

Prince Rupert Daily News

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Rural Readers Penalized

THE significance of the proposed increases in second-class postage rates was well placed before Parliament by Opposition Leader Drew. It is clear that there has been much misunderstanding over the purpose of the rates, says Toronto Globe and Mail. They were originally established not with the intention of subsidizing the publishers of newspapers, but as assistance to rural readers. They were intended to make it as easy as possible for citizens remote from the centres of population to maintain contact with the affairs of their community, province and nation. It was recognized by national leaders of an earlier day that this was important to the working of democracy—that people without information could not be expected to judge wisely the issues on which self-government depend. That they should be able to obtain this information and have freedom of choice about where they will obtain it is quite as important an aspect of the freedom of the press as the right to print it.

We are not going to attempt to rationalize Postmaster-General Rinfret's decision to increase the rates. In our opinion, he has wrongly assumed that deficits on second-class matter are caused chiefly by newspapers. Relatively few of them are carried for any distance through the mails, and the proportion of their total circulations which is mail delivered is not substantial. A far heavier burden is imposed by magazines, virtually all of which are exclusively delivered by the post office, but which will continue to have a preferred rate. This is of a piece with the no more defensible discrimination against newspapers brought about by the government's application of the 10-per-cent sales tax on newsprint. The magazines do not pay the sales tax nor do certain weekly newspapers which for purposes of evading the tax claim to be magazines.

It is significant to many people that the government which is imposing higher rates on the distribution of newspapers is the same government which has justified heavy subsidization of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation on the grounds that it provides information and entertainment to rural listeners beyond the range of the big city stations. Its inconsistency may be explained by its power to command the services of one and not of the other.

Even under the change that was made in the originally proposed increase in the newspaper mail rate schedule, smaller newspapers of less than 10,000 circulation like the Daily News still have their mail rate increased from 1½ cents to 2½ cents a pound.—E.D.]

Scripture Passage for Today

"And to live with her hath no sorrow, but mirth and joy."—Wisdom 8:16.

Hotel Arrivals

Prince Rupert
J. Cornell, Seattle; C. Wells, K. G. Bosworth, L. S. Muir, J. J. Sweet, W. Peterson, B. G. Burns and A. C. Fladway, Vancouver; G. Melvin, Watson Island; H. H. Muntle, North Kamloops; D. J. Baker, White Rock; W. Holmes, city; F. Barclay, Smithers, and F. Benson, Vancouver.

On her weekly voyage on the Prince Rupert-Queen Charlotte Islands route, Union steamer Coquitlam, Capt. William McCombe, arrived in port at 1:45 this afternoon from Vancouver and sails at 9 p.m. for south island points whence she will return here Sunday afternoon to sail south at 8 p.m.

A classified will buy, sell or find it.

WHAT DOES THE SUN DO FOR PEACHES?

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BONUS #1 SHEET-AS-A-NUT FLAVOR!
BONUS #2 EXTRA QUICK ENERGY!

Post's GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

ray.. Reflects and Reminisces

A vessel, with a few thousand tons of sulphur included in her cargo arrived in Prince Rupert yesterday. Nothing is available as to what quantity of molasses may be following.

NEVER DISCOURAGED

Until fire destroyed it, the Moose Hall on Second Avenue was one of the most unique-looking buildings in the city. There were several reasons, one being elevation, and another the outlook from lawn and numerous roomy windows. There's nothing left save the old, original rock on which everything had rested. Yet, there is something new—the rows of little flowers that manage to sprout and spread themselves all over a grim and forbidding face.

ENOUGH, AT LAST!

Gimbel's, in New York, has cut the price of aspirins to 100 for eight cents. Fancy! One can risk all the pains and headaches he might like without worrying over running short.

"There are many families that cannot afford to send their boys and girls to the universities. There are many families that work hard. There are many great minds in Canada who have learned to toil with their hands and who learned from the press. Thank God we have a free press in Canada. They have done more generally and broadly for the education of our people, the inspiration to try and do better in the future, for the inspiration of trade and industry and church and social service than they are given credit for.—Earl Rowe, PC—Dufferin-Simcoe.

Any Canadian city with a mountain convenient usually makes the most of it! Montreal, for example, Prince Rupert is growing faster and the same is true of Watson Island. Between the two stands a sizeable mountain. It could become a huge playground for any season—with miles of drives, walks and waterfalls—scenic vistas by the score and dozens of ideas directed toward recreation. Time, judgment and attention could create here something comparable with Stanley Park.

NO SEA DOG

President Truman, raised on a farm, will never be a sailor. He just cannot. When he visits a cruiser, he calls the stern the "back porch" and the decks "upstairs and downstairs." And presumably the bow is the "front door."

SOMETIMES, NOT THEN

Jasper Park opened for the season this week. All the provinces have these captivating places which provide change, rest, charm and enhanced health. But this does not mean that all Canadians have enjoyed them. Banff and Mount Robson are a long way from the holiday resorts of the Maritimes, Ontario or Quebec. Most of us are lucky to sojourn in two or three in a lifetime.

Be-Jewelled Fly Among Ornaments

LONDON 9.—Delicate reproductions of dragonflies and the ordinary house fly are a growing fashion among jewelled dress ornaments in Britain. Both are made of 9-carat gold in the form of brooches, the dragon fly being reduced from life-size and the house fly enlarged.

The dragonfly has a long, slender body with thin outspread wings. The house fly ornament is more solid, with a ruby for its body, fine gold legs and short stubby wings.

Don Forward, Civic Centre director, left on today's plane for Vancouver on a short business trip.

For Action Advertise!

