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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Monday, January 1st being New Year's Day and a public holiday. The Guardian will not be published on Tuesday. MONDAY, JAN. 1, 1923

THE NEW YEAR RESOLUTION When we are about it, making our New Year resolutions and turning over new leaves, let us not forget to resolve that the Bell Government must go. It is time for a change.

A FRESH START Today we begin anew; we open a new book, a book the pages of which are clean and white. We have closed and balanced the record of 1922 and are carrying over the balance to begin the record of 1923. Happy are they who have a credit balance but, credit or debit, the new book will stand on its own merits, its deeds and misdeeds, its omissions and commissions, its loves and its hates.

THE MORTGAGE Nothing is easier, provided one has the necessary security, than to raise money on a mortgage; ready money to spend, money to play with, money to burn. With the money so raised one can have a good time, can be generous, can be a hall fellow to all his chums.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL To practical statesmen whose faith in the verities has become blunted by contact with realities, the Pope's Encyclical, declaring return to the teachings of Christ to be the only hope for peace, may sound hackneyed and futile. Yet if this hope be spurned and abandoned, what is left? Diplomats and statesmen, sitting in high places, may theorize, economists may promulgate their schemes, great military leaders may put their trust in the sword, and world politicians may play chess with people, but if the true spirit of Christianity be lacking, if behind it all there be bitterness and hatred instead of love and fraternity, to what avail? What John Mubley once described as the "sombre anarchy of history," makes answer.

THE YEAR THAT'S COMING In the year that's come and gone, dear, we wove a tether. All of gracious words and thoughts, binding two together. In the year that's coming on with its wealth of roses, we shall weave it stronger yet, ere the circle closes. In the year that's come and gone, in the golden weather, Sweet, my sweet, we swore to keep the watch of life together. In the year that's coming on, rich in joy and sorrow, We shall light our lamp, and wait for life's mysterious tomorrow. —W. E. Henley.

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

PREJUDICE Sir,—In the light of recent publications I would ask that you kindly publish the enclosed clipping from the Literary Digest: I am, Sir, etc. CITIZEN.

ENCLOSURE "Watch the man or the organization who appeals to your prejudices. They will bring a poison into your soul that will rob you of your friends and take away your peace of mind. They will in the end becloud the face of Jesus Christ and turn your path into spiritual darkness. No man can afford to sympathize with or encourage in the least any man or group of men who appeal to hatred and prejudice. The ministry must be free and quick to see the peril. Keep themselves aloof, and in the name of Jesus Christ save the members of their flock from the evil that walketh at noonday. And now abideth hatred and prejudice and violence, these three but the greatest of these is prejudice."—The Literary Digest.

To Mr. John D. McIntyre Sir,—The anonymous writers are an annoyance to our versatile friend, John D., and like Fitz-James he is put in challenge for their scalps if they will only present their persons, and not their facts, for his long distance attacks. He should know that ever since the news press became a reality this mode of discussion has been popular, and that some of the "finest gems of the world's literature, such for instance as the letters of Junius, are, up to this day, of unknown authorship. And there's a reason. Some people are of modest disposition, and not seeking, as our friend does, for public notoriety, or "to see their names in the paper." Others again believe that an issue should be determined by the facts, and not by the personality of the writer. And Mr. McIntyre surely knows that there is still another class who might be a little reticent about connecting their names or paying any personal attention to propagandists of folly. The great hope of our people neither know nor care who Mr. McIntyre is, or who replies. He might be an angel of light, or one from the darker regions.—the truth in either case to be determined by his conduct and utterances.

PROHIBITIONIST. I am, Sir, etc. Daily Selections For Guardian Readers From the W. S. Louson collection

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A Family Party On New Year's Eve

