JOHN F. MAGOR President

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Poisoners low form of life

causes our blood pressure to rise, we be charged. cannot abide people who sneak around destroying other people's pets. The fact that 10 dogs have died throughout the city for a mysterious reason is not a coincidence and it is the considered opinion of veterinarian Dr. J. D. Proctor of Smithers that the dogs were killed by strychnine. Few dogs die of heart attacks and dogs hit by cars are easily recognizable. It would appear that someone has a hate on against dogs and with the typical low mind of the poisoner has decided to take the law into his own hands.

Well, he doesn't have to. There are sufficient laws in Prince Rupert to control dogs. If they are unlicenced and loose they can be picked up and destroyed humanely. If they are licenced and still loose, and are causing a nuisance they can be picked up and impounded and the owner has a chance to claim them within a certain time. Sooner or later you're going to slip If they are not claimed they can be up in your filthy work and with luck, destroyed humanely. Any dog causing you'll be placed behind bars.

Mhile a multitude of dogs running sufficient noise to be disturbing the wild or chasing cars along the public can be rounded up under the streets creating a traffic hazard anti-noise bylaw and the owner can

However, taking the law into one's own hands is frowned on, if not discouraged in Canada. If fact there are laws against it and the poisoner, whoever he is, should know that Section 386 of the Criminal Code states:

"Everyone who wilfully and without lawful excuse (a) Kills, maims, wounds, poisons or injures dogs, birds or other animals who are not cattle and are kept for lawful purposes or (b) Places poison in such a position that it may be easily consumed by dogs, birds or other animals . . . is guilty of an offence punishable on summary conviction."

The penalty for such an offence ranges from a fine up to a maximum of two years less a day in a provincial jail.

So watch your step Mr. Poisoner.

Bookstand filth

Few problems of contemporary community life seem more baffling than one that has contain as much "literature" as is calculated to recently been much under discussion in Vic- qualify them as borderline cases in the eyes of toria: how to rid the bookstands lastingly of justice. And Attorney-General Robert Bonner reading matter that sinks far below common—has realistically noted the obstacles that stand standards of morality and healthy-mindedness, in the way of securing convictions in borderwithout turning Mrs. Grundy loose upon less—line instances of having possession for sale of offensive literature and art.

Perhaps the problem can never be fully solved unless the unlikely day comes when the national conscience regards the dangers of published corruption and perversion as out-Armening the dangers that exist in censorship, communication of the constraint of the constrain good and intelligent. That day, happily for Canada's tradition of freedom from state conand expression, is not in sight. The cure being worse than the disease, Canadian communities are left with less effective remedies, and none has yet proved entirely satisfactory. But that is no reason why they should not be used.

The difficulty is in dividing filth for dirt's sake from sex for art's sake.

The average, normal adult has no trouble in telling the difference, nor in seeing that recurrently an abundance of material appears on the stands that is designed only to be sexually excerting or to appeal to warped instincts.

But practically always such publications obscene material.

The expressed determination of the Victoria police commission to prosecute whenever possible; therefore, and its appeal to the public to report confidentially any suspected magazines or books, may appear to hold scant promise of success. Attempts to convict sellers of smut, however, can be expected to have a salutary effect even if they fail, and thus it is to be hoped that the police will have the fullest and most sensible co-operation of the public in this regard.

But even more important is it that social and if necessary economic pressure to clean up the bookstands and keep them clean be exerted continuously by the community. Sporadic waves of indignation have resulted in temporary improvements; the need is for unremitting display of the distaste of parents and citizens not only for filth and abnormality in word and picture, but for those who would purvey it.

GREAT RITUAL OF OFFICE LIFE You never know your friends until you're ill

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK — One of the great rituals of

office life is visiting "the one who is III." In a large business firm there is always

someone coming down with nicers, a strange virus, or just plain gravel in his gizzard, They say you never know who your true friends are in the office until you fall sick. It is also a good time to find out who your sincere

Here are a few types of visitors from your office you are probably famillar with:

chemies are.

