

Prominent Island Editors Of Years Long Past

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INCREASES TARIFF ON WHEAT

President Collidge of the United States, who has signed a proclamation raising the tariff against Canadian wheat going into the United States, to 42 cents a bushel. It is an effort to keep out Canadian wheat, and raise the domestic price in the United States. It is said that no matter what the tariff against Canadian wheat, millers in that country must have it for blending and milling purposes.

The Surgeon's Hands Strong But Gentle

the fate of a child is concerned. If her child be threatened a mother A Gasping Wild-Eyed Woman

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ing that occur to my mind have been exhibited by mothers when may become a tigress.

"I remember one such instance. I was quietly interviewing a patient in my consulting room when the door suddenly flew open and there burst in—as if blown in by a gust of wind—a gasping woman with a little girl tucked under her arm like a puppy. Without a word of introduction she exclaimed in a hoarse whisper.

"He wants to take her foot off!" "This sudden, unexplained lady was a total stranger to me. She had no appointment. I knew nothing of her. She might have dropped from the clouds. However, the elements of violence, confusion and terror that she introduced into my placid room were so explosive and disturbing that I begged my patient to excuse me and conducted, or rather impelled, the distraught lady into another room.

"Incidentally, I may remark that she was young and very pretty; but she was evidently quite oblivious of her looks, her complexion, her dress, or her many attractions. I had before noticed that when a good-looking woman is unconscious of being good-looking there is a crisis in progress.

"The story, which was told me in gasps and at white heat, was as follows. The child was a little girl of about three, almost as pretty as her mother. She was the only child, and had developed tuberculous disease in one foot. The mother had taken the little thing to a young surgeon who appears to have let fall some rash remark as to taking the foot off. This was enough for the mother. She would not listen to another syllable. She whom I came to know later as one of the sweetest and gentlest of women, changed at the moment to a wild animal—a tigress.

"A Sockless, Shoeless Child "Without a word she snatched up the baby and bolted from the house, leaving the child's sock and shoe on the consulting-room floor. She had been given my name as a possible person to consult, and had dashed off to my house, carrying the child through the streets with its bare foot and leg dangling in the air.

"On being admitted she asked which was my room. It was pointed out to her, and without more ado she flung herself in as I have described. The child, I may say, was beaming with delight. This dashing in and out of other people's houses and being carried through the streets without a sock or a shoe on her foot struck her as a delicious and exciting game.

"The mother's fury against my surgical colleague was almost inexpressible. If the poor man had suggested cutting off the child's head he could not have done worse.

"How dare he!" she gasped. "How dare he talk of cutting off her foot! If he had proposed to cut off my foot I should not have minded. It would be nothing. But to cut off

between both papers, and never an angry word between the proprietors. Indeed, we borrowed from each other and bought of each other, and never had a work of disagreement. At one time we purchased a power press together, and for over a year it turned off both The Patriot and The Argus. After a time I sold my interest in it to Mr. Laird and purchased a new one for myself. This would not have been done but for the reason that The Argus moved into a more commodious building.

I remember an episode that occurred when we were printing our papers on the same press and in adjoining buildings. It has always furnished a subject for laughter when we referred to it afterward. It was this: I was presenting the readers of The Argus with a series of political portraits—that is, I was showing up the peculiarities and characteristics of the members of the House of Assembly. In touching up Mr. Laird, who was then a member, I said that some people accused Mr. Laird of not being ever particular in the observance of the Seventh Commandment; I should have said the Ninth Commandment. The Ninth Commandment refers to the habit of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. But the paper went to press in that way.

Mr. Laird, luckily, happened to be in the press room at the time, and picking up The Argus began to read his "portrait."

"Why," he shouted, "what is this he has said about me? He accuses me of having violated the Seventh Commandment!"

Then he rushed in to where I was and roared out.

"What do you mean by saying that I violate the Seventh Commandment?"

It was only that he was excited and indignant and I replied, "Mr. Laird, they do say that you sometimes bear false witness against your political opponents."

"Well," he said, with a roar that came pretty nearly shaking down the plastering, "what has that got to do with it. You insinuate that I have been charged with adultery."

The thought flashed to my mind

her little foot, this beautiful little foot, is a horror beyond words, and then look at the child, how sweet and wonderful she is! What wickedness!"

"It was a marvellous display of one of the primitive emotions of mankind, a picture in human guise, of a tigress defending her cub. By a happy good fortune, after many months and after not a few minor operations, the foot got well so that the glare in the eyes of the tigress died away and she remembered again that she was a pretty woman."

in a second that I had made a mistake, and I rushed in the press room and began taking out the type. So I said to Mr. Laird, "What is the number of the commandment I should have referred to?" and he thought a moment and then added, "The Eighth." He being, as I thought, and authority on the subject, I at once substituted the "Eighth" for the "Seventh."

