

Independent daily newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.

Census and Business

BUSINESS MEN everywhere will be watching the results of Canada's 1951 census with a keen eye to business changes.

For to them the census can provide the key to what the future may hold in profits and losses, new markets and new industrial development.

Many advertising firms may re-work all their future advertising campaigns based on what the census discloses: regional shifts in population, swings in buying tastes and buying power.

In fact, so important has the census become to Canadian business that many requests have been made to cut the time-lag between surveys from 10 to five years.

Mainly, the census will provide a tri-pronged service to Canada's business, expanding at trigger-fast speed.

1. It will show the changes in buying habits and trends of the Canadian consumer.

2. It will give the business man an idea of how he is faring, compared with others in the same business.

3. It will bring to the practical business man a final touch of realism to the saga of Canada's amazing industrial growth in the last 50 years.

Most of the business men will be anxious to know just which way the markets are shifting. Where is the purchasing power being built up? Vancouver? Montreal? Halifax? Prince Rupert?

These questions are important. They lead to intensified advertising campaigns in those areas where selling prospects look good. And, of course, they may lead to establishment of new branch stores, new factories in those areas where marketing is perking up.

Looks Like Controls

IT WAS a pretty shocking increase that the Canadian cost-of-living index took during the month of February—no less than 4.5 points to a new high of 179.7.

Inflation is certainly here now and, while we may be reluctant to admit it, something most assuredly must be done to stay the vicious spiral which is quickly pushing the ordinary citizen of fixed income, the pensioner and such like to the economic wall.

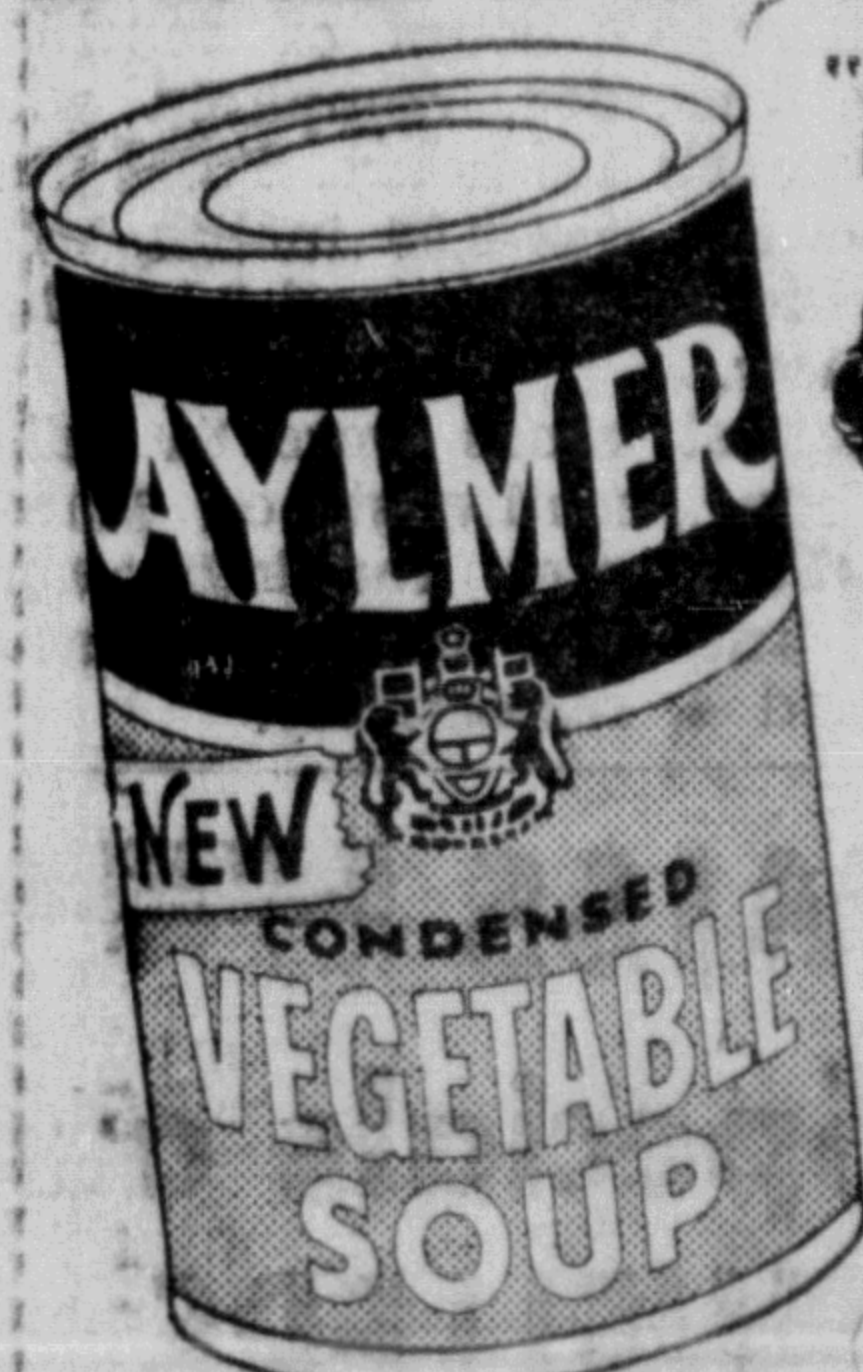
It seems to be getting past the point where much can be expected in the way of meeting the situation by merely appealing for less buying and a cutting down of the standard of living.

