

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THE LIBERAL CONVENTION

The surviving members of the Liberal party held a convention on Wednesday and it required two sessions to come to the conclusion that the party did not know where they were at. Several vital matters, vital, that is, to the party, were discussed, among them the question of holding or not holding the bye-elections during the present summer. This question, according to the meagre information that has leaked out, started some fire works.

Several of the members strongly urged the holding of the bye-elections, one quoting with evident emotion from the poem of the Hon. F. J. Nash, now famous, having been published in an Ontario paper, "How can man die better than facing fearful odds?" He admitted that it was suicidal, but why should they add to their other misfortunes the odium of another broken promise? The premier had promised to hold the bye-elections this summer. It was admitted that it would be doubly suicidal to face the country under the present leadership and the remedy for that was to appoint another leader. After all had given their testimony the question arose as to who should be the new leader. There was a long and unanimous silence; no one offered to accept the position; no one offered it to another.

It was the premier himself, it is said, that broke the silence, or more correctly, smashed it. He declared that the government's unpopularity was due to "some one else's up me." All the press criticisms were directed to other members of the cabinet and he had the assurance of The Patriot that he, the premier, had never sat more securely in his seat than during the last session. Moreover he had no intention of resigning. The job suited him and he had every reason to believe he suited the job, or words to that effect.

And so the two sessions ended and so the conclave came to an end. A remarkable feature of the conference was the eloquent silence of the Attorney General who never uttered a word during the two sessions, listening with evident interest to the testimonies of his colleagues and enjoying the fireworks. It was remarked that his reputation for astuteness rose considerably in the estimation of his brethren because of his quiet and sphynx-like attitude.

WHISKEY GOING A-BEGGING

Human perversity will never be satisfactorily accounted for. Among our news items a day or two ago was the statement from Philadelphia that genuine Gordon gin and "Johnny Walker" whiskey were going begging for less than a dollar a quart. The Federal District Attorney and the United States Marshal, meeting with very little luck in their efforts to peddle a carload of choice liquors which prohibition officials seized several weeks ago when it arrived in a railroad yard marked "assorted vegetables." There is a bill of \$500 due the railroad for freight and ice and it's up to the government to pay it. The parties to whom the car was consigned waived all interest in the shipment, and declared they hadn't the remotest idea who could have addressed so much liquor to them.

A representative of the United States Attorney has been going the rounds of the hospitals trying to sell the whiskey for one dollar a quart in lots not to exceed three cases. Even though he declared the government would guarantee its genuineness and finally consented to knock off twenty-five cents on the price of each bottle, there was no rush of customers.

The gin would be sold for most any price, he said.

A similar situation is reported from New York where forty one barrels of "good rye whiskey" and ten barrels of gin were offered for sale at ridiculously low prices and the temptation failed to draw a single customer.

In New York and Philadelphia, as well as in cities nearer to us than these, bootleggers are doing a thriving business at prices which would paralyze any one but a hardened toper. Yet here is whiskey offered at a price which under ordinary circumstances would draw that same toper from the ends of the earth.

Is it possible that the lure of forbidden fruit is still as ruling passion. Is it possible that men still prefer to pay the price for prohibited goods to taking the legitimate authorized at the price of a song?

If a public auction of "good whiskey," say in Summerside or Charlottetown, were freely advertised and an assurance were given that it could be had at the customer's price, would it draw the crowd or would we scornfully ignore it and continue to patronize the bootlegger for the glorious privilege of defying the law?

APPROPRIATING THE TAXES

We have before us a leaflet issued by the City Treasurer of Detroit, Michigan, showing in detail the proportion of the dollar of taxation appropriated to the maintenance of each municipal undertaking. Such a leaflet is issued yearly for the benefit of the taxpayers. The amount of taxation required for the maintenance of the city is given; the rate of taxation per one thousand dollars is given; and the proportion of each dollar required for each of the civic purposes is appended. For instance, of a total appropriation of \$14,589,541 for public schools 33.3 cents out of every dollar is required. For police protection 10.7 cents out of each dollar is required, and so on through the whole municipal list. And by the way, the list is a much longer one than that in Charlottetown. It includes upkeep of parks and boulevards, collecting garbage, playgrounds and recreation, police and firemen's pensions, public health service, city hospital and relief of poor.

