

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

J. A. A. Barlett, President. J. R. Burnett, Editor and Publisher. D. K. Currie, Associate Editor.

Published Daily (except on Sundays) 50c per year. Delivered in advance 1.00 per year (mailed, in advance, in Canada and U. S. A. \$2.50).

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1920.

Monday, May 24th, being Empire Day and a public holiday. The Guardian will not be issued on Tuesday. Advertisers please take note.

PUBLIC WORKS REPORT.

To those into whose ears it has been dinned during the present session of the legislature that the last government had done nothing on the roads and bridges of the province during the past year, the report of the Public Works Department will be a genuine surprise.

There was considerable work done, much of it very important. An arch 230 feet long in the West River Bridge was rebuilt, consisting of 16 benches of creosote piles with hard pine caps, steel rail span beams and wooden flooring. A new draw span was also placed in the bridge and considerable repairs made to the approaches.

Rusticville bridge with a 190 foot span, McMillan's bridge with a 17 foot span, Bonshaw bridge built up two feet and a new railing placed, the South Pinette Bridge, begun by the late Government, besides 23 smaller bridges were either rebuilt or extensively repaired.

Quite a number of new roads were opened up by the late government and a number of low roads built up.

When Hon. J. H. Bell and some other honourable Liberal members exhaust the patience of their hearers by telling them the late government did not do any public works they vary the performance by insinuating that the work done was for pre-election purposes. Which one of the bridges or roads referred to in the Public Works report was of no other use than to bribe some one to vote for the late government has not been specified. If that pile of government "cheques a foot high" and representing hundreds of thousands of dollars of which the Premier had a vision when he entered the office of the Public Works Department, or even a part of it was given away to bribe the electorate as he insinuated, surely some one or more of the above bridges or roads would still be there to tell the tale, but no such revelation has been vouchsafed by Mr. Bell.

The Department acknowledges receipt of three new road machines, three tractors, three new steel drags and three two-ton trucks and the hope is expressed that they will be of service. It also recommends that in view of the fact that the Department has so much motor machinery "it would seem advisable that a specialist in gasoline engines and machinery be employed to advise and assist operators and keep the machinery always in repair," which is doubtless a good suggestion and may open the way for some party friend who so far has been unable to get a government job.

The report enumerates the contracts let during the year specifying in detail the time of completion and the contract price.

It is worth mentioning perhaps that Falconwood Hospital, which was reported last February to be in such a deplorable condition is still said to be in need of considerable repairs and that the Infirmary is also still in need of attention.

AUTOMOBILE SPEED WARNINGS

Our exchanges abound in warnings to automobile speed fiends, and record many accidents, some serious and many fatal. The speed fiend appears to be universal in its activities and although we have so far escaped in our quiet province there is no reason to believe we are to be continuously immune from the spirit's invasion. Our sister provinces have had a veritable epidemic of accidents recently, our telegrams yesterday recording two in the city of St. John where only a few days previously a child had been killed by an auto and several young men, the occupants of the car were arrested on a charge of manslaughter.

Possibly the only exorcism for the speed fiend is a heavy legal penalty imposed and exacted before the accident occurs. To jail a reckless driver after he has killed some one is but a very imperfect remedy. Reckless or too speedy driving should be regarded as a criminal offence and treated as such. The history of automobiling the world over is punctuated by accidents, practically all due to recklessness or ignorance on the part of the driver or of the one who gets in the way. This recklessness is not by any means confined to the auto; horsemen just as frequently offend in this respect. The most effective remedy for accidents is prevention and a very safe preventive is to curb the speed fiend.

NEARING THE END

It is confidentially hoped now, that the legislative session will end this week, indeed the end may come any day now as the work is practically completed with the exception of some fag ends of legislation that are yet to be given the finishing touches. While the presence of the country members is always a source of pleasure and their departure always leaves a social blank, it is generally felt that the present session has been a tedious one and this at a time when the hearts of the country members peculiarly are on their farms or in their offices at home. This will to a considerable extent mitigate the pain of parting while it will enable the newspapers and the public generally to revert to their former more or less orderly status.

