

THE GUARDIAN

EDITORIAL NOTES

The earliest it is possible for Easter to fall is March 22, only three days earlier than this year.

With the number of eager hunters we have to the square mile there seems little danger in bringing deer into this Province, except perhaps to the deer.

The 101st Oxford-Cambridge boat race is today. For some hours more than four miles of the Thames changes from a main thoroughfare of traffic to a race-course.

"The fishing industry must learn to merchandise its product with the efficiency of the meat industry" is the sound advice of Fisheries Minister Mayhew, at the same time tossing a well-deserved bouquet to breeders, railwaymen, packers and meat handlers.

The welcome amendment to the Bailable Proceedings Act does away with the civil arrest of debtors without a Judge's order, at least so far as residents of the Province are concerned.

Leather tanning continues to be one of the few industries in which the small-scale operator can successfully compete. With an almost unlimited market just now and for a long time to come it looks like an attractive opening for local enterprise.

The Provincial authorities may have had some difficulty even after selecting the oak and saplings from the Provincial crest as the distinguishing mark for the new highway route markers. As a matter of fact they could not have been in error. An Order in Council of 1769 authorizes an oak and shrub while the design registered with the Royal College of Heralds in 1905 provides for the oak and three saplings.

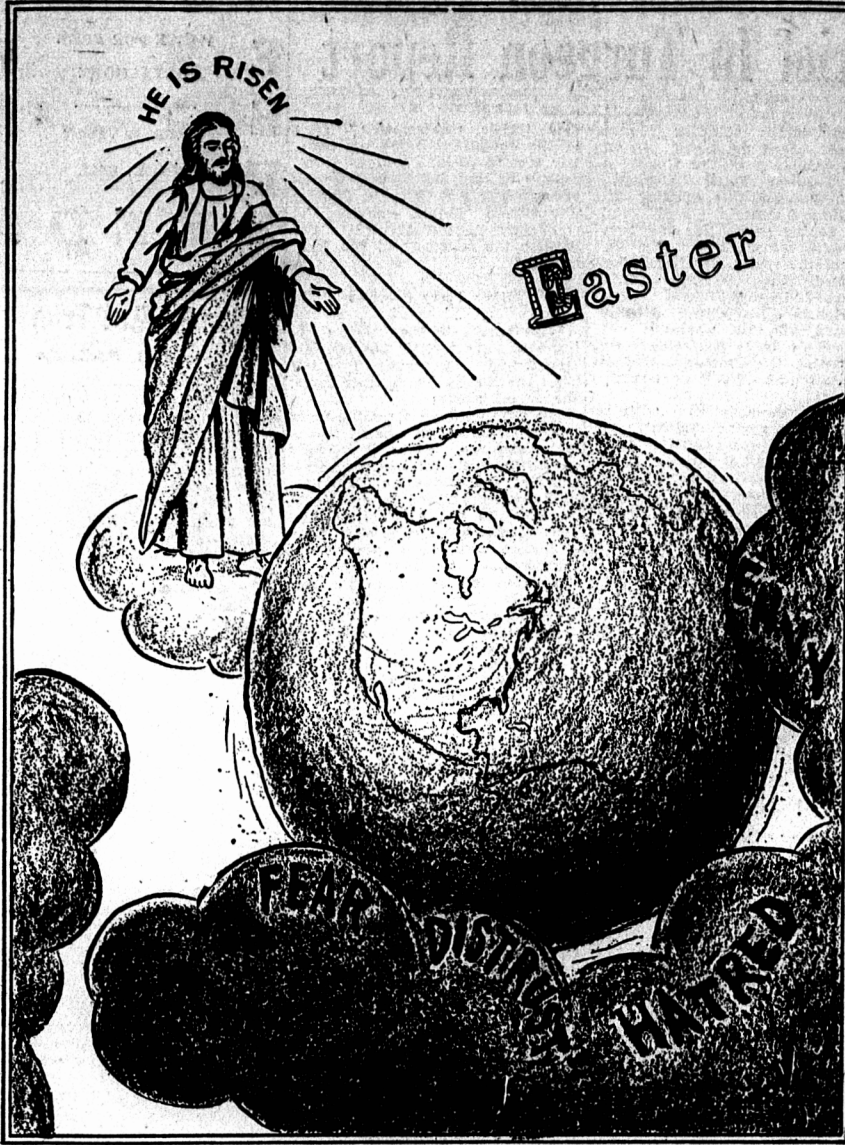
We have been told recently that it was all a mistake to consider potatoes fattening—they are no such thing as nutritionists now declare. On top of this discovery comes the announcement that milk is not fattening—this on the authority of the head of the economics service of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. It would not be surprising to be told next that clams are not indigestible but highly nutritive.

