JOHN F. MAGOR

G. P. WOODSIDE General Manager

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Cart before the horse

FIE annual arguments in the United Chinese government, of which the or congressman before the man has latest happened last week, are a farce.

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Far more than half of the members of UN accept the American fiction that Chiang Kai-shek and his friends on the island of Formosa are the government of China. So long as this majority holds, it will be procedurally absurd to propose that the Peking government be accepted in UN as China's spokesman.

This is like proposing an alien new-Nations about the seating of the comer to Canada or the U.S. as an MR become a naturalized citizen.

Canada might set an influential example to other "middle" or small powers by establishing diplomatic relations with Peking. But on this question of policy Canada, unfortunately and unnecessarily, has accepted the role of American satellite.

—The Financial Post.

Let's face it!

A tradition that banking and money are so abstruse that they should not be discussed has long disappeared in Canada. John S. Proctor, president of the Imperial Bank of Canada, who seems to be developing a knack for saying exactly what many people are thinking, has called on the Ottawa Government to put the facts about tight money before the public.

Tight money?? Yesterday the Government was selling a mixed bag of short-term bonds and treasury bills on which it will pay as high as 6.61%. It needs the money, and it pays the interest rate required to obtain it. But if Ot-

tawa pays interest rates like this, then other borrowers will have to pay higher rates or go without. The stock market sags as funds flow to the bond market to enjoy such rich yields. It sure is tight money.

Mr. Proctor says tight money is "imposed" and Ottawa should explain why. His point is well taken. The business community is mature enough to understand the mysteries of banking and money. Every businessman has his own explanation. The Government should -The Toronto Telegram.

By James K. Nesbitt VICTORIA REPORT

VICTORIA—In the legislative Press Gallery's work room in the Legislative Buildings here in your capital city, we have a picture gallery of noted politicians, newspapermen and civil servants of the past.

Every now and then I look up from pounding my typewriter and there they are—and when I see them I think back to many of those men I knew and who were so kind and encouraging to me when I was a young reporter. They gave me their confdience and they trusted me, and I trusted them, and they helped me, and they taught me to respect most politicians as men who do their best to serve the public interest and who are mostly completely

Let's travel along the row of pictures: First is Royal Lethington "Pat" Maitland, a happy-warrior if ever there was one, B.C. Conservative leader and attorney-general in the first Coalition government, who died in 1946; next to him is that famous father-andson team of Winch, Ernest and Harold, the former now dead, the latter MP for Vancouver-East; and then comes doughty old "Duff" Pattullo, our 1933 to 1941 premier, a man who carved out a monumental career in this province, a man who would not compromise his political principles and who stepped down from the premiership rather than do so.

There's Dr. S. F. Tolmie, that kindly man, but poor politician who was our 1928 to 1933 premier and next to him is Charlie Banfield, longtime King's Printer, who died in his 80s just a few months ago.

Now comes B.C. Nicholson, one of the greats of Canadian newspapermen, editor of the Victoria Times, who dropped dead at his desk in 1936; and next to him is his old friend John Hart, our 1941-47 premier; and then "Boss" Johnson, the 1947-52 premier; Gordon Wismer, several times attorney-general and then H. G. T. Perry, one time Mr. Speaker and minister of education and former owner of The Prince Rupert Daily News.

The Carson brothers are there, Ernie who was a Conservative and minister of public works and Robert who was a Liberal and Mr.

There's C. K. Courtenay, clerk of the House more than 25 years ago, and, at the end of the row. Cornelius Moriarty, for many years the Canadian Press representative in the Press Gallery, adviser to politicians and raconteur

extraordinary. It was a fine experience to have known so many of these men, and to every now and then sit quietly and think of their lives, of their good cheer, of their lack of bitterness. too, and to realize that they lived fully, worked hard and were never deliberately mean.

CMA considers fringe benefits "second salary"

industry in June, 1957, were \$1.61; twelve months later they were up to \$1.67; by June of this year they had reached \$1.73, a gain of 12 cents an hour-or about \$5.00 a week-in the

past two years.

Clearly, the business recession of 1957-58, while damaging to profits, didn't hurt wages any. But this doesn't come near to telling the whole story. Invariably overlooked in any discussion of wages are those supplementary benefits which so many employees receive nowadays. We mean, of course, the forgotten

A recent survey of 108 Canadian companies provides a revealing insight into the extent of these fringe benefits in the year 1957. As might be imagined, the trend, like that of wages, is decidedly upwards, so much so in fact that it is not stretching things overly to think of fringes as a "second salary."

