

THE GUARDIAN

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

CHARLOTTETOWN WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27, 1954

The Legislature

The Matheson Government faces its first session of the Legislature on the 2nd of March. It is largely, of course, the same Government that was previously in office, only the Hon. B. Earle MacDonald having to give his first account to the House of a Government Department.

It used to be that the bringing down of the budget was the high point of the session but any tax changes that may be determined at the present time will obviously be of minor importance to Island citizens.

Although the House rules and standing orders mainly affect members there should be considerable interest in the revision on which Premier Matheson and other members have been working.

Rural electrification is a perennial problem facing the legislators as is the provision of other services for a growing urban population. Last September Premier Matheson announced a Government policy involving the construction of some 500 miles of rural lines.

Not yet acted upon is the recommendation of the Commissioner looking into suburban Charlottetown water supply that the area concerned should be incorporated into the city.

While the Opposition members are few in numbers, they have an essential role to play, and they can do this best by concentrating on constructive criticism and avoiding partisan politics as much as possible.

Agricultural Prospects

The recent limited decline in farm income on this continent does not warrant the pessimism expressed in some quarters, says the Winnipeg Free Press. In fact there would appear to be the strongest reasons for regarding the long-term prospects of Canadian agriculture as most encouraging.

It is reported by the Population Reference Bureau, a reliable United States organization, that in 1953 the world's population increased by 25,000,000. The significance of this figure may be better appreciated if the matter is stated in somewhat different terms.

This is true, the increase will not be mirrored in effective demand for our farm products because it is the poor countries of South Europe and Asia which show the greatest population gains.

"heroic effort" to cope with over-population.

Typical of the 1930's was the association of poverty with large families and higher income status with small. Yet there is ample evidence that family fashions on this continent have been revolutionized in the interval. This can be seen not only in the dramatic population advance of the United States but all around us.

Burns' Dr Hornbook

An entertaining sequel to the Burns anniversary celebrations this year is the news from Edinburgh that the Tarbolton Bachelors' Club, of that city, are to erect a stone and plaque on the east side of the Annbank-Galston road.

The original Dr. Hornbook was John Wilson, the schoolmaster of Tarbolton who, to eke out a scanty existence, opened a grocer's shop. Having come by some medical books, and "become most hobby-horizontally attached to the study of medicine," he added the sale of a few medicines to his little store.

Burns was at a Masonic meeting in the village when the dominie made a too ostentatious display of his medical skill. After parting from "this mixture of pedantry and physic," on his way home to Mossiel, he had the idea for the verses.

Later, Wilson taught a school in Glasgow for many years, and also held the responsible and fairly lucrative post of session-clerk for Gorbals Parish. Often in his latter days he was heard, over a bowl of punch, to bless the lucky hour, when, as dominie of Tarbolton, he provoked the castigation of Burns. He died in 1839.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Queen may well regret showing favour for the Skye Boat Song in New Zealand. The Royal trip has many months remaining and if musicians at every stop play it even once Her Majesty will have fill of the refrain "Over the Sea to Skye."

It must be hard living under a dictatorship, benevolent or otherwise. Spanish students apparently are dismayed because the official Students' Union instructed them to stage "spontaneous" demonstrations before the British embassy and then the "equally official police beat them up for doing so."

The Scandinavian-Airlines' flight across the north pole from Los Angeles to Stockholm by way of Edmonton, Churchill, Frobisher Bay and Greenland may well mark the opening of a regular service. The 6,000-mile course, however, is nearly twice as long as the distance between New York and London.

The question of who should vote in incorporated villages, which was raised in Spring Park, depends upon who are technically ratepayers. There is provision for commissioners at their discretion imposing a general poll tax in lieu of a tax on personal property. It is a question of statutory interpretation whether a person paying poll tax is or is not a ratepayer under the Act.

That effective national science is one of the essential activities on which the strength and well-being of a modern nation depends, in peace as well as in war was emphasized by Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, retired chief of the National Research Council and Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd.

