

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Daily (founded 1887) \$5.00 per year (delivered) in advance. \$3.00 per year (mailed) in advance in Canada and \$4.50 to U.S.A.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1922

HOUSING SCHEME

We commend to the attention of the incoming Mayor and City Councilors the communication on the Housing Scheme...

HOUSING SCHEME

land, 5,600 to South Africa and 2,500 to other British possessions. The Committee used every precaution to ensure that every man thus aided was worthy...

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.

HOUSING SCHEME

ST.—One of the outstanding undertakings of the Dominion of Canada in the early days of the after-Reconstruction period...

HOUSING SCHEME SUGGESTIONS

With the near approach of the Civic Election all good citizens are giving special attention to civic affairs. And in this connection the enlargement and enrichment of the City...

Others View Points

Funny Advertisements. (Excerpt from Chronicle) The weekly newspapers do not contain all of the funny advertisements...

Wrong Exposure

Philadelphia Bulletin. The school dramatic society was giving its first performance of the season and the play it had chosen for the momentous occasion was Julius Caesar.

THE WAY WE CAME

Looking backward a little distance over the way we have come present conditions of which we often complain are perhaps not much worse than might be expected. We have come but a short distance from savagery and brutality...

BRITISH MIGRATION

In 1919 a scheme was set on foot in Great Britain to direct emigration from the United Kingdom to be given a few weeks in a comfortable jail-or possibly to the Empire. The work was carried on perhaps not done so badly in these mittens and at the close of last year the result, since the inauguration of the movement, was the free transportation from the British Isles of 65,000 people...

Ben Franklin Apostle of Thrift

Benjamin Franklin, the American patron saint of Thrift, whose birthday was celebrated in the United States last week, in colonial days inculcated thrift by many wise-saws and humorous allusions. The immortal printer wrote of his nose-keeping while yet he was neither well-to-do nor well known:

"We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea) and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

Mrs. Franklin. Put the spoon and bowl he had earned. Franklin was beginning to prosper. Mrs. Franklin would not be denied. Mark the wide brow of her, the straight lips and the firm, round chin in the copy of the painting which her husband treasured, says the New York Times. She was not a well-to-do woman and little interested in her husband's success...

Notes By The Way

Trousers! trousers! who wears the trousers? The question is as old as Ahasuerus and as modern as the Jiggs family. The ancient monarch who flourished with a big flourish some 2,000 years ago, passed an edict that every man should bear rule in his own house, but that settled nothing. A little later he was hanging his Prime Minister just because his pretty wife preferred that Mordecai should be put on the job. And in our own day Jiggs has trouble when he wants to pay a night visit to Dinty Moore.

Others View Points

He Was No Model. As a model of conduct and as a social philosopher Franklin was not perfect—perhaps it is only as a patron of thrift that he deserves a large following. There was really little of the saint in him. He was indulgent to sinners, being one himself. But he knew the value of money, and how to save it to get on in the world as few men have done. At 15 he tried vegetarianism, living on a few cents a day. He thrived on it and with his savings purchased books. When stranded as a boy in London, through the treachery of Governor Keith, he found work in a printing office where everybody guzzled beer but himself. Franklin drank water because it cost nothing. In prosperous times he drank what his taste called for without stint. Washington, the organized consumer...

Some What of a Sponger

There is the story of the clergyman's daughter who, during his exile as a youth in London, boarded him for one and six a week to get the benefit of his conversation. He had previously agreed to pay two shillings elsewhere. "So the future economist of two continents enlarged his knowledge" (she was a cultivated woman) and at the same time reduced his board to 37 cents a week. An enemy of Franklin's such as William Cobbett was would have denounced him as a sponger. It is not to be supposed that Franklin who was one of the most human of men, lived up to that moral code he framed for himself in his early twenties, but he did practice the precept of rule 5: "Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself—waste nothing." "Imitate Jesus and Socrates was his final exhortation of what it can only be said that he meant but half of it. His industry was tremendous and most consistent when he didn't feel lazy.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

From the collection of the late Mr. W. S. Louson

TO-MORROW

He is going to be all that a mortal should be. Tomorrow. No one should be kinder or braver than he. Tomorrow. A friend who was troubled and weary he knew. Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it, too. On him he would call and see what he could do. Tomorrow. Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write. Tomorrow. And thought of the folks he would fill with delight. Tomorrow. It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today. And hadn't a minute to stop on his way. More time he would have to give others, he'd say. Tomorrow.

