

Prince Edward
— TODAY —
WHAT A CARGO OF CACKLES!
KARL DANE
GEORGE K. ARTHUR
CHINA BOUND
SERIAL And Color Film
CAPITOL
— TODAY —
IRENE RICH
IN A THRILLING STORY OF KUM RUNNERS
"NED MCCORRS DAUGHTER"
SERIAL — COMEDY

PRINCE EDWARD MONDAY
The Picture that Revolutionized the making of Screen Drama
THE WOMAN WHO HAD HIM COULDN'T FIGHT... THE ONE WHO LURED HIM USED EVERY WEAPON
SUNRISE
The great conflict of to-day — the home vs. the temptations of the outer world — depicted against a background of stupendous spectacle.
ORCHESTRA "COLLEGIANS"

CAPITOL MONDAY
PHYLLIS HAVER
in **"Sal of Singapore"**
WITH **ALAN HALE & FRED KOHLER**
A Lovely girl, two he-men and a baby in a love romance seasoned with grim humor—terrific battles—tense drama, thrill and appeal.

PROHIBITION TRIED AND FOUND WANTING
Plebiscite Taken Thirty-Six Years Ago Showed Much Wider Interest In Prohibition Than To-day. Notable Falling Off In Sentiment Since Election Of Saunders Government.

The result of Thursday's plebiscite on the liquor question, while still incomplete as a few of the polls have not been heard from, furnishes an interesting comparison with the figures of the last general election and also with an earlier vote on prohibition which was cast at the Provincial General Election held as far back as Dec. 13th 1893, under the Act 56 Vic. Cap. 7 intitled "An Act to enable the electors of Prince Edward Island to register their votes upon the advisability of the introduction of a law totally prohibiting the Importation, Manufacture and Sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage into or in the Province of Prince Edward Island."

The vote resulted in a total of 10,585 for prohibition; 3,331 against, or a majority vote in favor of prohibition of 7,254.

By Counties the vote was as follows:

County	For Prohib.	Against	Prohib. Majority
Queens County	4226	1513	2713
Prince County	3579	1109	2470
Kings County	2780	709	2071
Total	10585	3331	7254

The Public Forum
Continued from page 4
redeeming feature, at least, about travelling in those days. People were social. When carriages met the drivers stopped to talk or passed with a pleasant "good day."
There were gates "in those days." A gate was at every farm, and in some cases two or three. It was often necessary for a man to hire a boy to watch his gates when they were open for spring work. Very few cleaned up their roadsides, but rather made it a dumping ground for all kinds of refuse. Animal filth was carried on the feet into the homes, the schools and the churches!
Now, all the educated and advanced people knew that this was all folly. Our law makers knew better, but they could not make laws against the will of the people. It is just the same with the liquor evil. It cannot be put down till the people resolve to do so.
Now, for the changes of half a century. Leaving town by auto, one can arrive at East Point in three hours or less. There is a high level road all the way. One could get along slowly by carriage then but no auto could go with safety or comfort on the island roads of fifty years ago. One change that I noticed was the great amount of young woods and bushes. Hardwood and softwood bushes extend along the road and nearly every field is enclosed by rows of trees. This is the case many miles out of town. The potato fields attracted my attention. The rows so far apart and straight, and the whole field is perfectly free of weeds. No potato hoeing for the boys and girls of today: No lifting and binding of grain. Even hand planting and digging will soon be a thing of the past. How many girls of today could plant a lone, for a team, as some of our mothers and grandmothers could do? Another great change is the decrease in fencing. Many farms are unfenced along the road and others have but a strand or two of wire. What a comfort to have no gates to open!
But there is one thing needful. There is very little county sidewalk. In fact, for many miles there is no place for walkers or wheelmen but the auto and carriage road. How do the little children get safely to school? How do the aged and crippled, the blind and the deaf move about on business or pleasure? Surely some provision should be made for their comfort and safety. I wonder much that the Women's Institutes do not take this matter up. Some of our most beautiful paintings depict people quietly walking to church or visiting friends. The auto has 12 uses, but so long as the world exists, people must walk.
Sir, I could write more, but fear this is already too long.
I am, Sir etc.,
OBSERVER

A RAILROAD
Continued from page 4

We are operating now, in fact, with 236 fewer locomotives than the number we started with, and they are doing 37 per cent more work. The same story can be extended to other equipment; we have 9000 fewer freight cars than we once had, but the improvements in replacements and increased speed in movement permit of nearly 18 per cent increased load tonnage. The list may go on interminably—in yardage, in the system of hotels, in the replacement and improvement of ships which operate as an adjunct to the railroad in the furnishing of foreign freight and of immigration.

We need settlers in Canada; one of my primary efforts was towards the establishment of colonization bureaus at strategic points in Europe. Last year the Canadian National Railways was directly responsible for more than 40,000 immigrants, while of the total of immigrants who came to Canada, 54 per cent were ticketed over government railroads. Colonists are our new blood; we solicit them as we do, we escort them across the seas, we advise them as to places of settlement; often we help them select the cows and pigs and horses and equipment that will go upon their farms. They are the backbone of tomorrow.

