

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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A BUSY WEEK.

The present week has been an exceptionally busy one in Charlottetown. The visit of some hundreds of the Knights of Pythias was an event of more than ordinary importance and we believe of un-mixed pleasure to the visitors. Their brethren in the city and indeed practically all citizens who came in contact with them enjoyed the fraternalism and the comradeship and are pleased to know that the visitors fully enjoyed their short stay in the province.

The visit of the Canadian Naval Squadron was also an event of historic importance as well as of pleasure to visitors and visited. Navy and army officers and men are always welcome visitors and have the happy faculty of making themselves at home and happy in every port. That they all enjoyed themselves here was quite evident and was duly attested to by themselves. Most of the Pythian visitors left yesterday and the ships are leaving today.

There is good reason to believe that the events of the week have made not only a pleasing impression upon our people, but that it has laid a very substantial foundation for future tourist business. The visitors were pleased, abundantly pleased with their visit; the weather was ideal; the entertainment was mutually all that could be desired and, with scarcely an exception, all expressed their intention to come again, many of them with their families.

The long vexed question of accommodation for summer visitors has been given a practical solution, for the present needs at least, by the erection of the magnificent Beech Grove Inn, which will go a long way toward caring for the overflow from our existing hotels which heretofore have been taxed beyond their capacity. Difficulty in securing accommodation has in the past been one of the greatest handicaps to our tourist trade. This difficulty will no longer stand in the way, at least not for some

time to come and the assurance, published abroad that intending visitors have no longer anything to fear in the matter of good accommodation will do much to enlarge our tourist business.

For next season therefore the one thing needed is publicity abroad, a boosting at home and a personal interest by every citizen and resident of the province in our hotels which, whether in Charlottetown or elsewhere in the province are the equals and many of them the superior, of any hotels in Canada.

THE GREEN EYED MONSTER.

It was no doubt the contrast between that now notorious Liberal Convention at O'Leary, which the Patriot and its friends thought it best not to make public, and the recent large and enthusiastic Conservative Convention in Charlottetown, that caused the resident editor of the Patriot to emit that screaming editorial in his Wednesday's issue. Jealousy has long been characteristic of our esteemed evening contemporary and any evidences of growing Conservative popularity, alarmingly common, of late, acts upon its nervous system as the proverbial red rag does upon the bull. It calls the Conservative Convention of last Tuesday "the last kick;" it is probably right for the Liberal party in this province today is as dead as if there were no more kicks coming to it and there are others coming. The two vacant constituencies must be provided for whether the Bell government wants to or not. There will be two kicks here but they will be gentle ones, passing kicks upon the already dead Bell government. And there will be a "last kick" at the general election when the party will be finally and completely disposed of.

The Patriot's long and ridiculous effusion on the Conservative Convention indicates very clearly that the Bell government and its exponent and exegete, the resident incumbent, have read in that convention the doom of the Bell Liberalism.

Current Comment

The Patriot is again getting funny. It says,—"If we mistake not it was Lincoln who said "Trust the people," And then again it quotes with gusto and apparent approval his famous words "Government of the people and for the people, so that justice may not perish on the earth." The big humor of it is that it did not quote these utterances from the Hon. John P. Bell, at present the temporary Premier of this province. Because the misguided evening romancer was wandering away into federal matters, about which it knows very little and was totally oblivious that solid truth that, genuine charity begins at home, it made these grievous mis-applications of these popular aphorisms. The Hon. John H. Bell "trust the people" not on your life; he knows their temper altogether too well. "Government by the people"; that is fine in an election campaign, but in practice, well not in the local Liberal school at all events. Just as well for the condemned murderer to trust the hangman for mercy as he is proceeding to his grim task, as for the Bell combination to take any chances along that line, and none knows better than the Patriot the subtleties and contrivances they will resort to escape any resemblance of trusting "the people."

How well the Liberal organ knows that justice is perishing in our dear little Isle because the government has been violently wrenched from the hands of the people, their community rights and the most high handed manner, and interests trampled under foot in a most vicious autocracy established by these self-seeking and incompetent adventurers. Well it knows how that "the people" when they found the sacred promises violated, and had their eyes opened to the treacheries of the combination, they called for resignations and a dissolution, but only

as to when these elections are to be held. Why is it so? Are the people of these districts without any rights to representation under the laws of this province, or is it because in this as in many other things the Government arrogate themselves the right to set the laws of the country at defiance? Soviet Russia can do such things, but there they are not preaching the moralities of rule "by the people" just in the same forward manner as adopted by the organ of our home autocracy. The Patriot gets off some buncombe about Premier Meighen, almost before he has set foot in his office, finding it "even more difficult to make up his mind now that his foot is once more upon his native health than he did before he crossed the bounding ocean" (and where did it learn this), but it is ominously silent upon the difficulty of Premier Bell, while right on the spot all of the time, and with the laws and the facts of these vacancies before him for several months, in making up his mind to take a chance and "Trust the people". His real difficulty is that he can see the sharpened axe glittering in the bright sunlight and in "the peoples" hands, ready to perform its pruning operation, and because in that choice language with which the Patriot heads its editorial, the Bell Government are "Afraid of the People."