The cost of the general administration is given in detail and many of the items may be interesting as showing how things are done elsewhere. For instance, the Mayor's office spends \$17,550; public entertainment \$1,800; regulating building construction \$91,354; public advertising \$83,000 etc.

An interesting provision is the following:

"Any person liable for the city tax on any property who shall pay one half of the amount of the tax on or before July 31, and gives notice to the City Treasurer in writing that he will pay the remainder on or before December 30th may do so without penalty or interest.

The point is that this information is given in concise, intelligible and comparatively inexpensive form to the taxpayers. The leaflet is a single folder of four pages, eight inches by three and gives all necessary information required by the taxpayer, and in a way quite intelligible to him whether he is an expert accountant or not.

GERMAN REPARATIONS

No definite information is available as to the nature of the financial agreement pending between Great Britain and France in connection with the German reparations. It is only known that Ger-

Notes By The Way

The closing of the Dalton Sanatorium by the Bell Government, without provision for anything to take its place contrasts painfully with what other provinces of Canada and the States of the American Union are doing to check the terrible mortality from the White Plague. It was a backward step which in the light of what is being done in neighboring communities to battle with this dread malady bears the impress of a crime against the public health.

An instance of results achieved elsewhere is given in an address delivered last week by Dr. Hugh A. Farris, Superintendent of the St. John County Hospital, before the Commercial Club of St. John. Among other statements made and statistics quoted was this: "Our (local) death rate from tuberculosis than there were 13 every 10,000. At present it is 12.5, that is, there are 40 less deaths yearly in the city from tuberculosis than there were 13 years ago. Was it worth while to save sixty lives yearly in a city with about half the population of Prince Edward Island?"

Here instead of saving lives the Government policy was to let them be lost; to save money to be lavishly expended later in big salaries, indemnities, road jobs, and so on; to close the only sanatorium in this province for the care and cure of consumption at a time when every province and state on the continent was building and maintaining or enlarging such beneficent institutions. The Sanatorium was the gift of a generous and humane donor. It was thrown back in his face, rejected. A warning to any, and every man of wealth, never to make another humanitarian gift to the people of this province! Also an official notice to the poorer class of those afflicted with pulmonary disease that they must hereafter shift for themselves as best they can.

This closure of one of our most necessary and useful institutions was among the things not promised by the Bell aggregation in the election of 1919. Had they in any way before the election fore-shadowed the things they have since done the result of the election would have been far different from what it was. Had they said, we will close the Sanatorium, we will shut down the municipal mud plant; we will double your taxes; we will increase the provincial debt by a vast scheme of road-building, while the cost of labor is at its peak, and by more than doubling the pay of the Legislature, they would have been truthful and honest, but they would have lost the election.

They deliberately chose to deceive the electors, and they effected their purpose to an extent beyond all parallel in our provincial history. Their continued refusal to bring on the by-elections attesting their fear of an insulted and indignant electorate. But it is quite in line with the great betrayal, and breach of trust that has characterized their every important act since they came to power. Truly they have done the things they ought not to have done and left undone the things they ought to have done, and this in the sight of all the people.

Not a single effective step have these incompetents taken to collect our claims for our share in Northwest lands, which they held up before the people as just and amounting to millions. Not a single effective step have they taken to fulfill the promise to our farmers of fertilising wealth from Richmond Bay. Their neglect of law enforcement has induced a crime wave, a public scandal, but many is unceasingly whining for discounts and for time and that France is as unceasingly objecting to any further leniency to Germany. It is reported that Great Britain has offered to cancel the debt owing to her by France on condition that the German indemnity be reduced from 132,000,000,000 to 50,000,000,000 gold marks. If such an arrangement should be made, the effect would be almost instantaneous financial recovery for Germany and economic gain to the greater part of Europe. But it would add immensely to the heavy burden the British people are now struggling under; and would be an act of self-sacrifice on Britain's part into which no element of equity would enter.

