

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TARIFF REVISION

Of one thing at least in the political medley Canadians may rest assured, that is, that there shall be a revision of the tariff. This is "nominated in the bond" it is promised in the speech from the throne. Moreover it was promised before the election from every platform in the country. The late government was roundly abused by every Liberal and Progressive candidate because the "long overdue" revision of the tariff had not been carried into effect.

Of the nature of the revision also Canadians need have no fears. If there be any faith in promises or any reliance upon opportunities. Never before in the history of Canada has there been a definite, specific pre-election pronouncement upon the tariff. Always heretofore the promises were vague and indefinite; there would be a "lowering" or a "raising" of the duties. The political physicians of both parties contented themselves with a general diagnosis of the condition of the country and with general principles for treatment; there would be an increase or a decrease in the duty as conditions might indicate a necessity for from time to time. Now, however, there is unanimous agreement among the physicians in charge; there is no doubt; the disease and the remedy are definitely fixed.

The Liberals solemnly agreed that the duty on all agricultural implements and on all food-stuffs must be abolished, a general revision downward on boots, shoes and clothing be effected, and the British preference duty reduced by one half.

On these specific items both the Liberals and the Progressives agreed; they embodied them in their platforms, pledged themselves to implement them by legislation as soon as they came into power, and repeated their promises on every platform in the Dominion before the election.

Now they are in power; the two parties constitute a large majority in the House; they have promised to stand by each other in everything calculated to benefit the country; the deliberate opinions formed before the election, they have told us, were arrived at after careful study of condition and put forward for the sole purpose of benefitting the country.

Now is their opportunity. The Liberals with the help of the Progressives can carry any policy they choose to submit to the House. May we not expect that, whether for good or ill to Canada, this abolition and general downward revision shall be carried out?

The speech from the throne was not specific; it promised a "revision" of the tariff and even such an authority on political verbiage as the Hon. T. A. Crerar, admitted that he did not know whether it meant a revision upward or downward and he had his doubts about it. He would have added something to the general estimate of his honesty had he moved an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, making it "revision downward" instead of a meaningless "revision"; but he did not. However when the tariff bill is presented he may remember the platform of his party and insist upon its provisions. In any case the tariff bill when introduced will afford a test of political honesty and we shall see what we shall see.

THE PATRIOT'S "PROOF"

Yesterday's Patriot in a long and windy editorial, interspersed with a number of its favorite adjectives, quotes Mr. Squire Chairman of the Executive of the Canadian Good Roads Society, as proof that The Guardian was

wrong in its criticism of the road policy of the Bell government. To Squire never saw the roads made by the Bell government. Nor has he seen the accounts which the legislature has yet to see and the people to learn about. When these accounts are presented and the manner in which contracts were let and paid for it will be time enough for the Patriot to shout and to declare, if it can then, that the road work of the Bell government is worthy of all the jubilation that has been heaped upon it by the organ and the two Liberal members who so far have ventured an opinion upon it. As to the Patriot's childish whimpering about the government being abused by the Guardian, nothing need be said; This has ever been the Patriot's defence when it has no other argument to produce.

It admits while it denies all that the Guardian has said about lowering the standard of matriculation into Prince of Wales College and the settlement of the strike of Prince of Wales College teachers, precipitated and settled by the Bell government. We have asked the Patriot to wait for proofs of its extravagant claims before shouting. It, however, considers it best to shout first.

BACK TO THE TROUGH

Our Liberal friends have ever kept an eye on the "deserving Democrats" of their faith and the "democrats," deserving or otherwise have ever kept an eye on the trough. While the Conservatives were in power even the suspicion of the existence of a trough was sufficient to set the Liberals howling with rage.

Now with the Liberals in power it is another matter. Liberals who have trodden the wilderness of opposition for ten long, hungry years are clamoring for the flesh pots, for the restoration of the patronage system which provides that the spoils belong to the victors. The government is about to introduce a bill taking such offices as the post-mastership, light-house keepers, harbor masters and other positions out of the hands of the Civil Service Commission.

