

# THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

The People's Paper Read by Everybody

COVERS PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LIKE THE DEW

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## GIRL WORKS AS MAN FOR TEN YEARS

**An Amazing Story of a Woman Masquerading as a Man Has Come to Light Only Through Her Illness and Death in Westminster Infirmary**

(By Dominion News Service.)  
LONDON, June 20.—For the last six months or so "Ernest Wood" had been employed at the Astoria Restaurant, Soho. Previously she was a "cellarman" at Pinoli's, Wardour Street. The disclosure of her secret after death took her employers completely by surprise.  
"Ernie, as we always called her," said the manager of the restaurant, "was an excellent waiter."  
"When she first arrived I said to her, 'I cannot engage you; you would not be allowed to work yet.' I was referring to her age. But she produced a certificate from the Wigan school authority stating that she was allowed to leave school and go to work."  
"This certificate was in the name of Ernest Wood, of Wigan, Lancashire. She stayed with me at Pinoli's for 9½ years."  
"During this time she walked out with a girl. On one occasion I remember she even had a fight with a man, and made his nose bleed."  
"She used to mix with men, of course, as an ordinary waiter, and would chaff the girls in the kitchen."  
"One of our kitchen girls she seemed particularly sweet on; she would

even chaff her and say, 'When are you going to take me to the pictures?'"  
"She was very proud about her appearance, and when walking looked a positive dandy."  
"When I decided that she should be a waiter instead of a cellarman, I got some of the other waiters to take her out and get her a dress suit. She seemed delighted with this when she wore it for the first time."  
"She used to attend an Italian doctor who lived near here, and who is now dead."  
"He never suspected her sex, so you can guess that we did not."  
"When she was taken ill she refused for a long time to allow a doctor to come and see her."  
"Her hair was cut short like a man's and there was no hair on her face. We used to remark on what a round, smooth chin she had, never dreaming that there was a good reason for it."  
"One of the waiters at the Astoria could hardly express his surprise at the news. 'She looked like a boy, and we never dreamed that she was anything else but a boy,' he said."  
"She did her full share of work, although she was very slight and little, so that I always felt I could lift her up in my hand."

## BLACK RULER THRILLS PARIS

(By Dominion News Service.)  
PARIS, June 20.—When Ras Tafari, the Regent of Abyssinia, arrived in Paris lately on an official visit, he looked like a miniature in chocolate porcelain as he stepped from the train at the Gare de Lyon.  
His delicate features and aquiline nose would pass, if they were two shades lighter, for those of a Spanish grandee. President Millerand, M. Poincaré, and a number of high officials greeted him.  
The Ras was quite unmoved by the novelty of his surroundings. He gazed from time to time, and in point of dignity outshone all present. He had the appearance of a deity receiving homage.  
When the royal train steamed in the Ras Tafari was seen seated with his back to the platform, while the four Ethiopian kings accompanying him sat round a table. As the train stopped they rose like a set of bronze images, and the band crashed out the "Marche Impérial."  
Ras Tafari, in a spotless flowing white mantle with the Star and Gold Collar of Ethiopia, and a wide green sash across his right breast, white trousers taken in at the ankles, and a grey sun helmet, was the instant center of all eyes and a hundred cameras.  
The attendant kings are men of a very different stamp from Ras Tafari. Burly and fierce looking, clad in black velvet cloaks, with grey plth hats, they made one realize the force that has made Ethiopia unconquered throughout the ages.

## DRINKING THEIR WAY TO THE POORHOUSE

**Government Control in British Columbia Enriches Only Rum Interests — More Bootlegging Than Ever**

(By A. B. MacDonald.)  
By this time nearly everyone in the United States must have heard of the "ideal" liquor law of British Columbia. For three years the brewers and other liquor interests, through their highly organized propaganda, have been telling us about it. Harping day in and day out upon the text, "Prohibition cannot be enforced," they have been citing to us the Canadian plan as the best way out. I have heard and read, thousands of times, this statement of the wets: "In British Columbia they have tried Prohibition; it failed, and now, under government control of beer and liquor, there is no bootlegging nor drunkenness, and the profit from liquor sales is paying off the public debt, reducing taxes, building roads and supporting hospitals and schools."  
I went to British Columbia last December to see if that was true; and one Saturday night, in the bootlegging clubs and joints of Vancouver, I saw more men drunk than I had seen in all the United States in the four years since national prohibition began; and it was in fewer than twenty of the two hundred and fifty-five bootlegging dives of that city.  
British Columbia had a form of prohibition for three years; but the administration of it, especially in the cities, was largely in the hands of politicians who were not in sympathy with

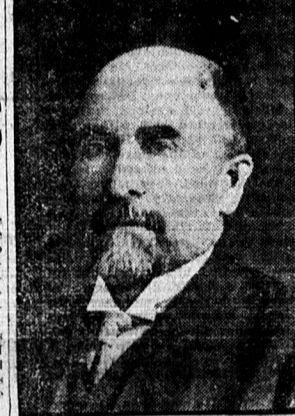
it, and it was never enforced as the voters were led to believe it would be. British Columbia never had a chance to see what prohibition might have done.  
One weakness of prohibition in British Columbia was that under the Canadian laws liquors might be imported in any quantity for export again, and under those laws bootleggers imported large stocks of booze, ostensibly for exportation, but much of it leaked out to be bootlegged in British Columbia. Another weakness was that brewers were allowed to make beer, and distillers were allowed to make liquors for export, and their product was bootlegged everywhere in the province.  
Throughout the three years of the prohibitory law, bootlegging brewers and liquor men were banded together in a "Moderation League", the aim of which was to poison the minds of the people against prohibition, just as the brewers and liquor interests in the United States are doing. To fan the feeling of discontent with prohibition they kept up a vigorous campaign in the newspapers; and they issued a magazine, "The Moderationist," which they spread widely throughout the province.  
Breaking the law themselves, they flooded the country with their propaganda, deploring the fact that prohibitionists who were not in sympathy with

