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Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew

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

SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1954

Labour Day

The holiday to end holidays is how most of us regard Labour Day and perhaps it is not surprising that it tends to be celebrated nowadays more by individual and family holiday-making rather than by the parades and other activities by which it has long been marked.

The fact is that the labouring class in this country has very largely lost its identity. Certainly one cannot point to any characteristic of dress or manner of living which would proclaim the "workingman" as a distinct species, say from the professional or those living on their rents.

The explanation probably is that the lesson of the essential dignity of labour has been learned by one and all. There are few indeed who lead a life of leisure, so few and so exceptional that they cannot be regarded as a class.

This unity of society does not prevent the organization of unions, but it prevents union organization from partaking of the bitterness of class struggle. It is as much a matter of business for the union member to take part in union activities as for the merchant to be active in the local board of trade.

British Develop Sweet Tooth

It is not surprising to read that the people of the United Kingdom have developed what might be called a very decided sweet tooth, and are eating candies to a greater extent than any other nation in the world.

The statistics credit the British people eating on an average for every inhabitant of the country, nine ounces of candy per week or over 29 pounds in a year.

That there were countless cases of Canadians trying to return from abroad being delayed by immigration officials up to five years is a most serious charge against the Department.

That 98 per cent of all Canadian children have an oral disease of some type is the conclusion from a survey by the Canadian Dental Association.

Count Carlo Sforza, Italian diplomat and statesman, died this date 1952. He had a brilliant diplomatic career at many capitals, was active in promoting peace and the League of Nations but the revelation that he had ceded Fiume to Yugo-Slavia enabled the Fascists to bring about his downfall.

Within a few days every branch bank will have a "modest supply" of the new and smaller Bank of Canada bills that are to replace the present note issue in this country.

Those who have never seen a flood in Asia cannot imagine the sufferings of the poor. The humble possessions of the peasant—often a few cooking pots, cotton bed quilts, a bullock and a wooden plough—are dearer to him because they are all he has in the world; they give meaning to his

existence and when they have gone everything else worth living for goes with them. It is only when one sees these peasants bereft of everything that one realizes how much possessions dignify the individual.

As far as the eye can see the muddy waters move slowly to the distant estuary bearing their cargo of human and animal corpses, trees, branches, roofs and all the miscellaneous flotsam of a peasant economy. The walls and roofs of huts made of plaited palm leaves soon part company and make their separate ways to the sea; mud huts, and houses made of mud-baked bricks, dissolve so that when the waters recede little is left.

Slowly hope returns, for the peasant is insured to catastrophe by the inborn experience of a thousand generations. The river is a generous friend, but one not entirely to be trusted. He gives life, and he takes life away; he is the son of Brahma.

See Selves In Penguins?

Penguins always have fascinated people, says the Philadelphia Enquirer and then continues: That they continue to do so is indicated by the fact that a Brooklyn department store has contributed \$2500 to the Coney Island Aquarium, now a building, to buy a colony of penguins.

If that seems like a lot for penguins it should be remembered that, like motorcars, they come in many styles and models, prices starting at \$100, with the super de luxe emperor penguin selling for as much as \$1200.

Those who have visited the penguins at zoos may have caught on to the fact that penguins consider themselves superior to people!

True, when explorers have invaded the Antarctic a committee of penguins, shining in their white stuffed shirts, usually has come forward to greet them. Then the leader makes a speech of welcome in penguinese (which is no more incomprehensible, we are told, than quite a bit of human utterance).

But generally the penguin seems to believe that human beings should be kept in their place. Perhaps there is one factor which makes people like penguins. They are not to be taken for granted. Their favor is to be sought. Their dignity is to be respected.

Yet some penguins are vain. Some are stupid. Most like to have their pictures taken. Even the \$1200 kind. Could it be that the chief reason they fascinate us is that, in them, we see ourselves as they see us? It's a sobering thought.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Monday, Labour Day.

Canada declared war this date, 1939.