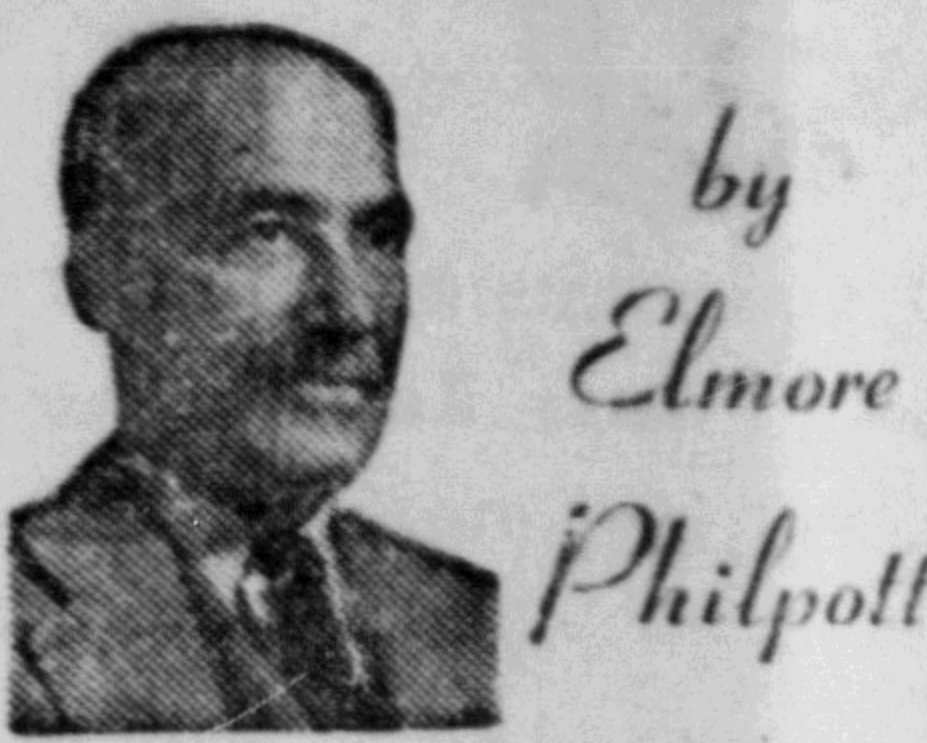
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As I See It



ON SALISBURY PLAINS

CHRIST CHURCH, Hants, England.—My old field artillery pal of long ago took a day off from his job. We piled into his newish car—the four of us, our two wives in the back seat, two garrulous old gunners in front.

We were bound for Salisbury Plains, so it seemed quite fitting that it should be raining. For what Canuck ever remembers Salisbury Plains except dripping with rain?

Strange as it may seem, we were not looking for old army haunts, but for Stonehenge, where mighty rocks stand in rings as mysterious reminders that there was learned religion here thousands of years before the Romans came.

THE LITTLE SHOPKEEPER in Amesbury took a mildly dim view of our expedition to Stonehenge. "It's first on the left and about three miles. But wot yer want to go THERE for?"

We found uniformed guards in a tiny hut outside the gates. A few yards away soldier-lads from a few army trucks drank tea from a caravan snack bar and looked mildly curious.

One young guard went with us after cracking some joke about not pinching any of those stones, like the Scots blokes did with one from the Abbey.

Of course, only a Hercules could move any of those pillars.

We saw how the ancient Britons sun-baked the longest day in the year and also the shortest—but I wondered to myself how those "sun worshippers" ever did check up if it rained for days on end, with no sign of sun in weeks.

"Where is Larkhill from here?" we asked, and the guard pointed. It's then a couple of field guns coughed, in quick succession. We

remembered the Larkhill mud, the clay which stuck more stubbornly than any glue.

WE HAD OUR LUNCH NEAR Salisbury, at a 500-year-old inn, only a little way from where the original Roman camp-fortress stood—the terraces still distinct.

In Ye Olde Castle Inn we sat before the same enormous fireplace which has given warmth and cheer to travellers for centuries. We could well believe the old tales of fugitives hiding in chimneys, for when you peep up you can see the sky—see, also, when in old days they hung hams and bacon for smoking.

WE WENT TO SALISBURY Cathedral and saw again the highest church steeple in England, now being repaired at great cost. We also saw the carved statues of Lord So-and-So inside, lying atop their own coffins. We wondered at the queer flat noses, until we learned that Cromwell's horse-playing soldiers had shot or chopped them off.

WE WENT ON TO WINCHESTER, where tradition says King Arthur ruled with his famous Round Table band of knights. We saw the fine statue of King Alfred, slum-bang in the middle of a hum-drum and mostly anything-but-romantic town.

Buy my old pal knew the score. He took us to the ancient Church of Saint Cross and at the gate asked them to give us the "way-farers' portion." The old man behind the wicket smiled at that, but promptly produced four small horns, or mugs of beer.

plus some little squares of bread on a plate.

The ancient church is endowed, in perpetuity, as a wayfarers' and pilgrims' hostel. Under the trust deeds the church MUST provide food and drink to pilgrims on the way to Canterbury.

TWO BROTHERHOODS OF men still live in the church—one black-coated, one red-coated. The black coats, curiously enough, are of working class. The red cloaks are all or more or less aristocratic origin.

The only difference in treatment is that in church, where daily attendance is necessary, the reds have seats nearer the altar.

Our guide was a black coat and (I thought) spoke somewhat satirically at the reds' privileges. One of these was to sit on red carpets. But he chuckled when he showed us that the blacks now sat on Dunlop rubber cushions two inches thick.

He also showed us where, over the centuries, the red aristocrats had secretly done elaborate carving on their benches when they were supposed to be listening to sermons.

There is an ancient sickle, plainly carved. We all got the same idea at once when we spied it. What a furore there would be now if some wag added a hammer to that sickle—and the Tory or U.S. press got wind of it?

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