

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Saturday, July 1st being Dominion Day and a public holiday the Guardian will not be issued on Monday.

THURSDAY, June 29, 1922

AS TO SALARY GRABBING

Once in a while some Liberal temporarily out of something better to talk about, and always anonymously, writes an illuminating letter to one or another of the Grit organs with a new version of alleged Tory wickedness, hypocrisy and extravagance. This so-called "salary grab" of 1918 is a favorite theme for these supernumerary assistants whose only qualification for the job is a short memory and general ignorance of the whole political situation. They have either forgotten or never knew that all the salary grabbing in Canada from the date of Confederation to the last salary grab by the Bell government has been the work of Liberal governments and that all their salary grabbing has been carried out according to the latest and most approved Liberal devices to escape detection and punishment. Let us elucidate: The first salary grab in the history of Canada was that in 1901 under the aegis of the then Liberal Government when the sessional indemnity of \$1000 was raised to \$1500. This occurred during the first session of parliament in order to give the members sufficient time before the next election to explain to the electors how the cost of living had gone up in Ottawa.

They "got away" with that grab and in 1904 during the first session after the general election they made another grab increasing the indemnity from \$1500 to \$25,000. At this session also, as indications were beginning to suggest that the Liberal party might have some interest in the welfare of the Opposition in the not distant future, they voted a salary of \$7,000 for the leader of the Opposition.

In 1919 there were two sessions of parliament and Mr. D. D. McKenzie, temporary leader of the Liberal Opposition drew his two sessional indemnities of \$2,500 each and his two salaries of \$7,000 each as leader of the Opposition amounting in all to the very considerable amount or grab of \$19,000 for the year. This opportunity came to the redoubtable hero of the lamp in the window and the latch string outside the door through a technicality in the Act which made the allowances "for each session" instead of for each year.

The bill to increase the sessional indemnity to \$4,000 was introduced by Sir Robert Borden on June 29, 1920, the last session before the general election in order to give the electors an opportunity of approving or disapproving. Mr. W. L. MacKenzie King, then leader of the Opposition, and Mr. Crerar then aspiring to the leadership of the Progressives both agreed with Sir Robert Borden that owing to the increased cost of living due to the war and to the constantly lengthening sessions, \$4,000 was little enough.

If the occasional anonymous Liberal who is spasmodically worried over the salary grab of 1919 will take this little bit of history in the spirit in which it is here given it may relieve his anxiety regarding the relative salary grabbing propensities and the honesty of the respective parties.

DOMINION DAY SPORTS

Next Saturday, Dominion Day, will be a gala day in this province. A general programme of sports will be carried out on the Abegweit grounds of this city particularly of which have already

appeared in The Guardian. In Summerside in addition to the unveiling of the magnificent monument recently erected to the memory of the Prince County Soldiers who gave their lives in the Great War arrangements have been made for the biggest series of sporting events in the history of the town. Horse Races, with large stakes to compete for, will be only one of the attractions and Summerside has always been famed for its horse races. On this occasion the fastest horses in the province will participate. Sports of various kinds, parades etc., are also on the programme and the day promises to be not only a historic but a most enjoyable one.

The central factor in the demonstration at Summerside will be the unveiling of the monument and this alone entitles the town to the patronage of the whole province. Prince County gave freely of its best blood when the fate of the Empire and of civilization was trembling in the balance. They are now paying proud tribute to those who gave all for the cause and are commemorating in bronze and granite for the inspiration of future generations the proud part Prince County played in the greatest event in the history of the world.

In erecting this monument Summerside has set a worthy example to the whole province and the province can in no better way show its gratitude and its indebtedness than by participating in this historic event.

Summerside has undertaken to make the day as enjoyable as it will be historic and it may be depended upon to carry out its part.