A Shrewd Youngster

"When I was at grandma's," gumbled Bobby, "she used to let me have two pieces of cake." "Well, she shouldn't have," said his mother. "I think two pieces of cake are too much for little boys. The older you grow the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are." (Continued on Page 7.)

Notes By The Way

There was once a preacher in a sister province, a good man, who solemnized many marriages. It was only just then that Methodist and Baptist preachers had gained the right to officiate in such matters, and he was feeling tall and strong and dignified. He even added a few frills to the ceremony by giving a short lecture on home rules first to the groom (when the latter took him aside and paid up) and later to the bride. "What's that?" Of course he kissed the bride! That was his high privilege if not his bounden duty in those happy days.

But let us get on with the story. He told the groom, "I want to get you started right in this business. You will soon find out that just as husbands want to rule so do wives. And they are very sly and cunning about it. Watch out! Get ahead and keep ahead. Start right. When you get up in the morning, before you put on your trousers, just offer them to your wife, with a pleasant smile. Do you want those, my dear?" Just like that, of course, she'll decline them. Then if afterwards she begins to boss you around, you can say "Didn't I offer you the pants?" And you declined them. Well, I'll boss now, and the laugh's on you!"

To the wife he whispered, "In the morning your husband will offer you his trousers. It's an old trick of the men, which of course you'll have to put up with. Ma'am, a pint to a pint of Ma'am's a day, besides punch and beer. Franklin sometimes drank as much, but for that age he was a temperate man. It is very easy to misunderstand the thrift of Franklin—it was a means to an end.

A Generous Man

He did not work by the clock, either day or night. But the truth is, he was self-indulgent when he could afford to be. He failed to practice all he preached in the Almanac. It spoke for him "to millions." "The Sayings of Poor Richard" has been translated into seven or more languages. More than seventy-six editions have been printed in English and more than fifty-six in French. The Almanac has been the foundation of countless fortunes. Yet the writer had no parsimony in him. Satisfied with the success of his printing business, he retired at the early age of 42, turning it over to his partner, David Hall, in a contract remarkable for easy terms and generosity. Hall was to pay him a thousand pounds a year for eight years, then to become sole proprietor. The earnings at the time were about two thousand pounds. For the remainder of his life, forty-two years, Franklin devoted himself to literature, science and his country, but was never in receipt of reward commensurate with his services. For all his thrift Franklin did not care for money as a distinction, or as a source of satisfaction to the possessor.

A Young Master Salutes an Old

To admit that one is blind to the beauty of Joseph Conrad is to advertise one's brow as being low, with a Simian slant. But there are many such hawks in the world, and the effort should be to add the fraction of an inch to their stature. To the process of raising one's own conceive of nobody more qualified as architect than William McFee. There are thousands who succumb to the strange charm of McFee, who yet remain insensible to Conrad, or even sensible to his defeat. They derive from McFee at second hand what the real admirers of Conrad derive from the original. For that the two have much in common there is no doubt. It is in the sea that they delight. The sea they know as perhaps no other contemporary novelists know it. They are also essentially portrait painters, the creators of characters which stand out from the canvas and move freely and are not forgotten.

A Great Victorian

The issue of the complete works of Joseph Conrad in eighteen volumes has prompted McFee to

you haven't heard about. It means who's to be boss, to rule the house. If he offers them, to you put them on and the laugh will be on him all the days of his life." Both husbands and wives were of course pledged to secrecy, but not all of them kept the pledge. Husbands do, tell their wives and wives do tell their husbands sometimes things they had promised never to tell to a single soul. You see it was mostly a married soul they told it to!

Well, some of the pretty brides who were not told did put on the trousers and some did not. Possibly those who did not were the happier in the long run. But it settled nothing; that is the main point. Any attempt to add a 32d degree to the Masonry of marriage ritual must fail and ought to fail. So the offer of the forked garment never came to be very much in vogue. All of which is merely introductory, anyway, to what follows.