But not more than one hundred copies were struck off than I heard Mr. Laird coming again like a pile of brick from a steep roof.

"Why," he said in thunder tones, "you've got that wrong again; I've turned the Commandments up, and I find you should have said the "Ninth." The Eighth Commandment refers to stealing. You might as well say I am a thief outright. It's too bad."

"Bless you, Mr. Laird, it's not my fault this time; it's your own. As an elder you should have known better."

"So ought you in the first place," shouted the irate editor. "Change it again—change it quick; there's no time to be lost."

So I ran in again, stopped the press and had it changed to the "Ninth," but not before a hundred copies or so were run off.

When I returned I found Mr. Laird sitting down in a deep study. Looking up, he said in the most mournful tone, "It was a miraculous escape." When I got alone and thought the matter over, I used to laugh to think how that edition went forth, some of the papers insinuating that the good man was an adulterer, some that he was a thief and some that he was a bearer of false witness against his neighbor!

If Mr. Laird had been a vindictive man, he might have taken one of the first papers that came off the press, and had me arrested for libel. But he knew how it all came about, and he afterward laughed over it as heartily as a man could.

Mr. Laird was not as good a writer in my day as he was a speaker. His style was neither polished nor fluent, but it was versatile, rough and strong. But I always regarded him as one of the wittiest and most convincing speakers of the day. His voice was unmusical, his manner awkward, his language frequently uncouth, but there was a naturalness about his style, an originality in his thoughts, a keenness in his thrusts, a force in his logic and a scorn in his laugh that gave to his sledge-hammer speeches a power that for the time being seemed to overwhelm his adversaries. He had few equals in repartee and his strong Scotch accent, ready wit and comical humor rendered him particularly forcible on the political platform.

I remember one occasion when political feeling ran high that he seemed to be at his best. It was Nomination Day, and the hustings was erected on Market Square. The great question under discussion was the terms that he had secured at Ottawa as a condition of the Island entering the Canadian Confederation. The people were furious. Mr. Laird was the target of the day. He tried to show that the terms, which had been offered were the best that could be obtained and that they ought to be accepted. "Suppose," shouted the orator in stentorian tones, "that I was about to trade a horse with Mr. Davies that merchant yonder."

"What has a horse to do with Confederation," yelled some fellow in the crowd.

"Suppose," repeated Mr. Laird, "that I was going to trade a horse—"

"What has a horse got to do with the question?" shouted the fellow again.

"Well, then," roared Mr. Laird, in a voice loud enough to crack the firmament, "we will say an ass as you will be better able to see the point."

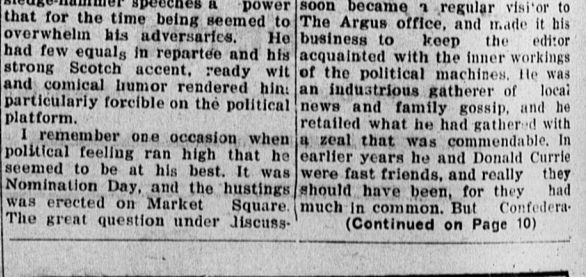
This sarcasm evoked the loudest roars of laughter even from the speaker's enemies and the fellow seemed to have crawled into a hole, and then plugged up the entrance.

On Sept. 19th, 1871, a gentleman passed away who was not only intimately connected with the press but who actually formed part of the island's history. In his day, no man was better known and it was said that he knew more people than any man on the island. For many years John Arbuckle was Superintendent of Schools, and from travelling round the country became acquainted with nearly every family in it. He could call all the old men and women, all the young men and maidens, by their given names, and he could tell to whom they all were married, how many children they had when and where they were christened, what part of the "Old country" they came from, what year they arrived on the island, the color of their hair, their nicknames, financial standing and other characteristics. At one time he wielded a powerful influence with the country voters and no man felt safe in running an election without first trying to secure his support. But his advocacy of Confederation and close intimacy with Col. Gray and other prominent confederates greatly weakened his hold upon the people. Mr. Arbuckle was a very social man, a great story-teller with an abundance of Scotch humor and considerable oratorical ability. He soon became a regular visitor to the Argus office, and made it his business to keep the editor acquainted with the inner workings of the political machines. He was an industrious gatherer of local news and family gossip, and he retailed what he had gathered with a zeal that was commendable. In earlier years he and Donald Currie were fast friends, and really they should have been, for they had much in common. But Confederation

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Jack Pickford and his popular wife, the former Marilyn Miller, are shown giving Palm Beach the "once over" from a Spanish balcony, during their recent visit to the popular winter resort



German war trophies of every description are now rusting at Port Newark, N.J. The report is current that unless congress makes provisions for their disposal they will be sunk in the ocean like German warships



This splendid view of Vancouver harbor shows twenty-four ships waiting their turn at the government pier. To the left, a new pier and elevator are under construction, while beyond the