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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1921.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

If there is one institution in this city that deserves more gratitude and tangible gratitude than is, than any other, it is the Fire Department. More than once it has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the city; more than once it has saved homes and probably lives of our citizens. Its victory over the fire of Sunday morning was only one instance added to many. This was one of the most difficult propositions the brigade had ever tackled, one fraught with more menace to the city than any we have had in many years. It was in the midst of surroundings which made it extremely difficult to control and one which, if it had got beyond control would have meant incalculable loss to the city. We should not forget this when figuring out the value of this splendid body of men, individually and collectively. The city owes them a debt which shall never be paid, but it can at least be acknowledged.

A MIRACLE WORKER.

The Liberal platform, if we are to believe its advocates, is to be a miracle worker. It is to be a sort of universal bandage binding the wounds of all the provinces together, whatever the nature of the wounds may be. It is to be sufficiently elastic to go around each province separately.

It will, by the Patriot's interpretation, permit the importation of all farm products, pork, beef, potatoes, butter, eggs, etc., from the United States and at the same time insure the highest prices for Canadian farm products, eighty-five per cent of which we now sell in our own home markets. It will permit, according to the Patriot, Mr. MacKenzie King dissenting, permit the free importation of agricultural implements into Canada without injury to Canadian industries now manufacturing these articles and without affecting the wages of Canadian workmen.

By its adoption the fishermen of this province are to be specially benefited by placing again on the free list such materials as are used in their calling although these materials are already on the free list.

It will also cause a special blessing to fall upon the soil of Prince Edward Island by repeating in the free list fertilizers which are already admitted free of duty.

Of course there are a few possible hitches. The Patriot's interpretation is not in accord with that against?

of Mr. MacKenzie King and other more or less reliable authorities, and of course also the Patriot's interpretation is intended for consumption only in Prince Edward Island. The Grain Growers' of the West who are interested only in speculating in wheat and therefore have no use for Canadian markets, and in buying agricultural implements from the United States, are in full accord with the Patriot, but the Liberals of Quebec and Ontario are of an entirely different opinion. It is true, Mr. MacKenzie King is in full accord with both interpretations, but whether he can persuade both ends and the middle of Canada that the "bandage" is universally workable is a matter of prophecy rather than of practical politics. To us and indeed to all whom we have discussed the question with the thing is impossible except through a miracle.

WHY THEY DID IT.

"The reason they, (the Liberals at the 1919 convention) made the solemn pledge was to use the political farmers movement of Western Canada as a stepping stone to put themselves into power. There is not a man who was at that Convention who would today challenge this statement and look his fellow-man in the face, if he believe every man in Canada knows this statement to be true." Premier Meighen at Portage La Prairie.

THE CHEERFUL PIONEER

The Summerside Pioneer is piling away quietly to itself amid the chaos that has fallen upon the party in Prince County. "Why should the people fear the return of the Liberal party to power as far as the tariff is concerned," it pipes cheerfully. "The Liberal party protects and will continue to protect the legitimate aspirations of financiers, manufacturers and merchants," it assures us, just as they did during the fifteen years in which they held office. Our gentle contemporary forgets that the Western Grain Growers did not hold the Liberal party by the throat during these fifteen memorable years, nor dictated the Liberal policy as they do today. Will it enlighten its readers with a guess as to what will happen should the Agrarians come in with a majority over the Liberals as is almost certain at present? Also what would be likely to happen to Canada if the latter in the majority, should be returned to power, which is not probable but yet to be guarded against?

Current Comment

Our romantic evening friend has taken another turn at chicken counting, but this time it is "canned chicken. In Monte Carlo game it is sometimes estimated that a good counter is better than a sure winner, that is when the counter keeps his own score. But unfortunately for our esteemed friend the Patriot, it will not be allowed to act as score keeper, nor to manipulate actual results as it now does the prospect we or paper. It was one of Sir John MacDonald's noted sayings that horse racing and elections were both things the results of which no one could predict, and generally he didn't run his campaign on predictions, but he always got there, leaving the Liberals to do the predicting. And they have always been adepts at it. In 1911 the Liberal Organ was quite prominent in this prophetic role. Then, when they were not leaderless, as they are now, according to their prophetic press their reciprocity pact and the immense popularity of their leader, Sir Wilfred Laurier, was going to "SWEEP THE DOMINION FROM COAST TO COAST." But it appears that on that occasion it was the return ing officers that did the score keeping, and, IN ACTUAL RE-

SULT, they were themselves swept almost off the political map.

