

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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A TRIBUTE TO PREMIER MEIGHEN

The Liberal press, or rather that portion of it which is now endeavoring to derive some strength from such scattered groups as may be induced to throw in their lot with it, has discovered a new charge against Premier Meighen. He is a Tory, they declare. A Halifax Liberal organ of this stripe, referring to the Premier's speech at Truro a few nights ago, says—and the Patriot jubilantly echoes it—that the Premier "in the course of his oration revamped the very essence of good old Tory doctrine, delivering a series of arguments which would have sounded perfectly natural from the mouth of Sir John A. MacDonald or Sir John Thompson."

The argument that Premier Meighen's policy is founded upon and is part and parcel of that of Sir John A. MacDonald will not, we imagine, make many enemies among the electors of Colchester, where it is supposed to do duty at present. What the people of that constituency are chiefly concerned with at present is whether it will pay them better to be represented in the Canadian cabinet by a responsible minister or by one of a small group without weight and without influence in parliament. The opposition to McCurdy in Colchester is factious and mischievous and those who are promoting it are no friends of Colchester or of the farmers whose support they are now pleading for. The constituency no doubt realizes this and we have no doubt will act upon their own common sense on election day. They have everything to gain by the election of Mr. McCurdy and absolutely nothing to gain by the election of his opponent.

FARMERS' ORGANIZATIONS

It is gratifying and encouraging to find that the practical side of our farmers' organizations is being more and more emphasized. The marketing and transportation of produce, the production of the most profitable crops, the best methods of production are the questions that are receiving the most sympathetic and studied attention. Now and again we hear of farmer's political parties but our farmers in the Maritime Provinces and especially in Prince Edward Island, are not seriously concerned over this side of the question. Group government, whether the groups consist exclusively of manufacturers, of commercial interests, of farmers, of laborers, will meet with little acceptance in a country whose interests are all intermingled and bound together in a common cause. No single group in this country of ours can successfully legislate for itself and the other groups, nor can any one of them legislate for itself to the exclusion of either or all of the others.

Where for instance would a farmer's political group lead us to? Take the average farm home in Prince Edward Island as an example. There are three or four sons; two or three at least of these have taken up other callings, medicine, the law, the church, a trade, etc., etc. In the great majority of cases only one of the sons remains on the farm. Is he to become a member of a political group whose interests are antagonistic to or out of harmony with those of his brothers? Should each of the others unite himself with the group to which he belongs and form a political party? The one would be as reasonable as the other. Group government would lead us nowhere but to anarchy and lawlessness.

In an agricultural country like ours, where agriculture feeds each of our other callings; where each of the others is necessary to the development of agriculture; where no single calling can stand without the co-operation of the others, the group system would simply be suicidal. Our farmers are the great majority; they should be the majority in our legislatures, not to the exclusion of the others or even to dominate them but to insist upon the rights of agriculture.

To seek to array country against city and city against country in a political sense is the work of the wily politician. The majority of those living in the cities are of rural descent. Where else can they go, but to the cities, since the average farm cannot support in comfort a vigorous, grown up family? The cause of the country is the cause of the city and vice versa; the one cannot prosper without the other; what is needed is to keep the balance true between both by intelligent, honest and capable representation.

SCHOOL REOPENING

The City schools re-open on Wednesday next and the children who have been rusticated are coming back all sunburned, refreshed and ready for work. Boys and girls, you have had a glorious holiday, the happiest of your lives, for the last holiday is always the best. Now for work, crown the holiday with a good year's work and make your work as enjoyable as your holiday.

CURRENT COMMENT

Half of the Robinson building, another old city landmark has been leveled to the ground and where is its history recorded and by whom is its epitaph to be written. One by one the foundations laid by our fathers, the glory of the past, are being removed to give place to grander structures, the pride and glory of the present and the future. What does the people of today know of the Charlotte town or the Province of seventy or a hundred years ago. The forest lands the long cabin, the wayside inns or the stage coaches of pre railway days. The buildings of hand forged nails hand planed wood, and hand mortised sashes, which when constructed were looked upon as triumphs of genius and of a size and proportion to meet the requirements of indefinite years to come. Yet they are melting away. Unwept, unhonoured—in history and in song.

We once had an Historical and Antiquarian Society in Charlottetown. It too seems to have followed these landmarks into silent history. Where are its records whatever they may be of local history? The Island has had an intensely interesting past, with many exciting experiences the memory of which is lost and forgotten. Interest is being revived in the neighbouring province in the matter of preserving the records of current events. Not long ago the Dominion Archivist read a paper before the Educational Institute at Fredericton, N.B. in which he pointed out how far that province was behind other places, notably Nova Scotia in the preservation of records and traditions in which they were without a single country or town history. In Nova Scotia nearly every town and country has its records of past and current events and its monuments to keep alive the story of notable events.