Benoit Constant Coquelin, French actor, died this date 1909. It was intended that he should be a baker but was permitted to go to the Conservatoire instead. In 1864 he became "societaire" of the Comedie Francaise and for 22 years played with conspicuous and well-deserved success the leading roles of over forty new plays.

Possible Unforeseen Developments



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.

SNOW PLOWS COMMENDED

Sir,—May I take up a small space of your valuable column to reply to Reader from Kensington. May I ask how far that man lives from a doctor. If he was fifteen miles from one like the people of North Lake and vicinity I'm sure he would sing a different tune.

I am, Sir, etc. ANOTHER READER North Lake, P.E.I.

THIS QUEEN BEAUTY FAD

Sir,—Choosing and exhibiting a beauty queen has become a fad taken up in every city and town across the country. Human physiology is something to prize and be thankful for, a talent like music to be cultivated for the highest moral ends.

But this fad misses the point. As every one knows it is a woman's personality and character that counts. If she looks that her beauty may be only a trap to catch unwary men to the sorrow of both.

Who is the tall youth with homespun garments and burning, ardent eyes, making his way, shyly but surely, about the city of his long dreams? Its stones are hard to the feet of genius, as poor Robert Ferguson, another pale shade, once discovered, yet Burns found the heart and love of Edinburgh, though today she is so unmindful of him as to leave his monument in obscurity.

Auld Reekie

Winifred Duke in The Scotsman

Edinburgh never seems quite real. Perhaps it is the hair, curling in from the sea, and floating freshily about its tall housetops, that makes it at all times of the year a city which, despite its antiquity and stolidity, gives the idea that it might, at any moment, dissolve into one of its own mists.

The grim place holds the laughter of the four Maries, the rustle of hooped skirts, the tread of men-at-arms, the tread of men-at-arms, the tread of men-at-arms, the tread of men-at-arms.

Edinburgh never laughs. She hides her face behind the veils of her sea-mists, and all her thoughts, proud, inward, are bent upon the past. She tells you nothing, admits nothing, reveals nothing. She is a city of a thousand secrets, a thousand lovers, a thousand romances, and high-couraged deaths.

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When you stroll down Castle Street, if you listen long enough, you may be so lucky as to hear the drag of a lame foot whose owner wielded the pen that became a magic wand. Not only real ghosts of once-real people are to be seen in Edinburgh, but one goes in expectation of meeting Jeanie Deans any minute, or Rob Roy, or young Waverley, or possibly Catriona, or David Balfour.

For all that he mocked at her ways and shuddered from her soft-spoken queen of the home is the most wholesome, and powerful influence moulding the moral life of this country. I fear this beauty fad is doing nothing to elevate our girlhood, so very important to any nation.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Glancing over his English exchanges for the month of Nov., 1835, the editor of the Royal Gazette came across the following curious item, from the London Globe and Traveller, dated Nov. 14th: "Mr. McCann, of the Irish Bar, has been appointed Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island; this makes a vacancy in the Chairmanship of Wexford."

The sequel to this news was reported in the Royal Gazette here of Jan. 19, 1836 as follows: "Some sensation was created here yesterday, by a rumor that very generally prevailed, of a new Chief Justice for this Island. How the present incumbent (E. J. Jarvis) is to be disposed of, does not yet appear. His Lordship good humoredly alluded to the circumstance in closing the Court yesterday. On looking over our London files by the packet, we find the following allusion to the subject, extracted from an Irish paper: "There is no foundation whatever for the report of the death of Mr. McCann, Chairman of Wexford, which appeared in the Morning Register of this day. The learned gentleman read the report of his own death this morning at breakfast, and laughed heartily at the eulogy of his own memory. It is now believed that Mr. McCann has accepted the Chief Justiceship of Prince Edward Island, so that the Assistant Barristership of Wexford will still be vacant."

The final was published in the Royal Gazette of May 17, 1836, as follows: "By a despatch received from Lord Ganeigh, it appears that pinching east wind, Stevenson was a true child of Edinburgh, and his dying thoughts travelled thousands of miles from islands of burning sun to picture her grey streets once more. His shade still wanders about the older Edinburgh, his gaze turning ever to his Delectable Mountains, the "Hills of Home."

