

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1920

WATER POWER AND FUEL PROBLEMS

The Commission of Conservation has issued in pamphlet form an article by Mr. Arthur V. White, the Commission's Consulting Engineer, on Water Power and Fuel Problems, which contains most interesting information on the subject.

In elaborating the subject several strikingly interesting statements are made. One of these is that Niagara Falls is capable of furnishing 1,800,000 electrical horse power; another is a statement by the Fuel Administration of the United States as follows: "Every year the miners go into the ground and dig out coal and the railroad ships it for hundreds of miles, dragging back the empty cars until the amount mined is two and a quarter times the earth and rock removed in digging the Panama Canal."

In this connection it may be mentioned that Canada imports from the United States, every year on an average, 22,500,000 net tons of coal out of a yearly consumption of 34,800,000 tons.

The power available from Niagara Falls, of which only a fraction is being used, is only a very small fraction of all the waterpower available in Canada for the production of heat, light and motive power for railways, industries and household purposes. The drain upon our coal supply is yearly increasing and is being expressed not only in rapidly increasing prices but in scarcity as well.

Mr. White's excellent treatise, a synopsis of which is impossible in the space available, shows the necessity of this conservation and the means by which it may be accomplished, and those interested in the subject would do well to send for a copy which we have no doubt the Conservation Commission at Ottawa will supply on application.

We have rivers in this province whose power is being wasted while we are contributing our share to the extravagant waste of coal. Our rivers can be harnessed and, sooner or later, they shall be. The subject is an intensely interesting one and what has already been done elsewhere is a revelation, while the future holds out promises of indefinite development.

A PRIMITIVE REMEDY

The Patriot's proposed remedy for the present unfortunate political situation is a somewhat primitive one. It admits that all the Liberal pre-election promises have been broken but asks us to forget it. Those who mention these broken Liberal promises, it dubs as agitators, Bolsheviks and Bashi Bazouks. The farmer who received a solemn promise from his Liberal candidate that his taxes would not be increased is a Bolshevik if he complains when he finds his taxes doubled.

The Patriot forgets that there are two sides to this as to almost all questions, the side of the party who secured the government on false pretences and is playing the part of the ruthless oppressor, and the side of the injured and the deceived. It would make it very much pleasanter no doubt, for the former if the latter submitted quietly and slavishly and said nothing about the injury and the deception practised upon him. But the latter has his rights and is not going to be lightly pushed aside as a Bolshevik or an agitator.

The fact is that this province has been duped and deceived as never before in its history. The Patriot and the government know this and the people know it. The grueling the Liberal government is undergoing today at the hands of those whom it so shamefully deceived is good, wholesome proof that our people are honest and will not submit tamely to dishonesty on the part of others. Whatever the outcome of the present agitation may be, whether resignation and another election or a modification of the legislation enacted, it will stand as a warning for all time to come to all politicians that if pre-election promises are made only to be defiantly broken they will have an indignant electorate to deal with. There is indignation, boiling indignation, throughout the province and there is good cause for it, and neither the Patriot's ugly names nor its explanations will allay it.

ANOTHER BIG LIQUOR SEIZURE

FREDERICTON, July 25.—One of the largest liquor seizures in this province has been made by Liquor Sub-Inspector Daigle at Baker Lake, Madawaska county, on Thursday evening.

Along the border, The shipment contained 42 barrels and nine cases of whiskey, valued at about \$9,000. The shipment will arrive here next week and will be stored in the departmental buildings. The Chief Inspector stated that on Tuesday evening inspectors Demmings and Nevers had raided several of the houses along the border lines and secured quantities of liquor.

CURRENT COMMENT

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Patriot is getting cross, or at least it is saying a lot of cross things. In the language of the immortal Samantha Allan, one would say that its "anger is ris." On Friday its columns were filled with stuff that wasn't just nice for clean people to read. And its superfluity of coarse words and ugly names was scarcely to be expected from an old time lecturer on journalistic ethics. It seems to have forgotten its boyhood teaching that "sticks and stones will break the bones, but names will never hurt," and indulges in the pastime ad nauseam. Just look at its choice vocabulary, "Midsommer Madness," "slush," "monster," "mask is torn from its face," "Bolshevism," "howled," "howls," "Bashi-bazouk," "hatefulness," "rages and spues," "venom," "guerilla," "spilt disorderly," "brigand" and "brigandry," and "a jackass in lion's skin." Who ever read such adjectives, in poetry or fiction. And all this in a single issue of an insignificant little daily.

