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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink."

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1947

Shakespeare Superbly Filmed

To those interested in any measure in great dramatic art, the film presentation of Shakespeare's "Henry V" at the Prince Edward Theatre cannot fail to give keen pleasure. Nothing quite like it has been achieved before, either on the stage or on film. Its success is due in part to the fact that it is the work of English studios and artists, directed not only with mastery skill but with a background of Shakespearean tradition and reverence for the unsurpassed poetry and pageantry of this last of the great bard's Lancastrian series of historical plays, with its brilliant central picture of Henry at Agincourt, and its galaxy of great historical and imagined characters.

Shakespeare himself might very well have had such a picture as this in mind when he wrote the Prologue, urging his audience to take "a kingdom for a stage, princes to act and monarchs to behold the swelling scene." It was necessary with the limited stage facilities of his time that the audience should thus co-operate:

"Suppose within the girdle of these walls Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, Whose high upreared and abutting fronts The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder: Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts; Into a thousand parts divide one man. And make imaginary puissance; Think when we talk of horses that you see them Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth; For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings.

Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times, Turning the accomplishment of many years Into an hour-glass."

The great lines flow on, rising and falling in majestic cadence. The description of Old England girding her loins for battle—never surpassed or equalled—may well have been in Prime Minister Churchill's mind in his fighting speeches during the early stages of World War II:

"Now all the youth of England are on fire, And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies; Now thrive the armourers, and honor's thought Reigns solely in the breast of every man; They sell the pasture now to buy the horse, Following the mirror of all Christian kings. With winged heels, as English Mercuries."

Again Shakespeare had to appeal to his audience, to imagine for themselves the departure of the Royal fleet from Hampton pier, with silken streamers flying and all hearts beating high:

"Play with your fancies, and in them behold Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing; Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give To sounds confus'd; behold the threaten'd sails Borne with the invisible and creeping wind. Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea, Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think You stand upon the rivage and behold A city on the inconstant billows dancing; For so appears this fleet majestical: Holding the course to Harfleur. Follow, follow! Grapple your minds to sterneage of this navy. And leave your England, as dead midnight still, Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women. Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance; For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd With one appearing hair, that will not follow Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?"

All this and more, before the great scene at Agincourt, with all the supplementary scenes, brought magically to life to the accompaniment of Elizabethan music and the poet's own tremendous commentaries; opening with a brilliant reconstruction of 16th century London and the old Globe theatre; passing to the humor and pathos of Falstaff's end, of Harry's courtship and Fluellen's quarrel with Pistol, to harrowing scenes of "famine, sword and fire" and the culminating episodes, in which all disharmonies are resolved and verse and drama rise into unclouded serenity. Here we seem to catch the very accents of Shakespeare's voice, in his beloved vehicle of soliloquy:

"Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this world, No, not all these, three-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, But, like a tackler, from the rise to set Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn, Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse, And follows so the ever-running year, With profitable labour to his grave."

It is regrettable that this fine picture should have to be shown at prices out of proportion to usual prices for admission to pictures here, especially in view of the fact that many lovers of Elizabethan literature are but meagerly endowed with spending money. Millions of dollars are being spent on so-called educational films, lectures, radio plays and what-not, mostly at the taxpayers' expense, and one is left to wonder why this great production could not be made available at more moderate prices under Dominion or Provincial educational auspices? The Theatre Guild is to be thanked for bringing the picture here at all, and those privileged to see and hear it are to be congratulated on their good fortune; but a better arrangement could have been wished for, in the interest particularly of our high school and college students and teachers, and all drama enthusiasts.