Auld Reekie is a grim stronghold but she is faithful to her servers. The heart of Edinburgh never changes. You may be away from her for 20 years, and come back to find old houses turned to converted flats, and cinemas and multiple stores defacing some beautiful thoroughfares, but the soul of Edinburgh stays unaltered. She will welcome you with indifferent mien, and probably atrocious weather, yet there is no town quiet like her. One joys to think in future centuries of oft-times returning, a modest shade, to revisit her in the unnumbered company of her other ghosts and levers.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

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Notes By The Way

A friend tells us that modernistic furniture confuses him. The other evening he was visiting a friend in an ultra-modern setting room and couldn't tell a chair from a table until he asked where an ash tray was. Imagine his embarrassment when he was told he had been sitting on it for a half hour.—Niagara Falls Review.

One for the life-gets-more-complex department is the opening sentence of an article in the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission's bulletin which reads: "Splenicomized and non-splenicomized dogs given 100 r/wk x radiation showed no difference in life expectancy when compared to non-radiated dogs." We must tell that non-radiated mongrel next door—Brantford Expositor.

This is the time of year when the itinerant horseradish grinder once came around; or, in more rural areas, when Grandmother sent someone to "The Patch" with a spade to bring in a batch of roots. Then Grandmother herself got busy with the grater, and that evening there was boiled beef with horseradish sauce. The fresh kind, with a bite that would bring tears. But it was a bite which the elders said was good for the digestion. Quite possibly so. Nobody ever died of a verified case of indigestion from eating horseradish.—New York Times.

The world of man have moved through a series of advancing stages in relation to metals through many ages from prehistoric times. In history we read of the Stone Age, Bronze Age, Iron Age, etc. Could it be the era we now are entering will become known as the Aluminum Age in time to come? World aluminum production is swiftly overtaking that of some of the world's oldest-known metals. According to statistics for 1953, it would seem that for the first time in history, the volume of world production of aluminum has surpassed production of copper, lead and zinc—the most ancient among the non-ferrous metals.—Sydney Post-Record.

Newfoundland has such names as Cow Head, Heart's Content and Gooseberry Cove. British Columbia has a burg called Horely. The Manitoba town of Ebb and Flow is all set whatever happens. Counting derivatives, we have fourteen Bears, twelve Beavers, six Buffalo, fifteen Deer and eighteen Moose. Nova Scotia contributions include Garden of Eden, Ecum Secum and Pugwash. The North is unlikely to countenance any monkey business with Panamirbung or Tuktoytuk, even though the latter will always be known as Tuktuk. In such matters post office brass should have a care.—Toronto Telegram.

Nearly half of all Christmas accidents during the Christmas and New Year holiday periods were caused by vehicles running into the side of the train. J. P. Wadsby, superintendent of safety for the Canadian National Railways, said last week. That statement surely indicates the necessity for more careful drivers and for strict-

His Lordship has been apprised of the report which some months ago reached this Island, of the removal of the Chief Justice, and of the appointment of Mr. McCann, of the Irish Bar, in his place. His Lordship has lost no time in contradicting the rumour, and His Honour the President of the Council is desired to acquaint the Chief Justice that such design was never under contemplation. His Lordship is of the opinion that the rumour may probably have originated from an appointment of a similar nature having about that time taken place to Prince of Wales Island, in the East Indies, which by some of the newspapers was mistaken for Prince Edward Island.

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The Poet's Corner

ALONE "When I'm alone" - the words tripped off his tongue As though to be alone were nothing strange. "When I was young," he said, "when I was young..." I thought of age and loneliness, and change. I thought how strange we grow when we're alone, and how unlike the selves that meet and talk, and blow the candles out, and say good night. "Alone" - The word is life endured and known. It is the stillness where our spirits walk And all but inmost faith is overthrown. - Siegfried Sassoon

The Age Old Story

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath, and all things.

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