## MILL DEPENDS ON RAIN

(By Dominion News Service.)  
LONDON, June 20.—Highton can boast what is probably the only cotton mill in England which is run by water power.  
The mill is three storeys high, contains 100 looms, and is worked by thirty weavers and their assistants.  
Millers' strikes or coal prices are not a source of worry; trade depression matters little, the running costs are small.  
The only time during which anxiety overtakes the mill-owners and the employees is the time of drought. Little rain means little power. There have been times in a hot summer when the weavers have only worked an hour and a half a day—the stream has stopped. Yet, so far as this mill is concerned, water has beaten steam and electricity.

## GIRL WHO LOVED RATS

(By Dominion News Service.)  
CAMBRIDGE, England, June 20.—The Pied Piper of Hamelin has a feminine rival. She is Miss Ruby Leader, who has charge of 200 rats kept for experimental purposes at the new bio-chemical laboratory at Cambridge University, which has just been formally opened by the Earl of Balfour.  
"I have been in charge of the rats for the past six months," she said. "I have always been fond of animals, and do not see why one should treat rats differently from any others. They are intelligent and amusing creatures."  
Miss Leader's duties consist of feeding the rats with a special diet prescribed by the authorities, who are using them for experiments to determine the effects on the system of various vitamins.  
She weighs each rat every five days, and keeps a full report of the condition of each of the 200. Some are fat and some are thin, but they all frolic about happily.  
"Many people think that mine is an extraordinary job for a woman," said Miss Leader, "but I think it is much more extraordinary that certain women should have such a ridiculous horror of rats."



**C. N. R. DIRECTOR PASSES**  
John H. Sinclair, ex-M. P., who passed away at New Glasgow, N. S. on June 8th. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1904 for Guysboro County, N. S., and retired in 1921. He was an outstanding figure in public life and on the reorganization of the Canadian National Railway was appointed to the directorate. He was in his 77th year.

## KNIGHTS WHO WERE BATHED

(By Dominion News Service.)  
LONDON, June 20.—A great pageant recently took place at Westminster Abbey, when a number of Knights Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath were solemnly placed in their respective stables by the Grand Master of the Order, the Duke of Connaught.  
This Order has always been associated with the gorgeous and the spectacular. There was a time when the Bath itself occupied a prominent position in the ceremonial. Some quaint old illustrations are still in existence, the originals of which are said to date from the distant reign of Edward IV, who reigned from 1461 to 1483, in which a youthful knight is realistically displayed in the process of bathing and also drying after his ablutions in a bed provided for the purpose. Many generations have, however, come and gone since any ceremonial of this kind was inflicted upon an aspirant to the Order of the Bath.  
During medieval times it was customary to create a bevy of knights for the purpose of conferring additional lustre upon a coronation or a royal wedding or some other important State function. Not until the reign of George I. did the Order of the Bath receive a definite organization of its own.  
The number of members was strictly limited, and it was not until the second decade of the nineteenth century that it expanded to anything at all approaching its present enormous proportions.  
The ceremonial has always been extraordinarily popular. During the eighteenth century it used to attract an immense amount of public attention. It was accompanied by a great banquet, a ball, and other attendant functions which must have made cruel inroads upon the purses of the newly created knights.  
During the nineteenth century the customary installations were allowed to fall into abeyance. Such practical considerations as lack of space and so forth rendered the time-honored ceremony an impossibility. In 1923, however, our present King solemnly re inaugurated the Order, and in various ways was brought up to date, in order to be somewhat more in accordance with the times in which we live.  
The ceremony, however, which only takes place now and again, still retains its old-world charm and dignity.

## LOST HER 7TH HUSBAND

(By Dominion News Service.)  
PORTSMOUTH, June 20.—Mrs. Jane Rebecca Whall, of Gosham, better known as "Becky Williams," who married her seventh husband last summer, has suffered another bereavement.  
The seventh husband, who was Becky's junior by thirteen years, was taken ill recently, and has died in Portsmouth Infirmary.  
Becky was wearing all her wedding rings when seen by a reporter. She bore up very well.  
"Whall was known locally as 'William the Conqueror.'"  
The widow's affection for him is so great that she has decided to revive his memory by remaining single for the rest of her life.  
She is now 77 years of age.



**DOESN'T WANT VICE-PRESIDENCY**  
Senator Wm. E. Borah declines to play second fiddle by allowing his name to go before the National Republican Convention and be nominated for the vice-presidency of the United States.

## Column Topics

Tid-bits on the Tip of Everybodys Tongue

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**She Sent A Complaint**  
Miss Jean MacDonald, of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., attending MacDonald College, bought a box of Moir's Chocolates and wasn't satisfied with them. So she filled out the guarantee slip enclosed with each package and sent it back with a letter.

The letter said: "The only complaint is they went too quick. I need another box to keep the other one company. Moir's Chocolates are delightful."

Mr. William Moir is in England, where Moir's Chocolates are now on exhibition at Wembley.



**HON. P. J. VENIOT**  
Premier and Minister of Public Highways of New Brunswick, who will attend the eleventh annual convention of the Canadian Good Roads Association to be held at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, N. B., June 24-27th.