Shelley 1822-1922

Today we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the death of Shelley, one among the tiny company of the supreme lyric poets of the world, and one of the great singers of liberty who have everywhere associated the English with that cause in other arts. In music, in painting and sculpture, even perhaps in prose, we may feel compelled, although rightly reverencing and loving our great masters, to yield the first laurels to men of other races and even of older civilisations. But there is something in the construction and cadences of the English language, blending as it does the grace of the Latin with the freedom of the Teutonic tongues, which has made of it a lyrical instrument of the finest delicacy, on which the poets of our race have been able to make music maddeningly beautiful. And while there has been many great periods in the history of English literature, the golden moment in that of the lyric poem was surely reached just a century ago, and in the work of two young men—Shelley and Keats, whose own untimely and inspired genius of his friend to one of its most sustained and lofty flights.

These two adjectives give us the key to Shelley's supreme and enduring appeal to us. There are other poets, Keats being one of them, who can perhaps give us a keener shiver of ecstasy by the sheer exquisiteness of a few lines, perhaps even of one line. But if theirs is the beauty of the dewdrop and of the jewel, Shelley's is that of the rainbow and of the mountain-height; if theirs is the bitter-sweet piping of Pan, his is the music of the spheres played upon by a storm. For if ever there was an eagle with the gift of song, it was Shelley, able to ride easily any hurricane of inspiration, to soar to breathless heights and then, with one easy beat of his great wings, to rise even higher still. Not for him the shore, or the trembling throng, whose sails were never to the tempest given; he must ever, as he told us, spring towards his star, "as one sandalled with plumes of fire." Even in the skylark it is the wings as much as the music that he praises.

"Better than all measures Of delightful sound, Thy skill to pet were, thou scorer of the ground."

He need not, indeed, have been envious, for that skill he had, if, for instance, we follow him through the closing verses of the "Adonais," already seventeen stanzas from the end he has reached a height that we feel is too stupendous to be sustained. Yet on and up he goes, hovering but seldom, from climax to super-climax of emotion, till the flight ends with perfect ease on a supreme and secure pinnacle, where we return to earth. And returning we are never again quite so earth-bound, for we also have shared the intoxication of those unearthly altitudes. We also have swung for a moment, "as if lone alone amid an Heaven of Song."

It is an experience such as no other poet can give us. We can drift with some, lulled in a stream of music; we can feel with others the "cool silver shock" of suddenly realised beauty. By none,

glaries, thefts, jail-breaking and bootlegging, beyond all precedent in our hitherto peaceful and law-abiding Island. And as a parody on this black catalogue they have given us a futile attempt to add a Fourth Dimension to the Supreme Court of Justice.

When law-makers become and remain law-breakers, deceivers, and regardless of solemn promises, as they have here, disrespect for governments, legislature and law inevitably follows. That is our unfortunate position here today. The time was when the people respected, trusted and honored their law-makers, the law and the administrators of the law in far greater measure than they do today. Disrespect followed upon the deception in which the Bell Government was conceived and the maladministration that has followed. Such a government is inherently disqualified and incapacitated to administer justice. And the people are convinced of this.

We repeat these charges, because they are so grave, so true, so unanswered and unanswerable and because the people should be reminded of them from time to time, and furthermore because there is no hope of a change for the better, until the Bell Government is hurled from power. These truths are self-evident.

