

The Charlottetown Guardian

Evening Daily (founded 1907) \$2.00 (delivered or by mail in Canada, and \$2.50 for U. S. A.)

Morning Daily (founded 1891), \$3.50 per year. (Delivered in advance; \$2.50 per year (mailed) in advance, in Canada, and \$3.00 for U. S. A.)

Head Office at Charlottetown, Branch Office at Summerside, Alberton, Souris and Montague.

Saturday Weekly (founded 1887) \$1.50 per annum by mail in Canada or U. S. A.

Monday, October 8th, being observed as Thanksgiving and a Statutory holiday, the Morning Guardian will not be issued on Tuesday. The Evening Guardian will not be issued on Monday, but will be published as usual on Tuesday. Advertisers please note these changes.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 4th 1917

WIN-THE-WAR CANDIDATES

In a somewhat mystifying article in its Tuesday's issue the Patriot calls the Guardian to task for advocating a win-the-war policy and at the same time advertising a convention of the Liberal-Conservative party to select a candidate for the representation of Queen's. Where is the inconsistency in this? The Guardian in common with the great Liberal-Conservative party and many stalwart Liberals has favoured throughout a coalition government and extension of Parliament so as to avoid a wartime election, but Sir Wilfrid and his followers would have none of it. They refused to coalesce for the duration of the war and they refused to extend Parliament, so an election was imperative. When the Win-the-war Liberals and Liberal-Conservatives in Chatham joined hands and selected a Liberal, Mr. Kerr, Mayor of Chatham, to carry their colours, the official Laurier Liberals immediately repudiated him and compelled him to withdraw. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have no compromise candidate. He must be a whole hogger or nothing. That being the case what would the Patriot have the Liberal-Conservative party in Queen's County do? Stand aside and allow the election to go to the Laurierites by default? That would be a nice way to win the war, would it not? It is the duty of every loyal Canadian to stand behind Sir Robert Borden and Sir Robert Borden candidates in this election. There are no half-way measures possible, since Sir Wilfrid Laurier has absolutely refused to compromise. The only alternatives at this election are Borden candidates and Laurier candidates, and Sir Wilfrid has made this sufficiently explicit in the Chatham and Red Deer constituencies. He will have nothing to do with any candidate who does not toe the mark on every occasion. Therefore there is nothing inconsistent in the Win-the-War party convening to select a candidate to carry their colours to victory.

AN INTERESTING RUMOR.

Quite an interesting rumor, says the Ottawa Journal-Press, is that which suggests that Sir Wilfrid Laurier may retire from the leadership of the Opposition in favor of Mr. Carvell, M. P. Mr. Carvell voted for conscription; and we suppose some of the Liberal leaders have the idea that they could reconstitute their party for the approaching general election by putting at its head for the campaign some man who would bring back into the party camp many Liberals who resent Sir Wilfrid Laurier's opposition to conscription.

But why Mr. Carvell? He has been but a private in the party ranks. What is the matter with Hon. G. P. Graham, ex-Minister of Railways and Canals? What is the matter with Hon. William Pugsley, ex-Minister of Public Works? What is the matter with Frank Oliver, ex-Minister of the Interior? A whole lot of other ex-ministers are around also. Why is Mr. Carvell thought of for Liberal leader, rather than some man who has been really prominent in the party? Well, in the cases of Mr. Pugsley or Mr. Oliver, the answer would be of course that they voted against Conscription. But the Hon. G. P. Graham didn't. He voted for conscription. And he has been supposed to be Laurier's chief lieutenant in Opposition. What is the matter with Mr. Graham? This Carvell suggestion seems an absolute slap in the face for Mr. Graham.

To put Mr. Carvell in the Liberal leadership would be a striking confession of the straits the party has come to, and of the paucity of political quality among the men prominent in the party. Mr. Carvell's political record is anything but impeccable. If he is considered by Liberal politicians to be a good man to put in the forefront for the general election, the Laurier machine

must feel its case to be in a pretty bad way. But Mr. Carvell or any one as Opposition leader save Sir Wilfrid Laurier would simply be a campaign make-shift to gain success in the election; after the election, if the party were successful, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would resurrect himself. The others are not weighty.

