

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1922.

RAILWAY DANGERS

The third victim of the wreck of the Ocean Limited some miles west of Campbellton, N. B., died a few days ago. The wreck, it will be remembered, was caused by the train colliding with a cow asleep on the track. It will be remembered also that only the steel cars remained on the track. From all the circumstances connected with the accident some valuable lessons should be learned.

The Railway Act is very specific with reference to the protection afforded to farmers through whose lands the railway passes. Cattle guards are placed at every crossing and the railway is held responsible for losses sustained through injury or death to cattle and horses where such losses are caused through any fault or neglect on the part of railway officials.

On the other hand farmers are required to keep their horses and cattle off the railway except by regularly authorized crossings in which case they must be in charge of a competent driver. In addition to this the criminal code declares that "everyone is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to two years' imprisonment who, by any unlawful act, or by any wilful omission or neglect of duty, endangers or causes to be endangered the safety of any person conveyed or being in or upon a railway, or aids or assists therein."

It will therefore be seen that the law cuts both ways. In the present case three lives were lost and serious damage done to the railway because of some one's carelessness or neglect. It has happened more than once in this province that cattle have wandered on the railway track and not many years ago the western train coming to Charlottetown ran through a herd of cattle, killing two or three of them but fortunately doing no damage to the train for the simple and accidental reason that the cattle were standing up and therefore were thrown off the track. Had they been caught napping, like the Quebec cows, there would, in all probability, have been a derailment and possibly some fatalities. The point is that it is an indictable offence and punishable by imprisonment to allow cattle or horses on the railway and too much care cannot be exercised in keeping them off it.

Another important point is the safety of steel cars. Even if derailed, except when they are thrown over an embankment, passengers have a reasonable chance of escape from death. The day of the wooden railway coach is nearing an end and the sooner the better.

WHAT IS NEWS?

Some old newspaper man was asked by a young reporter "what is news". The old man replied, "If when walking along the street you see a dog run out and bite a man, it is not news and is not worth making a note of; but if you see a man run out and bite a dog, that's news."

In other words, news is something out of the ordinary, and the business of the newspaper is to record extraordinary occurrences. News might be classified as interesting, informative, sensational, and any record that does not enter into one or other of these classes is not news.

What is real news and what people regard as news may be different things. Reports of the dog, it is said when a dog would like to find pleasure in the post-victory.

bilities of rabies, blood poisoning, the value of the trousers torn, the extent of the rent and the ridiculous appearance of the man as he hurried away. The imaginative reporter might give a lurid description of the language used, illustrating it with direct quotations; he might expatiate on the cost of the trousers and the financial ability or inability of the man to afford the damage. This would not be news, but it would satisfy a morbid curiosity which still exists in some branches of the human family; if humorously or sarcastically described it might amuse those who saw no incongruity in making such a misthorte the subject of a joke or of sarcasm.

Some items appear in the newspapers which are of interest only to a half dozen people in a community. Others which may be commonplace to the community in which they occur may be of general interest to the rest of the province. For example Mr. Jones, whose fame as a farmer, did not extend beyond the bounds of his school district, threshed fifty bushels of wheat to the buseness. This is real news and of value to the whole province.

The list of what is and what is not news might be extended indefinitely and this brings us to the point, if point it be, and it is this. There are as many kinds of readers as there are kinds of news. What one good lady might turn up her nose at might be meat and drink to another. What would be nonsense to one, of real value to another. What might seem insignificant to the man who is interested only in the coal strike or the Hague Conference might be an advertisement of incalculable value to the province. What might appear ridiculous to a grouchy reader might be a life-giving joke to the man who has a sense of humor. What would appear to a conservative to be a good joke on the Bell government would make a good Grit throw several kinds of fits. And so it goes through the whole long category of human diversities and newspaper perplexities. The candid reader will see the difficulty and when offering up a prayer for all classes and conditions of men will not forget those whose duty it is to reconcile the irreconcilable. The newspaper's business is to record facts as they are, when recording them will be of the greatest good to the greatest number; to step aside occasionally to gratify the few when it can be done without injury to the many. The newspaper must go on and must be content with a reasonable proportion of bricks and bouquets, of praise and blame. Without the newspaper the world would be a hopeless wilderness, a barren waste. If it satisfied everybody it would be a miracle; if it displeased all or even the majority of its readers it would die a natural death.

GOOD-BYE GOLFERS

The visiting golfers team leave this morning, leaving behind them pleasant memories and taking away with them all the honours of the long and strenuous game. We trust they have also taken with them memories as pleasant as those they have left behind them, memories which may draw them again to another tournament in Charlottetown. It is a pleasure to state that the visitors expressed themselves as delighted with their visit and had many good words to say about the Charlottetown Links which they assure us is the best golf course in the Maritime Provinces. To discover this was alone worth coming for, to say nothing of the honours of victory.

Notes By The Way

A wise King of years long past wrote of the great force of right words. Some one has since thought of the fact that a great host of the strong words and of the words which mean very much are small words. And a man who in his time wrote many wise thoughts and also taught scores of boys and girls at one time told his class not to use a long word at any time when a short word could be found that meant the same thing.