Should there not be some effort to chronicle important happenings of our Island home to place upon some imperishable page a record of transactions and occurrences from day to day which will portray the province of the present to the generations that will follow. Amongst our sons and daughters there have been distinguished men and women, those who have taken prominence in our development and many who have distinguished themselves in other lands, but their biographies are unwritten and their exploits unrecorded. Our records of the French occupation and those who figured in the transfer to British possession the deeds of valor and the exposures to hardships in those earlier days are most incomplete and not available in printed form. The legends of hidden wealth and ghostly appearances are unwritten and unrecorded. Some mounds of clay and excavated hollows point out the crude fortifications of those days but they are not marked by monument and are being leveled by time. Our past is rich in suggestion and we can not afford to ignore our traditions. But who will move in the matter?

In connection with the vocational training school a kindergarten is urgently needed, wherein press simpletons, who in the worries and vexations of public office have wandered from their earlier con-

Daily Selections Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louson.

MISTAKES IN DAILY LIVING

(Prov. 27:27-34).

"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on." "Twas not meant for thee alone. Pass it on." "Let it travel down the years. Let it dry another's tears. Till in heaven the deed appears. Pass it on."

A fitting parody has been arranged thus:—

"Have you heard a bit of gossip? Pass it on." "Twas not meant for thee alone. Pass it on." "Let it travel down the years. Blinding many eyes with tears. Till in hell the tale appears. Pass it on."

Enough said. Get your gossip lesson.

If you took a card and kept your record on gossip each day for a week it would keep you from depending yourself when the Holy Spirit spoke to you of gossip. Now the Holy Spirit is true, and calls our attention to each mistake in daily living. The Holy Spirit wants the life of Christ to be made manifest within us and his corrections are to discourage us with all self-effort so that we will let the Spirit do the producing of this Christ-life record. Does your record show consistent failure? Then look at His record, perfect in ability to keep you from falling. Then why not stop your own fruitless trying and trust Him to be your record maker?

ceptions of language may be reconstructed in the meaning of the primary and simpler words and sentences of the Kings English. Without such the other-wise brilliant intellect of the Patriot will be lost to the community. Every one in the province, from the primary school boy to the oldest sage could intelligently read and understand the meaning of such words as we have used and are using in denunciation of the Government's excessive and needless taxes upon the people. But the organ of fiction and romance displays itself in the densest ignorance. We told the Government in plain language that in addition to their overwhelming issues of legal taxes that they were collecting other sums from the people which were not assessed and uncollectable, which we supported by citation of the law and the facts which they have not been able to refute. The double sighted romancer of the Patriot with Sam Wellers microscope of "hextra magnifying power" sees in this ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE NOT TO PAY TAXES, and extravagantly devotes its space to quotations from our columns, which has no more relation to the subject they discuss than chalk has to cheese. It would be a generous and perhaps not unprofitable act on the part of the Government to provide a short course for our evening friend if only in those simple expressions which even our children understand.

A mainland journal says, "Pity the sugar profiteer" and points to the claims of the trade that the slump in sugar prices threatens ruin with bankruptcy to a number of large holders. The average consumer will not be in a pitying mood. The idea will be rather one of rejoicing that such thieving sharks, who have sought to fatten themselves upon the life blood of the people, are shorn of their powers for further robbery. The one hope will predominate that when these get their discharge from the courts of insolvency, that they will not have sufficient of funds left to gamble even in empty sugar barrels much less in the sugar so indispensable especially to the poor. With the full knowledge that the sugar supply was ample for every requirement these trade parasites fastened themselves upon the fountains of supply, cornering and tying up every large lot they could grasp with their tentacles, holding it up until prices were jacked up to three or four times the actual value. And now that the bubble is bursting they are whining to escape the punishment they so richly deserve. But let them get it to the full, so damnable an offense cannot be too severely expiated.

But all sugar holders are not sharks. Unfortunately thousands of wholesalers and retailers, carry only a sufficiency to meet necessary current trade requirements will be made to unjustly suffer. They were obliged to buy at these high prices and carry a necessary amount of stock to supply their regular trade, and in a few cases, under the profiteers threats of further price advances a somewhat larger stock than usual and upon which they will now be forced to face severe loss. Yet the public do not always discriminate as they should between these legitimate traders and the hold-up bandits. There are too many purchasers to a parcel of sugar over the counter who blame, and honestly believe, the grocer as being responsible for the high price.