Others' View Points

THE HUMANISED HOTEL.

(From the New York Times.) The Chicago Journal of Commerce waxes enthusiastic over the suggestion that the hotel manager should revive "human interest" in his patrons. On their arrival he should welcome them solicitously, inquire as to their plans and wishes, and all during their stay lavish upon them "the friendly and unselfish attention which are at the root of human friendship." This is a pretty large order, especially in the case of a hotel capable of accommodating 2,000 guests. To make them all feel intimately at home a whole army of bustling humanisers would be required. There is no doubt, considering the atmosphere of some hotels seems to be the incoming stranger to be charged with armed neutrality. He has to fight or "tip" his way to what he wants. This sort of thing should be remedied, if only as a matter of business, but it may be doubted if the sentimental, heart-to-heart attitude urged by the Chicago paper would please the more discriminating hotel patrons. They would rather resent being gushed over and patted on the back. Good service they of course desire, but they like it to be of the silent and unostentatious kind. The man who loves to take his ease in his inn might well feel in disgust from an offensively "humanised" hotel.

Six Cents Worth of Progress.

(From the Chicago News.) If, as Washington statisticians now estimate, 84 cents out of every dollar of national revenue goes to pay for wars, past, present and future, the nation is making progress. The last previous estimate was that 90 cents out of every dollar was so expended.

The New Path and the Old.

(From the London Daily News.) The League has its enemies. They

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

ONLY TO-DAY
Dr. Henry Burton
Only to-day is mine,
And that I love to three;
Help me to make it thine,
As pure as it may be;
Let it see something done,
Then at the setting sun
I'll give it back to thee.
What if I cannot tell
The cares the day may bring?
I know that I shall dwell
Beneath thy sheltering wing;
And there the load is light,
And there the dark is bright,
And so I trust and sign.
What shall I ask to-day?
Naught but thine own sweet will;
The windings of the way
Lead to thy holy hill;
And whether here or there,
Why should I fear or care?
Thy heavens are everywhere,
And they are o'er me still.
Give me thyself to-day;
I dare not walk alone;
Speak to me by the way,
And all things are my own—
The treasures of thy grace,
The secret hiding place,
The vision of thy face,
The shadow of thy throne!

Death No Refuge From Psychoanalysts

It has always seemed to us that an objection to the practice of spiritism was that it wasn't fair to bother spirits at all hours of the day and night when, for all the mediums knew to the contrary, they might prefer to be resting or engaging in some celestial occupation. Somewhat similar is the criticism that has been launched at the psychoanalysts as a consequence of a new biographical study of Margaret Fuller. This book pretends to reveal the true character of this remarkable woman, dead these seventy years, by studying her dreams as she recorded them. It does not present Miss Fuller in an agreeable light. On the contrary it represents her as a rather horrible person. The question is, are not even the distinguished dead to be allowed to sleep with the reputations they earned in their lifetime? Are they to be hauled from their graves, even though they lie in Westminster Abbey, and the World informed that they were worse than fakers and impostors, that they went through life greatly afflicted by sex, and that unworthy emotions were responsible for their illustrious careers?

A Famous Woman.

Margaret Fuller was one of the most famous observers of the Brook Farm experiment. She enjoyed the admiration and friendship of such brilliant men as Emerson, Hawthorne, Greeley, George Ripley and Dana, and furnished Hawthorne with the inspiration for his heroine in the "Blithedale Romance." She corresponded with some of the most distinguished men and women of her day in England, and was one of the best known of American women of the first half of the Nineteenth Century. There has been much written about her, practically all in a vein of deep respect. Now appears an American woman writer who puts her to the test of psychoanalysis. The newest biographer has not contributed a single fact that was not previously known. She has done no original research work. She has merely sought to explain Margaret Fuller's character in the light of her recorded dreams. The child was extremely precocious, and at the age of eight read Horace, Ovid, Shakespeare and Cervantes, being encouraged to do so by her revered father, who perceived her genius

will inevitably endeavor to create antagonism where no antagonism exists, and talk of the evolution of a new "association of nations" to the confusion of the existing League. Such endeavors can have no hope of success if the millions of citizens in different countries who have a firm belief in the League and its ideals will realize their duty. The Governments cannot, without public opinion to hold them to their pledges, he relied on this matter. They are, after all, composed of politicians who have grown up and grown old in the very diplomatic traditions the League was created to supersede. The people have declared for the new path, and it is for them to insist that it be followed.

