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"PATRIOTIC" HYSTERIC

The Patriot has become quite hysterical at the mere suggestion of an election this fall. Why? We thought the Patriot was longing for an early opportunity to test the "Emergency" cry. Can it possibly be the Patriot, too late, now realizes the country is heartily sick of Laurierism, which has never lost an opportunity of opposing every move that would strengthen the bonds of Empire and bring us into defensive line with other dominions? It is fortunate for Canada and for the Empire that Sir Robert and not Sir Wilfrid is at the helm in the present critical period, and that a strong Government has been able in a measure to make amends for the criminal folly of Sir Wilfrid and his friends in wrecking the Naval Aid Bill. The Patriot need not worry over the date of the General Election, for come early or come late, the result will be the same. The loyal people of Canada will unhesitatingly condemn a party which endorsed Sir Wilfrid's "neutrality doctrine" and prevented any Canadian ships being in the firing line in defence of the Empire.

A WORK FOR WOMEN

As all the world knows, the cost of living has been soaring for many years until it has reached a point at which either the cost or the manner of living must break.

The women of Canada and the United States in a combined effort have checked the cost somewhat and probably have modified the manner. In any case they have been instrumental in directing attention to the cold storage and other monopolies and probably in laying the foundation at least of more effective measures for future dealing with these, the undoubted causes of soaring prices in foodstuffs.

But there is a greater burden than the mere cost of foodstuffs. The cost of dress, due to the frequent changes of fashion is a much greater drain on the pockets of women—and through them on the pockets of men—than all other household burdens combined.

A citizen, by way of "a good joke on his wife" tells the story that she gave her dressmaker, last April, an order for a dress, together with the material to make it. The dressmaker being exceedingly busy was unable to complete her contract until the latter part of August. In the meantime the style of dress changed and it was necessary to procure more material; the material was not available and the dress had to be abandoned and the material laid aside to await the next turn of fashion's wheel which might either solve or further complicate the situation.

A commercial traveller who carries a full line of ladies' ready made garments, discussing this question with a number of ladies a few evenings ago, made the statement that no merchant today would undertake to buy certain lines of garments—shirt waists especially mentioned—for delivery two months hence as by that time the present make would be out of style. This, he said, necessitated more frequent visits by the agent and consequently an additional charge for the garment. Similar conditions governed practically the whole round of female attire and accounted largely for the exceedingly high cost as compared with that of men's apparel, and as compared also with the value of the material used. The devotee of fashion is not only obliged to pay for the extra cost of selling, for the wastes involved in the goods remaining unsold after the fashion has changed, but also for new purchases made necessary by the garment becoming "old fashioned" before it has been half worn.

Touching that other subject, the lady's hat, which has become a sort of grim joke and is credited with being the origin of family jars and financial upheavals, very much might be said with comparative safety. It is sufficient to say here, and on excellent feminine authority, that the cost is out of all proportion to the value of the material or the wages paid to milliners. More might be said, the least of which might be that no mere layman can tell a \$50 hat from a \$20 and that, generally speaking, his admiration of the head beneath it is in inverse ratio to the cost of the hat.

The conditions partially described constitute a crying evil, particularly in these days of stress, when every dollar that can be spared from the most frugal manner of living should be contributed towards helping those who are fighting for the life of the Empire, and towards the amelioration of the suffering and want of those who have already been ruined by the war.

The evil calls for a remedy and the remedy is in the hands of the women. They are the victims of designing manufacturers whose sole aim is to make money out of the frequent changes of fashion and the using up of material, and out of the women who are weak enough or vain enough to yield slavishly to every whim, grotesque or otherwise, that the fashion makers dictate.

Women have in different crises stood up and braved such evils as this. Here is an opportunity in which they can make themselves true reformers. Our best women, admit that the evils referred to have become a burden little, if any less intolerable than the German militarism whose cure is now being worked out in bloodshed and ruin in Europe. Can we not look to the sensible women of Canada to make a stand against this growing oppression by organizing a society or a club, pledged to encourage the wearing of sane clothing and the adoption of a general scheme of dress which will defy the vagaries of fashion and the devices of extortionate manufacturers?