Tomorrow, the 12th Sunday after Trinity, the 13th after Pentecost.

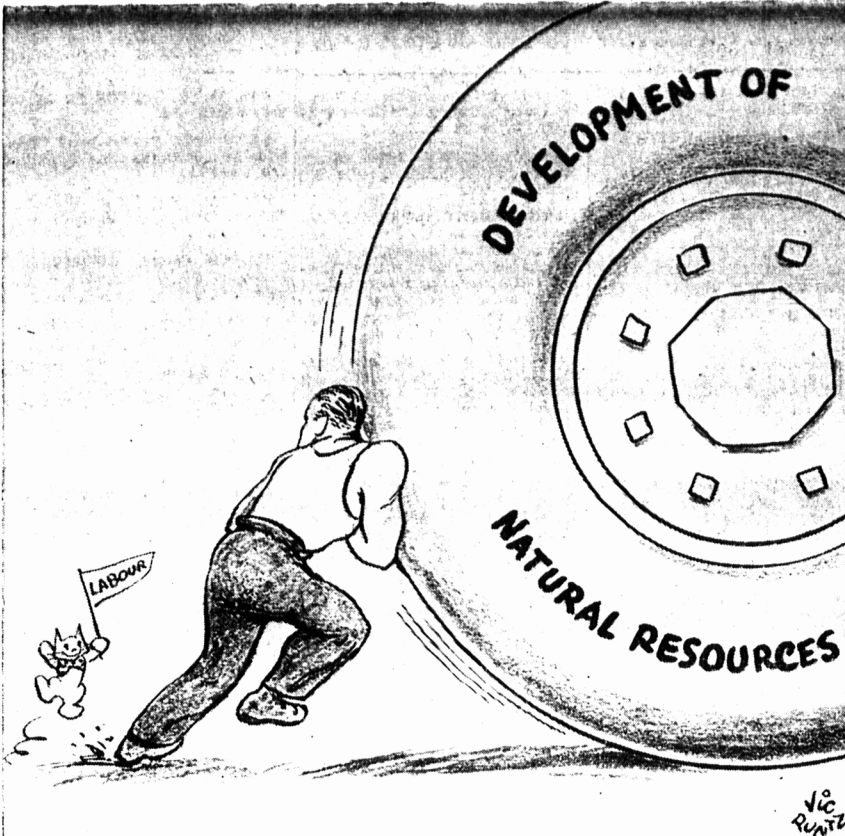
We take issue with the Canadian vice-consul in Los Angeles who wrote in an official publication that it would be strange if the potatoes from California and Oregon that B. C. growers complained were being dumped on their market were grown from certified seed from the Maritime Provinces.

That there were countless cases of Canadians trying to return from abroad being delayed by immigration officials up to five years is a most serious charge against the Department. It is only one of many, however, made by a sub-committee of the Canadian Bar Association which has been investigating for 2 1/2 years and requires another year to complete its work.

That 98 per cent of all Canadian children have an oral disease of some type is the conclusion from a survey by the Canadian Dental Association. The great bulk of these cases consists presumably of conditions that are not serious but the total is certainly enough to cause individuals and officials to think seriously along the lines of dental health.

Count Carlo Sforza, Italian diplomat and statesman, died this date 1952. He had a brilliant diplomatic career at many capitals, was active in promoting peace and the League of Nations but the revelation that he had ceded Fiume to Yugo-Slavia enabled the Fascists to bring about his downfall. He returned to Italy in 1943 and at the age of 73 made a dramatic re-entry on the stage of European diplomacy at the Paris Conference of 1947.

Within a few days every branch bank will have a "modest supply" of the new and smaller Bank of Canada bills that are to replace the present note issue in this country. It is claimed that it is impossible to forge them successfully, a consideration that is important at any time but especially so in a world in which potential aggressors would almost certainly go in for forgery on a grand scale.



A Kind Of Test Of Strength That Thrills Us All

The Poet's Corner

FROM FERN HILL

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green.

