

Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew
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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

The Real Bar

Many explanations are offered for Canada's failing as yet to take into her own hands the full responsibility of amending her own constitution.

An internal method of constitutional amendment, however, would mean a very great change in the seat of power in this country. At the present time the Senate can prevent the passing of any legislation, including constitutional Bills, for an unlimited period.

The net result would be that the Senate could no longer be abolished without its own consent. It would be far the most powerful part of the constitution, never having to face election, and being independent of any majority in the House of Commons.

Short of abolition, the answer lies in limiting the period for which the Upper House can hold up legislation. A brief period would be appropriate for monetary measures, a longer one perhaps in the case of constitutional change.

With such an express limit on its powers the Senate could afford to be far more active than it has been in the past. It is much safer to exercise clearly defined and limited powers than to show the slightest inclination to make use of unlimited power.

June Days

Regardless of the weather, which is never as bad as sometimes it is reputed to be, June speaks of Summer, of green leaves, and of growth. In the fields grain already has come to life; in the meadows Nature has spread her carpet of green in honour of her many guests, and the gambolling lambskins are making the best of it.

In the world which man himself has fashioned—the world of brick and stone, of politics and science, of little wars and uncertain pacts of peace—there is fear, amounting at times to terror. Loud Babel-like voices are heard from pole to pole; no one can say, because no one knows, what new danger or new tragedy tomorrow or next week or next month will bring forth.

Not all the days of June are perfect days; for Nature, even at her best, is not averse to change and the inconstant way. But, at least, they are days—all of them—when man, if he will, can lift his head a little higher than he is wont to do, because he sees all around him a peace and glory which his own created world did not give and cannot take away.

The Butter Situation

This spring the Federal Government finds itself with accumulated stocks of butter amounting to 33 million pounds which it is now offering to the trade at 2 1/2 cents a pound less than cost. The policy has aroused criticism in some quarters, on the ground that the transaction, including

carrying charges, represents a loss of over \$1,000,000. This amount, however, notes the Ottawa Citizen, must be considered in relation to the undoubted benefits of the price support program for butter. The policy was designed to achieve reasonably stable prices for an important food product, for consumers as well as for producers.

"As a result," says The Citizen, "and in spite of the difficulties caused to the butter industry by the stiff competition of margarine in recent years, the situation seems fairly tolerable. It has not got out of hand as in the United States, where incentive rather than support prices have prevailed, thereby causing the accumulation of large surpluses. Butter production in this country is hardly out of line, having regard to the expanding population. The government's stockpile of 33 million pounds is not an extraordinary amount, for it represents only six weeks' normal consumption."

West German Recovery

There are many reports about the economic recovery of Western Germany, the extent of West German exports, and the prosperity of West German communities. It would also be interesting, says the Montreal Gazette, to know what the West German people themselves think about it. Do they share this widely-held view of their country's prosperity, in the midst of a Europe that suffers much from economic uncertainty and hardship?

Surveys have been recently conducted in West Germany by the Institute for Demoscopy—the equivalent of the opinion polls of North America. The question asked in this survey was: "If you compared your present-day situation with the one you were in last year, would you say that you are better off than you were one year ago, or worse off, or would you say that there is no difference?" The results of the survey show that very few people think they are worse off, whereas there is a substantial increase in the number who are convinced that they are better off. The number who can see no difference has dropped.

The important feature of this survey is that it was based upon a sampling of the entire population of West Germany. The sense of improvement goes far to explain why West Germany is not weakened by the feeling of economic hopelessness and futility that seems to characterize some of its neighbors.

EDITORIAL NOTES

There are some changes which require a revolution to accomplish. It may be that the Communists will succeed in their efforts to substitute a phonetic alphabet for the syllables and word signs in use and which are so numerous that it is almost unheard of for a scholar to know them all.

Even Dick Whittington's cat has not escaped the researchers of this prying age. The P. L. A. Monthly, magazine of the Port of London Authority, notes that the famous collector of duties and four times mayor is thought to have come by part of his fortune by shipping coal to London in a type of vessel known as a cat.

Primary producers may soon be asked to foot the bill to an even greater extent for Canadian industry. The president of the Canadian Electrical Manufacturers Association states bluntly that: "It is my considered opinion that we face the choice of either altering our trade policies or of reverting to something approaching a 50 cents per hour economy."

