

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1920

THE MEASURE OF OUR FAITH.

In the calm and sunshine of ordinary life we follow, each in his own way, our usual pursuits intent only upon attaining our own individual aims and regardless of the efforts and the struggles of others. Ordinarily we live a selfish life; if the sun shines for us; if the showers refresh our growing crops; if our business prospers, we give little heed to the sunshine and the rain and the prosperity which similarly bless our neighbor. Yet when trouble falls upon any one of us, when disaster or bereavement comes we find thrown around us the generous arms of a Christlike charity and sympathy. This, in the stress and turmoil of this busy life is perhaps the one outstanding, unmistakable evidence of the abiding presence of His spirit who was Himself Love clothed in human flesh and who declared that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

A few nights ago Captain William McRae in an effort to save another's life lost his own and his wife and children were left not only without the love and care of husband and father but to provide the necessities of life for themselves. Christian sympathy was at once aroused, not in words or tears alone but in tangible form. On the suggestion of Mr. George D. DeBlois who expressed his own sympathy and that of his firm with a cash contribution of one hundred dollars, a fund was opened and already there has been a generous response and we feel assured that many others will follow. A list of the contributions already received will be found on the front page of this issue and will be continued until the fund is closed.

We acknowledge these contributions with gratitude on behalf of the widow and fatherless children. The thankfulness that in the midst of stern duties our people have the heart and the will to recognize the claims and the needs of others.

We commend this Christian undertaking to our people throughout the province. The heroic act which it is to commemorate is worthy of our admiration and our reverence; it was an expression of the Greater Love, the love that prompts one "to lay down his life for his friend,"; the object of the undertaking is the highest expression of Christianity. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." Let our sympathy be commensurate with the memorial and with its purpose, commensurate in tangible form, the form that will help.

USELESS OFFICIALS.

Looking backward over the promises, or the threats of the Liberal party to abolish all useless offices, many are puzzled to find how many of these they discovered when they came into power and what their idea of uselessness was.

One of the first of the useless offices they "abolished" was the school supply management. They dismissed Mr. James Landrigan, an efficient and experienced educationalist, a successful teacher of many years standing and one who understood the requirements of the schools and of the pupils. They appointed in his stead a gentleman who knew less about books and pupils than he did about horses and the "useless office" remains.

An official was discharged from the Treasury Department and to make this "useless" office useful—to the party—another was appointed in his place.

The whole staff in the Registry office at Summerside was discharged and an equal number of party friends substituted.

The sheriff of Prince County was informed that he was about to be discharged and he "saved his distance" by resigning. His place was promptly filled from the ranks of the faithful.

Two of the King's County School Inspectors were discharged and two others were substituted.

Four hundred and seventy-five Road Inspectors were discharged and 475 new ones appointed and probably to prevent reversion to uselessness some thirty inspectors were appointed to watch them.

A new Commissioner of Taxation was appointed and a new stenographer added to the tax gathering department.

These are but a few mentioned from memory; there are others but the government is exceedingly reticent about naming them or even referring to them.

From this partial list however an idea may be formed as to what the Bell candidates had in mind when they promised—or threatened—to abolish useless offices and officials.

SUPERINTENDENT CAMPBELL'S DEPARTURE

The loss to the province of the services of Col. R. H. Campbell as Chief Superintendent of Education is one that the government is unquestionably accountable for and for which the people will demand an explanation. It is currently reported that when Colonel Campbell consulted the Premier with reference to an offer received from Western Canada, the latter made no attempt to consult his colleagues or even to discuss the situation. It is also well known that the question of salary alone would not entice Colonel Campbell from his native province or to throw up a business upon which his heart was set. The government owes the province an explanation and we leave it at that for the present.

CURRENT COMMENT

"Home, home, sweet sweet home." Where does this beautiful place exist in its most genuinely happy form, in city or in country, which. In one country home, when the day's work was ended, the floors were cleared and the violin gave music as the family and some visiting friends tripped the "light fantastic" and merriment prevailed into the "wee sma hours." In another the daughter of the house presided at the organ where scared and clean popular music and song gave happiness to all. In yet another there was less of youth and vivacity but the daily papers and farm journals were there and the older heads discussed with relish the current topics of the day. In the majority of these homes the day was not fairly commenced until a chapter was read from the sacred page and a prayer of thanksgiving and for guidance offered, nor did the day close until another passage was read and the household commended to the love and care of the "Father which art in Heaven."

Such things as these may also be found in city homes, but are they not on the average much more rare? How many of our young people after washing away the grime and sweat of the day, hastily bolt their meals to get away to some outside or selfish amusement, perchance the dance hall, the movies, the auto ride or the motor-boat sail? And are all the older ones devoted to the home and fireside, by both example and precept, doing their part to keep burning the sacred fires on the altar of home? The lad and the lassie will tell us that after the day of busy toil in the store or factory they need these pleasures to make life bearable, and perhaps they do, but what to them is a home? A place in which to wash, and eat, and sleep, and nothing more. And what of this fast or strenuous life upon our physical manhood or womanhood. The human body, like the man made machine, is capable of being outworn and exhausted, and the question is how long can it stand this test of endurance. And if it stands the test and old age is not prematurely invited, does it give the happiness and the satisfaction on the average that is enjoyed in the rural home?