Hungry Hubert --- He arrives just as they bring in your evening meal. "I wouldn't overlond my stomach at a time like this," he says. Hubert lets you have the soup and crackers. Then he eats your bread and butter, roast beef and potatoes and dessert.

Ambitious Albert -- He has always wanted your job. "Have they given you the last rites yet?" he asks hopefully. When you shake your head no, he goes to the nearest bar to drown

lds sorrow. Opportunistic Oscar -- "How about a little ghi rummy?" he demands, pulling out a deck of cards and shuffling them on your stomach. He

feels sure that in your weakened condition he

Associated Press Staff Writer can win back the \$3.17 he lost to you in the locker room two weeks before.

> Coated-Tongue Charlie -- The office hypochondriae inquires about your symptoms in detail, asks to see your incision, if any. The next morning, early, he is wheeled into the next room as an emergency case. Overnight he has come down with your allment.

> Doleful Delbert --- On the side he helps his brother-in-law sell life insurance: "Remember old Jim in the shipping department who passed away last year? He had only \$3,000 in insurance. Now I hear his wife and daughters are

> taking in washing." Hearty Harry "Boy, you never looked better in your life!" yelps the office's professional pepper-upper, slapping you so nard that he rips open three sutures. Then he sits down and reads you gags from old jokebooks until you go

into a coma, exhausted. His Omnipotence --- The boss comes in swinging a golf club. "Take all the time you need and don't worry," he burbles, "I've got one of the younger executive trainers filling in for you and he's doing a real bang-up jab."

That does it. Pale and wan, you show up at work the next day

BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT

Forecast of investment increase cheers economy

By FORBES RHUDE Canadian Press Business Editor

Porecasts of increased capital investment, a move towards freer trade, and a sobar look at povernment finances were principal items in last week's economic news.

Adding substance to the more hopeful aspects of over-all projections was a continuing nun of individual announcements of new or expanded en**torprises.**

From across the border came indications that reports of the early-year hesitation in the American advance may have been exaggerated, even if the current advance falls considerably thort of being boom-like.

Stock markets, vulnerable at present high levels it the economic advance is not maintained, took encouragement from the slightly better American news and ended the week on the rise, though without much onthusiasm.

On the Canadian front, a survey by the department of trade and commerce made late last year indicates capital investment this year of \$8,596,000,000, or six per cent more than in 1961.

Capital investment includes everything that is added to the country's physical equipment by individuals, business and governments --- including houses, business premises, industrial plants, schools, hospitals and so on. It was probably the most dynamic force behind Canadian post-war expansion and its expected pickup, after a few years of doldrums and decrease, may have more significance than the actual increase indicates.

Of the predicted total, business investment is expected to be up 2.3 per cent at \$4,727,000,000. The fregr-trade development was a series of tariff-entting agreements made by the United States with 24 countries, including Canada,



20TH CENTURY CHALLENGE

Royal Commission on Health clearing house for knowledge submitted to them by doctors,

By G. E. MORTIMORE First of a Series

Six men and a woman with the power of life or death over thousands of Canadians visited British Columbia last

They were the members of the Royal Commission on Health Services-Chief Justice Emmett Hall of Saskatchewan, chairman—now moving into Ontario and Quebec on the last stretch of their information-gathering journey across

Spectacular leap forward

Medical knowledge has made a spectacular leap forward in the last 10 years. Most germ diseases have been conquered or soon will be. Those great killers, cancer and heart disease, are under attack from several directions—biochemical research, chemotherapy and surgery.

"In 1913 only one cancer patient in 10 survived,' Prof. Herman Somers and Anne Somers reported in their authoritative book, "Doctors, Patients and Health Insurance" (Brookings Institution, 1961).