The night above the dingle starry, Time let me hail and climb Golden in the heydays of his eyes, And honored among wagons I was prince of the apple towns

And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves Trail with daisies and barley, Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and caretive, famous among the barns As the farm was home, In the sun that is young once only, Time let me play and be Golden in the mercy of his means, And green and golden I was huntman and herdman, the calves Sang my horn, the foxes on the hills barked mad and cold.

And the sabbath rang slowly In the pebbles of the holy streams

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, to take me, Up to the swallow-throated loft by the shadow of my hand, In the moon that is always rising, Nor that riding to sleep I should hear him fly with the high fields

And wake to the farm forever fled from the child's land, Oh I was young and easy in the mercy of his means, Time held me green and dying Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

- Dylan Thomas

Reciprocal Copyright

Woodstock-Ingersoll Sentinel-Review

Canadian writers will learn, with some interest but without much hope that a commission, headed by Mr. Justice J. L. Isley of Nova Scotia, will shortly open hearings in reference to our present—and probably out of date—patent and copyright set up.

Preliminary hearings are expected in November and December, with further hearings next spring, and already a steady stream of submissions has come from associations and businesses.

Under the terms of reference, the commission will have a four-fold task of learning whether the existing laws afford a reasonable incentive to invention and research, to development of literary and artistic talent, to creativeness and to making available to the public scientific, technical, literary and artistic creations.

In the course of its investigation the commission will presumably uncover and regard with becoming reverence that much touted arrangement between Canada and the United States known as "copyright reciprocity."

As is well known, the United States has persistently remained outside the Berne convention, under which a copyright secured by a citizen of one adhering country automatically became effective in all the other countries covered by the Berne convention.

But, with a view to helping Canadian authors some 30 years ago, more or less, an agreement providing for copyright reciprocity was negotiated directly between Canada and the United States.

Under this agreement, copyright protection was accorded to U. S. citizens in Canada on the same basis as to Canadians; and, conversely, Canadians could secure copyright in the United States on the same basis as American citizens.

A Time To Live

Sydney Post-Record

(Sydney Post-Record) Dignity, it is suggested here has much to do with looking at life candidly, with looking at it whole. In so doing we have a sense of values beyond our immediate ken, yet of strength close at hand, unimpeded but somehow apprehended, and detected through the medium of great poetry.

Such awakened, keener awareness surely was the experience of many who listened to the Wednesday night broadcast of the verse of that extraordinary poet, the Welshman Dylan Thomas. Mr. Thomas no longer is of this world. He died in the fullness of his youth. It is a mercy that recordings were made of his readings while he lived. We heard his voice declaiming the verse of the best modern poets, including his own. It was a wonderful voice, manly and tender, seeming to give forth his high-reaching intelligence, and his profound comprehension of the verse he read. In listening we knew that there have been heroes in our time, not alone on the battlefield, but also in the study, and in contemplation under the starry sky, and in thought, word and deed, that beautiful aggregation of man's integrity.

Yes we heard Dylan Thomas speak, communicating to listeners his manful and sympathetic apprehension of the multitudinous delights of life, the soul of his Welsh and Celtic being outpouring to an audience the breadth of this land. We also heard the drama he wrote, spoken by Welsh actors of the British Broadcasting system—the BBC—so that the whole of twenty-four hours in a little seaport of Wales, was understood in paths and merriment, the pitiful with the good, the bad with the beautiful—along with cock-crow at break of day, and the voices of children coming from school.

Those who listened are the wiser and the better it seems for the experience. And proud in our realization that we are shining in a great time on earth. Yes, it is a notable time to live when we have shared in living in the same time with Dylan Thomas.

NOTES BY THE WAY

"Fofalo salad" means as many different things at different times and places as does "democracy."—Winnipeg Tribune.

Our language is a baffling one for the foreigners. As for instance, "de luxe"—which can mean more chrome or a pickle, depending on whether it's applied to a car or a hamburger.—Hamilton Spectator.