Transport Commissioners' Salaries

The three Transport Commissioners who visited here last week, together with their fellow Commissioners—six in all—are to have their already substantial salaries increased, under the provisions of a bill introduced in the House of Commons on May 29 by Transport Minister Chevrier. In 1903, when the Board of Transport Commissioners was set up, the salaries were: Chief Commissioner, \$10,000; Assistant Chief Commissioner, \$3,000; and the other Commissioner—there were but three altogether at that time—\$8,000. In 1908, when the number of the Board was increased to six, the salaries were the same, except that the Assistant Chief Commissioner received \$9,000. In 1913, the salary of the Chief Commissioner was increased from \$10,000 to \$12,500. The Government in 1930 set up a commission to study the salaries and organization of the civil service throughout Canada, and among other things recommended increases in the salaries of the Board of Transport Commissioners. It was not deemed advisable to follow the recommendations of that commission. In 1946 the present Government appointed another commission (the Gordon Commission) which made similar recommendations. This part of the Gordon report is now being implemented, increasing the Chief Commissioner's salary to \$13,500, that of the Assistant Chief Commissioner to \$12,000, and that of each of the Commissioners to \$10,000.

The Minister explained that the Board of Transport Commissioners, by virtue of the provisions of the Railway Act, is a court of record. The jurisdiction of the Board when set up in 1903 was quite limited. Its powers had to do with the regulation, construction and operation of railways other than government railways within the legislative jurisdiction of Parliament. Since then the jurisdiction has been extended tremendously; it now covers express tolls, telegraph companies, telephone companies, international bridges and tunnels, Maritime freight rates, the abandonment of operation of lines, the Canadian National—Canadian Pacific Act, the Transport Act, certain agreements made pursuant to chapter 32, section 1 of the Statutes of Canada, the purchase of electrical energy from a person who has acquired water power under lease from the Crown; the operation of the railway grade crossing fund, etc. The Commissioners are appointed for a ten-year tenure, and receive no pension.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Corpus Christi.

Now we have had a surplus of rain.

Br! Perhaps we should have gone on Summer Time after all.

Some of our city real estate is going to appreciate in value. Once the smoke nuisance is removed from the vicinity of the railway, values will go up.

It's an ill wind. The scarcity of American dollars will result in increased business for Canadian firms producing goods which compete with imports from the U. S.

The so-called Truman Doctrine is as old as Sparta. Tyrants like to have tyrannies for neighbours, and democracies prefer and try to be surrounded by other democracies.

Both the United States and Britain find it necessary to continue peace time consideration, but it is a safe bet that it is not even being seriously considered in Ottawa.

Education is the concern of all. Teachers and school boards can only serve the community so far as they are enabled by public support. Before any real improvement can be expected there must be real interest shown and active support given them by one and all.

We are a free people but it seems a pity that so many of us express our independence by walking where we want with complete disregard for the attempts of our neighbour to persuade grass to grow on his corner plot. In desperation he puts up a fence and instead of a beauty spot we have an eyesore.

Senator MacIntyre should repeat in the Senate his views on the labour situation which he gave our Ottawa correspondent and published yesterday, claiming that in some important respects we are ahead of all other provinces with the exception of New Brunswick, where railway employees enjoy similar privileges. He may hear there the other side of the story.

The Grand Jury at Summerside reported vigorously on the increasing danger of drunk driving, and the neglect to dim lights on passing other cars; they also protested against the increase in fast and reckless driving, especially by taxis and truck drivers. The same criticism could be offered on conditions in King's and Queen's, and no doubt the Attorney-General will authorize the police to take the necessary action.

The late Lord Keynes (John Maynard Keynes) born this date 1883; was the principal British Treasury representative at the Paris Peace Conference and Deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council; President of the Royal Economic Society, editor of the Economic Journal, Director of the Bank of England, and member of the Consultation Council to the Treasury. His publications include: Economic Consequences of the Peace, A Treatise on Probability, A Revision of the Treaty, Essays in Persuasion, Essays in Biography, A Treatise on Money, General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money, How to Pay for the War.

Notes By the Way

High in the crown of an old fir rests the crow's nest, strongly built of twigs and grasses and mud. About it, wheeling in the air, are the parent birds, clapping their wings, flap the parent birds cawing discordantly as they lumber in from the flock. Several alike from the smaller species whose nests they rob, and from the creatures of the ground, which scale lower trees for eggs, they clamor in noisy pride, filling the air with a bull's vulgarly—Victoria Times.

