Victoria-Vancouver triangle on the Pacific coast. We have noted, with pleasure, what appears to us to be an improvement in Canadian-U.S. relations in the past few months. Possibly it is just a part of the improved relations between the nations of the west—as some wishfully think. Improved world relations across the Iron Curtain. In any case, it is an excellent thing.—Frederick Gleaner.

How many among your numerous acquaintances ignore the law when it interferes with personal inclinations—traffic laws, income tax laws, dog licensing laws, the law which forbids creating a disturbance by horn tooting at all hours of the night? Invariably these people are cynical towards government at any and all levels. They are the people who are weakening democracy's most potent weapon—rule by law.

The law is control of ourselves through each other. Everyone is subject to it, from the highest to the lowest. It is chosen by us through our elected representatives, and if we do not like it, and sufficient others are of the same frame of mind, we can elect someone else and hope that they will enact laws that will be more to our liking.—Galt Reporter.

There must be a lot of full-blooded Scots furtively fingering their tartans and tenderly testing the spikes of their thistles now that their annual Caledonian Games are past. You can bet there'll be some wild pipes keening in the Highlands when word gets back to the glens that a fine Scots lad named Pavelich captured five top awards for athletic prowess. Where in the name of William Wallace were the McDonalds, the Stewarts, the Sutherlands and the McCullums? Oh, how the proud tartans have been chagrined. What trend must the conversation take whenever browns of Scotland gather to exult over the success of the games? Will they shed silent tears when they recall that a boy named Jack Pavelich, later re-named "Jock" was the Scot of the day? More likely though, good sports that they are, they'll boast of the Pavelich!—Vancouver Herald.

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