

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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PROMISES VS. PERFORMANCE

The federal Liberal is appearing again in its own natural self. Not in all the world could we find a machine combination more profuse and abundant in promises than MacKenzie King and his whole party were prior to the last election. They are in power now and are busily paving the way, not to implement but to evade fulfillment of their varied pledges to the electors. The King Ministry had scarcely warmed their seats of office ere they commenced to project innovation and excursions far and away from anything and everything which they promised in their opposition days.

Closely resembling the wobbling of our Bell Government, one of their loudest denunciations was against the large number of employees, which they claimed were unnecessary, and the excessive packing of the civil service lists, accompanied by their promise to weed them out and thus effect a big saving in the costs of administration. But instead, their first proposal points to increases. "Parliamentary under-secretaries," they tell us, are under contemplation of appointment. These would no doubt be about as useful as the proverbial side pocket would be to a toad, but as a party convenience it would bridge over a pressing present difficulty in providing billets for that persistent horde of election stalkers who are now besieging the Capitol in daily increasing numbers.

Another of their favorite themes, in opposition days, was in protest against the holding of two sessions in one year, and the doubling up of indemnities. These denunciations of course found sympathetic ears in the country. But now, with the "Flesh pots" in actual possession, they have developed a strong appetite for this double indemnity of \$8,000.00, and openly declare their intention of having a second session in the very first year of their probation. But this is Liberalism, of the Canadian type at least, and with which the people are well acquainted from a long and practical experience in local as well as in federal affairs.

A HARD TIMES FREAK

There was sound philosophy and a real reversion to fact in the utterance of the Rev. Harold T. Rowe addressing the Halifax Commercial Club last week. "The professional man will get what's coming to him, whether times are good or bad, and he hasn't any cause for worry over financial depression." The lawyer he says, "if he wins or loses, he gets paid just the same," and so also with the doctor, "kill or cure" he gets paid for his services; and likewise the minister, although his congregation may be feeling the pinch of hard times, "he gets paid, Heaven or Hell, it makes no difference."

Perhaps one of the most unfair features of hard times is hidden amongst these facts, that while it oppresses the masses with its great hardships, it at the same time enriches, apart from the Gospel Ministry, a large proportion of the professional class. Scarce money is followed in its trail by poor food, insufficient fuel and clothes, and with this the weakness of body that produce illness. This brings the doctor more patients, perhaps not always promptly paying ones, and with it a larger revenue, collectible or otherwise.

The lawyer is probably more fortunate. As the reverend gentleman remarked, "win or lose he gets his fee." But in hard times he is almost always the winner. Tight money means more mortgages, bills of sale and property

through their hands, the cream can find no escape, a goodly portion of it must find its way into his coffers. Hard times is surely not his enemy, unless perchance he is a political lawyer, in which case he is entitled to more sympathy, for just then his clients are not all of the profitable kind.

The sheriff and the official assignees, with their deputies and bailiffs are more particular than any of these in a field of the richest commercial clover. Sheriff's sale, executions, foreclosures, service of papers and the routine of their work is on a scale of greater abundance in proportion as commercial depression prevails, and the people are hard up. It is in truth an "ill wind that blows nobody's good," and these straws indicate the direction taken by the hard time breeze. Good times make a lean sheriff.

WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

Crimes of violence invariably excite indignation and horror in all right thinking persons, and invariably satisfaction is expressed when the bully or the highway man is brought to justice. Such crimes as theft, however, unless the victims happen to be ruined as a result of them, are more likely to produce regret, if the criminal happens to be a person of previous good reputation. It is necessary for the protection of society that one should be punished as surely as the other, but human nature being what it is, a man who ill-treats a child is held in greater detestation than a man who steals a million dollars, although the law as a rule imposes on him a sterner penalty.

Was ever a thief committed which was not bitterly regretted by the thief five minutes after he had been arrested? Even before he has been sentenced by a judge, we may be sure that in mental agony and useless remorse he has suffered more than a hardened criminal contemplating his third or fourth long term in the penitentiary. It is then he thinks not of the punishment he himself is to endure but the suffering he has brought upon the heads of those he loves, his wife, his children, his respected family and whoever bears his name. How often he laments after he has taken the irrevocable step that he had friends who gladly would have come to his rescue rather than have had him enter the ranks of criminals in order to tide over some financial embarrassment!

