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A. L. MILLER, Editor

STRENGTH IN DIFFERENCE—

The day after Louis St. Laurent was chosen leader of the Liberal party a reporter met a French-speaking member of parliament.

The M.P. was still obviously quite moved by what had happened a relatively few hours before when roaring thousands had acclaimed the successor to William Lyon Mackenzie King.

"You know," he said, "I couldn't believe they'd let us have it (the leadership)."

But they had, overwhelmingly. And now "they" — the English-Canadians—have given Mr. St. Laurent an equally overwhelming mandate to run the government.

Maybe now they'll listen to what he himself says about this perennial French-English question. He says—he said it repeatedly on the hustings—that "There is no doubt we are a united nation today."

Let's go on from there, he says. Let's not keep probing fearful fingers into the potential causes of division. Lets accept our differences, glory in them and let them make us a broader, deeper people.

In our different cultures, our different languages, our different heritage, he says, lies our real strength. They are not frailties but the springboards to a race and society of breadth and varied interest.

"We are a young people, barely on the threshold of the future destiny seems to have marked for us," said Louis St. Laurent again and again to the people from coast to coast.

And isn't there much in what this statesman says? Haven't we spent too long consulting our fears? Isn't it time to recognize that there are certain things the French will always be, certain things the English will always be, and there is plenty of room for both?

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SOAKING THE MIDDLE-CLASSES—

— By Lewis Milligan —

BEFORE and during the war, and even at the close of it, Mr. J. B. Priestley, the British novelist and playwright, was a rabid Socialist. Indeed, in some of his political writings and radio broadcasts he seemed to be quite ready to accept Communism, as in Russia. He worked for the election of the Labor Government and looked forward to a new era of social justice and plenty under a system of economic planning and nationalization. With the capitalist and the profit motive out of the way, there would be no more rich, and everybody would have a fair share of everything.

I believe that Mr. Priestley was very sincere in all this, for he had deep sympathy for the mill-workers of Lancashire and Yorkshire who suffered extreme poverty during the depression of the "thirties. But although he may still claim, to be a Socialist, he is a very critical if not a disillusioned one. Mr. Priestley does not like austerity, particularly in eatables and drinkables, for he is more than somewhat of an epicure. He pines for the former days when he could not only get a good square meal, but a good all-round one to sustain his rotundity and Falstaffian good humor. He still tries to be cheerful, but the effort is too obvious, and seriousness is always breaking in. He no longer rails against the idle rich, for there are none or few to rail against since they have been "soaked" into indigence, and he now has a kind word for the tax-ridden capitalists.

Mr. Priestley has come to realize that he himself, as a novelist and playwright, is a capitalist and is dependent upon profits for the maintenance of his enterprises. In his weekly letter to The New Statesman, the leading Socialist journal, he complains about the empty seats at the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts in London. "Too many of the people," he says, "who could appreciate such an orchestra could not afford to pay the price of admission." And he adds: "This is one of the results of being tough with the middle classes. If Joe Louis or the Dynamo football team had come to England, there would have been no empty seats; but then the people who prefer sporting contests to concerts still have some cash to spare — or spend it whether they have it to spare or not. Many middle-class parents spent less on themselves than any other section of the community except the poorest. - And some of them like books, music and drama; but now they have to watch every shilling. This is having its effect on our life here."

From this it would appear that the Government, having soaked the rich for all they were worth, are now soaking ("being tough") with the middle-classes, and Mr. Priestley doesn't like it, for it is upon those classes that he depends for the sale of his books and the patronage of his plays. He is not only a play-writer but also a producer, and he points out that although the charges for theatre seats have only increased ten per cent, "behind the scenes we are faced with expenses that are two or three hundred per cent higher than they were before the war."

Mr. Priestley puts the blame for these increased costs upon "adjustment by taxation, on which so much simple faith is pinned, especially by men outside the dusty arena of debits and credits." He gives the following example: "We will say that I am asked to pay $1,400 a week rent for a West End theatre that before the war rented for $600. Now, it is true that out of that excess $800 the Government in one way or another will take a whacking great cut. That gives Sir Stafford Cripps and perhaps Mr. Aneurin Bevan more money to play about with, but it still leaves me grappling with an uneconomic rent and brings serious theatrical production a few steps nearer bankruptcy." (I have converted Mr. Priestley's figures into Canadian money.)

Of course, the socialist way out of this financial difficulty would be for the Government to nationalize or subsidize theatrical productions But Mr. Priestley says he does not want that, because "sooner or later the Central Office of Information will be asking me what I propose to put on next—and why."

It seems that Mr. Priestley is, or was, quite willing that other production enterprises should be nationalized or controlled and heavily taxed by the government, but he draws the line at theatrical production in which he is himself engaged. He does not want the planners interfering with or dictating what he writes or produces on the stage. And as for his complaint about the Government "being tough" with the middle-classes in the way of taxation, who else is there to get tough with? The rich have been soaked, big industries have been nationalized and relieved of taxation, and the small businessman and salaried middle-class in general have to bear the increased burden of the "Welfare State."

O O O O O

QUOTE FROM YESTERDAY—

Wild animals never kill for sport. Man is the only one to whom the torture and death of his fellow-creatures is amusing in itself.

—J. A. Froude

On every road—night or day, Walk facing the traffic—it's the safest way.