For the purposes of the survey, the various payments covered by the term "fringe benefits" include the following: paid vacations, paid holidays, other paid time off (family reasons, jury duty, etc.), pension plans, welfare plans (group life, medical, sick payr etc.), severance and termination plans, savings and thrift plans, today than it was even two years ago. other non-cash benefits (free lodging, recreational projects, etc.), unemployment insurance,

Average hourly earnings in manufacturing workmen's compensation and old age security. It's a pretty formidable list, and it adds up to a pretty formidable amount. In fact, as percentage of the payroll of the 108 companies surveyed it comes to no less than 16.4 per cent—or \$701 per employee.

How far are such impressive statistics typical of Canadian industry? We can only say that these 108 companies were drawn from a variety of industry groups and had among them a total of more than half-a-million employees. Significantly, too, comparison of this study with one carried out in the United States—also for 1957—indicates that the total outlay for fringes in Canada and the U.S. does not differ greatly with respect to the major benefits.

All of which seems to prove that, as someone has said, "that word fringe is rapidly becoming a misnomer: it's getting to be more like the fringe with the surrey on top!" Be that as it may, \$701 a year per employee over and above wages is quite an item to be found out of company earnings—much too big a one

to be forgotten about. And, of course, if there is one thing we can be sure about it is that the amount per employee, like hourly earnings, is markedly higher

-Industry-Published by The Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Meditations on Spain

The favorable notices that Franco Spain has been receiving in and from the United States in recent weeks should not go without corrective. Power politics have generally transcended what George Kennan once called "legalistic-moralistic" principles. Nevertheless, when the United States "embraces" a dictator it should be done with open eyes as well as

open arms. There was a reminder of this elementary principle in a nows item published on Wednesday taken from The Times, of London. That newspaper's correspondent had gone to Burgos, Spain, and written a moving and shocking story about the treatment of more than 400 political prisoners who have been in Burgos jail from twelve to twenty years under in-

humane conditions. About two weeks ago the Guardian of Manchester printed an editorial headed: "Spanish Torture." It called attention to protests made by the Madrid Bar Council and also by lawyers of the Barcelona Bar, The former group condemined the Spanish Government "for permitting the use of terture." The latter sent documents to the Archbishop of Barcelona "dosoribing in appalling detail how the strikers they defended last December were maltreated.

by the police so as to get them to confess." This, refers to 1050. One could go back to

1958 and each earlier year for similar stories. The Franco Government, nevertheless, blandly insists that there are no political prisoners in Spain, If that is the case, why does it not allow foreign correspondents to visit a prison like that of Burgos so that they can see for ---New York Times.

My fire safety pledge

pledge to remove fire hazards from my home

will, not kill by smoking in bed or being careless when I do smoke,

will not clean clothes or start fires with gasoline or other flammable liquids. will not throw away matches without first

being sure they are out.

will check my heating appliances and chimneys at regular intervals.

'will not place hot ashes and coals in anything but a metal container and will not leave these containers sitting on a wooden floor. will protect all woodwork close to smoke pipes with asbestos and metal, leaving an air space of at least two inches between this protection and the pipe.

will not use pennies, hairpins, foil and such as electric fuses.

AUTUMN SETTING — The Crucifixion statuary in a small cemetery at Cascades, Que., is dramatically silhouetted by the sky pattern of an autumn sunset. The photograph was taken by Montreal Gazette photographer Walter Edwards. —CP photo.

All Aboard with G. E. Mortimore

PARIS— There was an old blind woman with a stick held out in front of her, groping through the labyrinths of the Paris Metro—the underground railway network.

She asked the way to the Porte de la Chapelle line, and by a miracle, I understood what she said and was able to help. That happened to be the way we were going, and there were signs overhead to mark the route.

So we guided her there, exchange a few words with her. I believe there is more satisfaction in managing to meet and talk to people of another country—in no matter how stumbling and primitive a way—than in seeing all the museums, palaces and art galleries in the world.

"We're going to the Place Pigalle," I said. She grinned, and rubbed together her thumb and forefinger, to indictate that the denizens of that quarter were expert at parting visitors from their

We settled her in a seat in the underground train though not, as it happened, in one of the seats reserved for those disabled in war, the blind, and expectant mothers, on a scale of priority ahead of the general public.