The husky is to be respected, it has a set of jaws like a bear's, but it is no more vicious than any other dog. In fact we know of one instance where the only trouble with one particular husky as a pet was the fact that it thought it was a lap dog—and a husky husky becoming overly affectionate is something to contend with.—Sudbury Star.

A swarm of locusts has invaded Britrea, in East Africa. It is reported, however, that the natives are making the best of the situation. They consider locusts, lightly toasted, a delicacy. This may dispose of an argument over a biblical reference to feeding on locusts and wild honey. Some scholars have maintained that the "locusts" in that case were not insects but some form of plant life.—Bantford Expositor.

The best crime deterrent is the good, old "cat of nine tails" says Robert Fabian retired superintendent of Scotland Yard, now in Ontario investigating the case of the disappearance of Marion McDowell last December. "Let the punishment fit the crime" said Sleuth Fabian before the Police Association of Ontario convention, Montreal. Brutal crime calls for rough treatment. He may be right at that. In the days when Pa took Junior to the woodshed, we had remarkably little delinquency. It may have been harsh treatment; Junior wailed and Ma used her hanky, but it was a brisk age and a brisk therapy was called for.

Canadian seeking copyright in the United States could get it on the same basis as an American, meant, however, that to get this protection his work had to be set-up, printed and published in the United States.

In other words, the American could secure a Canadian copyright without printing his work in Canada; the Canadian had to produce his work in the United States to secure protection there.

Some minor concessions, allowing the Canadian a month or two to meet the requirements of U.S. production, were of entirely illusory value. As a measure of reciprocity, the arrangement was a cruel jest at the expense of Canadian writers. But we must admire the gell of the negotiators who, securing this jug-handled arrangement, had the nerve to label it "reciprocity."

The Passing Scene

A few days ago I had an interesting—and provocative—talk with a young lad to whom I turn now and then when I grow weary of common and familiar philosophical viewpoints. Incidentally, it is a good diversion and by no means a waste of time. The boy is ten years old and in grade five. This latest encounter took place a day or two before his school was scheduled to re-open and, of course, I started the interview with the everdone observation that I was "sure" he was very glad to be going back to school. "No," he said, "I'm not I hate the idea." In a very few minutes he gave me to understand that if he had anything to say about it there wouldn't be any teachers or any schools. "What's the good of them?" was his summing up.

When I asked him how he expected to learn anything if he did not go to school he replied: "I don't want to learn anything and, anyway, you don't learn very much at school. My Uncle Bill went for six years and he doesn't know any more than I do. I don't happen to know his Uncle Bill, so I can either confirm nor deny the allegation."

He volunteered the information that he was going to have the same teacher this year as last. "How do you like her?" I asked him. "I don't like her at all," he told me. "She isn't cross or anything like that and I must say she has very good looks, but she's a teacher and I don't like anyone who teaches school." This led me to wonder out loud—if this anti-teacher sentiment is widespread among the young, it is a pity anyone tells you he likes school and teachers," he said, "don't believe him; he's just pretending."

Further prodding on my part—all done very discreetly, of course—brought out a list of specific things which are responsible for this anti-school sentiment. They may be summarized as follows: Having to get up at the same time every morning; having to "dress up" every day; not being allowed to talk across the room; having to sit still two hours at a time; homework.

When he asked me point-blank if I had been fond of school when I was his age I said, "Why, yes, of course," inwardly fearing his comment on that, to him, very strange answer. To my relief all he said was "that's funny." But by the way he said it I am not sure that he was very deeply impressed by my protestation of school devotion.

As tactfully as I could I turned the conversation to the subject of fishing. Here, I thought to myself, is a subject on which we will surely agree. But we did not. That is to say, we did not agree on what constitutes the sport of fishing. Like everybody else who has a fairly good assortment of flies and other lures I was anxious to show them and would have welcomed words of appreciation and commendation concerning my possessions. But when he asked, a little superciliously, I thought, "What are these things for?" I knew I was in for another argument. "Well," I said, with what self-assurance I had retained from the other bout, "these things as you call them are flies for catching trout."