A SECOND EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Colonel Hughes, before leaving the Valcartier camp on Thursday night indicated that it was probable steps would be taken to organize a second Canadian force for service during the war. The likelihood that such a force will have work to do has not been lessened during the past fortnight. The task before the allied armies is the crushing of the German nation; and the most that can be claimed is that a start has been made. In the eastern field of war the Russians advance appears to have been checked by the strength of the counter movement. In the western field, where the French and British armies are engaged, the struggle is all on the soil of France and German

invaders failed in their rush to envelope Paris, and are now playing a defensive game. The list of officers killed and wounded, which may be multiplied by twenty-five or thirty to get the total casualties, tells something of the cost of the advances the Allies are making, and the need of strengthening the battle line. Taking the whole French and British line, the casualties in a fortnight's hard fighting would take away as many men as in the past week were dispatched from Canada. After the Germans are forced out of France the war will have to be continued in German territory, where they will be stronger than when they were invading France. For the work, unless there is a collapse of which there are yet few signs, as large an army as is now employed against them will need to be directed and maintained. The men to maintain it must come largely from the British Empire; and the whole Empire is concerned in seeing that they are provided. The city of Madras in eastern India was bombarded the other day by a German cruiser, which for a month has been making part of the ocean unsafe for British ships; and there may be more cases of the kind. If the British fleet watching the North Sea should fail in their vigil even for one day there might be let loose on the Atlantic a flotilla of commerce destroyers that would close the St. Lawrence and levy contributions on Canadian coast towns. The possibility of this occurring will exist as long as the German navy commands a fleet in being, or until such conditions are created as will bring about peace. Outside of Great Britain itself no part of the whole Empire needs peace more than Canada; and in order that it may be secured at the earliest day the army that is fighting to create the conditions that will make peace possible must not be permitted to fail. The Empire is engaged, not in a battle or two, but in a hard long war with a great and brave people; therefore this country, with so much at stake, must be ready to go the whole length in making it successful.

THE LAST STRAW

Mr. Bourassa, says the Toronto News, is laying up for himself a treasure of public contempt. His persistent sneers at the motives of Great Britain and his wearisome warnings against the policy of sending aid from Canada are fiercely resented by the French-Canadian leaders of Montreal and Quebec. His last accomplishment, an attempt to criticize the conduct of soldiers at Valcartier Camp when on leave in Quebec, will arouse the English-speaking people of the whole country. He declares that he saw more drunken soldiers in Quebec than he saw either in Belgium or in London.

The statement is doubted. But if it were true, what would be the object in printing it? Some of the men may get drunk when they have the opportunity. That does not prove that the whole Camp is a collection of ruffians. And we fancy that a drunken trooper is of more value to the country at this moment than Mr. Bourassa or any of his whining associates.

The trooper is willing and anxious to do his share for the preservation of British freedom. He is ready to suffer, to endure, and if need be, to die, to preserve to this country the privilege of free speech and free institutions. He is willing to lay down his life that Mr. Bourassa may have the continued privilege of insulting him and the uniform he wears. And the ingrate of Le Devoir taunts him with occasional drunkenness.

Now and then the human race produces remarkable specimens, men who will spit in the faces of their hostesses. Canada is the hostess of Mr. Bourassa. Canada has fed him, warmed him, given him the privilege of speaking his mind—and now Canada is preparing to defend him with the blood of armed men. But he spits in the face of Canada and tells her that her gallant defenders—and his defenders are "rotters."

MUST CRUSH BRITAIN

That Great Britain was Germany's objective in the war and that the hope still is to crush Britain, there is abundant evidence. A copy of a memorial addressed by the Hamburg section of the Pan-German League to the German Secretary of the Navy was received in London the other day. It was as follows:—

The Germans are daily becoming more and more convinced that England, as the real originator of this war that has been conjured up in such infamous manner, must be utterly vanquished at whatever cost.