That its anger is not feigned is evidenced in the wandering range and incoherence of its ramblings. Before one subject is disposed of it jumps to another, and then leaving this unfinished it jumbles off something entirely foreign to either. It is lunar control, or "Midsommer Madness," in very essence. And why does the Liberal rage and the Patriot imagine "ain things? Simply because we have compelled it to swallow its own medicine, and because the people are making elaborate preparations for a state funeral, with the Bell Government and its press apologist laid out upon their own bier. It says that: "Comparisons are odious" when its changeable character, from bombast and boastfulness to abject terror and fear, is likened unto the noted Jack Ketch, and they surely must be when the similitude is so true to life.

Its appetite for slander is so keen that the home supply is insufficient, and it must libel and misrepresent the character of the poor Bashi-basouk, the volunteer element of the Turkish army who are no fonder of "bakshish" than the raiders of our Provincial Treasury, and certainly not as cowardly in their warfare as the Patriot and its Government devotees. There is not a line in the Liberal organ's editorial, "Again With Us," that is not infinitely more applicable to its own political aggregation than it is to the Turkish soldier. There is however an element of safety in slandering at such long range; he is not likely to hit back.

When Cain complained of the hardships of his sentence he was told that "sin lieth at the door." If it were not for this consequent result, the Patriot and its Government would not be in their present throes of tribulation. It is not because they did "exactly what

Daily Selections

Guardian Readers Furnished by W. S. Louison.

THE FLOWERS OF MEMORY

I love a Garden, not so much for flowers Wherein to pass a span of perfumed hours, As for the thought that always comes to me That 'tis a treasure-house of memory. The scent of rose that summons back some day Of loveliness in times long passed away; A bit of mignonette that brings to mind Some reminiscence of a joyous kind; A pansy with its roughish face invests My heart with dreams of childhood's merry jests; The violet brings back rare visions of Glad days of old that teemed with youth and love; And every lily sets my soul astrife With thoughts of friends of regal character, of friends of regal character. Long passed away, but cherished still, and dear As in the vanished days of Yesterday.

"My life is one long, daily, hourly record of answered prayer, for physical health, for mental overstrain, for guidance given unobtrusively, for errors and dangers averted, for enmity to the Gospel subdued, for food provided at the exact hour needed, for everything that goes to make up life and my poor service. I can testify with a full and often wonder-stricken awe that I believe God answers prayer. I have proved during long decades while alone, as far as man's help and presence are concerned, that God answers prayer."—Mary Slessor of Calabar.

was expected of them" that the people are up in arms and open revolt, calling for resignations and dissolution. Our type of citizen is too generous and fair minded for that. If they had done barely half of what they promised, or made the slightest effort to make good to the extent of even a fair portion of their pre-election programme, some of their mistakes might have been overlooked and condoned. But because they persistently and flagrantly sinned in "everything which came within their touch, the deceived people could stand it no longer, and they demand that the trust, handed a year ago to Hon. Mr. Bell and his colleagues, which they have grossly violated, be returned to them again.

It looks as if Mr. A. E. McLean is a victim of the look-both-ways disease. He is probably not sorry for what he said at the Mt. Carmel meeting, for it was staged to please the audience, and there is a federal nomination in prospect. But he does appear a trifle sorry that his remarks have appeared in print, to be read by the whole public, and by his party leaders in particular, and so he must try and straighten out the tangle. His letter in the Patriot however does not in the least alter the situation, or make it any better for either himself or the Government. He makes no denial of the report of the meeting in substance, but tries by explanation, and a little sophistry, to smooth off some of its harshness. It is a difficult matter to play to two galleries at once, and we might suggest to Mr. McLean that his outspoken candor at the public meeting is the safest of the two roads for him to hang to.

Premier Bell and Hon. W. M. Lea, Commissioner of Agriculture, both represent the Bedouge District. Already their constituents have called on them to resign, and petitions are now in circulation through the district, asking His Honor the Lieutenant Governor to dissolve the legislature. Pettifoggling politicians, who have no regard for the decencies or proprieties of public life, and interested only in what they can pull out of it, have been found who would ignore this attitude of an electorate, but no one claiming a status of statesmanship, and cognizant of his responsibility to the people, would hesitate a moment to comply with their wishes. The mere politician, willing to make himself the laughing stock and contempt of the outside world, would refuse, but will Hon. Mr. Bell, occupying the position of one of Canada's provincial Premiers, incur the penalty of such continent wide notoriety by attempting to hold on to a position against the request of those who elected him to his seat? If he does, it will be without a parallel in history.