This lady, like many other French people I met, was tolerant of my clumsy attempts: to frame a few words in French, desicient as I was in grammar, idiom and vocabulary. I think she sometimes smiled and pretended to understand when in fact she did not understand.

We stopped at the Place Pigalle and walked through Montmartre. We had been sightseeing there late the previous night—my wife and and our friend Courtney Tower. On that occasion, we had walked down the Boulevard de Clichy to the famous Moulin Rouge,

The modern Moulin Rouge appeared to be a glossy place catering to tourists. Like many other people, we hated to admit that we were tourists. Anyway, we did not feel in a " night-club mood. So we strolled back the way we had come, and sat at an outdoor table for a cool drink, observing on ? the way the ladies of the night stationed like soldiers on guard at doorways, every few

These professional women looked neat and smart enough. If one of them had appeared on one of those television programs in which clover people try to guess the subject's oncupation, she might have given the panel some diffi-

That was last night. Today we walked uphill, through cobbled, bent and crotchety streets, and squares where the-outdoors, protending to be oblivious of passors-by; where I silhouette merchants and portrait-while-you-wait men plied | their trades.

The restaurants of the upper levels had a faintly opulent look which hinted at high prices. We avoided them, It is unici that a big percentage of

serious artists and would-be artists moved out of this quarter long ago as the curiosityseekers moved in. And perhaps the charm of these tilted streets is too obvious to hold the interest of painters, who are fidgety people, always looking for something new.

We paused in front of the Sacre Coeur basilica, looked down at a panorama of the city, wrapped in sunshine and haze; and then we descended So we guided her there, a steep path through gar-and on the way. I was able to dens, and came to a halt at a Norman-style cafe, where we tried to slake a raging thirst with home-made Normandy cider from unlabelled bottles

Not school job From The Ottawa Journal

and Perrier mineral water.

We remain to be convinced that education in car driving should be made part of compulsory education, Police and other authorities

naturally worried about traffice accidents would include good driving instruction in the curriculum.

We would rather see schools concentrate on teaching children to think. If they attain a sense of responsibility they will be quite able to observe the traffic laws and, more important, accept the reasons for observing them.

No wonder provincial and 'other authorities want aid in dealing with difficulties caused by the automobile. But when they look to teachers to do the work of the police or traffic authorities or driving schools they are expecting too

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One of my old comrades in the infantry of the first war turned out to be a burglar in civil life. In the army, he never went hungry. He was never caught short of any kit on kit inspection. In fact, he was the type of good soldier who could always be counted upon in a

pinch. More than once, when ular Item for a special occasion, such as a goose for dinner while entertaining staff officers, or a com-

plete set of brightly" polished head chains for o u r regimental transport prior to an imminent inspection by the

general officer commanding the division, anything, large or small, I had only to speak to this comrade-in-arms and the matter was attended to with the utmost despatch. In the night, he would take all our rusty old head chains and exchange them for those of the transport of one of the more spit-and-polish units on our flanks. An invaluable man.

Brief sermons

Sometimes the best way to liven up a party is to leave.

Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

But on our return to civil life, I was distressed to learn he had already done several stretches in prisons in the United States and Canada, and

while burglarizing a bank president's mansion. He has been in and out ever since, until his death last

he promptly revealed his true

vocation by getting arrested

found in his wallet, containing a cryptic message: "Theft is not theft until you

are caught."

His widow sent me an envel-"Only a return to sanity can" ope addressed to me that she save the world," writes a syn:: dicated brain. As a last resort, maybe—but surely there

must be some easier way. ...