William Morris, English poet, decorator, and socialist, was born this date 1834. He had a deep enthusiasm for mediaeval architecture and entered an architect's office but turned to painting under the influence of Rossetti. He gave up painting for the handicrafts and founded a firm of household decorators, all the time turning out much imaginative and romantic poetry. He attempted to restore the forgotten typographic arts of the 15th century by means of the Kelmscott Press. A notable product was his great Chaucer volume illustrated by Burne-Jones.

Canadian and U. S. A. police are joining forces in the interests of defence against Communists, and no doubt other malefactors. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the U. S. Federal Bureau of Investigation, declares the F. B. I. has a special agent permanently assigned to the R. C. M. P. headquarters at Ottawa, and the R. C. M. P. has its representative at the F. B. I. in Washington. By this method both forces hope to cover effectively crime investigations in both countries.

Congratulations to the Hon. Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan, O.B.E., dean of the Legislature, who today celebrates his seventieth birthday anniversary. With the exception of one four-year period, Dr. MacMillan has represented Charlottetown continuously in the House since 1923, and in that time has served as the Province's first Minister of Health and Education, as Premier, and as leader of the Opposition. A high compliment to his public career was paid during the present session by Premier Jones, who expressed the hope that Dr. MacMillan would continue to occupy his seat for years to come. His friends, who are legion in both parties, will heartily indorse the sentiment on this occasion.

Fundy National Park in New Brunswick, which was opened last year, drew 62,844 visitors in the last six months of 1950, according to the Government Travel Bureau. "One of New Brunswick's weaknesses from the tourist standpoint," says the Saint John Telegraph-Journal, "has been a lack of things calculated to keep travellers with us for a while. They have tended to speed through our Province to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, admiring our scenery en route but pausing only briefly. Fundy National Park will encourage them to remain longer in New Brunswick, for the majority who come to the Province will want to see and enjoy it while they are here." But the major attraction, of course, will still be the Garden of the Gulf.



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.

EASTER MORNING

Sir,—We see some wonderful things in the Scriptures, such as man made in God's image, man's fall, the Messiah promised, God in human flesh, dwelling among us. The conflict between good and evil, coming to its highest altitude on Calvary's cross, but the victorious Christ conquering death for us is the wonder of wonders. We see the stone rolled away, the empty grave, the angel in white, Mary Magdalene saw two angels. She loved more and saw more. We should see the door open for us, to the Spirit world. No death, just a transition. Man is immortal. I wish to live on and on, a small part of the "so great a cloud of witnesses", who watch how the church militant carries the torch. The early Christians celebrated Easter every week. Every "first day of the week", or Lord's day, was a reminder of the risen living Christ—to them a matter of supreme importance. They met for prayer, fellowship and breaking of bread. To get enthused over this, we would need to give material things a second place. And as Jesus said, deny self, take up our cross daily and follow Him. The first step is to be a follower, next a disciple or learner, then a servant and after that a friend. We are then carrying our cross, whether taken up in a voluntary way, or simply bearing patiently what is laid upon us. Both lead to victory, and faith to believe His words—where I am there shall my servant be. I am, Sir, etc. J. A. MacKENZIE Kensington, P.E.I.