LIFE'S WANING JOYS

There is always some one or some thing to take the joy out of bright young lives. The latest per-pretation in this respect is that of a Nova Scotian statistician who has figured with a sort of fiendish ingenuity the chances of Nova Scotian women on their way to the matrimonial altar of ever getting there. From the marriage records of the province he has deduced the following awful conclusions: On an average 42 percent of the brides are between the ages of 21 and 25; sixteen per cent are between 26 and 30; nine between 31 and 40; three between 41 and 50 and two percent above fifty.

It is worthy of note that widows are not included in this category. He apologetically remarks that "she upsets all calculations. She has a way of her own, the widow has, and she does not care a hoot about statistics. She is a law unto herself and draws all men unto her."

It will be observed from these fateful figures that the years between 18 and 25 are the sunny years in which the matrimonial hay is made or marred. The chances for haymaking after 25 are increasingly growing less and less until they practically disappear between the ages of 50 and upwards.

These figures are reproduced for the benefit of the young army of flappers who are now in the sunshine of youth and in the incipient stages of matrimonial haymaking. They may or may not be correct; they may or may not be a fair indication of conditions and prospects in this province; in any case it will do no harm to keep an eye on them and to watch carefully the flight of years and to be governed accordingly.

Notes By The Way

The happy month of June is almost gone, and has proved worthy of a passing tribute, better paid at the end than at the beginning, for it is at the end that we best know all that it has given us. In this year of grace, June has given us bountifully in sunshine, and showers, in abundant growth of all the useful plants and crops we cultivate to supply our wants, in luxuriant foliage on tree and shrub and flower. Perhaps never before, even in all the Junes that have passed was our fair island more beautifully adorned with verdure and bloom than in the present year.

And we always hope and expect much from June. It is with us the month of longest days and shortest nights, the month of roses, and of the multitude of flowers so varied in their beauties of form and color. It is the month when bird life multiplies in millions of nests, in field and forest, while the happy parents sing their lullabies above them. It is the month when young men and maidens, more than at any other period of the year take to themselves partners for life.

This, too, is in accord with nature's plan and purpose. All animated creatures seem to share the spirit of this happiest month of the year, of which the poets have sung in all the ages. June breathes the very spirit of love and bloom, beauty, sweetness, fragrance and melody into human hearts, as into the heart of the bird. Hence the multitude of June marriages and June brides. And that June marriages are "lucky" has passed into a proverb. May they all prove to be so this year! An old Roman superstition, some may say, "Good the man and happy the maid who marry in June," was the way they put it. Call it superstition if you will, but can any proverb that has lasted for twenty centuries be without some foundation in human experience?

June derives its name from Juno, the proud, "the venerable ox-eyed" wife of Jupiter in Roman mythology. Very beautiful were the eyes of Juno, and who has not noticed that the eyes of oxen, cows and of all the bovine species are of rare beauty? Uniformly more so in fact than the average among us, poor humans. And Juno was supposed to preside over the destinies of woman kind from her fancy to old age. So it comes that the fairest and most beautiful month in the year was named in honor of a lady.

If we turn our eyes upward from the verdant and blooming fields to cloudland, at what season of the year can we behold such variegated beauties above us? When is the sky so blue, in contrasting harmony with the emerald carpet of the earth? When are the clouds so high, so multifarious in form and color? Here we see a tiny floating fleece of purest white; there a pretty island afloat in the blue sea of air, reminding us of our own beloved Abegweit. And again, as Moore has sung, "piled in masses dark and swelling, as proud to be the thunder's dwelling." And still again in some warm and mainly clear, June afternoon, we note to the south and east a lofty mountain chain in cloudland, whose summits seem covered with eternal snow.

Sometimes we speak of our beautiful island as tame and domestic, wanting in features of grandeur, and sublimity. For this defect, if such it be, June brings us compensation by revealing to us these mountain peaks and chains in the sky. And sometimes, too, there appear wonderful faces in profile along the margin or at the summit of these summer clouds faces of Kings, of seers and sages, gigantic faces and busts, silhouetted against the blue, here posing singly and there in a mystic group. If you have not seen them, look again, when the great moving picture is presented. Some of these are apparently centuries old, reminders of the ages before the flood, some are bald and others with long and snowy locks, but even while the observer gazes they change their form, or fade away and disappear.

