

Published every week-day morning at 136 Prince Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I., by The Thomson Company Limited.

Branch offices at Summerside, Montserrat and Alberton. Author used as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

By Carrier: Charlottetown, Summerside \$15.00 per annum. Elsewhere in P. E. I. \$9.00. Other Provinces and U. S. A. \$12.00 per annum.

"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest link."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1954

End Of The Fair

The end of Old Home Week means that many who came over to the Island for the occasion and others who extended their stay to take in the big fair will now be leaving.

The new all-steel building, dubbed the Coliseum, proved its worth in enabling the judging of livestock to be carried on in comfort whatever the heavens might be doing.

The directors are to be congratulated on many improvements. They spared no effort to give people the best possible horse racing, agricultural exhibition and entertainment possible.

Old Home Week is Prince Edward Island's big family party and it is pleasant to have friends and relatives come over for the fun.

Another Centennial

In addition to the St. Dunstan's centennial another educational milestone is being celebrated this year in the Maritimes. This is the 100th anniversary of the opening of the "Academy for Females" at Mount Allison Academy—the first ladies' college in Canada.

Education of women at Mount Allison falls into two main periods; the first lasting for 82 years, 1854-1936, when a University girls' residence was established; the second for 18 years, when all authority and responsibility were vested in the president of the University.

It is of interest to note that of the four tablets in the Memorial Library, erected in memory of those who lost their lives in war service before 1919, is one "in proud memory of Nursing Sister Rena M. McLean, student at the Ladies' College 1891-92.

Labrador Boundary Dispute

"Once again," says the St. John's (Newfoundland) Telegram, "Premier Maurice Duplessis has asserted that he does not accept the findings of the Privy Council on the ownership of Labrador.

On the authority of an eminent geologist, The Telegram states that the boundary line dispute can be settled in a spirit of sweet reasonableness. One good survey party could do the job in seven or eight weeks.

There are a few other problems, also, purely domestic, that may need a round table discussion between officials of Newfoundland and Quebec. These problems, The Telegram argues, can be settled quite amicably and for the benefit of both parties concerned.

Now that Labrador is coming into its own as a centre of industry, with additional mineral lodes, undeveloped waterpower and valuable timber stands still to be assayed, the value of the northern domain is becoming more apparent to the man in the street.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, the 9th Sunday after Trinity; Assumption.

Tomorrow, the fourth birthday of Princess Anne.

Japan surrendered this date, 1945, bringing the Second World War to a close.

The United States Air Force is studying human reactions in spaceship conditions. This seems rather like the old military habit of fighting the last war over again.

Next week the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association begins a 10-day meeting in Kenya. Meeting in the country plagued by Mau Mau, there is little danger that discussions on the problems of parliamentary government will be in an ivory tower atmosphere.

A feature of the Red Cross life saving courses is that the more widely the training is spread, the less likely it is that emergencies will arise.

The announcement will be generally welcomed that railway unions and companies have agreed to resume negotiations starting Monday morning.

The famed Niagara Peninsula is threatened by expanding urbanization and industrialization. Many people in Ontario are concerned about the fact that expansion seems to be concentrating on the rich fruit lands.

It is forty years ago tomorrow that the Panama Canal was first opened. Although constructed by and under the control of the United States, the treaty with the Republic of Panama specifically guarantees that the canal should be neutral and open to the commerce of the world.

Sir Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe of St. Peter in Thanet, British newspaper proprietor, died this date 1922. With his brother, later Lord Rothermere, he started in London in 1888 a weekly which was selling 1,000,000 copies by 1892.



Along A Country Road

(Ottawa Journal) One can read the signs of the season along a country road in August. No longer does one see glowing, fresh green hues in leaves of maples and oaks, birches and beeches.

Though August's fingers are sticky, dusty and moist, the eighth month weaves its anciently-ordained pattern into the year's annual carpet. Nature never took any of the currently popular jessons in flower arrangements, but there is appealing beauty in roadside arrangements of blue chicory, Queen Anne's lace and bee balm.

One can, if he will, read the history of life along a country road, for each turning year represents a cycle of birth and growth, maturity and death to many species of plants.

The case of Crichel Down continues to disturb the even course of events in the United Kingdom. This bit of Dorsetshire land was taken over by the Government for war purposes, but when the war was over and need for the land had lapsed officials of the Ministry of Agriculture refused to sell it back to its original owner on the ground that it might be needed at some future date for an experimental farm.