"Here in Hamburg merchants, shippers and workmen employed in the port and on the docks feel that England's intention is to throttle German trade and commerce. Every resident knows that world trade and freedom of the seas are as necessary to the modern Germans as breathing. We therefore beg Your Excellency to adopt all measures requisite for the creation of a fleet that shall gradually equal the naval strength of our united opponents, so that we may vanquish the Englishman, our deadly enemy, and his accomplices. The German people are resolved to make any sacrifices to attain this aim."

NOTES

Alaska canneries are reported to have begun to pack whale meat treated heretofore as waste, though really it has been claimed to be nourishing and appetizing. There is food value also in many other products that we have been in the habit of throwing away.

The Vorwaerts, the chief mouthpiece of the Social Democrats of Germany, a fearless newspaper, was closed up for three days because it criticized the German treatment of prisoners of war. The Vorwaerts should have known better. In wartime free speech is not allowed even when it is the truth that is told.

Everything depends upon whose ox is gored. Certain newspapers in Germany are protesting against French commanders taking German hostages and threatening them with death. In Belgium German commanders are doing the very thing that the journals in question condemn. Of course that is another story.

Shells burst with terrific effect and tear legs and arms to pieces, writes an English war correspondent who had the privilege of visiting a field of battle after the carnage. From this it will be seen that the shell is a more cruel and vicious missile than the much-condemned dum-dum bullet that mushrooms when it strikes. Yet the use of one is legitimate and that of the other is not. War is a peculiar game in many ways. Its rules are most contradictory.

The departure of the Canadian troops who are now well across the Atlantic was accomplished in a highly creditable manner not only to Col. Hughes, who directed the whole movement, but to that portion of the Canadian public who knew of the departure and of the preparations and said so little about it. It is known that the convoy accompanying the troops is so strong that a meeting with a few German battleships, dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts would be welcomed and hence there was no need of secrecy. Indeed a special invitation would have been sent to the Kaiser to send his best ships to meet them or at least to see them go by, but for the fact that it was only too well known that the invitation would have been declined. There is a standing invitation to the fleet hidden behind the ramparts and the mines at Kiel to come out, and see the ships in the North Sea but so far it, also, has been declined with thanks.

SEA COW POND

(Contributed by Former Resident of Tignish.)

On the North Shore of Prince Edward Island a few miles South of the North Cape, there is a small body of water called Sea Cow Pond. This body of water, though it has an outlet to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and drains that long stretch of juniper and cedar swamp that lies between the settlements of Norway and Sea Cow Pond, has never been dignified with the name of river, but from time immemorial has been called "The Pond." No halo of romance clings to this commonplace and plebeian sheet of water. The lonesome looking cranberry swamps that fringe its shores after hour awaiting patiently the approach of some misguided fish, or the music of the frogs whose "Sounds of revelry by night" have abridged the sleep or stimulated the profanity of many a weary plowboy and fisherman, have never appealed to the imagination of the poet, so that Sea Cow Pond to this day remains unpoetic. Its only claim to a place in story rests on a tradition fostered and kept alive by old Pat. Reilly and related to more than one generation of Sea Cow Ponders by that aged and accomplished story teller. This tradition tells of a sea cow incident in the history of the settlement, which gave to the pond and settlement their peculiar name. It is well known that the ivory tusks of the Sea Cow or walrus have been found on the shores of the Pond. Indeed there are men yet living who have picked up these tusks, and with the exception of those who relied implicitly on the veracity of old Pat Reilly's story, there was always more or less speculation by the inhabitants as to how the tusks got there.