Yes, June has many wonders all her own. From earliest dawn to glorious sunset, those "miracles of morn and night," from the glancing fireflies of the summer night to the grandeur and sublimity of the thunderstorm, and the rainbow that follows the passing rain-cloud, what variety of scenic effect. What swift transition from elemental war to gentlest peace, she shows us. Well might James Russell Lowell exclaim, "What is so rare as a day in June; then if

Paupers Death Recalls Old-Time Scandal

Levi Wilson-Moen's recent death, friendless and alone in Newark, has recalled memories of a remarkable scandal with which his name was associated off and on for forty years, a scandal which interested millions of newspaper readers, seemed a dozen times about to become the occasion for drastic police action, but did not do so, and finally died out without anybody knowing exactly what it was all about. Just who Levi Wilson-Moen was we do not know. His name was partly assumed. The Moen part he tacked on after the death of Philip L. Moen, of Worcester, Mass., head of the great barbed wire trust. He may have been entitled to the name of Moen. Certainly he had some strange hold over the old millionaire for he extorted money from him for years, the total sum being probably not far short of half a million dollars. The dealings of the men resulted in two suits at law. In one of them Moen denied that he was being blackmailed by Wilson; in the other he asserted that he was being blackmailed. One trial ended inconclusively, the other in favor of the millionaire, but the judgment against Wilson does not appear to have prevented him from continuing his extortions. Even after Moen's death Wilson received a large sum of money from the estate.

Nobody knows to this day when the relationship between the two men began. Moen was a millionaire, and Wilson a young roustabout in a livery stable when, so far as is known, they met for the first time. One morning Wilson walked into a bank and presented a cheque for a large sum signed by Moen. The clerk knew both Moen and Wilson, but being aware that the latter never had fifty dollars at any one time in his life before, telegraphed to Moen before he handed out the money. He received this reply: "Pay any cheque bearing my signature that Levi Wilson may present." The surprised clerk obeyed and in the next few months had many a substantial cheque to pay to Wilson, who spent the money as swiftly as he received it and became noted for his extravagances and profligacies. The local hotel did not suit him, so he had it rebuilt and sent the bills to Moen, who paid without a murmur. He ceased work and established a stable of fine horses, entertained lavishly and dabbled in politics.

He married the daughter of a prominent manufacturer, making the stipulation that he should not be questioned about his paternity of the source of his money.

The Millionaire's Son?

This stipulation suggests that he may have been the son of Moen. The latter was a man of little education or inventive ability, but he had business sense knew much about organizing trusts and knew how to make his combinations pay. He began life obscurely, and drifted to New York as a clerk in a hardware store, where he sold among other things, Ichabod Washburn's barbed wire which was just coming on the market. Ichabod was a rough old mechanic and church deacon in Worcester. Moen met him and went to work in his factory, which was a small affair. Subsequently he married Washburn's daughter. Eventually the concern grew to tremendous proportions, and when Ichabod died in 1870 he had some millions to leave to his daughter and his daughter's husband, besides a business that was later turned into a trust.

Rival Theories

Still less is known about Levi Wilson. He was supposed to have been the son of a coachman and his

ever come perfect days." Alas that although the days are longest, now they pass all too quickly. But for Youth and Hope, there are many Junes to come. May we pause a moment, in closing to remark that it is only to those who live north of the equator that June is a summer month or a month of flowers. In Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, June is a winter month, a month of shortest days and longest nights. Fortunately about nine tenths of the human race inhabit the northern portion of the earth. All the literature in praise, of the beauty, the bird music, and fragrance of June is only a sealed book to the poor antipodeans. They are left to sing their spring time jublations in December instead of June, more's the pity.

