

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1920

TARIFF TALK.

With all the fuss our Liberal friends, or a section of them, are making about the tariff, it may be interesting to remind them that the tariff which they are so anxious to reduce is lower today than it has been in any year since 1896, six per cent lower than that produced by the Liberal party when they came in on a free trade policy in 1896 and three per cent lower than when they were put out of office in 1911 and very much lower than the tariff wall which the United States raises its revenue and protects its industries. The following comparative list of the average ad valorem rates imposed by Canada and the United States from 1897 to 1919 will be of interest:—

Table with columns: Year, Canada Per Cent, United States Per Cent. Rows from 1897 to 1919.

(a) War tax of 7 1/2 per cent added to ordinary rate.

As the 7 1/2 per cent war import tax, which obtained in 1918 and 1919 was this year entirely wiped out, the present average ad valorem rate is less than 23 per cent.—more than six per cent less than the much-vaunted FIELDING tariff of 1897.

What then is all the tariff noise about? The late Liberal government gave Britain a preference on a list of farm implements which were not being manufactured in Great Britain; implements which as a matter of fact were being imported by Great Britain from Canada and the preference, with one or two exceptions, was not worth a dollar a year to Canada. This was before the word "camouflage" came into general use but, to this extent at least, so far as the farmers were concerned, it was largely a blind, equal in every respect to the more modern "camouflage."

GETTING TOGETHER.

It is universally recognized that for nation or community or family the surest way to success is to get together and to act together, for the common and not alone the individual, good. So generally is this principle accepted that it is being preached, lectured, published the world over—and never disputed. Equally true is it that the way to failure is through separation, through want of unity through pulling apart.

In this little province of ours, a mere community in which our commercial and industrial interests are so interwoven that the one cannot exist without the other, there should be more frequent conferences, more getting together between merchants and farmers, between city and country, between the farmers themselves and between the merchants themselves; in short there should be more of the community life. One frequently hears of different interests receiving more attention at the hands of the government, federal or provincial; of the heavy burdens upon the farmers as compared with those borne by the city folk, and vice versa. Occasional conferences between the two would settle many of these misconceptions and create a more sympathetic mutual feeling.

Some time ago a move was made with the customary first-love enthusiasm to provide a waiting room in a central part of the city where men and especially women from the country could rest and "put their hats on straight" before beginning the tiresome work of shopping and where, also, merchants and farmers could meet for a friendly chat, but nothing came of it. True, a private business concern placed a commodious waiting room at the disposal of all who cared to take advantage of it and many have gratefully accepted the convenience. Yet, the majority feel that under the circumstances they are imposing upon a business establishment, particularly when not buying. All would feel more at home in a waiting room or suite of rooms specially prepared for their accommodation.

In a few weeks more the cool fall weather will be upon us when a cheery room, all their own, with fire, water and other necessary conveniences would be an acceptable retreat, especially for women after a long drive. Such an institution would cost the merchants jointly but a trifle in comparison with the benefit it would prove both to them and to their customers. It would also afford opportunities for an exchange of ideas, for friendly intercourse, between city and country and, besides, it would show that the merchants' interest in their customers was not wholly to get their dollars. Why not resuscitate this once good intention?

CURRENT COMMENT

Several weeks ago we noted the sentiment of the Hon. MacKenzie King over "THE LESSENING POWER OF LIBERALISM." As his pillage continues he is becoming more and more convinced of the hopeless prospect before him. Unable to muster up a solitary candidate to risk his political skin in any of the pending bye-elections, a special envoy has been sent from Ottawa to St. John, N. B., in the faint hope that a possible stimulus of new life may be injected into the half dead party, and some kind, even only a factious opposition, may be improvised against the Hon. Mr. Wignmore. Whether or not a victim will be located is not yet apparent but the apathy of the local liberals may reasonably be accepted as a safe barometer of the low ebb in the atmosphere of New Brunswick Liberalism.

And at Guelph, Ont., the erstwhile redoubtable MacKenzie King gave utterance to his loudest lament. The plaint was, that the party was "weakened by the maintenance of futile divisions," while he unfortunately and REALLY DANGEROUS aspect of the political situation in Canada today is that THE FORCE WHICH IN REALITY IS TRYING TO KEEP ITSELF UNITED. The Liberal press are worrying over this as, "a weak spot in the body politic." Instead of uniting under the banner of Liberalism, class interests have sprung up, weakening by division the democratic strength of the country. And in contradiction to this they wall their lament that "the Tory element has held together, and is NOW PRESENTING A UNITED FRONT TO THE SCATTERED FORCES OF PROGRESSION." And the Hon. Mr. King pleads, that if only the Farmers and Labor, whose platform can be "found within the folds of Liberalism," would camp with them, with "these forces united they could sweep Toryism off its feet." But what a hopeless chasing after shadows.