The arrogance of senior departmental officials in the matter was what provoked intense public resentment, when the case became known. The Government ordered an inquiry into the affair by the Agriculture, whose report criticized the conduct of five officials including the Permanent Commissioner of Crown Lands.

In the event the Minister of Agriculture resigned his office, accepting fully the doctrine of ministerial responsibility for the deeds of his subordinates. His two parliamentary secretaries offered their resignations, which the Prime Minister declined to accept. A committee set up by Sir Winston Churchill to review the findings of Sir Andrew Clark recommended the transfer to other duties of one of the officials concerned and no action in the case of the others.

But the Manchester Guardian thinks this "regrettable lapse" of the British civil service from its "best record as the disinterested instrument of government" will long be remembered, and it suggests that this paragraph from the report of the Prime Minister's committee "will probably become compulsory reading for civil servants":

"In present times the interests of the private citizen are affected to a great extent by the actions of servants. It is the more necessary that the civil servant should bear constantly in mind that the citizen has a right to expect not only that his affairs will be dealt with effectively and expeditiously but also that his personal feelings no less than his rights as an individual will be sympathetically considered. We think that the admitted shortcomings in this respect are the main cause of such loss of public confidence as has resulted from this case."

It can be read to good advantage in Canada too. MONTREAL (CP)—Sweden and Libya have become the 22nd and 23rd countries to sign the Rome convention establishing limits of liability for air crashes in foreign countries, the International Civil Aviation Organization announced Thursday.

Reunion In Carthage

New York Times

History is still being made on the site of ancient Carthage, where so much history lies buried in the rubble. Last Sunday's report from Tunis told how Premier Mendes-France, arriving by plane from Paris, drove over to the site of ancient Carthage, where Bey Sidi Mohammed el-Amin has his summer palace, and there made the offer of internal autonomy for the French protectorate.

The one Carthaginian the world has never forgotten is Hannibal, son of Hamilcar Barca. And he is remembered, despite his great military exploits, for what he failed to do, rather than for what he did. He failed to turn the course of Western civilization by conquering Rome. The Romans of the Second Punic War set a noble example for later times. They refused to give in to a terrible enemy. After the disaster of Cannae—much worse than Pearl Harbor—when the surviving Consul led a few stragglers back to Rome, the Senate went out in a body to meet him. They did not order him to face an investigation. They thanked him "because he had not despaired of the republic."

"The gold and tapestried splendor of the Bey's palace, fine as it is, may be no finer than the palace of Queen Dido, which we know from Aeneas' visit to Carthage as reported by Virgil. Dido led Aeneas into the "royal house." He found "the palace within laid out with the splendor of princely pomp, and amid the halls they prepare a banquet. Coverlets there are, skillfully embroidered and of royal purple; on the table is massive silver plate, and in gold are graven the doughty deeds of her sires, a long, long course of exploits traced through many a hero from the early dawn of the race. Then the banquet. "Lighted lamps hang down from the fretted roof of gold, and flaming torches drive out the night. Then the Queen called for a cup, heavy with jewels and gold, and filled it with wine." Altogether a splendid palace and banquet, according to Virgil as translated by Professor Fairclough of Stanford University.

For the final destruction of Carthage the Arabs and Berbers, ancestors of those who still occupy the peninsula, must bear the responsibility. The Romans soon reported of their first destruction of 146 B. C., to which they were finally driven by Catilina's constant harping on "delenda est Carthago" and a Roman colony was founded on the site by Julius Caesar. It flourished for nearly seven hundred years and for centuries vied with Alexandria for the title of second city of the Roman Empire. The Vandals took it but did not destroy it; they won their reputation and gave us a common noun by their sack of Rome. Their loot enriched Carthage. Belisarius took the city back for Emperor Justinian in 533. An Arab army under Hassan, Governor of Egypt, dealt the coup de grace in 698. "Whatever yet remained for Carthage," Gibbon comments, "was delivered to the flames, and the colony of Dido and Caesar lay desolate above two hundred years."

Carthage, for centuries the great commercial city of the Mediterranean became in the end a quarry for marble from its Roman ruins. Genoese ships trading to Africa brought back marble for the Italian builders of the Middle Ages. Only the aqueduct, fifty miles long, remains as a monument to the Roman period of greatness. Relics of the Phoenician Age are numerous, but the buried city has never inspired the enthusiasm of archaeologists as other buried cities have. Carthage's contribution to civilization was Roman Africa, the scene of the labors of the early Christian Nova Scotia.

