

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. Editor and Managing Director, Ian A. Burnett. Associate Editor, Frank Walker. CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink" CHARLOTTETOWN THURSDAY, AUG. 20, 1953

Answers To Problems

The National Research Council is generally thought of in connection with defence research, particularly atomic energy, aviation, shipbuilding and so forth. The Council has time, however, for many other activities, including building research, radio and electrical engineering, applied biology, chemistry and physics.

Applied biology includes investigations on food preservation, the use of plant and animal products, the effect of environment on animals. When foods are quick-frozen, the question arises as to whether the ice formed becomes continuous throughout the frozen material. The Council, by work with an artificial system, discovered that cell membranes or concentrated cell saps may act as barriers to continuous ice formation and thus prevent loss of flavour on thawing. Moth proofing and shrink-resistant treatment of fabrics have been other projects of the Council which, indeed, could be listed over many pages.

The three-week visit of Mr. J. R. Johnson to this Province is part of the service provided by the Technical Information Service to small industries which may not otherwise be able to take advantage of the research facilities and publications available. It is to be hoped that our builders, packers and other industries will be able to take the opportunity of getting the best possible advice on their various technical problems.

Conservative Party's Future

Discussing the future of the Progressive Conservative Party in the light of last week's results at the polls, the Montreal Gazette points out, first of all, that no fewer than 1,600,000 Canadians cast their ballots in support of Conservative candidates. On a percentage basis, the Conservatives obtained 31 per cent of the total votes. Even the Liberal Party, it may be noted, did not win the majority. It won 48 per cent. The difference, therefore, between the Liberals and the Progressive Conservatives is a difference of 17 per cent. It's a big difference, to be sure. "But it is by no means as big a difference as would be suggested by the difference in the number of seats that the two parties will have in the House of Commons.

In the next Parliament the Liberals will have 170 members in the Commons and the Progressive Conservatives will have 51. Supposing the two parties were to be represented according to the number of Canadians who voted for them, what would their standing be? In that case, the Liberals would have about 126 members; the Progressive Conservatives would have about 82. It's still a big difference, notes the Gazette; but it would be a better Parliament, because it would more nearly reflect the need for a strong Opposition which Canadians actually feel. In point of fact, the Progressive Conservatives, so far from falling back in regard to the proportion of voters, have gained. In 1945 they had only 27 per cent of the popular vote. In 1949 they had 30 per cent. Last week they had 31 per cent.

It is a curious illustration of how the representative system works that the Progressive Conservatives, with only 27 per cent of the popular vote in 1945, had 67 members in the House; whereas with 31 per cent of the popular vote in 1953 they have only 50 members. Viewing the actual figures, it would seem that the party may be down, but it is hardly out. It remains as the only party that can help to play the role of Opposition, or to provide an alternative government.

The CCF, it is true, increased its membership from 13 members in 1949 to 23 last Monday. But this scarcely constitutes a stronger bid for the role of Official Opposition. The party elected members only in four provinces out of ten. More than this, its proportion of the popular vote actually dropped. The CCF had 16 per cent in 1949, and apparently only 12 per cent in 1953. As for the Social Credit Party it gained only about 5.2 of the national vote.

"The Progressive Conservative Party needs seriously to consider the causes of its failure," concludes The Gazette. "But as it takes stock for the future, it should bear in mind the sizable number of Conservatives that remain in the country. 1,600,000 votes is a solid foundation on which to build. And even in some provinces

where the party's outlook seems particularly difficult, such as Newfoundland and Quebec, the fact is (as far as the two major parties are concerned) that about one voter in every three cast a Progressive Conservative ballot.

"It can hardly be said that there is no demand for a two-party system in Canada. The demand is there. The proper attitude for the Progressive Conservative Party at this time is not to be so oppressed at the extent of its defeat as to fail to realize the extent of the demand for the political role that it alone can play. The party's failings and errors, whether in detail or in principle, gain their seriousness from the very fact that the need for its services remains so imperative, as well as from the fact that the demand that those services be rendered continues to be the conviction of nearly every third Canadian who cast a ballot."

An Ontario Viewpoint

How Ontario views the tariff situation is set out by a Toronto writer, J. L. Rutledge in his "Clip-Sheet".