Then he laughed derisively and exclaimed, "I use worms." I tried to explain that, while worms are not to be despised, inasmuch as many respectable fishermen have been known to use them, bait fishing is not quite as good sport as fly fishing. "What makes you think," he asked me, "that a trout would rather take a fly than a worm?"

When I confessed that that was a question I could not answer with any personal knowledge of the trout viewpoint, he gave me to understand that, to him, catching the trout was the important thing.

For all that, he informed me, he would mind taking a few flies if I felt like giving them away. I give him half a dozen of the less useful ones and, by this time, he probably has lectured his classmates on the advantages of fly fishing over the other kind. On the other hand, he may have told them that he knows someone who is innocent enough to believe that trout prefer coloured feathers to real food.

By this time I was a little tired of controversy, so I resorted to this question: "What do you expect to be when you grow up?" I am well aware that this is about as meaningless a question as an adult could put to a youngster, but

It had this advantage: whatever answer he gave, it could hardly lead to any argument. "Well," he said, "I then when I grow weary of common and familiar philosophical viewpoints: that way I can make some money and have lots of fun doing it." It was possible, however, that he might become a minister, since he understood ministers had hardly anything to do except on Sundays. I wanted to tell him that, while this view is quite commonly held, there is no truth in it. But, seeing that he was all set to defend the unjust rumour, I told him I had to go now and we would discuss the matter some other time. By then, no doubt, he will have shifted to some other controversial premise.

Explosives In The Grate

The story of the proverbial gift horse has always been curiously incomplete. Like the Cheshire cat, it was all mouth and no body; and it assumes that a horse must always be an acceptable present. What happens if somebody receives an unwelcome gift of a horse and the animal kicks? Recently the Court of Appeal had to decide. In 1951 a Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson had ordered coal and received a fragment of explosive—according to the coal merchants—a gift—along with it. They claimed that they were entitled to recompense for the damage caused by the resultant explosion in their grate.

The coal merchants disagreed. They said that under the Sale of Goods Act they contracted only to sell coal of a merchantable quality, and their liability must be limited to the commodity in which they dealt. If, by chance, explosives were included with it they must be in the nature of a gift. This line of reasoning once convinced the Court of Session in Scotland; but it has now failed to carry with it the Court of Appeal in England.

It is no answer, Lord Justice Denning said, to explain that there was nothing wrong with the coal as coal; that there was a great deal wrong with the consignment. Was there not the famous case of the solicitor who broke a tooth on a stone in a bun? Was not the stone, from the point of view of liability, a part of the bun? The coal merchants must pay.

The answer might be contempt of court in Scotland, but perhaps Scottish householders would be well advised to order their coal south of the Border, or is that advice in itself a slight on the economic independence of the Northern Kingdom?

The Age Old Story

How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God; therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light. O continue thy loving kindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

STAFFORD, England (CP)—An exhibition at a beauty spot here designed to "shock" people into being neat and tidy, included a collection of old tin cans.

COSTLY STAMPEDE

PERTH, Scotland (CP)—When a herd of 20 cows was stampeded by a truck, two of the cows were so badly injured they had to be shot.

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"Last week the town was enlivened by the performances of the Miramichi Amateur Band, several members of which here arrived on Thursday, in the Cape Breton steamer, and, during that and the following evening, entertained the public with a variety of favorite airs. On Friday evening, by the kindness of the Chief Justice, they were accommodated with the use of the Court House, which was well lighted and otherwise fitted up on the occasion. Although the performance was gratuitous — indeed so much so that numbers were unable to gain admittance, and had to remain outside — the best of order was preserved. Perhaps this was in some measure owing to the judicious measures adopted by Capt. Longfield, of the 8th Regiment, who, at the request of the performers, placed a sentinel at each corner of the Court House." —Royal Gazette, Aug. 16, 1840.

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