PRINCE EDWARD BATTERY

Sir,—There has been uncertainty as to the exact date of the construction of Prince Edward Battery now known as Fort Edward in Victoria Park. The original Battery was probably constructed between 1794 and 1795 on direction of Edward Duke of Kent, then Commander-in-Chief in America, along with other defence works for the protection of the port, but at the foot of what is now Great George Street, or on immediately east of the site of the building now owned by the Associated Shippers. In an effort to arrive at the exact date of the construction of the Battery at its present site, I wrote Professor D. C. Harvey, Archivist at Halifax, and he advised me in February of last year that as nearly as he could find out, Prince Edward Battery was erected about 1796, but not on the site it is today; that he had found a letter dated 1st December 1804, in which Charles Stewart, overseer of the works in Charlottetown, was instructed by W. Fenwick, commander of the Royal Engineers, Halifax, to undertake the construction of Prince Edward Battery, and if it should appear advantageous for defence, to reconstruct it on another site. On the 3rd May, 1835, Fenwick asked Stewart to tell him exactly why he had decided to reconstruct the Battery on another site, and that it therefore appears that the present site of the Battery was chosen in 1805, and the construction of same was probably undertaken at once. At first the Battery mounted only four guns. A plan of the Battery of

Old Charlottetown

(And F. E. L.)

BOYHOOD DAYS AT ORWELL

"The farm was not large, a hundred acres, and there was much waste land. The stream and ravine, and a road that followed it, a brook that fell in clumps of trees, all occupied space; but the remainder was very good, rich and easily worked. The farm also was a world in miniature. There were upon it horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, geese, hens, turkeys, wagons, sleighs, and the proper complement of tools and implements. The cart was made by an elder of the church. Fifty-four years afterwards, as appeared from the Master's books, I sent for this same man to survey the cart, as I suspected it required some repairs. He admitted that the vehicle had not lasted as long as it should, and he feared he must have put bad stuff in it. He was willing to make the replacements free of charge, as he wished to maintain his reputation for sound work. "Small as it was, this farm was the scene of all human industry. Wool was shorn, carded, spun, and woven into cloth. Cattle were killed. The hides were tanned by one neighbour, made into shoes by another, or into harness by a third. The geese were caught and lightly plucked, so that the feathers might not fall and be wasted. Bread was made from flour, water, and salt—these three elements alone. It was not polluted with fat nor fermented with yeast. It was made light by persistent kneading under the strong hands of a woman. "Three mills gave to that young world an air of force and activity. In the springtime, when a dam burst and the water flowed away, a boy could walk upon the foundations of the world as if he were Lucifer himself. The upper and the lower mills ground grain of all kinds—wheat, oats, barley, and buckwheat. The middle mill, which was exactly opposite to the gate, sawed timber with upright saws set in gangs. The circular saw had not yet been imported. In that mill from the earliest times was sawn the timber from which many ships were built in shipyards that extended down to deep water. A boy would see the ship launched, and in a year or two news would come that she was cast away on the shores of South America 'with a loss of all hands'. In earlier days, the founder of the Cunard Line was bottom sawyer to Malcomb Macqueen who gave high praise to his strength and industry. The stumps of the pine trees which these two sawyers cut and saved are yet to be seen in the woods. "The sea was at the door of these early settlers, and yielded of its abundance in the spring when fresh food was needed most. The salmon crowded the rivers; the gasperaux, the caplin appeared on the shores in shoals; the trout ascended the streams; the smelt penetrated into the fields and choked the creeks. The smelts were known as 'beannachadh', the blessing. They were the earliest to arrive. Whilst the snow yet lay in sheltered places, they would appear in the stream, a moving shimmering mass against the glimmering bottom, and could be scooped out with a net, more than a boy could carry. They were plentiful beyond the need for food and were used to fertilise the land. A smelt was planted with each potato seed. From the sea also came marine