There would appear to be logic in the contention that an emergency exists which justifies decisive action—just as it did in wartime when Canada had a control system which kept the country in economic equilibrium and which was the model that many other countries envied.

Scripture Passage for Today

"Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—Luke 11:9.

NEW More Vegetables Rich Beef Stock



"Packed in B.C." That's why you'll say this NEW 'country-style' soup by AYLMEER is the BEST SOUP YOU EVER TASTED

AYLMEER NEW VEGETABLE SOUP YOUR FAMILY DESERVES AYLMEER QUALITY

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

THE LOAD ON NEHRU

BOMBAY, India. — I had intended to postpone any general conclusions about this Indian trip until the end. But things have a way of happening, to upset plans.

This seems like a good time to say what is really the most important conclusion reached on this trip:

India has made remarkable progress toward solving many of the most difficult questions which faced the newly independent nation. Yet there is, at least throughout that part of the land which I have visited, a deep sense of future crisis.

Amongst all sorts of people you hear expressed in one way or another the impression that there is a big bust-up coming at some time or another. Estimates differ widely as to when that bust-up is likely to occur.

But—significantly and most dangerous of all—everybody agrees that there will be no such bust-up while Mr. Nehru is on the job.

NEHRU OCCUPIES a place in the minds of the people about half-way between that rendered to Gandhi and the rest of the other politicians. That is, the people here put him in a class by himself.

The only other leader who has a personal prestige remotely approaching that of Nehru is Nair, the Socialist chief. But, whereas nobody—not even the wildest optimist in the Socialist Party—dreams that the Socialists can win this year's election, everybody assumes that Nehru will head the government of India for as long as he has the life and health to do so.

THAT BRINGS ME to the very heart of the most important thing I have to say about India:

Prime Minister Nehru is carrying a load, not only as heavy as any other such leader in any western democracy. But he is attempting to carry an even heavier burden. In his capacity as government head he is also trying to act as public educator and political campaigner to an extent that would break the heart and ruin the physique of most men in short order.

LET ME GIVE you an example of what I mean. In the weeks I was in Delhi (to which I return tonight) India's parliament was in session and the PM was on the job every day. At the same time, he was directing India's foreign policy, dealing with such thorny questions as Kashmir, Korea and the implications and complications of the food grants from U.S.A.

That's a man-sized job. But every single week-end, since I have come here, Mr. Nehru has been off, by plane, opening institutions and making many speeches.

Here in Bombay, for instance, the Prime Minister arrived at six o'clock Saturday evening. On Sunday morning he opened a modern public milk pasteurization plant; opened one of several new branches of the Ramakrishna mission, made one other speech, attended a cricket match and then spoke for one hour and 40 minutes to 150,000 people.

He waited several hours Monday morning before explaining for Delhi because he wanted to see India's great friend, Lady Mountbatten, who was passing through to Burma.

NOW IF YOU multiply that week-end by what happens every week-end, you get what I mean.

I think Mr. Nehru could study, with profit, one thing demonstrated by our own late and great Mackenzie King. That is, that the secret of ability to withstand the strain of public office for many years is to take some time out to relax.