German Romancers Prophecy More War

In an article in The Fortnightly Francis Gribble shows concern about the "coming war" books that are pouring from the printing presses in Germany. Some are "romances of wars of the future," and others "are essays in historical philosophy." A Colonel Bauer says in the preface of an ambitious pamphlet: "It is true that we are at the moment incapable of taking our revenge, disinclined as we are, and torn by internal dissensions, but the thing we have to do is to keep our people alert and prevent them from lapsing into despondency." The romances described by Mr. Gribble are calculated to do just that thing, but they are so extravagant in invention that no sober-minded German would be influenced by them. "Die drei kommenden Kriege" is a specimen, says the New York Times. It begins with the observation that international relations are always "in a state of flux and change." Illustrations are given.

The German Victim

Napoleon rode roughshod over the German people, but died a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena. Prince William, of Prussia, a child when the Prussian court fled from the might of Napoleon, lived to be proclaimed German Emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. The author then argues that in the late war Germany was "the victim of the jealousy of her ambitious and covetous neighbors." They are already estranged and bickering, he maintains. They will have to settle their differences by fighting. The war is then staged. It must be admitted that the exordium is an ingenious appeal to the German people. War will break out in the East, the United States and Great Britain confronting a Japan entrenched in China to avoid risking her fleet and to defend her interests with Chinese armies. But the American and British fleets will not be denied. The Japanese navy is destroyed. France now joins her old allies in "a gigantic expedition beside which the unfortunate Gallipoli affair was child's play," a campaign against the Japanese and their auxiliaries in China by way of Russia and Siberia. Germany is called upon to assist the Western allies. At this point the author's imagination runs wild.

Japan Punished

He says German technical skill and genius will celebrate their triumphs Germany will be transformed into a camp on the line of communication for English and American troops. There will be no talk then of economies, and no quibbling about the Versailles treaty. The one cry will be: "Germany, your genius for invention, the hard fists of your workmen and the hard heads of your technical experts, your handicraftsmen, your merchants, we need them all. And we want your physicians and your surgeons, your hospitals and their staffs, and your model hygienic appliances, we want them all." Against such a combination Japan will be impotent. She is punished for her treachery to Germany in 1914. The author is somewhat embarrassed by the reparations due France, which he had forgotten, but he makes dramatic use of them. England deserts her ally and prepares for an inevitable war with the United States. France throws in her lot with the United States, and Germany becomes a partner of England in a third world war. The internal strength of America decides the issue with England. The Germans invade France and overwhelm her armies. Germany recovers all her lost colonies and seizes those of France. "Thus," concludes the author, "with America supreme at sea and Germany supreme on land, the peace of the world will be immediately secured."

Stories Disbelieved

But this theory has its manifest weakness. Moen was already besmirched, because Wilson had made no secret of the fact that he could get as much money from him as he wanted. The thing was a newspaper scandal. At one of the trials, Moen admitted that Wilson was being bribed for his silence. He said that the man had come to him and told him that he had been witness of a certain disgraceful act and that he wanted \$100 or there would be trouble. Moen denied that the act involved him, but said that he paid rather than have a scandal, and having made the first false step had to continue to pay. Wilson put forward a story about a breach of promise charge which he had settled at Moen's instance for a large sum of money which he was then trying to collect from Moen who had made a first payment and then had defaulted. These stories were generally disbelieved and seem to be discredited by the known facts. After Moen's death, Wilson returned from the West where he had been in seclusion and calling himself Levi Wilson-Moen secured considerable sums from the heirs, or from a fund which had been left to provide for him, as some say, or which had been left to fight. Later his source failed him and he later further claims, as others say, died a beggar.

Winsome Summer Frocks For Home and Sport Wear

Demure and charming are the early summer dresses of gingham, fancy Swiss and organdy that hang in crisp and dainty lines all, ready for the fair miss to don. There are numerous styles to choose from at prices ranging from \$1.50 up.

There are also some very handsome evening and afternoon frocks that will save you time and worry, when planning your toilet for the numerous social affairs of the week.