There are some truths to which the Liberal leader is thus giving meekly recognition. Of these the most significant, and to him the most important, is the defection of large sections of his party into Farmer's, Labor and other parties, with the pathetic luke-warmness of the few that remain. Why is it that all these are leaving this "rational, and so called democratic circle? If, as the Hon. Mr. King urges, there is nothing which they aspire after "that cannot be found within the folds of Liberalism," why are they thus jumping the fence of the fold? There must be a reason and if he were half as astute as some of his followers believe him to be his discovery of these would be prompt and conclusive. Has it ever occurred to him that the average of public intelligence is higher today than ever before in our history, and that the variations between Liberal promise and Liberal performance have been the more readily discerned. That the Farmers and Labor who had been fed upon the claptrap of free trade and tariff reduction for many years, were not confirmed in the confidence of their

Daily Selections Guardian Readers

OPTIMISTIC VOICES. Look at the bright side—it's the right side. No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for someone else. Whenever you are feeling blue, something for someone else go do. Success is not in never failing, but in never fearing to begin again. Keep your face always toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you. Let the evening's amusement be such as will bear the morning's reflection. If you have a good temper—keep it; if you have a bad one—don't lose it. Worry kills more people than work because more people tackle it. The outlook is not good try the uplook. If you are sighing for a lofty work If great ambitions dominate your mind, watch yourself and see you do not shrink. The common little ways of being kind. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

party by an average increase in duties of about three per cent during the former fifteen years of Liberal rule?

Another of the reasons may be found in the changeableness of their militant policies. The press has become a dangerous obstacle to those who have a special kind of bait for each particular section, and their obtrusive practice of reporting to the West the deliverance of political orators to Eastern audiences, and likewise advising the East as to what these demagogues preach in the West, is surely an insurmountable barrier against successful results from their unstable and erratic teachings of policy. Democracy as the people have understood it, is rule by the people and for the people, but as interpreted in the actions of the Liberal party, both local and federal, it is a decoy to be used for carrying elections, to be relegated to the waste basket as soon as they grasp the purse strings of office. It is because of this that the people, even of their own following, have absolutely lost faith in them and through the Farmer's, Labor and other parties are looking for the bread they need, rather than the stone that was offered them at home.

Since writing our first comment above word has come that the special Grit envoy from Ottawa has met with a measure of success, and Dr. Allan E. Emery has accepted the vacant place again upon the political sacrificial altar. At the last general election he was the party candidate, was at the bottom of the poll, and lost his deposit. Naturally he did not wish to repeat this experience, and only under extraordinary persuasions, probably of this special missionary, could he be again induced to accept another "such" defeat. Presumably the party have provided in advance for the payment of the lost deposit so that personally he will not again be the loser of the \$200. Something had to be done to save the face of the party for the time being, even in the way of sacrifice, and the Doctor, a strong Liberal, reluctantly takes his place in the cauldron.

Our reference to the shameful conditions of the roads in a recent issue is not strong enough in the opinion of some of our disgusted Liberal friends. "Why don't you show them up in dead earnest and without any beating around the bush." "They never were worse in the history of the province," was the way in which a prominent Liberal got after us. The North River road, always bad enough but now worse than ever, he particularly cited, as impassable. Another complaint was of the Malpeque road, instancing particularly the bridge three miles out, near the waterworks, with the rails off one side and where an auto was recently ditched and human life endangered. These two approaches to the city are so closely under the sight of the Government that there is no excuse for these things. They have this year enormously taxed the business men of Charlottetown for money presumably to be expended upon the roads, and the return they give is to keep the approaches to the city impassable, and to shut out the farmers from bringing in their produce and trading with them. The fall movement of produce is commencing and farmers must travel over and navigate these ditches, or stay at home. Again from the more distant point of Mill View runs deep enough to overturn an auto or wagon, and in other spots piled up sand hills and mud heaps are the grounds of complaint, and these are only samples of what comes to us from many other parts of the province. We have done our best to arouse the Government into activity, but it looks as if only the sound of Gabriel's trumpet will be strong enough to waken them out of their trance.

On these things, the Government organ is dumb and speechless. They have been challenged, to give a reason why, and been made sport of because of their puerility and empty boasts, but yet they can say nothing of a sensible character in extenuation or even in apology for these extraordinary conditions brought upon the people by a Government which it is the Patriot's duty to defend. Because every time it has spoken hitherto it has "put its foot in it," and has been commanded by superior authority to have. But this silence will not keep silent and "bear these ills we satisfy the people to whom an explanation is justly due.