"Now ... one third are cured-that is, free of disease at least five years after diagnosis . . . That proportion could be raised to one-half if

presently known methods of detection and treatment were generally known and promptly applied."

inet ministers and 'ordinary

citizens, and from their own

sources of information, the

commissioners will compile a

report to guide the nation's

The commission has the

power to save lives, because

its report can influence Par-

liament and the public to

spend more money on medical

research, the training of doc-

tors and plans for preventing

illness and sharing its cost.

health policy.

In other words, some people die because they do not see a doctor. It is the job of the royal commission to bring doctors and patients together. A new conception of citizen-

ship, based on a cool, rational interpretation of the theme "I am my brother's keeper, has been taking shape in re-Its outlines would have

emerged even if there had been no royal commission on health services, but the commission can be a clearinghouse for knowledge and a focus for people's random en-

In the P.M.'s office

From The Ottawa Journal The nowest picture on the wall of the prime minister's office in the East Block is one of Mount Full, the sacred mountain, given Mr. Diefenbaker in October by the Prime Minister of Japan, who said it was his favorite view of the peak and took it down from his own office to give his

Nothing will displace in Mr. Diefenbaker's time the pertrait of Bir John A. Macdonald which was installed over the office fireplace soon after the change in government brought about the predictable displacement of a picture of

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Macdonald portrait shows the first prime minister sporting a flamboyant red tie and there is a delicate touch of red on the old first minister's nose that is not missed by

TODAY IN HISTORY

By The Canadian Press March 14, 1962 . . . Fred Rose, Lubor - Progressive member of Parliament,was arrested on espionage charges 16 years ago today--in 1048. He was sentenced June 20 to six years in prison and expelled from Parliament. 1704—Isli Whithny patented

the cotton gin, 1988—A mala hair to tha an-. clent throng of Monneo was born to Princess Grace and Prince Rainter.

those who have read of his convivial ways.

With Mount Fuji on his right Sir John now has on his left a reproduction of the Bill of Rights, framed and in a place of honor as an indication of Mr Diefenbaker's partigular pride in this legisla-

The wall opposite the window which looks out on the parllament Hill lawn is occurpled by a large fish caught by Mr. Diefenbaker on a journey to the South. Opposite his desk on the third wall are photographs of the Queen and Prince Philip.

The drapes on the window have a wheat-sheaf motif dolleate gold color. The fireplace, where the coals used to glow comfortably on cold days, now is blocked with a pollshed metal cover and the imaginative and kindly would any that if the fire could be Ilt occasionally Sir John's nose might be a litle less red.

The lighter side

The outspoken Texan was watching his first bull fight. Time after time the instador apread his cape in front of the charging bull, only to sweep th around him as the bull swept past. The Texan couldn't stance

th any more. "Buy Bud," he yelled. "We ain't never going to run into that sack unloss you hold it

Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt he has been there ever since,

nearly a week, it's never as exciting in the Legislature. It's something like home without a mother.

Oppositionists dearly love to bait Mr. Bennett; sometimes he ignores them, which they don't like, but generally he nibbles on their bait, thus giving himself an excuse to make

a big speech. have been observing the Legislature, from the Press Gallery, for quite some years now, and I have seen four premiers in action, T. D. Pattullo, John Hart, Byron Johnson and W. A. C. Bennett. So that 1 do not date myself, I must explain that my recollections of Mr. Pattullo, as premier, are somewhat hazy, but I was there just the same. And hope I'm still there in the spring of 1965 to see if Mr. Bennett beats Richard Mc-Bride's record as longest-term premier in B.C. history. Mr. Bennett, I would say,

makes more speeches than Messrs. Pattullo, Hart and Johnson ever did, perhaps more than the three of them combined. Of four, he has been premier longer than any of these three. In the Pattullo, Hart and Johnson eras, it was the technique for the premier--and cabinet ministers, too-to remain as silent as possible. That's why sessions, in those days, were shorter than they are today. Cabinet ministers did not read long

reports of their departments ---which, I must say, I feel is wasted time and getting no-Opposition Leader Robert Strachan likes to make out that Premier Bennett is so arrogant and dictatorial, so bossy and so snippy, that he never tells the Legislature anything of what goes on in high places. Mr. Strachan