For '2s in the home the man who wears the symbols of mastery does not always bear rule, so it may be in the courts of kings and presidents, in national cabinets, or in the little executives of minor provinces. For instance, there is Premier King. He certainly is not ruled by his wife, for he has no wife. No reason is offered for this singularity. Perhaps he had fears of a rebellion from which his grandfather suffered so much. Some things run in families.

And then there is Sir Lamer Gouin, a man who proudly wears an imperial title, and whose personal following in the House is twice as great as the Premier's. One of the other great men in the end, wear the pants, so to speak. Whom will it be? May it not be, is it not probable that the matter will be settled on "the good old fashioned plan that he shall take who has the power and he shall keep who can?" "Think of what kind of a party it is to lead!"

Honist Alexander Mackenzie was once the Liberal leader, but his party turned him down and broke his heart. They made Edward Blake leader, a intellectual giant that he was, and then tried to force upon him their "bad policy of Continental Free Trade" where upon he left them in disgust and left the country as well. Then they tried Laurier, and he built a second Transcontinental railway to match Sir John's Canadian Pacific. They thus repeated the fable of the Ox and the Frog.

The reader may remember that the frog burst himself trying to swell out the Ox-like proportions. And the new Transcontinental proved as great a failure as the Canadian Pacific proved a success. Laurier was gone the party tried D. D. Mackenzie, only to push him off the stool and take up Mackenzie King, always with Gouin in the back of their minds.

And who bears rule in our little Island cabinet, Premier Bell or the Attorney General? Who controls the principal party organ, with right of ingress, egress and regress at his doors by day or night, the editorial or the correspondence column, or both of them, the same day and any day? We do not know. Rumor is busy these days. The party is fickle—liable to change its leader, fall and spring, as a lumberman changes his shirt. We must wait and bide and bide we shall know who really wears the dominant trousers of the aggregation.

The Final January Drive ON FUR GARMENTS

Some folks try to keep it a great secret; but let us whisper it to you quite clearly: January is the time to BUY FURS!

Of course, we much prefer to sell them to people earlier in the year and secure our fair profit; but now that mid-season is here and our stock still quite ample, we are ready to let every garment go, regardless of making profits on the Furs.

Naturally, you know that Furs are bought for many seasons of service, so the two months that are past make a very insignificant fraction of the wear-time that the furs will give their new owners—yet see how much of the former price has been cut away now!

Each year certain kinds of skins grow more scarce. That is why prices can't be brought down, except in January—NOW.

The woman who wishes to possess a handsome Fur Coat or scarf ever in the future, should see how low the prices are now, and how beautiful the Furs.

Ladies \$99.00 Fur Coats for \$66.00.

Ladies Fur Coats less than HALF PRICE.

8 Fur coats, your choice for HALF PRICE.

All neck furs 1-3 off

PATONS

Goff's Discounts

Twenty per cent. discount off our already lowest priced new seasonal goods is equal to fifty or sixty off old or out of season or high priced stuff.

Goff's Gaiters

Ladies all new, best colors, 20 per cent. discount. A job lot of assorted colors and sizes at \$1.25. A job lot of odds and ends at 90c.

Goff's Felt and Cloth Goods

700 pairs men's women's and children's slippers (boudoir or leather or felt soles) in various styles and colors. 20 per cent. discount.

Goff Bros., Ltd.

my word it reminded one of a study of them which he calls "Great Tales of a Great Victorian." He mentions the fact that Conrad was nearly forty when he published his first book, and has been publishing for twenty-six years. He calls attention to the fact that "the clever young men of our own day are in error if they imagine that they can claim Joseph Conrad as one of themselves. He owes nothing to the wide-awake members of that immense mutual admiration society which has arisen since the war and who have brought log-rolling to the perfection of a fine art. And a careful investigation of their writing leads one irresistibly to the conclusion that they are determined to owe nothing to him. They may concede to fashion a lip service of praise, but the fact remains that the Conrad method presents stubborn difficulties to the indolent, the hurried and the poorly equipped."

The Artist's Aim

Conrad announces as his ambition "To make you feel, make you see," and continues "art appeals primarily to the eye and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words, also make its appeal through senses if its high desire is to be the secret spring of responsive emotions." McFee, speaking in authority, says that of all subjects (Continued on Page 6.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL. 4087 THE PHARMACY.