Old Pat lived in a very unpretentious abode on the "Prairie" about a quarter of a mile North of the Pond, since that a great authority not only on current events, but on the ancient history and traditions of the settlement. He was a large man with a broad goodhumored face and though very scantily endowed with this world's goods, took immense enjoyment out of life, and thought the world he live in an excellent one. He never took kindly to the following as a means of livelihood, and disapproved the occupation of a fisherman, and did not do any more at that than was absolutely necessary. When sitting in the stern of his fishing boat dressed in his oil skin jacket and battered sou' wester, you saw at once that he was not a fisherman, and that he would be little less than ashamed to force any other employment upon him. Like all those who are unable to acquire a reasonable share of the world's goods, he was a great dreamer of dreams. Something kept continually whispering to him that he was to find buried treasures, and many deep excavations made by his pick and shovel in different parts of the surrounding country attest to the extent of his folly and the sincerity of his faith. He knew the history of all the vessels that were shipwrecked on the "Reef" off the North Cape since the discovery of the Island, and appeared to be of the most familiar terms with the ghosts of drowned seamen, who on the eve of every great storm, when the North East winds moaned and sighed, and the breakers pounded furiously against the pebbly sides of the reef, haunted this devoted spot, and with piercing screams warned approaching vessels away from this awful graveyard. One shipwreck in particular had a wierd fascination for him. This was the wreck of the English Man of War of seventy-four guns (name unknown) lost with all hands on the reef off the North Cape in the early part of the 19th century. She was on her way to Quebec to pay off the garrison there, and had an iron chest on board of tremendous size filled with sovereigns to be used for that purpose. Poor old Reilly lingered fondly over the thought of this shape and color point out the very spot where it was lying. It was his property, and some day when the wind and weather and all conditions were favorable, he would run out with his dory and bring it home. To this day the box has never been recovered, and Reilly never handled any of the sovereigns, though he probably derived as much pleasure from them where he had them so securely located out on the stormy reef as if he really had them in his possession.

Old Pat was at his best as a story teller on a stormy evening after he had partaken of a hearty supper. He filled his capacious clay pipe, blackened by months of faithful service, and started it going by picking up a great red coal from the fire place and placing it on top, glancing at it occasionally in a most uncanny way, to see if it was doing its work properly. When he had succeeded in lighting the old pipe under a satisfactory head of steam, he leaned back in his chair and was prepared for the evening's entertainment. If nothing more interesting came up he could always tell of his exploits and narrow escapes during past fishing seasons. He could tell amazing stories of how the codfish "bit" on a memorable evening on Terrio's Bank, and the haul he would have made if he only had enough bait of the school of mackerel he raised off the Black Marsh, and the way he was taking them in until old Fabian leebowed him. One evening he was on the Haw Bush, and the nasty head chop he had to contend with in fighting his way around the reef. It was when he was in one of these talking moods that we heard him tell of how the sea cows were induced to pay a visit to the pond. A few of the boys came in regular every year, and had their calves in the pond here, and hid them in the tall rushes until they were able to do for themselves. "What do sea cows look like Uncle Pat" asked one of the boys "and how did they get into the pond when the sun from the pond to the sea is only two or three inches deep and five or six hundred feet long?" "Well now that's jest what makes this story interestin'" said old Pat. A sea cow is about as big as three cows the size of your old Dad's ol' Bossy. It has a body jest like a cow

only instid of legs it has flippers like a seal, and a tremendous big tusk in the front of its upper jaw. Some fellers that write in books say they have two tusks, but those fellers don't know nothin' about it. In the water they can jump an' dive an' play as nimble as a catfish, but I can tell you boys, they are mighty wobbly an' slow when they try to get around on the land. They couldn't git nowhere on the land if it warn't that each ceow keeps a proddin' the one in front of her with her long tusk, an' this is jest how these tusks came to be scattered along the side of the pond."