A Toronto educationist has let the cat out of the bag by referring to the "five languages now taught" in our secondary schools: he names them as Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish. This explains why so many graduates have an imperfect command of English, which is apparently not taught at all—Peterborough Examiner.

The turtle has relied on his shell for a most effective means of protection for all these millions of years, while numerous grotesque-looking creatures have appeared and vanished from the earth, leaving only their remains in rocks for curiosity-seekers who call themselves Dumb Animals. Turtles have made themselves at home on dry land, in fresh waters and in the seas, almost every type of environment that this earth has to offer but they prefer warmer climates. They have readily adapted themselves to life in hills and mountains, plains and desert country. You will find them in ditches, ponds and streams. Turtles are fairly smart, too. Although they have no sense of hearing, they have their sense of sight so keenly developed that they easily distinguish between various colors. Surprising, too, is their ability to be taught to run patterns and figures, and to differentiate between the black and white lines of these patterns.

There is a sense of ultimate fate—the pre-ordained, inexorable quality of Greek tragedy—in contemplating the plight of the North American whopping crane, whose breed has dwindled to a known population of 27. This all white-plumaged bird with the brick-red head and black-tipped wings now faces extinction. It is nearing the end of the one-way road down which have gone countless inhabitants of the world—the dinosaurs and other prehistoric creatures, and in modern times, the passenger pigeon which only a few years ago were seen in untold thousands throughout the eastern states of North America.—Victoria Times.

It will be a sad day for Britain or the United States ever to be "tough" in their dealings with each other. There is room for realism and frankness for both parties. But both parties have too much in common, and the world has too much at stake in their friendship, for them to start being tough over the delicate issue of debts.—Montreal Gazette.

To many Scots, both at home and overseas, it will come as something of a disappointment to learn that, at present, it takes anything from nine to 10 months to obtain delivery of a set of bagpipes. After a number of wartime restrictions on manufacture for the home and export markets, there is now a time-lag of no less than four years to make up, and several firms are working late on two and three nights a week in an attempt to cope with the orders coming in from New Zealand, Australia, Canada, U.S.A., and Ireland, but the task of catching up will prove a difficult one.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Things have come to a pretty pass since William Penn in 1633 planned Philadelphia so that it would resemble a green, and open country town, and be a "city of brotherly love." The other day 600 of the city's policemen were equipped with bullet-proof vests, and those contraptions aren't worn as clambakes. It happened that four Philadelphia patrolmen have been bumped off in most unbrotherly fashion since last Christmas, and the city decided something would have to be done about it.—Windsor Star.

The ways of oldtime aristocracy of the South can sometimes be better illustrated than described. Take old Colonel Mississippi, who lived in a small Mississippi town, not far from the Gulf Coast, and his ambitious citizens, eager to draw some tourist trade to their community, consulted the Colonel on the subject of erecting a good hotel in the town. "Don't need a hotel!" the old fire-eater replied. "And why not, Colonel?" rejoined one of the bolder spirits. "George" retorted the old unreconstructed Southerner. "If a visitor is a gentleman, I'll entertain him in my mansion; if he isn't we don't want him in this town!"—From Wall Street Journal.

The only child is supposed to get too much attention for his own good. This is supposed to "spoil" him. Certainly, the single child grows up with less knowledge of the human race than does the boy with a sister or the girl with a brother. The single youngster may nevertheless get a happy sense of security out of the fact that he or she has no rivals for the parents' affection. Two children are likely to be jealous of each other. If there are three, two are likely to gang up against the third. Usually it is the oldest and youngest against the one in the middle. Four are prone to divide into two hostile camps. We guess there are advantages to being a child in a family of five children or more.—Chicago Daily News.

The Poet's Corner

A TOMB IN THE ABBEY

His battles o'er, he takes his ease, Glory put by, and scepter'd toll. Round him the carven centuries Like forest branches arch and coil. In that dim fame, he is not sure Who lost or won at Agincourt! —Sir William Watson.

Old Charlottetown (And P.E.I.)