THE SHADOW OF THE WAR

A "Wondering Woman," in a thoughtful letter in yesterday's Guardian, tells how she came to the exhibition to see the fakirs who had delighted her childhood but, above all to see "The Shadow of the War" which she had heard would hang over the exhibition. She saw the fakirs and pitied them because they had nothing to do for a living, even in the face of impending famine, but to turn wheels and shout themselves hoarse; she looked for the shadow but did not find it; the day was beautifully bright; there was nowhere any sign of shadow. But as she watched sweet children gaily swinging their toy balloons she thought of those "other children who picked up their loved playthings and started out homeless on the bare road to nowhere;" on the bright, hopeful faces of bonny lads and thought of "those other lads who, with grim, set faces were peering into eternity"—and "a great pity shadowed everything," a pity that included even the fakirs, her "lost brothers and sisters."

It is perhaps not given to many to see the shadow as this "Wondering Woman" saw it; certainly it is not given to many to describe it so touchingly. To those only, perhaps, whose own lads are "peering into eternity" through the grime and smoke and poison gases of the battlefield, is the shadow a reality, a perpetual presence, obscuring the happy faces of little children and bonny lads and revealing beyond these those homeless ones "on the bare road to nowhere" and the lads who may not return—and shrouding in the pity of it all the "lost brothers and sisters" of the whole human race, even "them fakirs." To those upon whom it so falls the shadow of the war will be as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," whence helping hands will be held out to the helpless and the poor and the wandering will be included in a universal brotherhood and sisterhood. When the shadow of the war brings this to us the war will have accomplished perhaps its greatest purpose.

As to the "Wondering Woman's" question—"Do fakirs and horse races and such things give people more to eat under the shadow of the war?" There are greater things than "more to eat" even in the face of threatened famine. We are told that our boys in France when burying their most loved comrades sing jolly, lively songs and crack jokes with one another while the tears are streaming down their faces and their hearts are breaking. In this way only can they "keep on going on." The shadow here is none the less dark because fakirs whirl their wheels of fortune and men and women clap their hands at the winning of a known or unknown horse. The sources of laughter and tears are very close to each other. Is it altogether inconsistent that we too should, under the shadow of the war, amuse ourselves with the passing show or clap our hands at the winning of a known or unknown horse?

NOTES

Stick to it! Stick to it! Stick to it! Put steel into your nerves, resolution into heart, and stick it out until the war is absolutely won.

By the way, while the Liberals are looking for a new leader in succession to Sir Wilfrid Laurier what's the matter with letting the mantle fall upon Mr. F. J. Nash of the Patriot? He has at least one claim that is superior to any of the others whose names have been mentioned—he bears a personal resemblance to Sir Wilfrid. The "White Plume" is not perhaps as conspicuous as it was when the resemblance was more carefully cultivated but time and the barber can fix that. Certainly Mr. Nash's claims to such preference as is good as those of Mr. F. B. Carvell who is at present the favorite nominee. He is an "unswerving conscriptionist" as occasion requires and could be induced to do some boosting, if necessary, as an out-and-out anti-conscriptionist. Moreover he is a pronounced humorist and humour might prove a valuable antidote to the present seriousness of the Liberal party. In any case Mr. Nash has as good a claim for the position as any of the back benchers who have been named for it appears the mantle is not to be handed to any of the former leaders. Among the others Mr. Nash has served longer, more faithfully and consistently than perhaps any one in view, and we should like to see his services recognized by his party.

WHERE GREAT GUNS BELLOW

It is for the non-combatant who is, like myself, only an intermittent visitor to the front, sometimes difficult to realize that Death is so busy in France. I have never been in any very hot part of the trenches, and have not seen our lads "go over the top," in which circumstances the presence of correspondents would be an intolerable nuisance. The attack in which our soldiers leap from the comparative shelter of their earthen parapets, and following the advancing screen of their own artillery fire, charge down upon the Hun is the extreme test of valor, war's highest hour. But it does not happen every day, nor every week; long periods elapse in which the combat merely simmers, so to speak. Always, night and days, the great guns bellow from either side, bombs crash, machine guns rattle, and the sniper's bullet pings, but a thousand tons of lead and iron may be thus expended without injuring a single man. I have been among this uproar near Gavrelle, the land about me visible for leagues, and could not but wonder at the futile ineffectiveness of it all. From the front line trench came casualties only at long intervals—walking wounded, stretchers borne by those Red Cross men whose daring duties and courage are absurdly underestimated at home, though not by the fighting man—and it might almost seem as if the sacred life of war were not more terrible than that of industrial life in peacetime Britain.