however, are we carried in quite the same way from one realisation of beauty to another, till all are merged in one beauty, through one crescendo of music after another, till we feel the whole universe as one perfect melody. That is the gift of Shelley to us and to our successors for as long as our language endures, the gift of a young man drowned at sea when he had scarcely crossed the threshold of life, a gift bought for us at a price we can never estimate, for when the great god Pan maketh a poet out of a man, only the poet knows and even in his songs he cannot wholly tell us, the price of his experience and of our joy. Let us today, then give thanks for the singer and for his songs, for the poet's song is the supreme gift of the gods through man to man. No other work of art can claim quite its universal value. Paintings fade and can be seen by few; music of the finest quality requires the finest interpretation before it can be appreciated. But the poem, when the poet has travelled and given birth to it is there for ever and for all who care to listen. It enriches thought and speech and writing. It solaces loneliness and gives to companionship a new meaning when two minds are made to thrill together by its beauty. Let us put out our murky mundane candles for a few moments today in memory of Shelley, and pass these moments in the light which shone so brightly for him and through him.

"Lamp of earth, where'er thou movest Its dim shapes are clad with brightness. And the souls of whom thou lovest Walk upon the winds with lightness." —Westminster Gazette

Others' View Points

THE WASHING MACHINE.

(Dry Goods Economist.) (To prospective washing machine customer)—"Don't kill your wife. Get one of our machines to do the dirty work."

AFTER CLOUDS, RAIN.

(New York Tribune.) It soon will be possible, we are informed, to make long-range weather forecasts. People who predict rain for the rest of the summer may, judging from present indications, get away with it successfully even now.

Always Apprehensive. "My wife gets nothing but apprehension out of life." "How so?" "She's afraid of cows in the country and automobiles in town." —Kansas City Journal.

WHEN LITERATURE PAYS.

(Calgary Albertan.) William Hohenzollern has written a book, his reminiscences, and has received a quarter of a million dollars net for the same. The book is no literary gem. It contains no information of any great value or importance to himself or to any person else. But he happened, at one time, to be the Kaiser of Germany, and during that time he was a very spectacular

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

From the W. S. Louson collection.

WORLD'S GREATEST DOCTOR

There is a great physician who long ago began To clear away the troubles that come to pester man; 'Tis true he is old-fashioned, but many a grievous ill That puzzles other doctors would yield to this one's skill; He makes no heavy charges, and he is always near. To serve you if you want him; his full name is Good Cheer.

His practice should be world wide and daily it should grow; He serves in summer weather and when the wild winds blow. His night bell is in order he answers every call. He gives no bitter doses, and tortures not at all. And they have few diseases and stand in little fear Who always are serenely attended by Good Cheer. He does not deem the wealthy

more worthy of his care Than are the poor who seek him where walls and floors are bare. He ministers as freely as where the rich abide. And all he asks in payment are hope and honest pride. The hope and pride that follow where duty's call is clear— 'Tis time to aid in spreading the practice of Good Cheer. —Chicago Record-Herald

Advertisement for REX King of Cigarettes. Features a large illustration of a cigarette pack labeled '10 CIGARETTES' and '10 for 15c'. The text includes 'Lamp of earth, where'er thou movest Its dim shapes are clad with brightness. And the souls of whom thou lovest Walk upon the winds with lightness.' —Westminster Gazette

person, who did a number of unusual and somewhat astounding things. He got \$250,000 net for the rights of his book. SERVICE AND RECOGNITION (Winnipeg Tribune.) Men holding elective positions in Canada may frequently prove disappointing to the people as well as to themselves, but one thing seems very true, that the public gives no very serious study to the making of their path either an easy or a happy one to travel. For one kind, encouraging word spoken, there are seemingly a hundred of execration. An occasional voice is heard appealing to the masses to think more kindly of public servants. The spirit of unjust criticism, bred of party rancor of the past, may yet give place to a different feeling towards men who try to honestly serve their fellows in the public arena.

Advertisement for Midsummer Shoe Sale. Text: 'Making a clean-up of all WHITE FOOTWEAR for MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—including all black and white effects, and all canvas shoes with leather soles.' Features illustrations of various styles of shoes. Promotional text: '20 p. c. off', 'All White Canvas Footwear', '20 per cent off', 'OVERBOARD, GOES ALL MEN'S OXFORDS. Every pair of Men's Oxfords goes on sale today.' See our windows. Alley & Co., Ltd. Queen Street