EARLY NEWSPAPERS

"In 1866 there were five or more newspaper offices in Charlottetown: that of The Islander at the corner of Water and Great George streets, which Mr. John Ings, then Queen's Printer, was the proprietor; that of The Examiner on Hillsborough Street, owned by the Hon. Edward Whelan; that of The Messrs. Cooper who published The Monitor on Kent Street; that of Mr. Edward Reilly who published The Herald on Queen Street. The Patriot had but lately begun publication under the editorship of the Hon. David Laird. "Only weekly newspapers were published in Charlottetown at that time outside of Charlottetown there was no publication. The Hon. William H. Pope was editor of The Islander and the Hon. Edward Whelan editor of the Examiner. Mr. James Barrett Cooper was editor of The Monitor and Mr. Reilly editor of The Herald.

"Talking about newspaper offices reminds me of the Telegraph Office which was then in the building now occupied by the Union. Telegraph communication with the Mainland was in 1865 a new thing in Prince Edward Island; and telegraph communication with Great Britain and Europe had not yet begun. The late Mr. Charles Hyndman was then the Telegraph manager for Prince Edward Island and Mr. T. Muncey was his chief assistant. By the kindness of Mr. James Purdie I am enabled to read to you a copy of the first commercial cablegram ever received in this Province. It reads: "London, Oct. 7th, 1867 "Purdie, P. E. Island: "Buy eighteen thousand (18000) qtrs oats, twenty-six (26) three sixty (360) Cent freight London. Reply.

(Sgd) Borrowman. This cablegram of one hundred letters cost at 2s per letter, £10 sterling, or about fifty dollars of our money. The order was for 180,000 bushels of oats, and it will give you an idea of the extent to which the export of Prince Edward Island oats had reached in 1867. The London firm which sent it was Messrs. Borrowman Phillips and Company, Mark Lane, and the Charlottetown firm which received it was that of Messrs. J. and J. S. Purdie, Pownal Street.

—From an address by the late Mr. W. L. Cotton, editor of The Examiner.

Big Ben

(By James McCook, Canadian Press Staff Writer, London)

Now that spring has come the tourists stand at the Parliament buildings' iron gates and gaze at Big Ben, automatically drawing their watches from their pockets to check the time.

"Just checking to see that Big Ben is right?" says the policeman, and the group titters at the historical London joke.

To suggest Big Ben, whose sonorous sounding of the hours is carried throughout the world by radio, might be wrong in like suggesting it will never rain again in England.

Big Ben is a tradition. As a clock he is subject to the frailties of his kind, but he falls so seldom that veterans of Parliament treasure the memorable occasions.

They speak with superstitious awe of the time when Queen Victoria's Prince Consort, Albert the Good, lay dying and Big Ben struck 100 times without stopping. They smile when they remember that when Gladstone in 1886 introduced the Irish Home Rule Bill with all its controversy and wrath Big Ben simply stopped.

In 1844, the Commons decided it should have a clock worthy of the mother of Parliaments, "a noble clock, indeed a king of clocks, the biggest the world has ever seen, within sight and sound of the throbbing heart of London."

The clock-makers were appalled when they read the specifications which said the clock must go for eight days, show the time on four dials each 30 feet in diameter, strike the quarter hours on eight bells and the hours on a bell weighing 14 tons.

All these things would have been possible but the steeper was the command that the first sound of the hour bell should be correct within one second a day and the performance should be telegraphed twice a day to Greenwich observatory where a record would be kept. The clockmakers said this was impossible in so large a time-piece and the Commons entered a storm of argument about degrees of accuracy. But in 1852, a mass of machinery had been created—and lay idle for five years until the tower could be completed. Bell-founders, too, were frightened by the specifications for the 14-ton bell. Finally one was shipped to London and tested by striking it with a huge hammer. It cracked. Another was doubtfully made and drawn through

Nature's Record Fasters

(Frank Lane, BBC overseas short-wave service) I once fasted for thirty-two days. For a fortnight I had water only and for the rest I lived mainly on fruit and vegetable juices. At the end of the thirty-two days I weighed about twenty-seven pounds less than I did when I started the fast. I really thought after that experience that I knew something about fasting, but when I compare my fast with some of the feats put up by a few of Nature's champion fasters, I realize I hardly know anything. In any event my fast was only partial (remember the water and juices) and was reckoned in days. There are some wild creatures whose periods of fasting are reckoned in years, and during that time they don't even have a sip of water, let alone the suck of an orange or a grape!