I DO NOT PROPOSE to share the pessimism which I have reported above, about a big bust-up in India at year X or any other time. Nor do I believe that any great leader is indispensable or irreplaceable.

Yet—just as it was a tragedy of gigantic proportions that Franklin Roosevelt was taken from life just when he was—so it would be not only a calamity for India but a tragedy for all mankind, if anything should happen to shorten the span of life and health of Mr. Nehru.

I CANNOT STATE too strongly that such a tragedy would, above all, be a deadly blow to



"You've just been voted the best pastry maker on the block!"

LETTERBOX

SATIRE

Editor, Daily News.

When I read the deeply moving article in Saturday's Daily News telling of the downfall of the Problem family, tears came to my eyes. I am not ashamed to say that I wept openly because the account brought back poignant memories of a "Johnny" I once knew.

You see, Mr. Editor, three years ago, just after my sixth birthday, my father died very suddenly. The policeman was very apologetic, said something about a warning shot and an unfortunate ricochet. Be that as it may, it did not alter the fact that my mother was now a widow with 16 children of whom I was the oldest—three sets of quints, all girls, made up the rest of the family.

Mother got a job in a welding shop but, as was the case in the paper, there was never quite enough money for everything. There was, of course, only one thing left to do. As every sub-sister writer knows, when a respectable family needs extra money there is only one way to get it and that is by turning to crime. It was the landlord that finally drove us to it. For some reason or another he insisted on being paid. The grocer, the butcher, the clothier, the shoe man, the druggist, the hardware man, the fuel man, the light company, the telephone company and the liquor vendor never raised prices, nor did they insist on being paid. Mother would tell the grocer, for instance, that the bill was too high and that we couldn't pay it. He'd just smile, tell her to forget it and receipt the bill anyway. So did the others. But the landlord insisted on payment.

My mother, being old-fashioned, took a lot of persuading but finally she sold her diamond rings, her wrist watch and a couple of old mink coats she happened to have around and with the proceeds she bought a couple of quarts of liquor. That night the Swillalots had a party. About 1 a.m. they ran out of supplies and telephoned to us for replacements. Carefully wrapping my precious wares, I started on my eight-mile journey to deliver them. I will never forget that night. The temperature was around zero and a 60-mile-an-hour gale whipped icy snow in a wild swirl before it. The thin single cotton garment I wore was scanty protection against the elements and, ere I had gone four miles, my bare feet were quite cold. At this point I spotted a small shed near the trail and, with the idea of resting for a few minutes from the fury of the storm, I went inside. It was there, in that shed, that I met "Johnny." He too was on criminal intent bent, driven to it, as I was, by the rapacity of a landlord. While we rested we talked of various things—and finally "Johnny" showed me a pair of ivory cubes with spots on them. He told me that they were called dice and that you could play games with them. As all children do, I liked to play games and I begged him to show me how to play. I will refrain from boring you with the details but in less than 10 minutes I had lost not only my white-handled knife, my pet bunny, the few pennies I had saved for Christmas presents for my sisters, and my shirt, but I had also staked and lost my two precious quarts. For what happened next, I have no excuse to offer. I was desperate. I picked up a half brick from the shed floor and hit "Johnny" firmly

behind the ear (the left ear, I think). I then took my possessions and his, and went on my way. I delivered the Swillalot parcel and was paid. I went to "Johnny's" customer and made delivery and was paid. Clutching the bundles of money, I made my way back through the howling storm to the shed, to rest and see about "Johnny," but when I got inside "Johnny" was gone.

I sat for a long time in that shack and did some deep, deep thinking. At last I reached a momentous decision. If I took all that money home, Mother would only spend it buying food and stuff for those girls and, since they had already gone two weeks without food, I guessed that it wouldn't hurt them to go one week more. So I did not go home. I waited until the real estate office opened in the morning and, taking the money, I made the down payment on the apartment house we now own. Mother was inclined to be angry at first. Bootlegging, she said was one thing but becoming a landlord was something else again. However, the foul deed was done and there was no undoing it.

This move also provided my sisters with an occupation. Whenever any of our tenants get frustrated (Mother pronounces it "thirsty") they hire one of my sisters as a baby-sitter to the younger children and this leaves the older ones free to attend to their bootlegging which they have to do in order to pay me my rent. I have often wondered what became of "Johnny" and when I read Saturday's article I hoped that perhaps the Johnny of that article might have been my "Johnny" who had survived and gone on to greater things.