Canada welcomes Emperor Haile Selassie at a time when his appearance in the news is uncomfortably reminiscent of the conquest of Ethiopia. That example of nations standing aside while a smaller one was subjected to aggression undoubtedly was an important factor in encouraging the other acts of aggression that led to the Second World War.

Sir Edgar Elgar, British composer, was born this date 1857. Practically self-taught, he spent his early years at teaching but became one of the most widely known of English composers. "Land of Hope and Glory", for instance is part of his two military marches "Pomp and Circumstances" and the "Coronation Ode." The best of his choral work is his setting of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" and his "Introduction and Allegro" for strings ranks as one of the great violin concertos. His favourite direction was "nobilmente" and it well describes his music.



They Really Ought To Have One

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.

WAGE EARNERS' RATES

Sir.—In P. E. I. the majority of workmen are wage earners. That is, they earn and receive a prevalent wage rate rather than a weekly or monthly salary. They are usually paid by the hour for the number of hours actually worked, and if they are employed on outside construction, hence work and pay may cease should it rain. This rate of pay is usually based, by an employer, on the rate his neighbor or competitor is paying, and only when a tradesman shows special skill will an employer pay a wage differential. The current rate of pay for labourers is 70 cents per hour. Journeymen, some of whom have served a three-year apprenticeship may receive \$1.00 per hour. Less if they will work for less.

For these people, employment on full time basis is difficult to obtain especially during the winter months. During the summer, when work is more available, it is necessary to work long hours in order to obtain a decent pay. Presently there is no hope for better working conditions, higher wage rates or a shorter work week. But, if P. E. I. had its own Department of Labour with a minimum wage law, which it justly deserves, as P. E. I. is the only Province in Canada without one, then the situation would be altered.

The Provincial Government has always been kind to the farmer. Its ultimate objective has always been to please the man behind the plough. What has it done for the common labourer except make an effort to ensure that he used butter on his bread and not margarine? Because the farmer could not possibly profit by the forming of a Provincial Department of Labour and indeed, he might lose during harvest time when it would be necessary for him at that time to employ extra labour, the Legislature said "No" to this possibility when the House was in session early this year. By this decision, it was a mental and physical blow to those who anticipated a brighter future. I think it's a case of mass injustice.

I am, Sir, etc. J. M. O'BANNER Summerside.

Old Charlottetown

and P. E. I.

SPRING PLOUGHING MATCH

The Ploughing Match under the patronage of the Agricultural Society took place on Thursday the 8th inst. in a large field belonging to the Hon. George Wright. Eight ploughs started, and all the ploughmen accomplished their work within the time limited, and in a very masterly manner. Six of the competitors were from Britain, and only two were natives. It is understood that the native ploughmen were in general alarmed at the superior dexterity of the English and Scotch competitors, otherwise there would have been more of the former.

The first prize, consisting of a full mounted Plough and a Horse Collar, was adjudged to John Croker; the second, consisting of a full mounted Plough, to John Bullman; the third, consisting of a full mounted pair of Harrows, to James Miller; the fourth, a Cart Saddle and Breaching, was adjudged to Robert Longworth (a native). "The day being fine, a great concourse of spectators assembled, and appeared to take a lively interest in what was going forward. After the judges had awarded the prizes, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor distributed them to the successful candidates. "It was impossible to witness this useful competition without its exciting a wish to see Ploughing

Full Circle

(Hamilton Spectator)

In nineteen years the bearded acetic face has changed surprisingly little, and for an instant the picture on the front page of yesterday's paper turned the calendar back—back to those strange days of the mid-thirties when the pattern of the turmoils and torments of our generation was first being sketched; when totalitarianism and total war were tearing up for the first time, when a world first turned its back, trying desperately to pretend that nothing was happening at all.

Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, King of Kings, Conqueror of Judah... We have come full circle.

It was in the Palais des Nations in Geneva in 1935 that he stood, a dramatic yet bitterly pathetic figure in his long black cloak, at the bar of the world and he sought to look at the wrong that was being done to his little country, to consider the Italian bombs dropping on the mud huts and the villages and the towns (seventeen hundred people died under the bombs in Adowa—bombs that Mussolini's airman son described rapturously as bursting like the blossoming of a beautiful rose). The world looked briefly, considered a moment, and turned away.