CURRENT COMMENT

It was a tired audience, their patience exhausted, wearied with waiting over two long hours for occasional scraps of language which found their way in between interminable pauses, and in its appointing when uttered, in the story around the dulcet Budget in the history of our Island legislature. That Premier Bell did not follow the advice given him, as he states, by his friends, and throw up the sponge, is a set-back to Liberalism and an irreparable calamity to the province. At the very outset he was constrained to admit that he had been floating in deep political waters, supported by bladders which were now punctured, with nothing in prospect but to sink into political oblivion.

The speech was more noted for its pithiness than for anything which it contained. There was the re-dedication of the oft de-throned gods of Liberal mythology, but no offerings of anything substantial, apart from a crushing taxation, to which the people could look forward with any degree of hope or even a faintness of expectation. All the promises and predictions of election and pre-election days are melted and dispersed, and no substitute offered to inspire ambition amongst his followers, or throw a ray of light to dispel the gloom.

There was the re-hashed charges, made Liberal like in general evasive sentences, of extravagance and neglect of public works and other interests of the province. But with all their vehemence and volubility there was not a dollar or a red cent pointed out, or an item of expenditure of the most minute small character specified to support this stack falsity. Nor, in connection with the Public Works, was there a bridge or a road, or a culvert, or even a loosened nail in a public building or other structure singled out as defective to give support to their slanders against the Arsenal and Government. Falconwood Hospital, the subject of the Patriot's sensational and alarming charges, was left severely alone, in respect to its management. They seemed to have got a sickening from their past temerity in that at least.

Pity was associated with contempt when the Premier strove to wobble out of the difficulty of his violated pre-election promises. With files of his speeches, in press reports, and the impressed memories of thousands who listened to his utterances, and that of his followers and party organs confronting him, denial was useless. There was only the one expedient—that manifesto. Because of its very emptiness it would be of service, and as a last resort it was trotted out. But it was not even quoted, for such as it was it would damn their defense. Seaports were in request, and the press and speakers on Liberal platforms had the Premier's hands placed upon their devoted heads as he consecrated them to carry the sins of the party into the political wilderness. As he did so there was the wail of mourning because the poor goat, or goats, had to go out with a load of iniquity far greater than they could bear.

Nor has he overcome the fatal habit of exaggeration and prevarication. With cool deliberation he proffered the excuse for his somewhat of policy, that cost of labor and material had advanced to three and four times what it was. When he made his declarations, only a short year ago, and moved for a reduction in salaries, these commodities were practically the same as today in price, and when he represented them as having advanced "three and four times" since, who can dare question that it was done with intent to deceive? Touching the working man with a patronizing volubility he declared that a \$3 poll tax—just one day's work—was all they were asked to contribute to the Government of the country. Another pre-conceived deception. He well knew that he had the pickled rod of a \$5 to \$10 income tax for the city worker, and two extra poll taxes of from \$4.50 to \$7.50 for the country lad in addition. With him the card that will mislead is always trump. Like Ephraim he is joined to this idol, and with conscience seared by a long life of practice he can not drag himself away.

Daily Selections Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louison

THE GOLDEN RULE

There are times when a man wants money to make his life go. And times when he needs a friend to advise to warn him to go slow. And times when he wants love to comfort and sustain, to guide him over a rough old place back on the level again.

I don't care how strong he is or what nerve he's got—there are times when he needs these things while the battles being fought. I'll grant that it's hard to start in the game—but its harder to stay in—and follow the rules and do it square—and stick at it till you win—There's many a man gone down and out for the lack of money and love—and a good true friend to stand behind to give a true friend's share.—Self respect is the thing to keep. Reason things out as you travel. Reason has been given to us our problems to unravel—so help a chap when you can to his self respect and reason—give a trust instead of a doubt—give a push instead of a clout. By helping his I may help you—try it some time and see if it's true.—Dedicated to Rotary. By Fred E. Burden, Moncton, N. B.