AN EXTENSIVE SHOWING OF NEW AND SMART SKIRTS

Now that the Summer season is well under way the need of a Smart Sports Skirt is felt most. In this new showing there are models of serge, flannel, homespun, basket weave, etc., featuring the season's newest and most correct skirt modes.

SPECIAL SHIPMENT OF DAINY SUMMER HATS

Flower trimmed, ribbon trimmed, ornament or bead trimmed Hats, in a splendid assortment of favored styles and colors. Models of silk, plain and fancy straws, straw braids, mohair and many other of the most fashionable of the season's materials.

Hats for street, dress, sports, plain, tailored, straw sailors; all offered at such substantial reductions as make buying now most attractive.

ALLURING SPRING SUITS Bought by Mr. McLaren while in Montreal and selling at a quick clearance price.

SIMMON'S NEW BEDS

Have arrived in single and double sizes. Bedding and linens in large choice at prices that show a fine reduction from a year ago.

Visit Patons for good goods, fairly priced.

Patons Limited

Good Old German Dope

This wild melodrama is supposed to be the most solid and logical of the German "coming war" fictions. Mr. Gribble seems to account for the impression it makes on him by averring that "it is the spirit of dozens of books," all striking the same keynote of the restoration of Germany to a great world power. The sales of these books, he says, are immense. Francis Gribble is himself the author of historical romances in which there are high lights and deep shadows and many inventions. Perhaps that is why he takes the Colonel Bauers so seriously. He is sure that the Treaty of Rapallo signifies a military alliance between Russia and Germany which Great Britain and her late allies will have to reckon with on the battlefield sooner or later.

Perhaps He is Mistaken

He is sure that Germany, far from being repentant, is plotting a war of revenge. He dimly perceives however, that there are Germans who have had enough of war and have little time to think of anything except today's work and tomorrow's needs." But he does not allow them the influence they have in thwarting the designs of the military party. He forgets that there have been tremendous demonstrations in Berlin and other cities for peace and industry and against war and devastation.

DEMPSEY READY TO BOX WILLS.

NEW YORK, June 28.—Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills are as good as matched to box for the heavyweight championship of the world. The only thing left to settle is the time and place. The obstacle of the exorbitant demands of Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, have been practically eliminated. The reticence of Tex Rickard to tackle such a proposition as a mixed bout for the championship has been removed. Kearns and Rickard were together today for two hours, and those difficulties were thrashed out. Rickard is ready to promote the bout, and Dempsey is ready. Harry Wills has been ready for a long time.

So far, the New York State Boxing Commission has been silent as to whether it will sanction such a battle for this State. It has accepted Wills' challenge to Dempsey and his forfeit money, and has notified Dempsey of this challenge. Chairman Muldoon said when the matter came before the commission in the regular way the commission would act.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

From the W. G. Louson collection THE DREAMERS' LAND.

THE DREAMERS' LAND.

Won't you believe—for I think it's so— That when you're asleep you have to go Down to the Town where the Dream Man lives, Taking from his any dreams he gives, Journeying onward from place to place, Using of Time such a little space? Won't you believe—for I think it's true— Dreams are the hopes that he stole from you, Placing them all in a small bouquet, Tying them 'round with the Thoughts of Day? Often a thistle you'll also find Hidden among them to vex the mind. Won't you believe—for I think it's right— They who are dead may return at Night— Walk with us, too, on the shifting sand Covering roads to the Dreamers' Land? Voices of Love that our memories keep Reach us again in the Realm of Sleep. Won't you believe that dreams are real— Part of the things that we live and feel, Spun in a blanket that's drab or bright, Tucking us into the Hush of Night? Some of the best of them may come true If you believe—but perhaps you do. NAN TERRELL REED.

There is a lot of manhood underwritten by insurance companies. Protect your own.

Life insurance should be a part of your plans and your family's guarantee of a chance to live right after your death. An income form of insurance is a wise provision. Buy a Great-West Life Policy, the most popular "Made in Canada."



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