It is generally believed that the Progressives are opposed to this reactionary step but anything may happen. In any case the Liberals are clamouring for it and have already prepared a bill to bring it about.

POTATO CROP 1921

The potato harvest of 1921 was somewhat less than that of 1920. The west is rapidly becoming a strong rival in this field, Saskatchewan yielding last year 176 1/2 bushels per acre as compared with 216 1/4 bushels, the highest yield in Canada and credited to New Brunswick. Western Canada has not been engaged in potato culture until a comparatively few years ago, wheat growing being the staple industry. Now they are taking up mixed farming and the land generally is well adapted to the growing of potatoes.

The East must now look to its laurels in this industry and, for Prince Edward Island at least, the emphasis must be placed on the growing of seed potatoes. The west, with the probable exception of some of the most northerly sections, must procure its seed from the east and no better seed potatoes can be grown anywhere than in Prince Edward Island. This has been demonstrated by frequent competitions and it is well known that at present there is a greater demand for Prince Edward Island registered seed potatoes than can be supplied. The market for properly grown, disease proof seed potatoes is unlimited

and this is our warrant for devoting our attention to producing them.

Notes By The Way

(From The Examiner.)

Liberal members returned from their homes to the Legislature on Tuesday afternoon in a very sober frame of mind. Some of them had apparently been talking with their constituents! There is little comfort to be found in that quarter. All the government group wore a distinctly funeral aspect.

The faithful ones, the doubtful and the recalcitrant ones were, however, nearly all in their places when Mr. J. D. Stewart, leader of the Opposition, arose to resume his interrupted speech on the Address. Every eye was fixed on him from the beginning to the end of his address. Somberly and in silence they sat and listened to his powerful arraignment of the government's misdeeds, its neglect of duty, its wanton violation of law, the atrocity of the Great Betrayal of 1919.

It soon became evident to the Premier and the inner coterie that an extended debate on the Address as first planned must be abandoned. They saw that a long debate instead of providing attractive propaganda for the country would only sink them deeper in the mire of popular condemnation. They saw the hopelessness of argument, the danger that opposition might be voiced within their own ranks, that the party might be made to appear more ridiculous than before.

So the plans were changed; the Premier only would reply and as for the rest, "Mum" was the word! Quite obsequiously it was obeyed. In a way it was the best course. It would save time. Better one voice than many discordant voices. The Premier could speak for hours and hours upon nothing, darkening counsel with words without knowledge. And what a speech it was! What a thrashing out of old straw, echoes of the last local campaign, words, words, words; the pitiful plea of necessity for taxation.

Yes, the Liberal party, as he called it, had a policy, to pay as you go, keeping out of debt by borrowing money, building improved roads, 450 miles of roads, permanent roads, and paying for them by pyramiding the motor-license fees. At least the right of way would remain permanent! Borrow the money, but keep out of debt! It wouldn't cost a dollar in taxes nor add a dollar to the debt. Well, even the faithful listened to it all in silent weariness, "that tired feeling" expressed on every face, with here and there a shaking head.

Of course the road policy implied also a policy of keeping up the roads after they are improved, but that was "not yet mature," he said. What he did not tell was as much for the upkeep of the improved roads as before they were improved. Then he also had a "no, too" policy to get mussels mud from Richmond Bay some time in the misty future. Actually there was already some correspondence on the subject. And this after three years!

Evidently all this worry cannot fluge to keep out of debt and hearing the Great Betrayal rather bored most of his followers and satisfied none of them. The faithful among them sat in silent expectation, an expression on their faces seeming to ask, "Is that the best you have to say?" Half a dozen of them gently tapped their desk-tops as he sat down. They could hardly do less; they refused to do more. The debate closed in a slough of despondency, very apparent and very real.

and this is our warrant for devoting our attention to producing them.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The irate Patriot of last evening expends some picturesque and characteristic epithets in abusing The Guardian for opinions expressed in the Examiner and reproduced by the former. Would not our esteemed contemporary save time and temper by trying its reforming hand upon the Examiner itself?