Make it a habit to walk on the LEFT side of the road near the curb or shoulder. When you see oncoming cars, step off the road and avoid them.

GEO. H. DOUCETT, Minister

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS

JHW649

Pen, Scissors and Paste-pot

Will this be what Ruth Butts will be saying to her mother when the snow starts to fly this fall?

"Who's that stranger, Mother dear,
Look, he knows us, ain't he queer?
Hush, my dear, don't talk so wild,
That's your father, dearest child.'
That's my Father? no such thing
Father died away last spring.'
'Father didn't die, cherub;
Path r joined a golfing club.
Now the club is closed, so he
Has no place to go you see.
No place left for him to roam,
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss h m, he won't bite you child.
All them golfing guys look wild."

The place to go tonight is to the Ball Park to cheer the Lions Juvenile team to victory when they meet Empire in the second game of the Ontario play-offs. Trimmed by a score of fifteen to twelve in their first encounter the local lads are confident of victory in this game. The third game, if necessary, and it will be, will be also played at the Jarvis Park.

We often wonder how other people engaged in the business of writing feel like when a deadline draws near. About midnight, as a rule, we find inspiration hits its peak. The cover comes off the typewriter and barring something untoward happening we can usually bang out the required copy. But too often something happens. Take this week for instance. We were ruminating in our mind for some selected gems and had built right up to the peak to tear the cover off the typewriter and get to work. That's when the twelve o'clock newscast hit the air. The first item the announcer revealed was that a man's body had been found down at St Catharines encased in cement and that the police were looking for his son in whose home the body had been found. With that knowledge imparted to us our gems of thought faded into the ethereal atmosphere and we were right back to the point where our original ruminating began.

Sam Morris, editor of The Port Dover Maple Leaf, resents the action of the law in prosecuting resort concessionaires for operating on Sunday contrary to the provisions of The Lord's Day Act. It was recently noted that the operator of a miniature golf course was prosecuted for operating on Sunday while private courses (which are open to the public) operate without restraint. No further evidence than that is needed to prove that Sam is right. We agree with a lot of people who regret seeing Sunday being disregarded as a day of rest, but at the same time as guilty as they probably are in violating that Biblical injunction. So far as we personally are concerned, we can get along nicely without resort concessionaires. But judging by the number who patronize them every sunny summer Sunday it is what the people want and there can be no man-made law that will prevent it. If such a law only serves to interfere with a freedom the people want it can only be harmful in the end. If a Sunday blue law is to be observed and enforced it must treat all alike. But what we want to see happen on Sunday will not be brought about by any man-made law

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This Week - -

— By Alan Donnelly —

A rash of fifty-seven forest fires burning across the province at the first of this week again highlighted Ontario's perennial timberland problem.

Forestry officials, anxious over bushland tinder dry after days of late-summer heat, were watching for weather changes which could alter the situation.

Nineteen new fires broke out last week-end. Two were started by lightning; the others were blamed on careless campers and blueberry pickers.

All fires were reported under control. They stretched from Nipigon, in northwestern Ontario, to the Belleville area in the east.

At the end of last week fire in 1,600 acres of timber in the Port Arthur area broke free from fire fighters and spread across four hundred more acres. Only a providential rain on Sunday stopped its further spread.

Near Belleville, city firemen stopped a racing fire in seventy-five acres of cedar bush just before it reached the farmhouse of John Haig. It had spread in little more than an hour.

Another small fire, started Saturday, menaced farm homes near the Lake Simcoe summer resort of Willow Beach. A few miles to the south a stubborn bush fire which began last week was still burning in slash timber near the Village of King.

But the greatest concentration of fires is in the Temiskaming area. Firefighters at the first of the week were controlling sixteen blazes there.

Lands Minister Scott said the province has had 1,060 forest fires so far this year. They have damaged valuable forest growth in 24,397 acres.

Ontario's agricultural crops this year will bring the province's farmers some $900,000,000.

The estimate was made by Agriculture Minister Kennedy after a three-week tour of the province. Back in Toronto he said: "It won't beat last year's record of $1,071,000,000, but it will be a good average year."

Col. Kennedy saw a "healthy sign" in the Rainy River district, where the crops were good and men were returning to the farm. There were 1,400 farmers in the district before the war and only 900 during the war. Now there are 1,200.

Stan Mitchell says

"You don't own your own home until it is protected by a mortgage insurance policy"

Confederation Life Association Jarvis

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Skinny men, women gain 5, 10, 15 lbs.
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What a thrill! Ronz Hinke fat out; ugly bulges did up; neck no longer scrawny; body now had slim, graceful appearance. Mrs. Ruth Wood, of Flint, Michigan, says, "Wish we could announce it. We are now proud of shapely, healthy-looking bodies. They think the special vitamin-building, iron-containing tonic, Ostrex, its tonic, stimulative, invigorating effect on appetite and digestion so much good in building strength and nourishment, put flesh on bare bones. Don't fear getting too fat. Most when you've gained the 5, 10, 15 or 20 lbs. you need for normal weight, you'll say, "Stop!" Ostrex Tonic Tablets for sale by Jarvis Rexall Drug Store. Ostrex Tablets for sale by Jarvis Rexall Drug Store. Ostrex Tablets for sale by Jarvis Rexall Drug Store. Ostrex