"In the matter of high prices it hardly seems that tariffs are responsible. Canada is facing competition from goods produced at figures that make it profitable to invade this market despite existing tariffs. To reduce protection in the uncertain hope of being enabled to compete more effectively in foreign markets surely raises a question as to what is achieved if we should make gains in foreign markets while losing our home market to foreign competitors.

"The high production of the United States enables it to produce commodities at prices we cannot equal. We face competition from within the Commonwealth from countries whose need for dollar exchange is more urgent than their need for generous profits; and from countries whose lower scale of living assures production costs we cannot hope to equal while we maintain our present work-hours and wages.

"Obviously, higher tariffs might result in higher domestic prices. Equally, by throwing Canada open to mass-produced goods, and those produced under different working conditions, we might expect to lower existing prices. But there is a balancing cost. The cost would be the virtual destruction of industries on which all but one or two of our provinces depend for their present prosperity, and that, directly, provide employment for one in four of our working population.

"It seems reasonable to assume that a tariff policy under which Canada grew into one of the great manufacturing and trading nations of the world in a matter of a scant dozen years is too valuable to discard for some haphazard guesses as to interesting things that might happen under a different policy."

It will be observed that industrial Canada is supported by the primary producers and not the other way about. The residents of Ontario and Quebec who think of the Maritimes, for instance, as poor relations are in reality living off these "depressed areas."

EDITORIAL NOTES

It appears that a Tignish youth has been the victim of a hit-and-run driver. No effort should be spared to apprehend the driver responsible. For those who do not voluntarily stop and render assistance in case of accident there should be the near certainty of severe punishment.

It seems that nature is to be bountiful to this Province in the matter of hay, grain, turnips and potatoes, which should be most encouraging to the breeder of livestock and milk producer. How the farmers who sell the product of the soil make out will depend upon market conditions.

Hydrogen-peroxide was once regarded as being chiefly of assistance to would-be blonds but now a hydrogen-peroxide rocket motor, the Super Sprite, is being used to boost a plane's take-off. The solvent acetone went in the opposite direction. From being used as an important part of the "dope" used on early aircraft skins, it came to be the general finger nail polish remover.

Raymond Nicolas Landry Poincare, French statesman, was born this date 1860. Son of a civil servant, he was trained in law and served for one year in the Department of Agriculture. The rest of his life he devoted to service in elective offices. He was a Republican deputy, a senator, minister of public instruction, minister of finance, prime minister, foreign minister and president at various times. He obtained the sultan's recognition of the French protectorate in Morocco, enlarged the fleet and when president, accepted his old opponent Clemenceau as wartime prime minister. In 1922, himself prime minister, he re-occupied the Ruhr.

Possible Unforeseen Developments



The Poet's Corner

ACCOLADE Upon the beach we touch immensity Born of the waves, the sky, the sun and air. This salt drop on the cheek, spume of the sea Has known deep caverns we would never dare. This one small bit of moisture was a part Of that unfathomable depth of wave. A blood drop from the ocean's pulsing heart. Of azure seas, tumultuously grave. And as it melts into the welcoming skin We are one strangely with an alien shore. For there is wisdom of the sea within. That one small drop, as though it were a score. Those who have known the accolade of sea Have reached their hands toward immortality. —Dorothy Quick in the New York Times.

Old Charlottetown

FIREMEN'S TRUMPETS "On Saturday evening last the members of the Sir John A. Hook and Ladder Company presented their Captain, James M. Butcher, with a massive and elegant silver trumpet, suitably engraved, as a token of their esteem for him. On the sides of the engraving rising from the base of the bell, are two silver ladders six inches high, while on the base is a figure of a steam fire engine with all its equipment, surrounded by leaves, flowers, etc. "On Monday evening the members of Rollo Engine Company also presented their Captain, A. N. Large with a valuable silver trumpet as an acknowledgment of their appreciation of his long and good services. The trumpet stands about twenty inches high, and is adorned with engravings of flowers, appropriate figures, etc. On the side opposite the inscription are two cross ladders, gaff hooks, etc., while on the bell are engravings of steam fire engines, flowers, etc. The trumpet is valued at \$50. —The Examiner, 1879.