We wonder how many men have said to themselves at any crisis in their lives, "What a criminal I have been?" Not many, we dare say, in proportion to those who have cried, "What a fool I have been!" and bitter words can hardly rise from a human heart. Tormented by anxieties, the man who commits his first crime to relieve them is probably in no fit mental condition to appreciate the consequences of the step he is taking. Indeed he feels that there will be no untoward consequences. No man ever committed a theft believing he would be found out, believing even that there was a slight chance of his being found out. It thives believed that they had no more than an even chance of escaping with their plunder they would be fewer. The result is that when once suspicion rests upon them they are as a rule, no match for the shrewd police officers whose business it is to suspect everybody, and whose lifelong experience has been to ferret out the truth. Nine times out of ten they confess, if the offence happens to be their first one. Nor do thieves, as a rule, take account of the fact that the larger the amount they steal, the greater will be the pains taken to

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.

A Desperate Condition Of Affairs

Sir,— In Western end of the Island we had a good crop in several localities with a good deal of food to spare; but the high prices offered for hay has unfortunately led us here into several bad deals. However, helped out the East End of the Island, as all that has been shipped from here has gone East, and now there are several up here actually in want of hay. In the French Section, with scarcely any available, and we are not getting more than a half through the winter. What shall conditions be like in April and May if the matter is not attended to immediately? It is not time for the Government to investigate this matter, as a former Government did in the past? We would suggest that they get in touch with the Federal Government, and take some decided action at once, and have one of the greatest calamities that ever threatened this Province averted. Farmers in order to pay for fuel must get money somewhere. If they apply to the banks, they can only get it for three months, this is no good, as they will not be able to pay until next spring. Harvest is sold, or about eight months from now. The Manitoba Government met a similar situation. Why can't our Government do likewise? If you allow the Farmers to be ruined the business will be hit so hard it will mean bankruptcy for a lot.

Speaking for those who are already in want of food, and who are unable to finance the procurement of hay for the balance of this winter, and thereby, lose their animals, and be prevented from putting in a crop, unless assistance is given to them.

We now call upon the local Government to take immediate action before it is too late, as it will take from three to five weeks to get hay into this Province from Quebec and Ontario. No. 2 timothy hay can yet be bought in Quebec for \$25.00 per ton, with eight dollars (\$8.00) per ton freight in car lots. We feel satisfied that our Federal Representatives, when this matter is properly placed before them that they will endeavor to get a quantity of timothy hay from Quebec and Ontario. The R. R. Commission has intimated that if there could be no profit to the dealer they would give a reduction in freight rates. And we may say, free transportation in this case would not be too great a favor. Now, if that offer is not a bluff they have a chance to come across.

Speaking for this Firm, we guarantee that they will handle without asking one cent commission, or profit, any food that can be produced for the relief of those who are now in want, and we are informed that the Firm of J. H. Myrick & Company, Timonville, would do likewise, and we feel that there is scarcely a Merchant in Prince Edward Island who is not patriotic enough to do the same. But quick-action must be taken as hay will not bring back the life to a dead horse.

I am Sir etc., W. P. CALLAHAN, St. Louis, P. E. Island

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

From the W. S. Lousion collection

LENT

For a few weeks let these obtrusive worldliness which block the door of our hearts stand back; and let the way be clear that He who longs to enter in and help us may come and meet no obstacle. This is our Lenten task. "If any man will hear My voice and open unto Me, I will come in and sup with Him," says Jesus. To still the clatter and tumult a little so that we may hear His voice, and to open the door by prayer, that is the duty of these coming weeks.

This true, we cannot reach Christ's footstool today. Yet to go part of that religious way is better than to rest: We cannot reach our Saviour's purity; Yet are we bid "He holy even as He." In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone, Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one That travell'eth his way. Perhaps my God, though He be far before, May turn and take me by the hand, and more, May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast. By starving sin, and taking such repast. As may our faults control; That every man may revel at his door. Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor. And among those his soul.

By starting sin, and taking such repast. As may our faults control; That every man may revel at his door. Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor. And among those his soul.

Notes By The Way

(From The Examiner.)

The leading Liberal journal of Canada has for two generations past carried at the head of its editorial columns this maxim: "The subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures." And this is quite in accord with one of the basic principles of the British Constitution, that the government shall be conducted according to the well-understood wishes of the people.

These precepts of Liberal profession and of the constitution are based upon the virtues of truth, honor, honesty and fair play which prevail among the people of Canada in all the ordinary walks of virtuous life. We justly despise the man who is untruthful, dishonorable, dishonest, arbitrary, or unfair in private life in his dealings with his fellow citizens. And can we do otherwise than judge our public men by as high standards as we apply to those we meet on the common level of humanity?