"Small words may mean so much! The good men who preach to us from time to time find in one small word, a text for many thoughts that are high and strong and fine. They tell us of God, the Most High of life—this life which we now live and the life beyond the grave—of the soul and the mind of man; of faith, hope and love which are among the great things that we can make our own while we live.

When we speak of the "world" we know that the word takes in all space, which has no bounds, and in that space are the sky, the sun, the moon and the stars, the earth, the sea, the air, the clouds, which send down to us the snow and the rain. A brief thought tells us how vast the world is, how huge are the parts that make it up, and yet the whole of it, or any one of its great parts may be named in one small word of three to five or six letters. In most cases it is the small words of our rich mother tongue which mean the most and tell of the big things of life.

Think for a brief time of the little words which tell of how we feel. We are glad or sad, we have joy or grief, fun or gloom, with many shades of dark or bright, of being ill or well, and so on. Much that has to do with the way we feel from day to day is in the state of the air we breathe. It may be hot, cold, wet or dry; the wind may blow or the air may be calm, or rain or snow may fall. It may be bright, clear or dark and dull, for light, as well as air have much to do with the way we feel in mind or body. And all that we feel or think or say or do may be told in short words that mean much, if we try to use them in a right way.

In Friday's Guardian was a brief sketch of Mr. J. S. Boyd, who for 33 years past has been the worthy editor of the Daily Times of Moncton, N. B., and who for 50 years past has been connected with one or other of various newspapers in the Maritime Provinces. It is a long and honorable record for a public writer who is yet in the prime of life and still "going strong." It bespeaks good qualities of mind and heart in any man who has written so much that has continuously met with the approval of thousands of readers from day to day in all those years. Newspaper men are so modest that they rarely speak of themselves. They make the political fortunes of other men of less ability and information than themselves, while in many cases they remain comparatively unknown. And yet a host of their readers would like to know more about them and it ought to be told, at least upon certain occasions.

A million men on strike among the coal miners and railway workers of the United States was the startling news in yesterday's despatches. It was long feared and expected that some such crisis would come when the effort would be made to reduce wages from the high rates, established during the great war. The crisis has come at a bad time, when the stocks of mined coal have run low, when cold weather is again drawing near and when railway transportation requires to be well manned and in fullest efficiency to move the abundant harvest and to carry fuel from the mines to millions of consumers.

The strikers will be met by energetic and strenuous measures from President Harding and the U. S. government we are told, but the situation is one that provokes anxiety both in the United States and Canada. Quebec and Ontario have to import from the States all the coal consumed on their railways, in shops and factories and in the homes of two-thirds of the people of the Dominion. Here in the Island Province we are fortunately near the coal mines of Nova Scotia, which is a source of consolation. Let us hope that the big strike may not extend to Canada! In any case, unless the trouble is quickly settled the loss and cost to the general public as well as to the strikers and their families will be enormous.

Happenings Of The Week

In the time of roses, Hope, thou weary heart; Spring a balm disclose; For the keenest smart; Though thy grief o'erwhelm thee Through the winter's gloom Thou shalt thrust it from thee When the roses bloom.

A wedding, second only in interest to the nuptials of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, took place Tuesday afternoon in St. Margaret's, Westminster, when England's richest heiress, Miss Edwina Ashley, grand-daughter of Sir Ernest Casselle and god-daughter of King Edward VII, married a scion of European royalty, Lord Louis Mountbatten. The groom is a grandson of the late Queen Victoria, a cousin of King George and the closest friend and companion of the Prince of Wales, who was the best man at Tuesday's ceremonies. King George and Queen Mary attended the wedding after which a reception was held at Brookhouse, the Park Lane mansion which is part of the bride's inheritance of £5,000,000 and which will be the home of the couple after their honeymoon in Spain as the guests of King Alfonso and their later trip to America. The bridegroom, whose father, the late Lord Milfordhaven, was Prince Louis of Battenburg, until the King abolished all the German titles held by British royalty, is a young naval officer, who acted as aide to the Prince of Wales in his tours of Australia and Japan.

Many friends here will regret the serious illness of Mr. H. J. Logan, M. P., of Amherst who is suffering from lobar pneumonia in Highlandview Hospital.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. McKinnon have as their guest Mrs. Harry Prowse of Winnipeg.

Mr. Clyde Auld and friend, Rev. Cuthbert Simpson and Mrs. Simpson are sailing from England on July 29th for home via Newfoundland and Halifax.

Judge A. H. Slipp, Messrs. D. L. and A. C. Slipp returned to Fredericton, N. B., last Monday after a delightful outing to different points of interest here.

Miss Miriam Gibson of Moncton is visiting Rev. and Mrs. Hammond Johnson, Bedeque, P. E. I. Rev. Mr. Johnson was recently in the Wesley Memorial church, Moncton, and has just removed to his new charge on the Island, near his birthplace.