Stop-Watch Fishing

(Ottawa Journal) After a man is married one of the inevitable angles of adjustment is the realization that men and women have opposing reactions to the necessity of fishing. Psychologists inform us that the male and female of homo sapiens have different nervous systems, and while the average married man could have told the "ist" boys that fact and saved them painstaking and detailed investigation when it comes to the study and pursuit of limnology. During the winter months a fisherman can spend happy evenings overhauling his equipment and planning for what he will need come Spring as he studies the sports magazines and ponders the colorful catalogues. Most fishermen learn that if they are to have the required financial resources in March or April they must lay aside a dollar or two from time to time and keep the amount a secret. The Missouri Conservation Commission has announced the results of time studies in fishing. It is mildly interesting, but not particularly important to know that it requires an average of two hours and 19 minutes to catch a fish in a fair-sized stream; it takes two hours and three minutes to land one from a big Ozark lake; only

Notes By The Way

The world's heaviest eaters are the Irish in Ireland, says the United Nations Statistical Yearbook for 1952. Irishmen averaged 3,500 calories a day in food intake in 1951, compared with the low, in India, of 1,570 calories per person. The United States placed seventh, with 3,210 calories per day per person; New Zealand, Australia, Switzerland, Canada, Sweden, Iceland and Finland were all ahead of the United States. —"Today's Health" Magazine.

That dog which limped into an animal hospital in Alabama all by itself, to get its gashed paw doctored up, was smart. He knew he needed human aid and where to get it. And he would be properly grateful when relieved of pain. Many animals are like that. If they have confidence in a human, they will endure great pain willingly to allow the person to remedy their troubles. An example of that is when a dog gets a mouthful of porcupine quills. It is terrifically painful to have these quills taken out, but most dogs will suffer in silence while it is being done. And when it is done, they will show by their looks how grateful they are. —Windsor Star.

Glacé Bay fishermen will do well to take advantage of a new source of income offered by a local firm that has agreed to supply all the Irish moss that can be gathered from the sea to a seaweed processing plant in New Bedford, Massachusetts. The demand for Irish moss is constant and steadily growing as the uses for it multiply. We learn that an extract from the moss is used in chocolate milk to keep the chocolate particles in the milk suspended and thus prevent them from sinking to the bottom of the bottle, that it has many other uses, in tooth paste and pie fillers and in bakers' cellophane wrapping around cakes to prevent the icing on the cakes from clinging to the wrapping. These undoubtedly are only a few of the purposes for processing Irish moss. —Sydney Post-Record.

One question is paramount in the minds of prospective fathers and mothers. Will the unborn babe be a boy or a girl? This has been one of mankind's greatest mysteries. Now some Spanish doctors believe they have a system which will detect the sex of the babe nine times out of ten. This may have no great value, except to expedite by a few months the time when the parents can get the answer to the riddle and they can adjust themselves to the facts. And it can be of assistance to the mother in whether to provide blue or pink baby clothes. If this detection becomes accurate, it still doesn't help parents plan their families into the desired number of boys and of girls. They still will have to take what they get, and make the best of it. —Windsor Star.

Education sometimes seems to consist of a never-ending, jactulose series of classrooms, chalkboards and curricula but when its habitat is the one and two-room schools of faraway Aklavik, Port Radium, Hay River and Tuktoyaktuk, it takes on a new and exciting tone. It is from points like these in the half-frozen Northwest Territories that teachers will come to Yellowknife for the special two-week summer school organized by the Department of Resources and Development's Northern Administration Division. This first school of its kind will provide, refresher and teacher qualification courses and it will emphasize arts and crafts instruction for teachers whose pupils need practice in such areas. —Ottawa Evening Citizen.

The Canadian Tourist Association has just published an informative booklet on how to cook to please tourists, and how to develop a truly Canadian cuisine. We have long needed such a stove and oven manual as this which advocates regional foods prepared with skill, cooked with art and served with style. Goodness knows, this country contains all the foods the human needs. It is cooks that we require, and we have never had a surplus. What we ought to serve are "pies like mother made" and other things in keeping. The problem is to find that sort of mother in these push-button days. —London Free Press.