A man elected to the Legislature of this province is elevated in station above the great majority of the electorate; he receives a signal mark of the public trust and confidence and becomes an example to the entire community. He is chosen to sit in a seat and is entrusted with duties which for a century and a half of our legislative history have been held by public men who pursued a faithful public course, unswayed by deception or dishonor.

The public men of Prince Edward Island, many of whose portraits adorn the walls of our Legislative Chamber in full view of the men who are shortly to meet there, and who have sat there for two previous sessions, were as a rule and almost without exception men of integrity and honor. Many of them were also endowed with signal abilities, the equals of the foremost in the public life of the sister provinces of Canada. In as large a measure as any other public men of the Dominion they took the people into their confidence in their election campaigns, told the people what they proposed to do on their behalf, trusted the people, and in the legislature and in the government carried into full effect the well understood wishes of the people.

With the records and the speaking likenesses of the great and honorable public men of the past before them and looking down upon them, what have the people of Prince Edward Island to honor or to be proud of in the dominant majority of the Legislative Assembly as it is today? Compare the Colvins, Whalens, Papes, Lairds, Breckens, Sallivans, Peters and Mathiesons with the Bells, Johnstons, Leas and Crosbys of today, whether for ability, integrity, truthfulness or honor. Is it not to compare giants with pygmies?

And remember how the pygmies gained power by deceiving the people, by false promises, made only to be broken, by false professions of economy, made only to be dishonored in the selfish salary grab. Had they honestly told the people what they would do, what they intended to do and have since done, not a man of them would have been elected. The worthy public men, a few of whom are referred to in the preceding paragraph, served the province and gave their best minds and best efforts to its service, not for hire but from motives of patriotism and honor. For almost a century and a half they were content with a modest indemnity of \$200 or less each per session.

And for a full century of that period the Island was a sovereign province, having to do with the customs, excise, post office and militia, and other public services since eliminated by the British North America Act from provincial control. It was with this greatly diminished control and responsibility, and at a time when by their own confession the closest economy was necessary and had been promised, that these little men legislated into their own pockets \$3,000 per session of the people's money, without the people's knowledge or consent.

Who will envy these men when they meet in the Legislative Assembly Hall, when they lift their eyes to the portraits that adorn its walls, when they read the constitution of our common country of the records of the past, or when they meet anywhere an honest, intelligent elector face to face? Challenged again and again to resign, and they dare not do so. They have ceased to defend themselves either by public meetings or in their news-paper organs. The by-elections for five vacant seats are shut off lest public indignation and perished in

A PADRE IN THE GREAT WAR

Being the Reminiscences and Recollections of the Veteran Chaplain, Canon F. G. Scott

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(Continued) I had a short service and they all joined in the Lord's Prayer. It was most impressive in that large, dim church, to hear the voices, not loudly but quite distinctly, repeating the words from different parts of the building, for some of the men had gone over to corners where they might be by themselves. After the Lord's Prayer I pronounced the Benediction and then I said, "Boys, the Cure wants mind your smoking in the church tonight, so I am going to pass around some cigarettes. Luckily I had a box of five hundred which had been sent to me by post. These I handed round and lit them. Voices from different parts would say, 'May I have one, Sir?' It was really delightful to feel that a man's comfort could be given to men in their condition. A man arrived that night with both his eyes gone, and even he asked for a cigarette. I had to put the cigarette into his mouth and light it for him. 'It's so dark, Sir,' he said. 'I can't see.' I was not going to tell him he would never see again, so I said, 'Your head is all bandaged up. Of course you can't.' Poor fellow, he was one of the first to be taken off in the ambulance, and I do not know now whether he is alive or dead. For four days our Canadians still held on with grim determination and they deserved the tribute which Marshal Foch has paid them of having saved the day at Ypres.

When they came out of the line and I was living once again among them, going from battalion to battalion, it was most amusing to hear them tell of all their adventures during that great attack. The English newspapers, read as they were, were full in the papers of the 'gallant Canadians.' The King, General French and Sir Robert Borden sent messages to our troops. One man said, 'and the laughter of his comrades. All I can remember, Sir, was that I was in a blooming old funk for about three days and three nights and they were kind in the prayers of the 'gallant Canadians.' The King, General French and Sir Robert Borden sent messages to our troops. One man said, 'and the laughter of his comrades. All I can remember, Sir, was that I was in a blooming old funk for about three days and three nights and they were kind in the prayers of the 'gallant Canadians.' The King, General French and Sir Robert Borden sent messages to our troops. One man said, 'and the laughter of his comrades. 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