And what of the "sweet, sweet home" when it is overshadowed by the cloud of bereavement, and the light of its support has gone out? Such was that place at Bonshaw where the late Captain William McRae, a most affectionate husband and father bade a loving "good bye" never again to return and brighten it with his living presence. The thought that his life was a noble sacrifice in an attempt to save another will give comfort, but it will not sustain and take the place of the one who stood between them and the world. The sympathy of the people has gone out to them in thought, in word and prayer. On the initiative of Messrs. DeBlois Bros., it is going out in another form. The family may not, at least in the immediate present be in urgent need, they did not ask and doubtless never even thought of this kindness. But in these days of enormous living costs, and with no life insurance to fall back upon, we can understand. The Guardian and the Patriot have opened subscription lists for this fund and will cheerfully receive and acknowledge contributions, small or large, from those who wish to do honor to this "Greater Love" and who believe that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Daily Selections  
Guardian Readers  
Furnished by W. S. Louson.

LITTLE AND MUCH

(The Christian, London.)

To talk with God no breath is lost, Talk on!  
To walk with God no strength is lost, Walk on!  
To wait on God no time is lost, Wait on!  
To grind the axe no toll is lost, Grind on!  
The work is quicker, better done, No needing half the strength laid on, Grind on!

Little is much if God is in it, Man's busiest day not worth God's minute.  
Much is little everywhere If God the labor does not share, So work with God, and nothing's lost Who waits on Him does best and most.

THE TREE

I love a tree Because it speaks to me Of hope of things that yet may come to be. Through wintry ways Beneath an icy glaze It stood and bore serenely arctic days. But now 'tis blossoming, And seems to sing With very joy, like birds upon the wing. So I when days are burdensome, And with the chill of life I'm stricken dumb, Know well my blossom-time will also come.

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.

WANTED, A UNION

Sir,—I read your editorial, "Wanted a Union," with a great deal of interest. Unquestionably the finer elements of our thoughts and aspirations are, in the present scramble for wealth and pleasure, receiving scant attention, and those members of the social order who wish to attain to clearer vision of the realities of life, mainly with a desire to advance the public good, are in danger of being crushed between these upper and nether millstones of pleasure and gain. Whether unions of intellectuals are possible or would prove effective is open to question. Undoubtedly school teachers should organize on the platform of adequate remuneration. Our preachers and writers should unite to support each other to an extent much greater than they do, but this would only deal with one and the lowest phase of the question. What is required is opportunity provided in the structural organization of society for the adequate development of idealistic thought, through action. Thought necessitates a thinker and the thinker can live and act only if provision is made whereby he may obtain means of subsistence. Are our thinkers today receiving adequate encouragement?

Under primitive conditions each man could by his own labour supply his own material needs, but under the complex conditions which characterize conditions today, the social organism, in its collective capacity determines the extent to which a man shall be permitted to live and grow. Hence any particular class or type of man must gain recognition from the social organism or else starve. Now the social organism, though loosely organized follows very closely the lines of the human organism. There are the labouring classes—the producing cells which furnish the nourishment and the motive power of the body; Transport workers—the distributing cells which are concerned in carrying supplies throughout the body. The thinkers—the brain cells which provide for the co-ordination of effort and give to it intelligent direction. It is easy for the producing cells to say to the distributing cells, "you produce nothing, I do it all—or the distributing cells to retort, "What is the use of what you produce if you cannot get it transported?" You may live to yourselves for a short while, but if the body as a whole perishes you will go with it.

Or the producing and transporting cells may unite to charge the brain cells with living on their labour. Yet it is clear that without the co-ordination of effort and intelligent direction provided by the brain cells the body could not function.

The body however is free from such discord, why? Is it not because there is something else in the make-up of the human organism—namely the emotional nature of the man with its resultant—

Continued on Page Two

In an almost obscure local, quoting our remark that the Patriot was not at the Tryon meeting. It says, "the Patriot Reporter was there," and "thus another wrong statement of the Guardian stands corrected." There was a Reporter in the meeting. Mr. Lea said: "I have a reporter here to take down my remarks." The Patriot claims this reporter as theirs. Mr. Lea is known to sometimes tell the truth, the Patriot never, except by accident. Whom must we believe? But even so, is the Patriot's brains embodied in its reporter? We thought a paper was represented in its editorial management, but it tells us we are in error. We regret the mistake and hasten to correct it, it is after all only an automaton.

The Liberal daily in another column tells us that one of its friends, said to us this morning: "You are giving us an overdose of politics." No doubt, but probably all that the "merchant" said was not given. Good clean politics, the science of proper government, makes good reading, and interests nearly everybody, but the daily rehash of bluff and buncombe and unsubstantiated nonsense is tiresome to its readers. We don't wonder at them becoming nauseated by the "overdose."

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