Dropping Spy From Aeroplane

One of the most terrible feats of the war—the dropping of a spy from a high speed aeroplane—on the Italian front is described by Captain Wedgwood Benn, D. S. O., M. P., in his entralling war experiences, just published under the title, "In the Side Shows: Observations by a Flier on Five Fronts."

In a vivid account of the spy dropping scheme, he relates that many difficulties had to be overcome, the chief of which was how to persuade the agent to drop at the right moment. Captain Benn writes:

"I cannot conceive of anyone having sufficient self-control to throw himself from a machine going, perhaps, at 80 knots. The solution was considerably to relieve him of the embarrassment of choice. We arranged that the agent should sit in a cockpit on a flap door hinged at the sides and opening in the middle. This flap was held in place by bolts controlled by a rope connected with the observer's seat. The result was that it was the observer who decided when the bolt was to be drawn, and the agent, waiting, persuasively with some quams, at the right moment found himself suddenly with nothing under him."

Major Barker, who later won the V. C., was chosen as pilot for the risky enterprise. Then followed a period of close observation and experiment, that no possible chance of failure should be overlooked. There was much experimenting with the chosen machine—a rickety and antiquated aeroplane—and its trap-door mechanism, and in the dropping of a dummy figure, attached to a parachute.

Who Was to be Dropped?

Then there was the question of the agent to be employed in this almost suicidal death-or- glory job. Finally one Alessandro Tandura was chosen. "No curly-haired, blue-eyed hero to look at, but rather undersized and dark, with the curious, close-knit, harp-bitten, almost deformed appearance which belongs to mountaineers."

"Yet he was by far the bravest man I have ever known"—and this was his first flight in an aeroplane! Tandura's instructions were to get back to his native town near Vittorio; collect information of the movements, dispositions and intentions of the enemy above all, get in touch with the Italian prisoners of war who had escaped and were hiding among the peasantry, and by means of pigeons and signals communicate all he could learn to Italian Headquarters.

Major Barker's part was to fly an unmanageable old machine in pitch darkness a distance of some 80 miles in all and make the difficult take-offs and landings."

To Capt. Wedgwood Benn fell the duty of dropping Tandura at the right moment, and picking up the signals, by wireless and search light, by which the machine was to keep its course. Complete plans were also made for the destruction of the machine in case of a forced landing. Tandura was provided with a peasant's costume and a spade, with which to bury the parachute and incriminating belongings.

They were practically the same as today in price, and when he represented them as having advanced "three and four times" since, who can dare question that it was done with intent to deceive? Touching the working man with a patronizing volubility he declared that a \$3 poll tax—just one day's work—was all they were asked to contribute to the Government of the country.

Another pre-conceived deception. He well knew that he had the pickled rod of a \$5 to \$10 income tax for the city worker, and two extra poll taxes of from \$4.50 to \$7.50 for the country lad in addition. With him the card that will mislead is always trump. Like Ephraim he is joined to this idol, and with conscience seared by a long life of practice he can not drag himself away.

And the Honorable Puritan professed to be shocked at what he alleged as violations of the Audit Act by the late Government. This act had created a power which could not be altered or interfered with except by the legislature. They had spent money contrary to the provisions of that act, and had conspired with the Auditor to override the will of parliament. Did Hon. Mr. Bell just stop to think? Had he just for a moment considered, that charity begins at home, he would have announced that he and his Government had, since September, also spent about \$170,000 without regard to the Audit Act, and after the same fashion of conspiracy, if there was such a thing as conspiracy or violated law at all!

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.