As for me, I can't complain, although I fear I will never rise to great heights. I have never "heisted a keister," peddled a fix, "muscled in" anywhere, "lifted a leather" or taken anyone for "a ride." I have never even set fire to an orphanage. The only thing I have accomplished in that line is to become a landlord but, according to some accounts, I have, by that means, attained some stature in the underworld.

Thank you, Mr. Editor. IZZY KIDDEN.

WOULD GRAB IT Editor, Daily News: "Stromberg" quoted in yesterday's paper that there is too much irresponsible complaining about rents in this city. According to his belief the average rent for December 1950 was \$22 to \$26. I have an average family, my husband, two children and myself. If he should hear of a vacancy at this remarkably reasonable rent I surely would appreciate it if he would let me know.

MRS. F. COBBAERT.

AUTOMATIC RAILWAY

The first mountainside cog railway in the world opened at Mount Washington, New Hampshire, in 1869.

Fool's Gold Badly Needed

MONTREAL—The current sulphur shortage may make what prospectors often refer to as "fool's gold" (iron pyrites) look more like the real thing.

Canada's pulp and paper makers, who use 200,000 tons of sulphur a year, are on the look-out for an alternative source. That's because of the expected 20% cut in supplies from the U.S. Among other things, they're looking at the possibility of installing roasters at a cost of about \$500,000 each to treat iron pyrites concentrates right at their own plants. From these they would produce sulphur dioxide for sulphite pulp.

At the moment, however, iron pyrites concentrates are getting almost as hard to come by as the sulphur itself, in the quantities pulp producers would need. There are many deposits, but in most cases it hasn't been profitable to develop them. Higher demand and prices are leading to a re-examination of properties.

Prices of pyrites, although they've increased, are said still competitive with sulphur. St. Lawrence paper mills have used them for years, getting its supplies of concentrates from Noranda and Waite Amulet. It's understood that Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. at Grand Falls, Nfld., is also looking into the possibility of using pyrites from the Buchans Mine in which it holds a half interest. Whatever extra cost might be involved in sulphur made by this process wouldn't affect the cost of newsprint or sulphite pulp much.

Suggestion has been made that Festall River iron pyrites might be used to provide sulphur for the Watson Island pulp mill.

FARY EXPLORER

The Slave River which enters Great Slave Lake was discovered in the winter of 1771-72 by Samuel Hearne.

Itching Scalp

A Simple Home Treatment If your scalp has broken out with ugly surface rashes or irritations—DON'T DIG with finger nails as that only serves to make it worse, and spreads it. Go to your druggist today—get a bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil and use this mixed with an equal quantity of olive oil. It's easy to use—all you do is apply to the scalp with your finger tips gently rubbing into the roots of the hair. Do this at least once a day and about every fourth day shampoo using a good soap. Soon you'll find this combination starts right in—promoting faster healing. Continue the treatment until relieved and the loose floating dandruff has disappeared. Keep this up for 2 weeks, and if then you are dissatisfied get your money back—every druggist is authorized to sell Emerald Oil with this guarantee.

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BRASSO FOR BRASS, COPPER & CHROME

R. A. Gordon, general superintendent, Canadian National Express, Winnipeg, and F. V. Clare, superintendent, Edmonton, arrived in the city on Tuesday night's train in the course of an official trip to the coast. They sailed on the Prince Rupert last night to make the round trip to Ketchikan and thence to Vancouver tonight.

OUTDOOR PLASTER... Wanted—A representative of our electric... Preference will be given established sign companies... all correspondence to: PLAXIAB PRODUCTS 60 Princess St. Vancouver

Seagram's King's Plate Rye Whisky. A Champion horse illustration. Text: 'This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.'

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SEA CADETS Now being reorganized under the sponsorship of the Navy League of Canada. Those interested apply to H.M.C.S. "Chatham" Tuesday, Thursday and Friday 4-6 and 7-9 p.m. Age limit 14-18 years. Northern B.C. Power Co. Prince Rupert Phone 210

Does Your Car Have Spring Fever? You know the symptoms... poor gas "digestion," loss of pep, cranky stops and starts. We've got the cure. A low cost tune up session in our "operating room" will bring about your car's fast recuperation. Drive up! Superior Auto Service LIMITED STUDEBAKER and AUSTIN DEALERS Third Avenue at Park