Another instance of their chicken counting occurred in 1917. How their despatch columns fairly glowed with just such reports from north to south and from east to west, of the wonderful enthusiasm of the people "for the grand old Chief" whom they were now going to return so triumphantly to power. But again there was a slip on election day, and the score keeper AWARDED THEM A LANDSLIDE OF DESTRUCTION, almost approaching to annihilation, as the outcome of their wild prophecies. And now in their repeated stupidity they are chicken counting and prophesying again. The unpopular MacKenzie King is going to sweep everything before him. From east to west their predicting machine is at work in the vain imagination that it will make votes or help to save them from the engulfing deluge. In olden days the "large gatherings" and "splendid ovations," given to their leaders, was banked on as harbingers of victory. And their when they had leaders there might have been reason for accounting

(Continued on page five)

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.

Musical Programme

Sir,—In your report of the musical programme at the opening of the Exhibition, among other numbers you mention "Song 'Good Bye,' (Tosti). Mr. Charles Earle (encored) The encore was well deserved; but unfortunately Mr. Earle's two selections in response greatly detracted from the favorable impression made on his audience by the rendering of "Good Bye". Both encores were as stale and as old as the proverbial "hills" and for many years past have been inflicted on Charlottetown and elsewhere as a punishment on those who heard them know were a clumsy caricature on a large number of people, who are in no way inferior to any other class of citizens in this Province. Had Mr. Earle shown as good judgment and taste in his selections as did the soloist who followed him, he would not have exposed himself to criticism or lowered himself in the estimation of the audience. But Mr. Ritchie is always happy in his choice of songs which offend none, but delight all, as was amply testified by the general wholehearted applause which greeted him at the conclusion of each number. I may say that I am not one of the people who was caricatured, but with many others like myself, I feel ashamed of such a regrettable incident taking place at the opening of our Provincial Exhibition. A general invitation having been extended to all citizens to attend the opening of the Exhibition it was in exceedingly bad taste to give any place on the programme for such an insulting and unbecoming caricature of a people forming about 50 per cent of the invited guests. The question naturally arises, who is to blame in the matter? Some attribute it to the Exhibition management, but knowing these gentlemen as I do, I would be loath to accuse any one of them and much more so all of them of knowingly giving space on the programme for any number that would be offensive to any of our citizens. To my mind the caricature crept into the programme without the knowledge or approval of the Exhibition management, and if so the management owe it to themselves and the Public as well, to publicly disavow any knowledge of this caricature or sympathy with these connected with it. The public will then know where to place the blame. It is to be hoped that in the future all committees or individuals organizing or promoting amateur plays, concerts or other entertainments will carefully eliminate any number from their programme, which would in any way be offensive to the national or religious sentiments of any of our citizens. I am, Sir, etc., PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Opposition Candidate For Prince

Sir,—As the matter of election for Prince County looks at present, the farmers or progressive party are going strong. They are holding a convention on Monday, Oct. 3 to choose their man. We have several good men up West here fit and capable to carry the banner, but the consensus of opinion is that in W. P. Callaghan, of St. Louis, we have the very best and strongest man providing he could be induced to accept the nomination. Born and reared a farmer; and still engaged in farming and though engaged in mercantile pursuits this very fact puts him in a position to know the wants and needs of both farmers and fishermen. He has handled more of the product of the farm and the sea and paid out more money to farmers, fishermen and laborers than any other man in Prince County. He is well aware of the many

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louson.

AFTER THE EXHIBITION

By Phil Carapecken.

On crowded streets, in busy mart, When from our dearest friends we part

An optimism fills the heart, Than which there is no greater; There is no tinge of sorrow then; We know full well we'll meet again It may be soon—we know not when

"Well, so long—see you later!"

How casually the words are said: And still before the day is sped The one of us may yet be dead, For Death's a stern Dictator; But cheerfully we meet and part, On crowded streets, in busy mart, And voice the hopes that in our heart—

"Well, so long—see you later!"

It cannot be that Death's the end, For somewhere just around the bend I'll meet with you again, my friend, And join our kind Creator; So when my summons comes some day, Don't grieve that I am called away, Just clasp me by the hand, and say—

"Well, so long—see you later!"

disadvantages both farmers and fishermen have to contend with. It is perfectly capable to seek and obtain the needed changes, and if he could be induced to accept the nomination would sweep the County at the coming election, and he would certainly see that the needs of Prince County were properly attended to. I am, Sir, etc., ELECTOR, Waterford, P.E.I., Sept. 28th, 1921

Among the Fakers

The Market Square, Charlottetown, is a grave and sedate place usually. Here and in its immediate neighbourhood, farmers do business, and foregather, discuss such important matters as the high market for hay, the low market for cattle and horses, the shortness of straw, and the prospects—dark or not dark, according to the constitution of the farmer—for the coming winter.