THE FUNNY PATRIOT

Sir,—The Patriot seems to be enjoying himself immensely over the report of Peakes Station meeting, but in all his merriment he forgot to give us the name of the speaker who showed that this bill was wanted to help the speedway. This reason, no doubt, was that this gentleman was a Liberal of the first water all his life. The names of other speakers were also omitted for the same reason. He makes use of my name freely being a Conservative. Well, I must tell him that I helped to elect the Bill Government. Not that I had any love for the party, but I disliked the Union Government and thought our men were leaning that way. We all know that no government is pure as crystal; and when the prospect of both sides join hands there is a long look-up. However, the climax was reached when I had the assurance to say that the Bill Government would have to cry "Halt." Yet he admits that a similar absurdity once before took place. When Caute told the "waves of the mighty ocean" to keep back, the fun gets out of him in another column, where he starts in to whine over the abuse they are receiving from town and country. He has come to the conclusion that it is owing to their recklessness that we are down on them. That we would prefer a lower element to handle our affairs. I thought the men of the Bill Government were much like the rest of the human family. I never once thought they were the cream of the Province, nor did any one else but their own sweet selves. We have, however, decided that when Caudeum is attempted Crownwillism will be applied. I am Sir, etc., R. MOONEY.

THE TEACHER QUESTION

Sir, I read with interest Union Teacher's letter in the Guardian of the 4th inst. Teacher struck the right key. Now that all other means have been exhausted, one course only is left open. That is let us be unanimous in our demands. It is needless for us teachers to make any explanation in connection with this drastic move. Let every sane elector, regardless of politics examine for a moment the measure of our salaries as introduced by Mr. Bell; and along with this read the speeches in support of the bill. One member suggests consolidation, thereby halving the teacher still more for the same wage. Another member is of the opinion that the teachers are not qualified to the standard required for the "Big Salary." Another member says that experience does not make the teacher proficient. And what in my opinion is most disgusting is the opinion expressed that the Great March Conference at Charlottetown was

ins. At last the great moment arrived. "They bring out Tandura, who kisses his commanding officer; sheds tears; is attached by a long rope to the parachute which is slung beneath the machine; is sat on his trap door; is instructed to fold his arms—this to prevent him tripping the sides of the aeroplane should he lose his nerves—is ready.

An Awful Two Hours

"Now is the beginning of two hours of keenest excitement it is possible to imagine. The night is inky dark, which is greatly to our advantage, and what is even more in favour is the vivid lightning, which every few seconds shows up the country beneath us as plainly as at midday.

"We cross the Place. Every thing is now ready. We are over the town which is our landmark. The searchlights have begun to look for us. Barker is to make a signal to me with his foot when he is ready."

"I sit down with my hand on the thick ash handle which, by means of a long wire, controls the bolt under Tandura's seat. Barker slightly stalls the machine, the foot presses, I pull, and wait. No jerk, no apparent result. The bolts have struck. I pull again. The wire slacks with a rush, the machine shivers and resumes its course. I peer hurriedly through the floor, and imagine I catch a glimpse of a small black sphere flying past behind us, but that is all. For good or ill, Tandura is gone."

It proved to be for good. Tandura's luck held. Some weeks later messages began to be received from him which showed that he had accomplished his object. He was half-starved, despite all attempts to send him food by aeroplane. Twice he was arrested by Austrian gendarmes, but escaped; and once, when he thought he was safely hidden for the moment, he heard whispered in his ear the warning words: "Beware the wolf," a signal known only to secret agents, and never to be used save in the moment of direct peril. It came just in time to enable him to escape before the house was surrounded by gendarmes.

Extra Special Values



in Hosiery will make Friday and Saturday shopping days of extreme interest to every woman.

Don't miss this opportunity to provide for your summer needs when lines are complete shades a delight and sizes for all kinds of feet.

Buster Brown Sisters Stockings a few odd sizes in Sky, Blue and Pink. Friday and Saturday 45c only.