It is in that same Palais des Nations at Geneva that the world is meeting today in search of a solution to the latest of the long chain of aggressions that have followed. Ethiopia, then Spain, China, Albania, Poland, the Low Countries, France, Greece... Bombs on Adowa, then on Guernica, Nanking, Warsaw, Rotterdam, London... Those were the Fascist aggressions; almost straight forward, they seem to us now with our hindsight. The Communist brand that followed in a smooth change-over—new cast, same play—was subtler, more complex. The Baltic countries, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Korea, Indo-China... Men's minds are involved now as well as their arms; the visage of war wears a political mask. It is much harder to say "At this precise moment aggression began," harder still to draw a line and say "Beyond this precise point aggression cannot be allowed to go."

In the Palais des Nations in 1935 the world was not ready to draw a line when the drawing was still relatively simple. Today, nineteen years, millions of lives and billions of wasted dollars later, the task of line-drawing—infinately harder now—confronts us again. Haile Selassie, modern aggression's first victim, treads the soil of our continent today as an awesome reminder.

The crowds come early, determined to make a proper day of the great occasion, and the wide open spaces of Epsom Downs are soon filled with a colorful and character-istic throng. Most of them have come from London. If you want to see the true Cockney at his richly exuberant best, there is no better spot than Epsom on Derby Day. Here, too, are the fortune-telling gypsies, encamped in their brightly colored caravans. The scene has hardly changed in essence since Stubbs painted his famous Academy picture, "Derby Day", a hundred years ago.

To win the Derby is every race-horse owner's greatest ambition. Only one British sovereign has succeeded in achieving it—King Edward VII with Minoru in 1903. Favorite Landau may make Queen Elizabeth II the second.

Matches established in every quarter of the Island, and to cause the regret of everyone, that the differences subsisting between His Majesty's Council and the House of Assembly should now, for the second year, have deprived the Agricultural Society of the grant of £250 voted for its use by the Assembly.—P.E.I. Register, May 13, 1928.

SCIENTIST DIES

PHILADELPHIA (AP) — Dr. Fritz O. Laquer, internationally known scientist and professor of biochemistry at Temple University school of pharmacy, died suddenly Saturday at his home. The author of several books and a number of articles on hormones and vitamins, the 65-year-old German-born professor joined the Temple staff in 1940. Manufacture of cutlery has been carried on at Sheffield, England, since before the 15th century.

The Derby Stakes

(Hamilton Spectator)

LONDON — But for the spin of a golden sovereign, the oldest of the world's greatest horse races might have been known as "The Bunbury". That is a fragment of the romantic history behind the Derby Stakes which will attract the blue-blooded thoroughbreds of British and Continental racing stables and a half-million spectators to Epsom Downs, Wednesday, June 2.

"The Derby" found its origin at The Oaks, an old ale-house on nearby Banstead Downs that was converted and enlarged and used as a shooting box by Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby. The house had already given its name to "The Oaks"—the other great event of Derby week—when the Earl and Sir Charles Bunbury planned a new race after dinner one evening. Over flagons of port and assisted by carousing companions these two sportsmen drew up conditions for a race for three-year old colts and fillies "to be run over one mile straight, to start at the Parish of Banstead half-mile east of Tattenham Corner and to continue thence to the winning post."

What should the event be called? Lord Derby and Sir Charles decided that it should be named after one of them, but which? The sovereign spun in the air and Sir Charles called. But his Lordship won and the new race, first run on Thursday, May 4th, 1780 became the Derby Stakes. Although he lost the gamble, Sir Charles was not without some consolation. He became the first to win "The Blue Riband of the Turf," as Disraeli happily dubbed a Derby win at a later date. With jockey Sam Arncliffe in his colors, Sir Charles saw his chestnut colt, Diomed pass the post a clear winner.

Diomed was the wonder horse of his day. Never defeated in the year he won the first Derby, he later became a legendary figure across the Atlantic. In 1798—when he was 21 years old—he was sold to the United States and became one of the fathers of the American turf. Neither Lord Derby nor Sir Charles Bunbury could have dreamed of the consequences of their efforts when the first race was run before a comparative handful of spectators on that summer's day in 1780. Today Epsom is the centre of Britain's racing calendar and nowadays each year there are two rival attractions at Epsom on Derby Day—the Derby itself and the crowds which come to see it.