The Age Old Story Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

The Passing Scene

By Observer TOURISM, SEMINARS, CARRIAGES, AND MUD There is no getting around the fact that many summer visitors to our Island shores are not "tourists" in the ordinary sense of that word. While I have no figures to go by I would hazard a guess that fully fifty per cent of them are former Islanders and their children who have come to spend a week or two, perhaps a month, with their relatives and friends. They spend a little money and their hosts see to it that they have a good time. This sort of holiday traffic is important and you find it everywhere but it is hardly correct to speak of it as tourist traffic. A tourist, properly speaking, is one who sets out to see new places and to find rest, or at least relaxation, in unfamiliar and strange surroundings. If he likes a particular spot he may decide to come back year after year. When enough people like the same place well enough to return to it a tourist "colony" gradually comes into existence. We have few, if any, such colonies here but there are some in the United States they make up an important social entity. One such colony with which I am fairly well acquainted is situated in North Central Michigan which has a climate very similar to our own. The year round population of the region is probably not more than five or six thousand. From June to September it rises to more than ten times that number. Perhaps half of these live in their own summer homes which include all types of dwelling from three room cottages to forty room mansions and all the trimmings. The rest live in hotels which for the most part are operated only in the "season". The visitors bring their own theatres, orchestras, church, tennis courts, stores, and even summer schools where those who feel like it may attend seminars on everything from home canning to Theosophy. The money they spend in farm produce, public utilities and services of one kind and another is very considerable. It all started many years ago when one and another began touring in search of something different and for one reason and another people from various sections of the country chose the same spot. There are scores of such colonies scattered over wide areas. Good fishing is always an attraction, though it is never quite as good as the folders try to make out. The cool nights come next in importance, followed closely by the absence of that invitation to genius commonly called "rag-weed". Mackinac Island in the Straits of Mackinac is a colony of a somewhat different kind. There the emphasis is on old-fashioned things mixed with ultra-modern ones. For example, there are no automobiles, but the hotels are up-to-the-minute in style and appointments. Carriages take the place of taxi-cabs and it is amazing to see a number of well-to-do Americans who will journey from far off places just for the privilege of driving from the dock to the hotel in a 19th century carriage.

I remember one elderly man who used to take his grand-children there every summer so that, in his own words, "they might see for themselves that a motor car is not a necessary adjunct to the good life". For some years now Mackinac has been a favourite spot for conventions. If you were to drop into one wing of the sumptuous Grand Hotel about this time of the year you would probably come across members of some labour union discussing their strength. And, as likely as not, in another wing of the same building a group of solemn Buckmanites would be confessing their weaknesses. Perhaps it ought to be remembered among the many impractical and visionary ideas that somehow get into my head from time to time, but I have a strong feeling that something resembling the instances I have quoted might be tried out here, though it might have to be on a smaller and less elaborate scale. Not for one moment would I suggest that our tourist officials are falling down on their jobs. Indeed, considering the facilities and financial resources at their disposal, it will be generally admitted that they are doing a splendid work. What I do feel, however, is that we might all use a little more imagination in our thinking concerning this whole matter of tourism. Somehow we don't seem able to "catch the ear" of those tourists who are in a position to go where they please and stay as long as they like. This is not to infer that the affluent tourist is any more desirable or should be given warmer welcome than his brother who has only a couple of weeks to spare and who must watch his pennies while he is at rest or play. But, since we are "out for tourists" we may as well make some real effort to get our share of the "cream" of the traffic. Certainly we have many natural attractions, some of them commonplace, a few of them extraordinary. One man who came here for the first time this year told me that the thing that impressed him more than anything else was the red soil of the island. He had never seen anything like it and he raved about it as if it were the golden sand of El Dorado. In fact, he had a package of it tucked away in the trunk of his car. To those of us who have been walking on this soil these many years and whose cars manage to get stuck in it every Spring and Fall it carries no romantic content. But there are many people now hidden in the prosaic hinterland of hot walls and steaming pavements who would find in the island mud a romantic response to their dreams, simply because it is unusual and can be reached only by long and patient journeying. Yes, the more I think of it the more I am persuaded that the colour of our mud should be proclaimed far and wide. While our beaches are clean and white, they can be duplicated in a thousand places. Our mud is unique.

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