Farmer Mac had "fed up" and watered his stock. He hadn't to go out and shovel snow to get to the well in the yard as in former years, for he had a pump in the corner of the stable. His work at the barn ended, he joined his family in the dining room. The room was brilliantly lighted up by means of an electric plant, recently installed. The walls were hung with pictures. Two of these were family portraits brought out from Scotland by Farmer Mac's grandfather in the corner of the room stood a tall eight day clock, an heirloom—also from Scotland. It no longer marked the passage of time, but was kept as a memento, so to speak of a time long past. In the hall close by, there was a telephone, affording instant communication with the neighborhood and the town round-about. Already the table was laid with the best linen and china that a prosperous P. E. Island farmer could afford; and it literally glowed beneath the burden of earthenware. Mrs. Mac had provided for the occasion. The weather was mild, after the heavy snowstorm of Friday. The house was comfortably warmed throughout by means of a pipelike furnace set in the midst of the cellar. The party that sat down to the table numbered eighteen—children and grand-children—with the old farmer at the head and the mistress of the house presiding over the tea things. Needless to say ample justice was done to the good food selected from the best that the farm yard afforded and cooked on the kitchen range. There was fun, too. Those of the family who lived on farms distant from the homestead, or in the town, brought all the anecdotes of the time to aid the cheer and promote digestion. Most astonishing of all was Duncan's statement that in the house of a friend of his, in town, he had actually heard the voices of men and women speaking in New York—"just as clearly as I hear you," he said to his father. Then he explained that his town friend had a radio, established in his house and that on the evening he was there the radio was exceptionally well served by the electric current. After all had well eaten, the old farmer rose to propose the toast to the year's that's awa. "I don't worry," he said, "about the boy that's in British Columbia, or about him that's in Boston, for I know by the letters I get in the post office box at our door today, that both are well and doing well. John is helping to build up his country in the West as well as to make a fortune by lumbering, and Alec is 'making good' so to speak in the land of Uncle Sam and hopes some day to come home and spend a good income in the Garden of the Gulf—the prettiest and most restful place on earth, he says. 'We'd like to have them both with us now; but we must just put up with the hope that they'll be here together some day—say the week we have a family dinner. (Applause.) But memories of old times and other years fill my mind this night. I remember how, when I was a boy, seventy odd years ago, we had to strike flint and steel in the kitchen place of the old log house had happened to go out. There were but few matches—loafers matches, I mean—in the country then, and we lived as you all know far from the town. I well remember seeing my mother preparing the wicks, and pouring the melted tallow into the moulds to learn our lessons by, and to go to bed. The fire before which she baked the oat cake, on which we were, for the most part fed, and carded the wool and spun the yarn, wove the cloth, of which our clothes were made, took up the greater part of one side of the kitchen. It was grand to sit before and hear my father and our neighbors spin yarns in the light of the blazing fire. I remember that New Year's Day was always celebrated by a shooting match at which all the best shots of the neighborhood won the prizes and in which every young man who had a gun took part. "About New Years, and throughout January and February and March, too, we were much employed with horses and sleighs for the mail delivery. I remember a tandem team and a big box sleigh and always blew his horn as he passed our door. I remember, after a snow storm, one year, I went to take the horses to water, and of course rode the young and lively one. When we got to the big spring in the woods the snow about the edge was rather high, and the horse I rode, thirty and eager, sprang into the midst of it, pitching me over his head. Fortunately I landed on my feet where the freezing cold water was only about a foot deep and held on to the middle rail. So after the horse had his fill I jumped on his back again and rode home as fast as he could carry me—and was never a whit the worse. "Another incident I remember was when I was about fourteen years old. I was ploughing with a pair of oxen, in a field close by a mill pond. There was a rope rein between the oxen attached to the yoke which held them together, and I used to slap the ox on the right or the ox on the left according as I wanted the team to haw or gee, or go faster. When close to the pond, one day, I gave both oxen a cut to hurry them up—with the result that they went straight on into the water and swam across the pond. As the bottom of the pond was covered by stumps and

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA. extends to its numerous Policyholders sincere wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year. The Company's function as a national institution is so wrapped about the home, its comforts and happiness, that each succeeding year brings greater responsibilities in an increasing number of Policyholders who appreciate the service it has to offer. The past year has been a very satisfactory one. 1922 New Business Issued 42 Million Dollars THE E. R. MEEHUM CO., LIMITED. Managers for the Maritime Provinces St. John, N. B., BOWNESS & TAYLOR, 143 Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Notes By The Way The snow problem becomes acute in this city especially after every heavy drifting storm such as we have had recently and our methods of handling it are far from satisfactory. The task is thrown upon the householder and the shopkeeper to clear the sidewalks in front of their respective premises. Some neglect the duty. Others delay it for days until another storm is due or has already come. Among those who try to do their duty but few are well equipped for the work. Boys are often employed and there are many fine specimens of boy workers on the job, in some cases at least their energy leads them to work beyond their strength. It is really a man's job to shovel through the big drifts. The result is that in many cases the work is but half done. A narrow, crooked pathway, is made in front of one dwelling; the next lot may not be cleared at all and pedestrians are left to climb over four-foot drifts before reaching another piece of walk that has been properly cleared. There are also the aged and the sick to be considered and there are some dwellings in which walks and crossings at such times become almost impassable. Every householder must have or provide a shovel and a shovel. Thousands of city's task of opening the gutters has been doubled by the snow storm. And when all is done the nothing could be more unsystematic, inefficient and unworkmanlike than our present method of handling the snow problem. It becomes at once apparent on five months of the year the concrete is almost wholly out of sight, wasted on account of the division of duty and authority between the city council and the individual citizens. As it is they are working against each other to their mutual cost and loss. We trust that the Street committee, or the city council may think it worth while to look into this matter, ascertain how other cities manage these matters and give the citizens an estimate of the cost of keeping the streets and sidewalks in passable condition during future winters as it is now too late to do in the present winter. It is not desirable that any hasty decision should be done or declared. (Continued on Page Six)

A Significant Fact! The first company to attain Three Hundred Millions of Life Insurance in force in Canada is THE GREAT - WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY The year Nineteen Twenty-Two witnessed this achievement

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