A good line of children's mercerised cotton stockings in Black, Dark tan and White 65c. Friday and Saturday

Children's Socks for the warm weather in Heather Mixture and striped also plain Black. Sizes 5 to 7 1-2 Prices 38c to 60c. Friday and Saturday

Boys' Cotton Stockings all sizes 55c and 65c. Friday and Saturday

Boys' all wool golf hose size 9 1-2 and 10 at \$1.75 and \$2.25

GOLF HEATHER HOSE

Ladies' Golf Heather Hose 4 1/2 rib for \$1.75. Friday and Saturday

Plain Cashmere Hose Heather Mixture for \$1.75, Friday and Saturday

Cotton and Cashmere Hose in Lovat's Shades \$1.50 for \$1.25 Friday and Saturday only.

18 Doz. Ladies Black Cotton Hose Friday and Saturday only 28c pair.

Black Italian Silk Hose size 8 1-2, 9, 9 1-2 at 50c pair. Ladies' Black Cotton Hose white soles 75c. Friday and Saturday only.

Ladies Lisle Hose in White, Black, Brown, Swede, all sizes at 60c, 85c, 95c, \$1.00, \$1.15. Friday and Saturday

Ladies Silk Hose in Chestnut Brown, Navy, Black and Grey. A good purchase at \$2.00. All sizes. Friday and Saturday only.

HERE'S A SWEATER

FOR VACATION WEAR

Everyone requires a sweater at this season when leaving off one's coat.

It's a slip-over in pretty waistline effect with smart cord at belt, and square neck. You might prefer one of the fancy weave with sailor collar of brushed wool or one of the new "Shimmy Pullovers," so becoming to the younger girls. The colors are very pretty shades of Copenhagen blue, Nile green, rose, light and dark, American beauty red, mauve, purple, yellow, browns and combinations. Patons have a wonderful showing from \$5.25, \$6.75, \$7.50, \$8.95 up to \$13.50.



PATONS LIMITED

CANINE CONCEITS

BY JOHN BRECK

Quite regularly one recurs to the delusion that the dog has had his day. There is no room for him in this utilitarian world since modern man finds the space between his intellect and that of his primitive friend too wide for sentiment to bridge. Now, my simple mind finds dogs vastly, and quite humanly, entertaining. They also have a distinct economic side. I have recently heard one fellow man foolish enough to offer \$50 for a middle-aged shepherd dog and his owner foolish enough to refuse it. The pestiferous little yellow cur who plagues me with his barking has brought in \$30 worth of muskrat skins this winter. He is perfectly aware that he is a valuable member of the community. He expresses it in the cock of his curly tail and his contempt for the harmless missies I throw at him. He even knows why. On a poor day he will hunt until after dark; on a successful one he will knock off work and come home in the middle of the afternoon, and neither threat nor coaxing can induce him to nose another trail. If it were not for my own dog Charmer that rabbit would fare ill. She defends it against all comers, even her own puppy, who lives across the pasture. When I hear her bark on a pleasant day I suspect she is inviting him to come over to romp, to gnaw her bones, and to doze beside her in the sun. She carefully drives all the stock to the far end of the field and mounts guard while he crawls beneath the fence and scuttles at

cross in safety. Invariably he seizes on the time when she is napping to yank at the bunny. Invariably she shakes him until he squeals, heaves him into the flower bed—and bark sat it herself! Hers is not a terrifying bark; it is a mere habit, a "You saw that, did you? Lucky I was here," or something of that sort, to call attention to her watchfulness. But the pup cannot discriminate. She sets him a bad example and he follows it—and will to the end of that rabbit. "Illogical, isn't it? Yes, and she always reminds me of the inveterate smoker who advises his small son between puffs of his cherished pipe, never to smoke, because it is a bad habit. But I suppose man, being so superior, can afford to be illogical.

One way to flatter a woman is to tell her you can't. A woman can go to church three times a week and enjoy it. A talkative man is apt to be as good-natured as he is foolish. Clothes may make the actress and the lack of them the chorus girl. Nothing makes a man so sore as having to pay his wife's board when she visits her friends. It must be annoying to have so beautiful a complexion that it deceives others into believing that one makes up. It is difficult to convince a woman who misses the train that the conductor didn't give the signal and leave her on purpose.