The Mystery of Morocco.

(From the New York Times.) Italy had her Abyssinia, Spain now has her Morocco, a story of military incompetence. The series of defeats of Spanish troops in northern Morocco is a shock to a nation that could once boast the finest infantry in Europe. According to late reports, Nador and Zeluan, the keys of the Spanish position before Melilla, have been evacuated. There is an ugly rumor that the tribesmen have taken 5,000 prisoners. A change in the Spanish Cabinet is talked of. Spain still considers herself a military nation. The regulars are good to look at on parade. It is hard for the people to understand how the Arabs, inferior in equipment, are proving themselves superior to the Spanish troops, who even in their decline of prestige have usually fought stubbornly on the defensive. It appears that the tribesmen have a strategist of ability, Ab-el-Krin. It is he who has planned victory and proved himself a formidable captain. He is something of a mystery. Thirty-five years of age, educated in France and Spain, and speaking several languages, he stands for a progressive Morocco formed upon European ideals. There is a singular story that Ab-el-Krin was a pro-German during the war. The speculation will wonder whether his education was not gained in Turkey and at Berlin, and whether the guess that he fought in the World War is not as good as any other.

Female Sherlock Holmes. The writer says, "In this good child's heart there were evil wishes which she had to keep secret even from herself. She had a primeval and murderous wish to attend the funeral of her mother.... Her dreams show that the child went bowed and aching under the terrible burden of her precocious sexuality and painful repressions. The vision of the trampling horses is an erotic phantasy, common among hysterical maidens. Similarly the dilating eyes are well known among the anxiety dreams of childhood, and usually have a sexual significance." Curious, indeed, it is that the evil wishes which the child was so unconscious of as to be able to keep secret "even from herself" should be as plain as a pikestaff to a writer who discovers them after a lapse of a century. Quite as curious and somewhat more horrible is the author when she proceeds to place the blame for Margaret's hysteria on her father. She says, "Margaret's whole emotional life in childhood centred round her father, who likened her to Juno and wrote verses to a lock of her hair. She knew herself to be the centre of his attractions and his hopes."

A Dangerous Cult.

This suggestion that there was something unnatural in the affection between father and daughter, and that this was largely responsible for Margaret's hysteria has brought out many protests against the whole theory and practice of psychoanalysis. Neurologists, who are frankly anti-Freudian, declare that psychoanalysis is often disgusting and always dangerous. This probing into the subconscious mind through the medium of dreams is unnatural and perilous. They say that if there is something in the subconscious mind that ought to become part of the conscious mind, Nature will see that it becomes so, and that if Nature does not, it may be taken for granted that other efforts to do this had best be avoided. One doctor says that from his own experience he can name persons who have become permanently insane, and others who have committed suicide because of their dabbling with Freudian theories.

Like Other Fads.

Psychoanalysis, they say, will vanish like other fads which have

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flourished for a while in the field of medicine. It is recalled that some years ago a Philadelphia medicine man wrote a book called "Biographic Clinics," in which he sought to show that what allied most of the great men in history who were known to have been unhealthy was eye strain. The notion that Carlyle suffered from indigestion was scoffed at. His eyes were the source of the irritability. This author was awarded a medal by a scientific society. Nowadays eye strain undoubtedly exists, but it is not believed to be the cause of the majority of diseases. A person might be a crank on the subject and yet not be a menace to his patients. He has at least to be a qualified medical man before he can practise. This is not the case with psychoanalysis. Any faker is permitted to enter the field and take money for probing dreams. In the United States there is growing belief among medical men who specialize in nervous disorders, that psychoanalysis is themselves ought to be thoroughly psychoanalyzed before being permitted to treat others.

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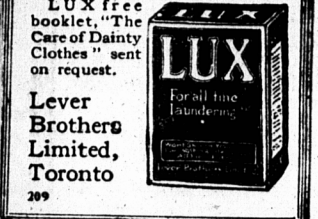
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