I wonder if you've heard the story of the snail that was rumoured to be in the Natural History Museum in London and which, thirty years after it was put in a jar, was found to be alive. The snail concerned was an Egyptian desert snail, and it remained gummed on the tablet for four years and then, one day, an official of the Museum noticed signs of life. He took the snail out of the case, and put it in tepid water. After about fifteen minutes the snail began walking about, and the next day it began to feed.

Even four years is not a record for these animals to go without food. Other snails have been known to live for five years without eating.

Well, so much for fasting snails. Now for fasting fish. The African lungfish lives in small streams and under the hot sun. But this does not worry the lungfish. It burrows into the mud and remains there until the rains come and wash it out again. You see, unlike ordinary fish, it can breathe air, hence its name, lungfish. But suppose the rains are delayed, how long can the lungfish remain in its mud prison without dying of thirst and starvation? I don't believe anybody knows the maximum length of time, but I do know that scientists of the New York Zoological Society have taken lungfishes, embedded them in their mud cakes, and kept them there for several years. And when the fish have then been put into an aquarium, they have been swimming about and eating within a few hours of being released. From what I have read of these fish and the experiments in enforced long-time fasting to which they have been subjected, I should say that some of these fish could probably be revived after being kept for six years in their mud cakes—without, of course, any food or water.

And now I want to talk about some very lowly animals—ticks. The habit of these unlovely creatures is to wait on grass or other vegetation until a warm blooded animal brushes past, and then they cling to it and suck its blood. But a tick may have to wait a long time before a suitable host comes along, and to enable it to live during this period it is remarkably resistant to starvation. Do you know it has been proved that some ticks can live for seven and a half years without food? And I don't think that's a record, because I have seen a reference to other ticks which are alleged to have lived eighteen years without food. But I haven't been able to confirm that.

When I first came across the account of the African lungfish's long fast I was fully persuaded that this must be the world's record holder for fasting. Then I learned that ticks could go without food for an even longer period, and thought that these lowly creatures must hold the record. But now I know that not even a ten, or even a twenty year fast by a tick or any other animal will qualify it for first place in the going-without-food stakes. I'll tell you why.

Two American scientists named G. Steiner and F.E. Albin were looking at the preserved leaf of a rye seedling in a government herbarium in Washington, when they found on it several small nematodes, which are a kind of small worm. These worms were still alive because, although dormant when discovered, they revived. But how long had the leaf been preserved, (for this period would show how long the worms had been out off from all food) for they had not eaten for a long time? The leaf had originally been collected, with the nematodes on it, in the autumn of 1906, and it was examined in June 1945, that is nearly

London streets by 16 white stallions when it passed its tests.

Finally, all was ready. Thereupon, to the shame of London, the clock refused to go. The machinery was too weak to drive the hands weighing 2 1/2 tons. They were replaced. All was ready and on May 31, 1859, Parliament met in a special sitting to christen the clock.

The debate was long and furious and the members grew weary by the hot afternoon. Finally, Sir Benjamin Hall, Chief Lord of Woods and Forests, rose warm and flustered and made a rambling, inconclusive speech. When he finished, a bored M. P. shouted: "Call him 'Big Ben' and have done with it!"

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thirty-nine years later. There had been previous records of other species of nematodes living for twenty-seven and twenty-eight years without food, but thirty-nine years without food or water, surely that is the world's record fast—or is it? "UNSCRAMBLE EGG" WEST WICKHAM, Kent, England — (CP) — Sir Waldron Smithers, Conservative member of parliament for Chislehurst, told a political meeting here by law no reason "why Conservatives should not unscramble the egg of nationalization when we come back to power."



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