Gaiety and Tragedy

Then, again, our fellows are so buoyant and full of life! Let them out of the trench for a day, and they immediately regain the gaiety of youth; to see them in their leisure you might fancy life nor death had terrors for them, that they knew themselves invulnerable. Lucky it is for mankind that grief is not accumulative, that the heart which "knoweth its own bitterness" cannot in presence of its own immediate loss add an iota to its personal sorrow by the knowledge that myriads more are so bereft. The only grief that profoundly affects a battalion is that some beloved colonel or captain has gone under, or some favorite of the rank and file; with the losses of the battalion or brigade to the right or left of it, generally speaking, it has no concern.

Such considerations mitigate to a great extent for the man in the field the depressing effect of the army's casualties, whose extent is better realized by the sympathetic citizen at home reading his newspaper with its long daily lists of dead and wounded. But there are sad enough moments, too, be sure, for even the blessed days of "rest" behind the lines. I have seen the colonels turning over the identity discs of their dead, and the Headquarters Mess, in sorrow and silence, examining and inventory the personal relics of brave comrades gone, those relics which in a few days will come home to some desolated Scottish household. Each battalion of the army keeps its own War Diary—what tales are in it! Only when these diaries are collated at the end of the war shall we understand what the past thirty-three months have meant for Scotland.

Scottish Pride

Yet in the ugliest war in history there is still occasion for pride for vanity if you wish—I never visited any Scottish Division but I was assured it was the grandest in the field of war. Every brigade was the best brigade in the best division of the Expeditionary Force; every battalion, on the word of honor of its commander, was the peerless gem of an incomparable brigade, in the most renowned division of an army corps the Boche particularly dreaded, God bless them. They spoke but the heart's conviction, yet I would be at a loss to say with any assurance what corps are best in Scotland's legions that are all so grand. As I have said before, I wonder where they continue to come from when I think of the glens depopulated of their youth, and of the two year's drain upon the manhood of our towns. The other day I went out with a Brigadier to inspect his latest draft from home—they were Black Watch, Camerons, Argylls, and Seaforth—at least two hundred of them, and not half a dozen were English, Irish or Colonial. A company more obviously Scottish bred you never set eyes on, though I admit that a few of them had not yet quite discovered the correct hang for a kilt.

The General asked every man where he came from, and with few exceptions got an answer in the Doric—"Nigg," "Aberdeen," "Dundee," "Kinlyre," "Stirling," "Caithness," "Ayr." Only one man, broke the se-

quence. "Me, sir," he said, "I came frae the Base." He had been wounded a month previously, and was back already fit, as a fiddle, with but one urgent desire, that he might be put back in his old platoon.

A week later I looked for this brigade again at its resting quarters, and found it was gone, and back in the fighting line to the east of Arras, where I went vainly in search of it. It is not easy to get in touch with particular units in their really business hours, and very difficult indeed when they are part of an army hidden in earth. Let me try to convey an impression of what the country looks like eastward of Arras along these lines on which we have hammered in the past two months.

A Desolated Country

You got up to Arras by a magnificently kept road; pass the enormous barbed-wire cages that were packed with German prisoners on the 9th of April last, enter a town that looks a little way off, but slightly damaged, yet on entering a found a place of unspeakable ruins. It says much for the pertinacity and courage of the French that some civilian shopkeepers still carry on business there.

From Arras, which was the jump-in-off place for our great and successful advance of April, you go out past a large railway station and into the open country. The river Scarpe is to the north; beyond it are more Scotsmen battling; but my quest was to the south of it, and brought me successfully into what had been villages called Tilloy, Beauvains, and Neuville Vitasse. Barrns had been born in these villages, lovers had courted, men and women had married, and happy hearths had been kindled for generations. If perchance any of the people who lived in and loved these places come back they will find not even the track of their garden walks, not a gable standing. French villages in this part of the country were nearly always embowered in great old trees; there are no trees left, only the stumps of them. The little woods are cut down as with a Titan scythe.

It is but a slightly undulating countryside with elevated hillocks no more than a hundred feet or so in height, hedgeless and dykeless as far as the eye can see in a sunny morn of May that gives a vast expanse of vision. Normally it would be cultivated in every rood of it, but now there is not an acre tilled or under crop, and the only visible life in the fields is thousands of artillery and transport horses grazing.