They appeal to the imagination—these guarded, speed eating trains. One hears that the cause of the terrific effort is shrinkage in the raw silk; there is a constant call for speed from the moment the loaded ship leaves the Orient until the cargo arrives at specially constructed warehouses in New York. A special train awaits the docking at Vancouver. From the time the last hawser is tightened until that ship has unloaded its hold into the made-to-order, insulated express cars; from the time the first bale rolls forth until the train pulls out for its race is exactly two hours and thirty one minutes. Through the mountains, across the Prairies, out through the bottle-neck of Winnipeg and along the bush of Ontario wilderness the terrific pace is continued. Armed guards protect the cargo, the best engine crews compete for speed and even bet on their ability to beat a record. Onward, day and night, while even passenger trains take siding, while every dispatcher and operator is at his key to "highballer" through, onward that silk train goes, fighting against time from the minute it leaves the Pacific coast until it turns over its cargo seventy-four hours later, at Buffalo, for another frenzied dash into New York city.

A minute clipped from the record of a difficult stretch of track is something for engine men to talk about—until a newer record is made. Sometimes, when the blizzards rage and the drifts pile high—the Canadian National's bill for snow removal is \$4,300,000 a year—a thousand men will be marshalled with the speed of an army going into action, that tracks may be cleared and those silk trains may thunder along their course in time. It is the greatest fight against time in freight annals, and because of that it is the most romanticized. One hears that speed is necessary to guard against robbery, to save insurance, to halt shrinkage. But the truth is the prosaic governing power of the almighty dollar. On an average train there are 4000 balls of raw silk worth to the purchaser about \$400,000 and to the railroad, a haulage charge of eight cents a pound. Railroads, in these swift days of competition are willing to show considerable speed for that sort of tariff.

In a like measure is the tremendous wheat movement handled when, each year, the crops of the Prairie Provinces flow forth from Winnipeg to the east. Every car must be inspected; a hole the size of one's finger means a leak big enough to lose an entire car of grain. Rolling stock is marshalled as early as July for the beginning of the rush on the first of September. Locomotives are groomed. Then when at last the big job starts, those trains travel to the head of the Lakes, discharge their cargo and are back for a new load within fifteen days a round-trip-distance of more than 1800 miles. Speed, speed, speed!

An Industry's Greatest Asset
To this end new locomotives have been evolved, built upon principles that would have been called revolutionary back in slower days. We have the Northern Type, built to our own specifications; it can pull with bulldog determination, and it can ramble with the speed of an express train. For goods must move these days; ever since the war there has been a steady growth of a desire to carry less stock and get it more frequently. The burden of connection between the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the distributor is upon the railroad.
So much for the physical rehabilitation of the railroad. It all would not have been worth a hoot without man power. I do not mean mere numbers of men; I mean man power in its highest form—something which employers within recent years have truly come to recognize. The public expects a railroad to be in good shape. It pays its money for the best of engines, the best of cars and the latest comforts or advantages. That's merely the stock in trade. It cannot function without the enthusiasm, the vision and the teamwork that will step out, buck obstacles and bring home the bacon. Nobody wants to feed oats to a lazy horse, or a crippled one, for that matter. In the last analysis the real thing I have done to make the Canadian National always a success is to pound, pound, pound, until it is now second nature with the employees to understand that a messenger boy is as important in his sphere as I am in mine, and that the moment a single man begins to slacken on the job a bolt begins to rattle.
Man power—that's the secret of industrial success. Electrically, in its elemental qualities, is an absolutely standard thing, but companies succeed or go broke by the way they treat it to the public. My greatest concern and my greatest asset in my job has been my men. Yet that angle has been neglected by industry more than any other element.
For instance, in the railroad business we create (ies and paint bridges and oil engines. They are materials. We conserve them; the successful business is the one that does the same for its men. It is an unlimited field because it is so fallow. Nine months ago, for instance, the Canadian National started a clinic, operating among 10000 employees. The actual saving in dollars for that time was \$15,400, which was saved in fees. We cannot estimate what the savings will be in arrested diseases, time that might otherwise have been lost, increased efficiency and happiness. Nobody knows for instance, how much headaches cost a big company until he finds the work stepping up in a certain department because a few persons have procured glasses Nobody likes to be ill, but many persons draw sick benefits when they would be happy and more prosperous at work.