Mrs. MacPhail of Toronto, Mrs. Carpenter and Miss Holtster of New York are the guests of Judge and Mrs. Neil McQuarrie, Summerside. Mrs. Carpenter is a niece of the late Alexander McDonald of "Dalvay" and formerly spent many summers with the family at Tracadie Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. Dewar have as their guests Mrs. M. J. McLeod and children of Edmonton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Malcom have had as their guests this week Mr. and Mrs. Baker of Yarmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Car Allen and family of Fredericton, N. B. are among the visitors at Beach Grove Inn.

Miss Helen Clark, Windsor, with her Edgheill friend, Miss Katie Mullor of Annapolis Royal, are enjoying a holiday at Summerside, the guests of the Misses Mona and Leila Saunders.

Many summer activities are being enjoyed in a social way, with that informality that makes for restful enjoyment. The sunshine has made it ideal for out door picnics, bathing and motoring. Our visitors clamor for the cool breezes of the sea and picnics are indulged in daily some large, some small, just family affairs to the Park or across the ferry, the one idea being to get out of doors away from the regular household cares. This is certainly the joyous season of the year when The hot scent steams and quivers, Where the hot saps thrill and stir, Where in lead-cells green pavilions Quaint artificers confer.

Where the bobolinks are merry, Where the beetles bask and gleam, Where above the powdered blossoms Powdered moth-wings poise and dream. Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen, Mrs. A. J. Thompson and daughter, Jean, Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Holden and son Pat, of Fredericton, N. B., are here

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by its correspondents.

Information Wanted

Sir:—I notice a piece in your paper regarding a fine field of clover at Long River. I would like if the farmer would explain the name of the clover seed used and the kind of land it grows in. Mr. Bernard Fitzsimmons, will confer a favor if he will oblige me with this information. I am, Sir, etc., FARMER.

Depending a few weeks vacation here.

Miss E. Crookill, Miss Van Bell and Miss Ruth Heartz will serve tea at the Tennis Courts this afternoon.

The outstanding musical event of the season was the successful and thoroughly enjoyable engagement of the Boston English Opera Company which closes tonight.

The Scottish Celebration which brought hundreds of visitors to the Province from outside points was a gratifying affair to those responsible for its success. The beautiful monument at Scotchfort well marks the first landing place of a devout people, and will be an historic spot for visitors for future years. The races on Thursday were held under ideal conditions and a band concert at night brought to a close a celebration long to be remembered.

Although it rained in the morning the Methodist Church picnic was quite a success on Wednesday and all in attendance had an exceptionally good time.

Among the welcome visitors here for a few weeks holidays are Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Winfield and the Misses Winfield of Halifax.

Mr. Arthur McKinnon has returned from Toronto on a visit to his father, Mr. D. A. McKinnon, M. P.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Byng, who have been in Calgary lately, en route to the coast, were deterred from visiting the Prince of Wales ranch, near there, on account of the heavy rains, and were obliged to cancel their trip. They will visit Banff and Lake Louise before proceeding to Vancouver.

Princess Mary is to have a wedding present from the Queen Mothers of Ashanti. The gift is being brought from West Africa by Lady Guggisberg (Miss Decima Moore). It is a silver stool carved and embossed by Ashanti silversmiths. All the Queen Mothers have contributed to it. The historic golden stool of Ashanti contains the soul of the nation, and this silver stool, an exact copy of the stool used by the Queen Mother of Mampong, "contains the love of the Queen Mother and the women of the nation."

Mrs. (Judge) Trueman, St. John, N. B., and her daughter Mrs. Sayers, are spending a two weeks holiday at Beach Grove Inn.

A very cordial welcome is being extended to Mrs. Blackmore of New York who is here on a visit to her father, Dr. Jas. Warburton.

Among those holidaying at Beach Grove Inn at present are



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MEN'S FURNISHINGS, JULY CLEARANCE Four pairs Men's Cotton Socks for . . . \$1.00 Extra Values in Windsor Ties, Silk . . . 75c Men's Outing Shirts with collars attached, cream color, worth \$1.25 for . . . \$1.00 Men's Black Knit Wool Hose . . . 60c Men's Lisle Thread Hose, in white and black . . . 49c One lot of Men's Knit Ties . . . Half Price Our Men's Umbrellas at . . . \$1.39 You can well afford to lose it, it will take the place of a \$2.00 one.

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Mrs. Blair and family of Ottawa, Mrs. Thompson of Ottawa, Mrs. (Dr.) Botsford of Moncton, Mrs. (Judge) King of Ottawa, Mrs. Ira McKay and son of Montreal and others.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers From the W. S. Louson collection DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED Don't be down-hearted, there's nothing to hope for, Good fortune smiles on the plucky and brave Keep a stout heart, there are great things to hope for—Happiness, love, all the things that you crave, Keep plodding on all your dark hours beguiling With many snatches of laughter and song; Failure will fly and Success will be smiling; Don't be down-hearted, keep plodding along. Don't be down-hearted, there's gladness in living.