Spring is here, so also is the remnant of winter. There is still considerable snow on the streets but it is slowly finding its way to the sewers and to the sea. This latter process could be considerably accelerated by occasionally running the street sweeper over the streets, cleaning off the winter's accumulation of dirt and letting the sunshine in on the snow.

Others' View Points

Thirteen Party Leaders.

Leadership in federal politics since Confederation is marked by many peculiar circumstances, including the three that are leading their respective forces in the present Parliament here have been all told thirteen party leaders. Of these seven led the Conservatives and five the Liberals. The present leader of the Progressives makes the thirteenth. Nine of the total were Canadians by birth, three saw the light of day in Scotland, and one had his nativity in England.

Seven Conservatives have attained the premiership and only three Liberals. But a peculiar thing in respect to three of the occupants of the premiership is that not one of them led his party during a general election. And, stranger still, each followed the other in office. The one was Sir John Abbott who, through ill-health, retired after occupying the premiership a year and five months. The second was Sir John Thompson, whose term of office was brought to a close by his sudden death in Windsor Castle in 1894. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was the third, and he was prevented from holding office until the next general election by the revolt of seven members of his cabinet, forcing his resignation.

Poles in Princes Street.

Manchester Guardian.

The question whether Princes street, Edinburgh, shall be disfigured with tram standards and overhead wires, which is at present exciting Edinburgh opinion, is of more than local interest. It is not Scotsmen only who maintain that Princes street is the finest thoroughfare in the world. Even those who approach it with no particular affection for the tremendous past that lives so vividly in the city around it, feel the charm of its dignity, its space, and the dramatic contrast of the stern old stronghold that dominates it with the formal gardens that deck it and the opulent and very modern shops on which the Castle frowns from its height. The jealous Glasgow man who dismissed it with the enervated comment that it is "nae mair than half a street" summed up its chief charm. To look across from its nineteenth-century side when the gun booms one o'clock from the Castle, and to catch the fretted outline of the roofs and towers of the Old Town is to see suddenly backwards through many hundreds of years. The street is a noble strip of no-man's-land between past and present. Shall it be stamped with the ugly marks of what is by no means the most efficient mode of civic transport that as Oxford, for instance, has done, refuse to submit, and save its amenity?

Give Edinburgh folk their due, the answer is not easy. It was in the interest of "amenity" that the cable trams which are now to be scrapped were preferred to overhead electric. They have made Edinburgh the laughing-stock of all

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

From the W. S. Louson collection

BE NOT ANXIOUS

Never you worry, Never you fret; Flowers shall blossom Everywhere yet; Blue must the sky be Under the gray; Clouds will fly over Another sweet day, Never you worry, Never you fret; Spring hasn't flouted The old world yet.

Never you worry, Never you fret; Sorrow endureth, Joy shall come yet; Lo, the day falleth, Night mounts the skies; Walk in the starlight Till the sun rises, Never you worry, Never you fret, God isn't done With the old world yet.

Never you worry, Never you fret; Green will the grass be On the graves yet; Those your heart longs for Draw near to you; Keep yourself ready, Keep yourself true Those you remember, Can God forget The best hasn't happened To any one yet.

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but spring is in the air and your new hat is a necessity.

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We're not concerned about whether you are ready to buy tomorrow or not; but we do want to have you enjoy seeing the new things that we have brought, during these early days when the seeing is so

much more pleasure than it can possibly be when everybody has seen them.

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municipalities that put efficiency first. She feels that she has suffered enough in order to be beautiful, and that at all costs there must be efficiency as well. No one will withhold sympathy. But there are at least two ways of securing both. One is to adopt the conduit or underground system with which London has preserved as well as she may, the beauty of the Embankment. The other is to abandon trams altogether and rely, as Oxford does, on the motor bus. That no doubt would be a drastic and initially expensive step but it is one that all cities will have to take in the end. The fact that an immense amount of civic capital was sunk in permanent ways and rolling stock before the motor had been invented will not make its triumph less certain in the end.