The crowds come early, determined to make a proper day of the great occasion, and the wide open spaces of Epsom Downs are soon filled with a colorful and character-istic throng. Most of them have come from London. If you want to see the true Cockney at his richly exuberant best, there is no better spot than Epsom on Derby Day. Here, too, are the fortune-telling gypsies, encamped in their brightly colored caravans. The scene has hardly changed in essence since Stubbs painted his famous Academy picture, "Derby Day", a hundred years ago.

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THE POET'S CORNER

ACCOMPLISHMENT The overlooklessness of those Who have accomplished Death, Majestic is to me beyond The majesties of Earth. The soul her "not at Home" Inscribes upon the flesh, And takes her fair aerial gait Beyond the hope of touch. —Emily Dickinson. GEESSE COUNTRY The Outardee river in Saguenay county, Quebec, was named for the wild geese which frequent its banks.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The height of foolishness: Ruin your health trying to make a million dollars, then spending the million trying to regain your health.—St. Catharines Standard.

Eggs are said to supply 12 times as much nourishment as oysters. But they are awkward things to serve on the half shell.—Toronto Star.

Once more we are impressed with the wonderful foresightedness of nature. Long before anybody dreamed of an atomic cloud, she designed the mushroom for comparison.—Edmonton Journal.

Alligators are considered less vicious than crocodiles and have shorter jaws. But if the question ever came up it would probably be at a time when you wouldn't have a tape measure along.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Survey of why women work has been made by the Department of Labour at Ottawa and the finding is that they work for a living. We kind of suspected that even without making any sort of survey.—Niagara Falls Review.

Most Canadians would rather have this country respected than envied. An envied individual or country often is resented rather than liked, and suspected of smugness and unpleasant self-satisfaction. Let us be spared becoming an object of envy.—Sydney Post Record.

We've all heard of fish wrapped in paper, but Norway is reversing the idea—it's wrapping paper in fish. A Norwegian publishing firm is planning to bind 40,000 copies of a new book in fish skin according to a little item that comes to us from the International Federation of Agricultural Producers. That's all the item says, other than that the fish skins, prepared by a special process, are very durable, and that experiments have been carried on also to make shoes out of the same material.—Saint John Telegraph-Journal.

At an English stadium where a large crowd had gathered to watch a rugby match, a message issued from the public address system. It was for T. Riley, one of the spectators, from Mrs. Riley at home: "Do not drink tea from your flask. Starch instead of milk was added to it." That must have been embarrassing for Mr. Riley, but think how much more embarrassing it could be for a Canadian at a Canadian football game if the public address announcer suddenly belted, "We have a message for Tom Jones. Mrs. Jones warns him not to drink from his flask."—Fort William Times-Journal.

For several years reports popped up in weekly newspapers in a number of Manitoba rural centres about a one-winged duck. Cold-shoulder observers declared that they had seen a small teal that had either been hatched with only one wing or that had lost a wing through misadventure. The loss of a wing did not seem too serious a handicap. The observer said that the teal used the remaining wing like a helicopter blade and went whirring along at a lively clip. Unfortunately there were no reports about the one-winger last Fall and none so far this Spring. Where the little teal has whirred to, no one knows.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A man who killed his family's cat because, as he said, it scratched him, was fined \$50 and costs in 45 days in jail, by a Toronto magistrate. The cruel way he killed the cat by battering the animal against a wall undoubtedly accounted for the degree of the sentence. A Humane Society inspector caught the man burying the cat in his back yard. This item calls for attention simply as a reminder that cruelty to animals is an offence against law and public decency everywhere in Canada. This should be among the first things a child is taught upon reaching the age of reason.—Sydney Post-Record.

Various vocations attract people of various temperaments. And, indeed, after one has entered a profession there is a tendency to acquire the profession. Thus we have the "bedside manner" of the doctor and the "courtroom conduct" of the lawyer. Artists are supposed to have an artistic temperament. This sets them apart from ordinary people. They do have unusual creative talents. Yet even with them, and even more so with those who only have a pretense of artistic talent, this temperament attitude can be overcome. Lord Vanartart, in a debate in the House of Lords, had some harsh words. This generation, he said, has decreed that infinite allowance must be made for artistic temperament, which often was no more than "insufferable affectation."—Windsor Daily Star.

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