Prove ability

From The

Peterborough Examiner

It would be senseless to pro-

pose driving tests for every

motorist every two years be-

cause there would not be

enough inspectors. However,

if it were made a condition,

that every motorist convicted

drive his car until he had sat-

isfied a magistrate of his com-

petence on a test subsequent

to his conviction, a large num

ber of undesirable drivers

would be removed from the

of a driving offense could not

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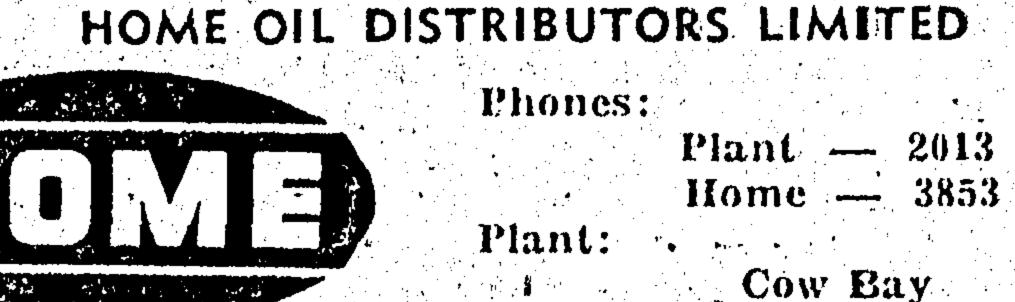
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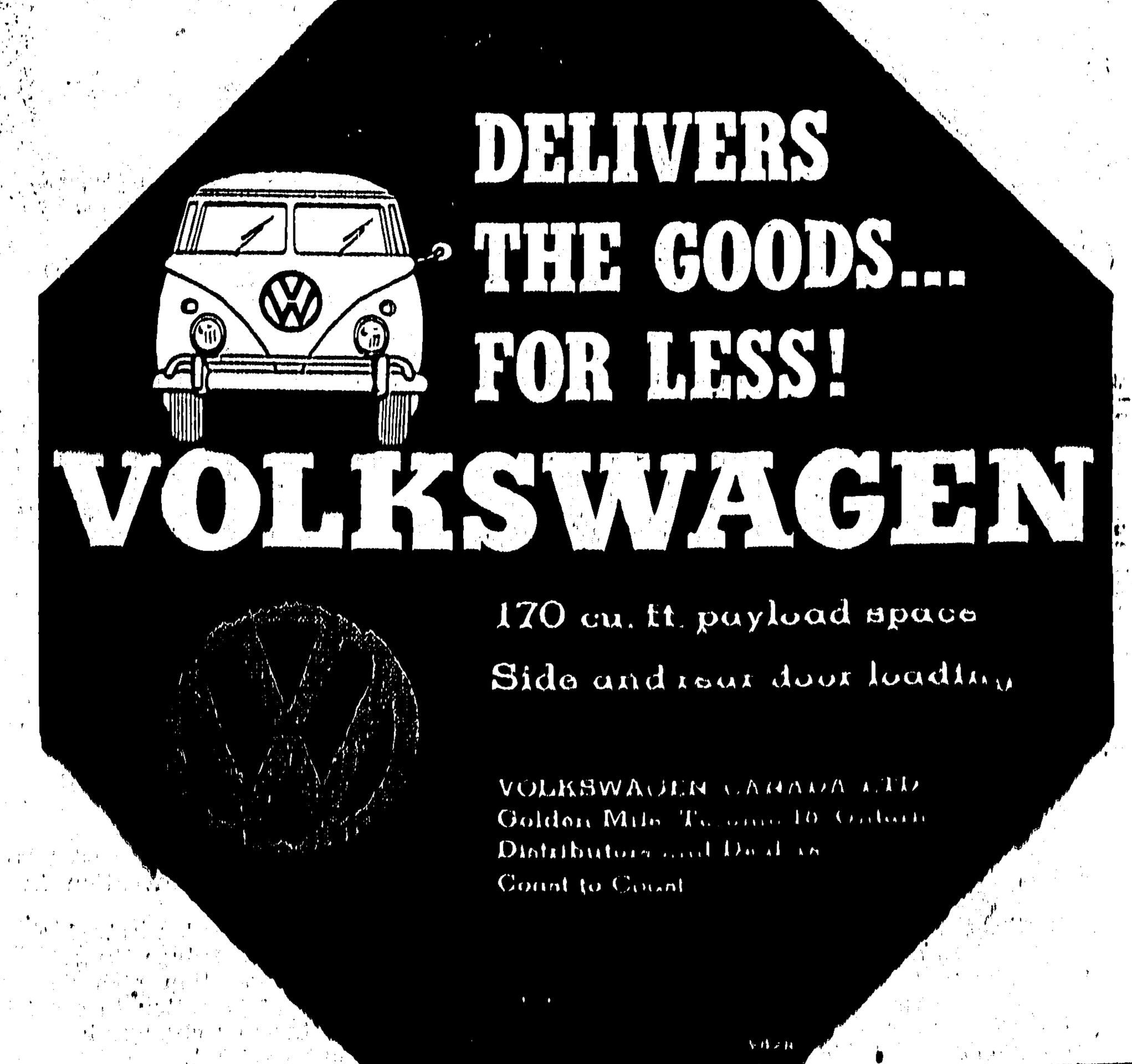
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