He'd find out that compared to Messrs. Pattullo, Hart and Johnson, Mr. Bennett is an absolute blabber-mouth. Speaking of history, I am often shacked how little MLA's know of our quite fascinaling political history. If I was a rich man I'd offer a big eash prize to MLA's for histories of their ridings, including a list of MLA's from the beginning of time, which, In B.C., Is 1871, When B.C. beeame a province of Canada, and not, as Mr. Bennett and

A human graament in the Legislative Unildings is Ned de Book, the Clerk of the House. He was 70 a few days ago. He was born in New Westminstor whon William Smythe was Promier and Clement Prancis Cornwall the Lieut,-governor. It's Mr. Book's duty to kaop track of overything that woon on in the Legislature. He keeps the records for posterity. It's his segand carear; ha was about ready to retire from the civil sorvice in 1040 when the House clerkship fell vacant. He was drafted temporarily, and

dit came to power in B.C.

walking proof that it's nonsense to retire people at 65. When he turned 79 many heartfelt honors fell his way.

for he's the kind of human being you can't help lovingquiet, steadfast, well . . . just genuine. Mr. Speaker Hugh Shantz, his boss, gave him a luncheon, complete with fancy birthday cake, in the Legislative Restaurant. In the House, attorney-general Bonner, Opposition Leader Strachan and Liberal leader Perrault wished him happy birthday, and there was an ovation for him. The Legislative Press Gallery made him an honorable life member, and in this exclusive little coteria he joined two others: former Lieutgovernor Frank Mackenzie

Ross and former Premier By-

ron Johnson.

means, had a leather strap in one ple-headed leather punches. nunching a series of holes in the strap.

Of Gregory Clark

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a clerk was showing me a se-

lection of files from which to

choose one I wanted, when he

nudged me. I looked at him,

and a nod of the

the next coun-

a customer

and he indicated with his eyes

In the hardware department, \

When he had finished, he but the leather punch back on the display counter where it belonged, rolled the strap up, put it in his pocket, and walk-

"Why buy one," said the clork with a smile, "when you can borrow one? The last time t interrupted a customer helpag himself like that, he was using a hack saw to cut a small piece of pipe he took ream his packet. When I protested, he was quite indignant. Why, he demanded, should be buy a hack saw when he only ngeded it once in two or three

Apparently we are not entirely the reckless, spendthrift generation we are accused of

With the classics

Out of the hills of Habersham, Down the valleys of Hall. I hurry amain to reach the

Run the rapid and leap the fall, Split at the rock and together

Accept my bed, or narrow or And flee from folly on every

With a lover's pain to attain the plain

Far from the hills of Haber-Far from the valleys of Hall -Sidney Laniers

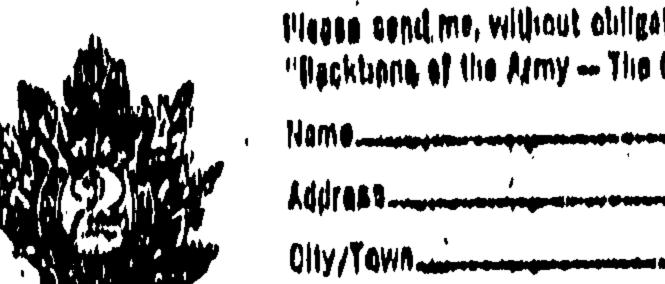
Quote, unquote

J. Scott Feggans, vice-president. Dominion Stores Ltd.: "Variety stores are selling afood, food stores are selling gasoline, and gas stations ago selling toys . . . grocery stores are discounting vitamins, drug stores are discounting toothpaste, and the toothpaste companies are getting in the can-i ned and frozen food business."

EDITOR'S NOTE-Signed articles! and editorials credited to other' newspapers do not necessarily refleet the views of The Dally News.;

it's a great life in the





fileges send me, without obligation, your pamphilet entitled "Nackbone of the Army -- The Consdian Intentry".