Pitted With Shell Fire

The general prevailing tone of this rolling countryside is green, the glorious count of May, yet on more careful scrutiny it will be found to be a patchwork green, not a complete one-piece coverlet. All the land is netted with trenches, pitted with shell craters. The roads that lead through it to Cambrai and Bapaume are under constant menace of shell, and are bordered by big, recumbent trees that once gave shade to the wayfarer, and have been felled by the Boche in a final spasm of mortified fury as he was being driven back. Besides, the aeroplanes that continually slide across the sky with snoring noises, harassed by shrapnel fire, that never seems to strike them, there are other birds—the rooks whom you might fancy by this time had given up all hope of building nests this year in the absence of trees.

Nowhere, over all the plain, is there any visible sign of battle though a battle rages that has gone on for months. Only minute search with glasses may reveal to you the flash of those guns that keep the air quivering; you hear the whine of the enemy's shells and see the volcanic upheaval they create in the fields around, but the flashes and the explosions might be phenomena of nature, for no human agent is in sight.

SAYS CANADA MUST WORK WITH STATES

BUFFALO, N.Y., Sept. 29.—U.S. State victory over the Central Powers, with the fresh man power of the United States the deciding factor, was predicted by Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, speaking before the Grain Dealers National Association convention here.

"Perhaps in three and a half years, perhaps in four," he said, "when millions of men from the United States occupy the trenches across France, and strike the blow which will crush autocracy for all time, the hour of victory will sound, because of your fresh man power in that long fighting line which for three years has saved the world from the soulless, conscienceless military domination of the Teuton."

The Canadian Minister pleaded for the closest co-operation between the Allies, and especially between the United States and Canada.

"We cannot afford to fix the price of grain at less or more than you fix it," he said. "We must go forward together, lest we go forward not at all."

The speech was made at a banquet of the delegates to the convention at which only simple dishes were served.

Scott Foreman (drilling some raw recruits)—Hoo is it ye gonna turn-a about when Ah about turn-a ye? Canna ye order-r-r-r-rant' gull King's English? (Passing Show)

HUMOROUS WILLS MADE IN THE TRENCHES

LONDON, Oct. 2.—(By Mail)—The "last will and testament," which the British private frequently writes into the little "army pay book," which he carries with him wherever he goes, is an interesting study. Wills made in the trenches are legal without witnesses and the soldier's own signature is all that is required to make such a will acceptable to the courts. Even if the signature is lacking the will may still be accepted if there is evidence as to the handwriting or intention of the testator. In every case the War office authorities make every effort to carry out the soldier's wishes, however crudely they are expressed or however fantastic they may be.

POETIC WILLS.

Many of these trench wills have Tommy Atkin's characteristic touch of humor. Some are in dialect, some in phonetic spelling. Several have been in cipher which have taxed the War office experts to solve. Occasionally they leave purely imaginary possessions to institutions or fictitious persons.

Here is a will in rhyme which was written while the soldier was on duty at a "listening post" in No Man's Land:

"I haven't got a sweetheart, I haven't a mother, I've only one sister, nor even a brother; My sister Susan is all I've got, So of ought that's mine she can have the lot."

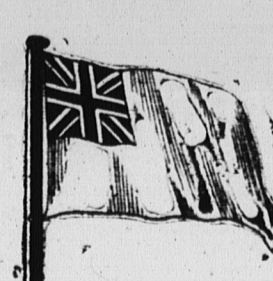
This will went through the courts without question, despite its unusual form.

TO "FIRST COMER."

Another will in rhyme, leaving the money to the "first comer" is the following:

"Whoever first eyes on this, Gets everything I leave, For my kith and kin are dead and gone, And I've not a friend to grieve, There's a tidy bit in the bank you'll find, And my army pay though small, So stranger, breathe one sigh for me, You're welcome to it all."

This will was forwarded to England by the young serbeant who found it and he shortly afterwards received notification that the "tidy bit," which turned out to be a substantial sum of money, had been deposited to his account.



To the Storekeepers of this City

INTERNATIONAL Newspaper Window Display Week begins next Monday and continues until the following Saturday night. We invite every storekeeper to participate. It is no longer a novelty, but a serious annual continent wide show growing greater year by year—a show participated in by live merchants everywhere. Our invitation to you will not only appeal to your self-interest, but to your own civic pride; not only to your desire to sell more goods, but to your eagerness to advertise our city. What we are asking you to do is this: Select from your stock the articles that have been advertised by the manufacturer in this and other local newspapers. Place these in your windows next week and with them put the sign this newspaper has furnished you—a sign which says

We Sell These Standard Products All Advertised in the Daily Newspapers

If you want more signs or further information, call this newspaper on the telephone.

International Newspaper Window Display Week October 8th-13th

475-10-4ME11