TO COMMAND HURON OTTAWA (CP) — Cmdr. James C. Pratt, 41, of Windsor, Ont., will assume command of the Canadian destroyer Huron Aug. 17 when the warship reaches Long Beach, Calif., on her way to her third tour of duty in Korea. The navy said Wednesday the change in command was made necessary by the illness of Cmdr. L. P. McCormack, 35, of Port Arthur, Ont., who will be taken to hospital. The Huron left Halifax Aug. 1. Cmdr. Pratt has been serving as executive officer at HMCS Shearwater, a naval air station near Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

The Passing Scene

By Observer WALDEN'S CENTENNIAL

Just one hundred years ago this month (the 9th, to be exact) there appeared one of the great books of the age—"Walden" by Henry David Thoreau. It is a great book, partly because it is the product of a rare and rich philosophy, but chiefly because it was written by a great man.

Thoreau was one of those rare souls—rarer now, perhaps, than in 1854—who know how to live without worrying themselves into nervous prostration over the details of making a living. "If one lives simply and wisely," he wrote, "to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime." He has been called "history's most notable individualist," perhaps he deserves the title and perhaps he doesn't, but certainly no man of his day was more socially conscious.

There is nothing to substantiate the hasty view, quite commonly held, that he withdrew from society because he did not like fellowship; the real reason for his withdrawal was that he rejected the juvenile notion that fellowship means crowds, much noise, a great deal of ado, often about nothing. He believed that only when a man is able to "live alone" in contentment is he really fitted to contribute grace and uplift to society.

Thoreau was no "escapist," in the modern sense of that much-overused word, afraid to face up to the facts of daily living; on the contrary, it was a desire to learn what these facts were that led him into the woods. "I went," he wrote, "because I wished to live deliberately, to find out the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived; to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole meanness of it and publish it to the world; or, if it were sublime, to know it by experience and be able to give a true account of it in my need of excursion."

Whatever else Thoreau found in the course of his sojourn, he certainly found that life is sublime! chiefly because he had the ability to distinguish between the sublime and the merely pleasant, a rare gift from heaven. Critics who insist on calling him a "hermit" which he was not—some ask: "What would happen if everybody retired to the woods?" Well, it may come to that yet, but Thoreau himself never at any time recommended it. "I would not have anyone," he wrote, "adopt my mode of living on any account. Each person must find out and pursue his own way." Nor did he despise the advances made in human conditions.

"Though we are not so degenerate but that we could live in caves and wear skins, it certainly is better to accept the advantages, though so dearly bought, which the invention and industry of mankind offer. Not only better, it might be added, but also necessary for most of us. What would we get out of the woods, most of us, if we did enter them for a couple of years, when we see no wisdom in the wildflower, no profound philosophy in the shaking of a leaf, no freedom in the cypress tree, and no intermingling of time and eternity in the clear water of a pond? We are so devoted to pattern, that to deviate from it for one moment, let alone two years, is worse than inconvenient; it is positively dangerous. The burden of Thoreau's song was: "Simplify." "Man has become the tool of his tools," he wrote. If that were true in 1854 it is doubly true now; and not only the tool, but the very slave. Our complexities are making fools of wise men; our complications are driving us into wilderness where, unlike Thoreau's case, we have no hut for shelter and no fires for warmth. His true nature, in which spirit and mind are uppermost, is gradually being brought under the domination of mechanical forces. Against all this—much less apparent a century ago than now—Thoreau protested strenuously, yet joyously. But he was not content with assailing what he believed to be prejudicial to man's potential greatness; his was the voice of positive affirmation of the right and true. How desperately we need in these makeshift days to take to heart words like these: "Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can walk up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction—a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. Every nail driven should be as the universe, you carrying on the work."

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The Poet's Corner

IN THE DAYS OF OLD In the days of old, lovers felt true passion, Deeming years of sorrow By a smile repaid. Now the charms of gold, Spills of pride and fashion, Bid them say good morrow To the best-loved maid. Through the forests wild, O'er the mountains lonely, They were never weary Honour to pursue; If the damsel smiled Once in seven years only, All their wanderings dreary Ample gerdon knew. Now one day's caprice Weighs down years of smiling, Youthful hearts are rovers, Love is bought and sold; Fortune's gifts may cease, Love is less beguiling; Wiser were the lovers In the days of old. —Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866)

The Age Old Story

And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark; and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged. . . . and Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him.

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