"In them times you know it wer' a caution the way the fish of all kinds swarmed into the cove here as soon as the ice went out in the spring. Smelt an' herrin' an' codfish, oceans of 'em' an' as for caplin and gaspereaux, no one'd look at 'em 'cept for bait. One year when the herrin' schooled in the cove here, they crowded in so thick that my Dad put on his snow shoes an' walked on their backs for more 'an a mile, an' never sank more 'an a lot in the water. We hear a lot of talk about the big trap that Merrick is buildin', but if that trap wer' twice as big it wouldn't begin to hold the spawn that was thrown up on the shore here after the herrin' school wer' past. Well, I believe 't wer' that very same year that the caplin struck in powerful thick about the middle of June, and the codfish wer' so greedy for 'em that they folloed 'em right in to the lan' wash, and hundreds of 'em got stranded on the rocks when the tide went out. Now old Sylvang who lived down to the French settlement and watched the shores close, came along one day after the caplin struck in. He brought his pue along with him, and was lookin' for a chance to jerk a few codfish ashore. He folloed along up towards the pond, an' at every few yards he yanked a big codfish up on to the beach with his pue. When he got up in sight of the shore, he saw somethin' that made his hair stand straight up on his head. There wer' ten or eleven monsters of some kind tryin' to work their way up the little run, and into the pond. At first he thought they was whales, but as he drew up closer he saw their tusks and knew they wer' sea cows. You can bet your life that old Sylvang was a party scairt man jest then. He'd like to leg it back to the French shore, but was so scairt that he couldn't move a foot, so he stood an' watched the sea cows. Three or four of 'em had got out of the sea and wer' strugglin' slowly up the little run towards the pond. Old Sylvang saw that each ceow kept a proddin' the one in front of her with her long tusk, an' every time a ceow received a prod she struggled ahead a few inches. He was gettin' over his fright a little now, an' he watched the sea cows with all the eyes in his head. As the last sea ceow was gettin' out of the water the thought struck him that as ther' was none behind to prod this rump with his pue, the process 'd stop as soon as she'd reach the solid land. He still held the pue in his hand, an' jest at this moment he had what might be called a inspiration. He ran out to his waist in the water and began proddin' the last sea ceow in the rump with his pue. The process ion moved along fine, but for some reason which we never ben able to figure out, the head sea ceow instid of follerin' the bed of the run to the pond, swung off to the right and scrambled along through the sand on the north side of the pond. This pleased old Sylvang fine, when he druv 'em a few hundred yards in from the sea where he knew they could nevvag get out, he stopped a proddin' with his pue, an' the whole drove of sea cows stopped too. Old Sylvang was jest about crazy over what he done. He walked round and round the big monsters tryin' to figger out how much the skins an' the oil an' the ivory would be worth. He was so taken up with the big white tusk of the sea ceow that he had ben a proddin' with his pue, that he walked up quite close to git a better look, when all of a sudden the ceow made a lunge at him with her big tusk. In an instant she had poor old Sylvang in her mouth an' swallered him quicker 'an you could say Jack Robison.

Ther' wer' many people stirrin' round these parts at that time, and the sea cows wan't found until long time after. There was a man who had have anything to do with them as it was reported round an' generally believed that old Sylvang's ghost was seen many a mornin' jest before break of day, with his pue in his hands makin' awful prods at the sea cows, and yellin' like a wild in a tryin' to drive 'em into the pond. So that's why ivory tusks is found on the banks, and why that little sheet of water over there where the trout is a leapin' and the frogs is a croakin' is called Sea Cow Pond.

DEATH OF RT. REV. MGR. DALY. HALIFAX, Sept. 29.—The Right Reverend Monsignor Daly, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Halifax, and the venerable parish priest of St. Joseph's Church, passed away yesterday, and to the surprise of the news which came as a shock although his long illness had prepared the public for the news of his passing. He died shortly before noon yesterday, passing away in a high ebullient, a fitting end to a life of unobtrusive usefulness and ungrudging service.

About ten months ago, Monsignor Daly had a severe illness, from which he never fully recovered. He has been in failing health ever since, and over a month ago he took to his bed, from which he never was able to rise. The funeral will take place on Wednesday at 9.30 from St. Mary's Cathedral after solemn Requiem Mass. The body

will lie in state in St. Joseph's glebe until Tuesday, when it will be removed to St. Mary's Cathedral. Born in Halifax. Monsignor Daly was born in Halifax over seventy-five years ago, and the greater part of his life was spent in this city. With one exception, he was the oldest priest in the diocese, having celebrated his golden jubilee three years ago, and with the exception of Windsor, he served in Halifax all this time in various capacities, and in every duty he undertook here, he won the respect and esteem of all with whom he became in contact.

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