It is scoundrels of this type that brings legitimate speculation and honest investment into unjust disrepute. There is a vast difference between the speculator purchasing such articles as butter, cheese, meats, fish and eggs in seasons of surplus and plenty, and holding them for the legitimate profits given in the period of non-production, and the unprincipled gambler who buys up all he can lay his hands upon, or borrow money to pay for, in the time of apparatus scarcity, for the sole purpose of hoarding prices up to ruinous figures to enrich themselves by this system of piracy upon the consuming public. Trade questions are today the subject of greater study than ever before in the history of Canada. In a short time it will be a national election issue and all should learn to discriminate between right and wrong, or good and bad.

TEN CENT SUGAR? OTTAWA, AUG. 24—A government expert on the sugar situation says that while sugar prices are tumbling in the United States, Canadian wholesalers, jobbers and others maintain their upped front to the effect that it isn't going down in Canada. He prophesies that sugar will be around ten cents a pound in the not distant future. The present situation in Canada is that sugar is selling on an average of twenty-six cents a pound retail.

Any man who thinks that he can keep house better than his wife is foolish if he even mentions it.

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Others' View Points

THE TURKISH WOMAN

San Francisco Argonaut. The Turkish woman is being emancipated. Almost any man may now look upon her face and live. She still wears the yashmak, but she wears it very much as she wears her appendix, as a sort of record of obsolete functions. She throws it back and exposes her countenance. And a very pleasing countenance it often is. There has always been a good deal of lumber about the yashmak anyway. Mohammedan law says that the face of the woman must be covered, but it does not say what with. It does not prescribe the opacity of the veil, and some of the veils were of the finest muslin and nearly as transparent as glass. Women of the poorer class were not able to afford the finer materials, and with them the yashmak was often a real veil. You could see nothing of the face and were left to speculate as to its beauty. Elderly women and women who were not beautiful were apt to favor the denser materials and to hope for a favorable guess but the actual beauties were not disposed to leave anything at all to guesswork. Even the changes of expression could be discerned through the yashmak. It is the war that has done the miracle. The Turkish women had to do the work of the men, and there were many kinds of work that could not be done while wearing the yashmak. Turkish opinion strongly disapproved of women working in the telephone exchange, but the women took the matter into their own hands. They needed the money for one thing, so they threw away the yashmak and went to work. Other Turkish women who had to work in the fields found their labor unbearable if they retained the yashmak, so they discarded it. The religious authorities remonstrated and threatened, but it made no difference. Why even in America there have been cases of feminine rebellion against the dictates of convention. It was observed also that the Turkish women were showing laxity in other respects. They rode freely in public conveyances and they were not so careful as of yore in drawing the curtains that were intended to hide them from the public gaze.

A CHANGE OF MIND

(London Express.)

Physicians are in the habit of prescribing a change of scene, a change of diet, or a change of climate. They know that the human system periodically requires it. It is rather a pity that they do not more frequently advise a change of mind. People are dashing madly about in all directions—to the Highlands or to the Continent—in a desperate attempt to leave boredom behind somewhere en route. They seldom succeed. If they would try a change of mind, eliminating a lot of worry but prejudices and ideas, they would be astonished at the result. The world would appear a different place—they might even find that their neighbors were quite decent folk, and that romances still live in ordinary life. It isn't always the liver that needs toning up.

NOVA SCOTIAN KILLED BY SHOT FROM OWN GUN

HALLEBURG, ONT., August 25. Killed by a shot from his own gun in the bush on the Quebec side of Lake Temiskaming, while on a fishing trip with Dr. McIntosh, Millan sitting on a log, quite dead. The shot had entered his right side.



Off to School in New Clothes

Mother beams a smile of contentment as she sends her boys off to school, knowing they are comfortably and becomingly dressed. She also knows that her boys like their new clothes because they fit both their person and personality. They're real Boys' Clothes because they come from a real Boys' Store.

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Bell the body of Jim McMillan, well known driller of the North Country, was brought here last night. Dr. Bell had become lost in the woods and fired a shot to attract his companion's attention. In reply he heard another shot and a few minutes later was horrified to find McMillan sitting on a log, quite dead. The shot had entered his right side and had penetrated his heart. The accident happened on Monday but Dr. Bell was compelled to wait with his dead companion until Tuesday afternoon when a boat came from South Temiskaming and brought him here. No inquest will be held. McMillan was a native of Nova Scotia, 38 years of age and resided with his mother at North Cobalt.

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