Farmers wishing to make money out of live stock should keep on breeding stock whether profits are low or high—that is they shouldn't cease breeding altogether as soon as a slump comes

When Villa Was On the Warpath

As a representative of the Associated Press, for which institution Villa had a profound respect, Mr. Tom Steep came frequently in contact with the bandit, and his impressions of these meetings have been communicated to the New York Tribune. He says that anyone who has seen Otis Skinner in "Kismet" will have a very fair idea of Villa. He is a scoundrel, all right, but a laughing one and Mr. Steep's opinion is that Villa has survived because he has a sense of humor. We are free to admit that the specimens of this sense that the writer presents are not wholly satisfying. For example, one evening before the bandit began to laugh immoderately. One of his staff asked: "What are you laughing at, General?" When Villa could recover himself sufficiently to speak he replied: "I am laughing to think how many toes will soon be turned towards the stars." The fact is also cited that the first uniform Villa ever had was one discarded by a Pullman porter, cap and all, and that the general wore it with great pride. This is another kind of humor.

Lord of Chihuahua.

Very interesting is the picture given of Villa living in Chihuahua between raids. His was the only law through the length and breadth of this tremendous state, and the law he imposed was the result of his personal whims. He established himself in the governor's palace, a building said to be about five times as large as the New York City Hall and held daily levees to administer what he called justice. Amid beautiful draperies, cushions and fine furniture, Villa, as black as a Senegambian, lolled his revolver available at his belt and his armed guards at the door. Hither came to him every native who had a grievance to be remedied. A dispute between neighbors about chickens would be brought before Villa for adjudication, and he would give it as much attention as he would the trial of a murderer. He had a curious method of arriving at the truth. He would stare steadily into the eyes of the accused person, and then would seem hardly to listen to the evidence. At the end he would bang his fist on the table and order the man either liberated or shot. There was no appeal, and once Villa had taken a certain course he was not to be changed.

A Blackmail Scheme.

Villa had a source of steady income in the fabulously wealthy Terrazas family, the chief of which had a ranch so great that he could travel all day in a railway train and never leave his own estate. Terrazas lived in Chihuahua City, and when Villa moved in he swiftly moved out. One of his sons remained, however, and Villa kept him a prisoner in the house where he was born, the general charge against him being that he was a sympathizer with the old Diaz regime. Villa at once pronounced a death sentence on the young man, but notified his father that if he would pay 100,000 pesos, execution would be suspended. The money was paid. Then after an interval Villa would announce that the stay of proceedings was at an end and that another contribution was necessary if the boy's life was to be spared. Again and again he caused Terrazas to pay this blackmail, but eventually the boy was shot. Mr. Steep says that in dealing with his enemies Villa was absolutely without mercy and justice. He hates the aristocrats as desperately as Trotsky hates them, and would cold-bloodedly shoot any of them who fell into his hands.

Not Clever But Forceful.

Villa is not a man of great brain power, and of course, he is utterly without education, it being with the greatest difficulty that he was taught to put his signature to state documents. But he has what has served him better than brain power—he has unusual force of character. While he professed unbounded love for his country, the sentiment was probably feigned, since he took it for granted that everyone with whom he came in contact was actuated by base, selfish motives. He believed that there was only one way to deal with an opponent and that was by terrifying him. In debate his last resource was to fly into a rage. He was impervious to reason, but was some times unexpectedly justified since by luck and force of character he more than once succeeded in projects that wisdom would have dissuaded him from. If there is a streak of sense in Villa, it is a recognition of his own limitations. He does not want to be president of Mexico, because he knows that in

Mexico City he would be brought in contact with better brains than his own and would speedily be worsted unless he reverted to the revolver as an argument.

Admired By Bryan.

Yet this is the bandit that the ineffable Bryan once thought was the man to lead Mexico out of its chaos. Mr. Bryan had an idea that Villa should be president, and when he was Secretary of State, his foreign policy was based on this desire. Mr. Steep says that receiving a hint from Washington, he queried Villa as to his ambition and the bandit disclaimed any notion of ousting Carranza, saying theatrically that Villa's heart and Carranza's were one, despite the notorious fact that two beings were ever known to be more at variance. Another correspondent asked Villa the same question the next day, and the General flew into a fury, threatening to have the reporter chased out of the country if ever again he dared to raise the question of Villa's ambition. The actual breach between Carranza and Villa was caused when the president telegraphed Villa an order which he refused to obey. Carranza had been trying a bluff, for he feared Villa and knew that he could do little to subdue him. Carranza's successor has hit upon the plan of buying Villa off. It cannot have less success than the other methods that have been attempted in dealing with this picturesque villain.

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