THE EASTER MESSAGE

Sir,—Christ is risen! is the Easter Message, the story of eternal triumph of life over death, the promise and pledge of man's immortality. Corruption could not devour Him! He said "I am He that was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore, and have the keys of death and hades". The Saviour lives no more to die! "Christ died"; this is an indisputable fact directly mentioned some one hundred and seventy-five times in the New Testament, and being an historical fact as well as a Biblical one it cannot be contradicted. Christ died for our sins. He conquered death and rose again the third day. The empty tomb declares that the sinner's debt has been paid. True believers know that Christ arose and that they are risen with Him. We know Him as the living and interceding Christ. He purchased us with His own blood. Every sin of those who accept Him as Saviour has been fully paid on Calvary. "Calvary covers it all". We are not bought with silver or gold. Our salvation is a free gift. There have been many false Christs, as God told us there would be, but only One came back from the grave and revealed Himself to His followers. The disciples of Buddha, Mohammed, Joseph Smith, Mary Baker Eddy, have never seen their leaders since the day they were laid in the grave. But the disciples of the Lord saw Him and talked with Him after He had risen from the dead. Today we may know by the work that He does in human hearts that He ever lives, and that He will come back again just as He said He would. The resurrection of Christ from the dead certifies and assures life and immortality for us. Is it not plain that without the resurrection of Christ from the dead we are yet in our sins? Someone has said, Christ's death is sufficient for all, deficient to none, and efficient for those only who believe. If Christ has not been raised we have no gospel to preach! Christ is risen and our redemption is an accomplished fact, and because He rose we too shall rise. I am, Sir, etc. MAY EATON Pasadena, California

WORK REWARDED

PORT FRANCES, ONT.—(CP)—Subsidies totalling \$15,045 were paid by the Ontario Agriculture Department during 1950 for land clearing and ditching in the rainy river district.

Notes By The Way

Any motorist who picks up an unknown hitch-hiker courts abuse, robbery, injury and death. It does not matter that criminally inclined hitch-hikers are only a minority of all those who thumb rides by the roadside. No driver can tell whether he is picking up one of the minority or one of the harmless majority. Admittedly, the chance of getting one of the latter is greater, but it is worth the gamble when the driver's life may be at stake? — Kingston Whig-Standard.

They have found a place, in the Hall of Fame of the Parliament Buildings, for the painting by the artist Hobbema which has been presented to Canada by the Government of The Netherlands. It was the wish of the Dutch Government that the painting should find a home in the Parliament Buildings, but for a time there was doubt that this could be brought about — so much of the wall space accessible to the public is taken up with huge paintings in heavy and ornate frames of bewhiskered worthies from our parliamentary past, ex-speakers and ex-ministers. The Hobbema has been accommodated, but the broader question remains. The Journal has suggested that there should be a clearance from the Buildings of paintings which are neither good nor of any special historical interest. The suggestion was well received and we repeat it. If that were done there would be room for the occasional "guest" painting from the National Gallery, which has far more material than it ever can display. Particularly when Parliament is sitting, to show in the Hall of Fame or some other appropriate place one or two works of the National Gallery, changing them every so often would strike a popular and cultural note. As to the old portraits, or most of them, they should be taken out of their frames and given into the custody of the Archives for storage — of handed over to descendants who may desire to have them. — Ottawa Journal.

It matters not if south or north. Bleak waste or sunny plot. Nor think it haply He thou seek'st to be late. He does thee wrong. To still or gate. Lean thou thy head, and long! It may be that to spy thee He is mounding. Upon a tower, Or in thy counting. Thou hast mista'en the hour. But if He comes not, neither do thou go. Till vesper chime. Belike thou then shall know He hath been with thee all the time. —T. E. Brown

grass, kelp, dulse, fit for bedding cattle; fine hay from the marsh, which made fodder and might be used to fill a mattress. A man who looked back upon a long life and the farm he created would confess that "mussel-mud" was the foundation of his fortune. If the nutritive quality of this fertilizer was less than is supposed, the disciplinary value of dredging it from the sea, besides the removal of estuaries were beds of decayed shell fish, ten feet thick. When the ice formed, huge "diggers" were set up, operated by horses. A hole was cut in the ice; a long beam armed at the end with a trip-fork was forced by a rude pawl and rack into the face of the bed. The load was lifted by a capstan, and came to the surface, white shells and black mud dripping with sea water. The treasure was hauled on sleds far inland and placed on piles upon the snowy fields to be spread in the springtime. For twenty years this shell would dissolve slowly and supply the soil with lime. Assiduity in hauling "mud" was a sign of success, a rite; and it was often put upon land which had no need or could not be improved. —From "The Master's Wife," by the late Sir Andrew Macphail.

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