Meanwhile, if Edinburgh cannot face this, let us hope she will at least be able to save Princes street from a plan which will alter its whole gracious demeanor. It is only a hundred years (a bagatelle in Edinburgh's story) since the street was born of the wisdom of the city fathers, who realized that on the rubbish tipped into the Nor Loch, which then filled it and separated the growing New Town from the Old, there might be built a famous thoroughfare. Their vision was finely realized. If this advice could be taken now they might conceivably suggest that rather than undo their handiwork with poles and wires their successors should even consider actually walking along the short and surprisingly beautiful length of the road they planned.

A Porter Paragon.

London Morning Post.

At a small wayside railroad station in Sussex hard by Lewes, works a porter who almost deserves to be canonized. For he never takes a "tip" if he can gracefully refuse. The writer saw a poor country-woman, laden with bag and baggage and human impediments, offer him twopenny in return for kindly aid. He said: "Please do not tip me. Why should I be paid twice over?" The porter will explain how occasionally he accepts a tip from the rare first-class passengers at the station, but this he does not seem to think freakish. The paragon also will tell you that he dislikes the eight-hour day. "Leisure," says he "is so expensive."

A Lonely Fun-Maker.

(From the Toronto Globe.) The Creator of "Peter Pan" and a playwright whose droll humor has amused vast audiences, Sir James M. Barrie, is said to be one of the loneliest of men. "One who knows him well," writing in The Philadelphia Ledger, says that, despite Barrie's great triumphs and his wonderful personal qualities, he goes about London friendless and mostly alone. The tragedy of his marriage and divorce was followed by the death of

a boy to whom he had afterward devoted his affections. This left Barrie exceedingly lonely. He seemed deprived of fatherhood, in his own right or by adoption. He poured out his soul into the spiritual fraternity of children, and the children in the world, the children of an intangible passion he could never see realized in his own flesh and blood. "That is the secret of this slight, say, reticent wreath of humanity, of this soul packed full of brains, labored by the creative urge of genius, yet alone in a world of physical impulses against which he can but wield the insubstantial buckler of fantasy and whimsies, of visions so fantastically unreal that they grow more and more difficult to interpret; yes, more ghostlike."

Barrie's London house must be full of dreams and ghosts. From out any knowledge of the complicated spot where she sleeps, Lady Jane Grey set forth to be heard, ed at the Tower. Here, a little before us, here too, was a regiment of Cromwell's soldiers quartered after the beheading of Charles I. In the same building was born Benjamin Disraeli. And so the story of this remarkable spot in the heart of London might be enlarged but it would not solve the pathetic life of one of the most beloved but least known of British contemporary writers.

As Professor Van Tyne's mission in India is, to use his own words purely that of a "disinterested learner," his visit and subsequent reports cannot fail to be of unusual value. For whatever the outcome of the reforms recently introduced in India, they will add to the general stock of political experience.

More than the pageantry of a Prince's visit directs interest to India at present. There, under conditions of unusual difficulty, the effort is being made to govern an Oriental people according to western principles. America has on the scene an unofficial representative in the person of Professor C. H. Van Tyn, head of the Department of History of the University of Michigan. He has had unusual opportunities to study the development of the new Indian Constitut

(From the New York Times)

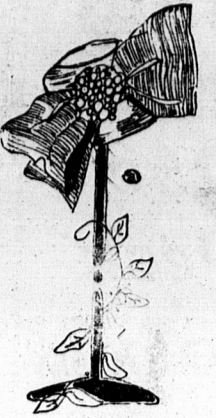
(Manitoba Free Press.) Newspaper editors have to contend with two classes, those who want to know why it was published and those who want to know why it wasn't.

The Law's Delays (From the Louisville Courier-Journal) If more of the law's delays were in the making of laws, and less of it in enforcing 'em, this would be a better world for every one save lawmakers and lawyers.

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PASSED AONG (From the Montreal Herald) I always like to pass along a good story. Here are two from the "Star" the organ of the Navy League of Canada.

The postmistress at a country post office was a trifle deaf. A fairly fat man, who had been pushed his way through people waiting for the mail and hawled out, "Any letters here for Mike Howe?" The postmistress, who had been shouting "Any letters here for Mike Howe?" he shouted again, quietly, "There's nothing here for your cow or anyone else's cow."



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