The Through Silk Trains
It's keeping your eye open for tomorrow that builds a country or a business—that and knowing what you're doing today. No man can know everything about a country. But a set of men whose business is to do nothing but get information can help a lot. That was another primary thing—to establish a bureau of statistics to furnish surveys monthly that would reflect the transportation performances of the entire road in quickly readable pamphlet form. These go to every officer. They are cold blooded figures. They tell the story of progress or of retrogression, and they often point the way to achievements. Those statistic bulletins did much to re-create the road; where they showed bad performance, we could look for the cause, and find in it everything from personnel to track steel. I have a good deal of pride in the fact that the latter predominated; equipment was in far worse shape than moral fibre; the latter was fundamentally fine. And equipment counts these days—an item, for instance, like the laying of mile upon mile of new steel to permit of speed.
For there is the heart and soul of present day railroading—speed, speed always more speed! Times have changed. Just as the railroads superseded the leisurely methods of river travel, so have the present-day railroad methods superseded the old ones. Once a merchant was content to let ten days elapse between the time his shipment left Montreal and the day it was switched to its siding at Toronto. He wanted overnight delivery now and he gets it. Those mysterious things, the silk trains, roaring across

formation and enjoyment via the air. With that national hook-up a line of employes flung across an entire continent is available at the touch of a button. It is impossible for me to see every man and tell him personally that I am proud of him, that I appreciate his loyalty, his devotion to his job. Letters are inadequate, pamphlets are cold. But when my other officers and I can talk to those men over the wire, it puts business upon a personal basis. One feels then that the Old Man, whether he is the superintendent or the President, is a human being, just the same as he is, and that everyone is working on the same job—which is the truth.
Likewise there is the cooperative method of union management, now being extended to include more than 50,000 men. It is designed to stabilize employment, bring about economies in operation and improve working conditions. Out of 4676 suggestions that have been made by the men in the last three years, 4387 have been adopted and grievances have fallen off 75 per cent. The company with the fewest grievances is the one that gets the money in the long run.
But perhaps all this is pedantic. Consider, then, a certain baggageman at a station near Toronto. Across the way is the station of our competitor. A torrential rain was falling. Into our station came a woman by mistake; she had a ticket on the other road. The train was due shortly. So the baggageman ran for his raincoat, put it about the woman, escorted her, dry and comfortable across the way to the other station, laughed when she showed concern over the fact that he got soaked doing it. The woman rode on the competing line for that trip, but she's a regular customer of ours now. Of course that was merely one incident. Magnify it 100,000 times, however, and you gain my point.
It was this sort of spirit in fact, which jumped the income available for interest to \$15,149,443 by the end

of the second year of operation and ended political opposition almost entirely. In two more years it had placed the income where it met the requirements of interest due the public and thus made the road solvent. It was because of it that more than \$10,000,000 could be returned last year towards the debts due the government on a bill that has existed since 1883. This time is not far away when the road will be as thoroughly founded in its debts to the government as it now is to the people.
Not that the job will then be finished. A railroad is never finished. The minute satisfaction sets in, so does mortification. It must be self-competitive, fighting for new life, new business, new progress, new knowledge and vision. For the true railroad man, there is so much to be done that there are not enough days in the year, enough years in a lifetime for him to accomplish everything he wants to do. He is as much a pioneer as anyone who ever discovered new country; the urge onward is ceaseless, and that is what makes life worth while.
Train Telephone Service
For instance, one would say that steam locomotives are the ultimate as freight haulers. Maybe they are. But we've already found something to take their place on branch lines in the oil-electric engine which generates its own electricity from self-contained Diesel engines and operates at a great saving as compared with the steam cost. They're being experimented with now as locomotives; the time may come when they will cross the continent without a necessity for additional water, fuel, or anything, in fact except the taking on of crews at the divisional point. This can be accomplished with a 50 per cent saving in the fuel bill. This will do the switching in clean yards where grime and soot will be missing and do it at a saving of 75 per cent of the fuel. Railroad yards are not dirty because engines pour forth smoke and dump cinders.
Again, radio on trains was an innovation a few years ago. Recently on our lines a successful experiment was made in train-to-train telephonic communication. Shortly after this reaches print it will be possible for a passenger to telephone his home from one of our trains as conveniently as from a telephone station even though that train be speeding through the deepest bush of Ontario. Or he can do it from Hudson Bay, for that matter, when the developments of that region permits of crack trains.
That time will come. Dog teams went in there last winter. The golden spike will not be driven until next August, commemorating the completion of one of the most-discussed railroads in the history of Canada.

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Taming the Wilderness
For years it lay uncompleted, eroding, its road bed sunk so deep in places that the rails jutted forth like steel tentacles. Men have fought blizzards, loneliness, the rigors of sub-Arctic winter to complete it, that there may be a new outlet to Europe, entailing a shorter rail haul, and strangely enough a shorter ocean voyage than from any other portion on the continent. It is a land of Eskimos and pioneers now. I believe there may be a time when great hotels will rear themselves at Fort Churchill, the terminus, to accommodate the tourists who have sailed up the eastern coast along the fringe of Labrador and Hudson Strait; then on down through a bay that was once the roving

ground of that romantic aggregation known as the Gentleman of Adventure; at last to disembark and proceed home with the every comfort of most-civilized travel. A railroad is never finished.
The Hudson Bay line proves that. For years people discussed whether the road could live, once it were built. There was the problem of whether the grain haulage would be sufficient for revenue. Now the road has been built and it can live if it never hauls a sack of grain. One of the great mineral fields of the world is up there; smelters are rising, water power is being harnessed, millions are pouring into the country.
This reminds me that every promise I made during those hectic days of

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