The Patriot seeks to make a point by contrasting the educational program of the Conservatives with that adopted by the Bell Government. It compares the liberal provision which Hon. Mr. Arsenault proposed to make, "all from the government," with what was provided by the bungling School Act of last session. The childish logic of one argument, or inference which they wish to draw, is that money paid by the district direct to the teacher is NOT A TAX UPON THE PEOPLE, whilst money paid to them out of the Treasury would mean increased taxes upon the people. What rot to dish out to sensible people. Its next conclusion is that these greater salaries paid out of the general treasury to the teachers, would involve a heavier taxation than that imposed by the Bell Government. If the Arsenault Government were to pursue the extravagant methods adopted by the present Liberal combination, there might be something in the Patriot's contention. But that was not the Conservative platform. Their proposal was to tax only for educational purposes, and only to the extent of \$75,000. They had not the slightest intention of taxing everything TANGIBLE AND INTANGIBLE to the tune of about \$400,000 for the purpose of increasing their own salaries and sessional indemnities, and of finding offices and employment for an increased horde of useless officials. There is a vast difference between the two proposals.

CIRCUS CAMELS FIGHT TO DEATH IN CITY STREET

MUSKEGON, Mich., July 25.—Several thousand women and children were thrown into a panic when two camels fought until one was killed during the Barnes Circus street parade here. Spectators dashed for safety as the animal-fought with hoofs and teeth. Grant Robertson, their trainer, was thrown from one of the animals and in a hospital with a broken leg and other injuries. Attendants attacked the animals with clubs but were unable to stop the fight.

Others' View Points

OTHERS VIEW POINTS

Gambling With Death

(Toronto Star) Adventurous spirits will always find ways to risk their lives. Nevertheless, it is seldom if ever in the public interest for a man to risk his life as a matter of caprice. The "dare-devil" gains more notoriety than fame. As a rule, he is a man with an over-developed ego, whose abnormal self-confidence explains his audacity. The best ever said for him is that he is anxious to make money quickly for legitimate purposes, but when was it desirable to give a sensational advertisement to that manner of making money? The crowd that watched a visitor from the Old Country lash himself to pieces on the rocks below Niagara Falls the other day may have got a thrill or two out of the performance. But the whole spectacle was far from edifying. There was a "Roman holiday" atmosphere. We have come to regard such things as regrading, for old and young. The authorities of Ontario might well consider putting a stop to this gambling with Death at Niagara Falls.

Magnanimous (New York Tribune)

The reporter was sent out by a certain city editor to question a well-known amateur sportsman who was being sued for divorce. The reporter called up a couple of hours later and said: "Boss, I can't get anything out of this fellow. He's a big whale, and when I rang the bell and asked him how about this divorce action he just reached out and clipped me on the jaw and knocked me down. I waited around awhile and brushed myself off, and then I tried it again. He came out and said: "Oh, you're here again, are you?" and he took me by the collar and threw me down a flight of stairs. So I guess there's nothing doing on getting anything out of him, boss. I'll come right in." "No," said the city editor. "You go back and tell that big loafer he ain't intimidate me."

Good Prospects (Calgary Albertan.)

There is good reason now to believe that the crops will be good this autumn, and there is every reason to believe that the prices will be excellent. It would be unwise to discount any such hopeful future, but these are pleasant thoughts after a couple of unfavorable seasons.

Minard's Lintment for Burns, Etc

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BY DELLA E. STEWART

The reason some of us do not make a success of our living is that we don't work as much with our heads as we do with our hands. There has been prevalent a great mistake concerning work. We have sometimes thought that it was of the two distinct varieties, and have scorned the one while striving for the other—provided we had to seek employment.

The real truth is that all work is head work—if we do it the very best way it can be done. No wonder we have disliked our work when we have decided that it didn't take thought or initiative or planning; that we "could do it with our eyes shut."

Some of the results of effort to-day look as if that was just the way they had been done.

Work "hated," as some of us say we hate housework or sewing or shop work, or whatever happens to be our particular employment, is pretty sure to be poorly done work—work that we cannot look upon with pride when it is finished.

Shoddy work is as bad as shoddy clothing.

There's one thing that we need to remember. Before life's balance is finally struck the faithful workers secure their reward, the strikers and complainers get their just deserts.

It isn't only the present minute that counts. We may take that to our comfort when the present minute seems almost too hard to be borne. Burdens shouldered cheerfully bring added endurance and strength; burdens shirked bring only weakness of character and discontent.

Queer, isn't it, how many times we seem not to care whether we gain strength or weakness in our mental life?

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S. A. McDONALD

Wind Storms Are Becoming More Severe

of recent years in Eastern Canada. Last fall a great many properties were badly damaged in Prince Edward Island.

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