This week the square has been given over to the "fakers." At night their booths—lit by one or two electric bulbs or by a flaming naphtha lamp, and their quaint cries and invitations to try your luck and make your fortune, turn the Square into quite a gay, lively and (for it) almost indecorous locality. The city is full of people, and to many of them after supper the suggestion (promptly acted on) is: "Let's go and see the Fakers." The "Fakers" are part of the Fall Fair.

Two of the booths have amused me the last two nights,—the booth of the Wooden Rings, and the booth where they do—but mostly don't—hit the Nigger.

Wooden rings—"three for a nickel, seven for a dime"—are given out wherever, when they are thrown with judgment and luck—or preferably luck and judgment—one may encircle a silver piece on a red board, and win a box of chocolates.

The "Faker", rattling his wooden rings on a stick, walks rapidly up and down within the ropes. "Try your luck for a nickel! Try your luck, try your luck! You can't lose, you're bound to win! Who says seven for a dime, three for a nickel?"

A boy takes seven rings. "Thank you, sir! Now who's next?" Nobody replies. "Don't all talk at once,—we take 'em in the order of coming. No favourites here; strictly in order. Now, who's going to win a box of chocolates for a nickel? Imagine!"

Others take rings,—the ultra-cautious, three. They throw. "Ah," says my gentleman, picking them up as fast as they scatter. "Well, now, that's close, that's close all right! Well, that's pretty close! That's close, gentlemen, that's close!"

"All right, boys, toss 'em out. You lay 'em and we'll pay 'em. Oh, look at that! Pretty close! Well, that's close to a quarter all right." Walks rapidly up and down, rattling the rings. "Who says seven more? What's the latest? Try your luck again. Somebody wins all the time! Who says some more?" Looking down at the board:—"Oh, that's close, gentlemen, that's pretty close!"

We make our way through the crowd to another booth. A black man is giving out balls, of the baseball type, at the paltry price of a nickel or a dime, to anybody who wants to throw at, and hit, the head of a darkie struck through a hole. "Here he is!" cries the negro, pointing to the black face, white teeth and red lips of his grinning partner. "Look at him! Look at him." Here's the place and the time, and there's the man! Look at him! Walk right up, gentlemen, walk right up! Come on, folks, here's your chance! Oh, dear me, what's wrong? What you think you got arms for,—to put in your pocket! Hands in your pockets, and pockets in your pants!"

A young man from behind takes seven balls. "Now, gentlemen," says the negro, "here's a bold player, a baseball player. Watch him. Don't be afraid, sir, don't be afraid. Kill him! Kill him! He's sick,—I want to kill him! Don't cost you anything to kill him. We've a license to kill. Ah, too high-too high! Mercy! Kill him, but don't hurt him!"

The young man, who is now finding his range, takes seven more balls. The negro continues: "Swat him! Put it on his pickle! They killed two for me last week. I buried them with military honours. This is the third. Swat him! Close, sir, close! Murder! Murder, by gosh, nearly carried away his jaw that time. Oh, throw 'em light! Don't hurt him any, just kill him."

The thrower retires, despite protests by the negro. "Take another seven, sir,—three! Oh, don't stop! Try him again, sir, try him again! Look he's laughing, he says you can't hit him again. Oh, don't give up! Look at him: look at him! Take a look at him! No more? Hittin' him three times sets five dollars, remember. Very

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well, you can't persuade a man to make his fortune if he don't want to." To the crowd: "Walk up, gentlemen, walk up there's nothing in it. Simple as clear as mud." It is getting late—that is also simple and clear as mud. I make my way home. As we turn the corner, the crowd hurrahs. Again the nigger has been "swatted" on the head—perhaps killed. But not if I know a nigger!

J. G. C.

HEARINGS IN MONTREAL

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Hearings in the Stillman divorce proceedings will be shifted to Montreal, it was announced here today. Attorneys for Mrs. Anne Stillman will ask Supreme Court Justice Morschauser to appoint a commission to take the testimony of Canadian witnesses at Montreal. Immediately after the appointment of a Canadian attorney as commissioner, it is planned to recommence hearings in the Canadian city.

Mrs. Stillman has announced that the next public utterance concerning the case will be made in Canada, the scene of the alleged acts on which her husband based his complaint.

PARIS, Sept. 30.—Premier Briand will outline the position of the French Government relative to the conference on limitation of armaments and far eastern questions in a speech at St. Nazaire on October 10. On that occasion he will, with various other members of the cabinet, be a guest at a midday banquet there, and he purposes to make a declaration of ministerial policy concerning all questions of prime importance now before the country which will be laid before Parliament when it reassembles on October 18.

Among these questions are national finance, German relations, and the Washington conference. Itment's plans.



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It is expected that the premier's utterances regarding the conference will be only incidental to a comprehensive statement of the government's plans. The visit of M. Briand to Washington continues to be a subject of animated discussion by the every other day a report is cur-

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