

The Charlottetown Guardian

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ASHAMED?

Sir George E. Foster is not a professional preacher; he is however a professional and practical speaker and has the happy faculty of saying things in such a way that they can not be easily forgotten. He preached a sermon the other day to the members of the Methodist Conference in Montreal, a short extract from which was published in The Guardian. This sermon or a similar one should be preached in every church in Canada.

"How many of us are eating one whit less? How many of us are wearing one whit less? How many of us are using one whit less of gasoline? How many of us are wearing clothes that we ought to be ashamed of in war time? Clothes that we ought to be ashamed of! Looking out upon our streets on a fine afternoon; looking at the congregations in our churches on any Sabbath, looking at the automobiles on our streets, at our sumptuously laden tables, who would imagine that there was a war on, in which our own flesh and blood are facing death? Who would believe that millions were starving to death, that millions had not enough to clothe them? Wearing clothes that we ought to be ashamed of! Sitting down to tables that we ought to be ashamed of! Enjoying ourselves in a manner that we ought to be ashamed of!

There was a time, now long ago and almost forgotten—it was before the war—when the poorly clad were ashamed of their clothes, when the frugal meal was something to be hidden from the neighbors. Now, neighbours to millions who are starving to death, to millions whose rags will not cover their nakedness, we are beginning to realize that there is some incongruity in our extravagant clothing, in our sumptuous feasting, in our continuous enjoyment; beginning to realize the injustice and the sin of faring sumptuously and being extravagantly clad, in the neighborhood of a veritable hell of poverty—for Europe is a next door neighbour—Europe where millions with whom we could share our abundance are starving.

Sir George Foster says we ought to be ashamed of these things. Are we? Not yet. Those who can afford it are still setting the fashionable pace and those who cannot are following in their wake, spending their substance in the riot of fashionable living. Meantime our neighbours over in Europe are starving. Who are responsible for the extravagance? Clearly those who can afford to be extravagant; they are the leaders. What would it mean to the starving millions, what would it mean to our own poor if these leaders should lead in the other direction, should set a pace in dress, in eating, in entertaining, that would be compatible with the times in which we live? Who among those who can afford it will set the pace in wearing clothes and in our general manner of living, out of which we can look our starving neighbours in the face without being ashamed?

FRANCE LEARNED LESSON IN 1870

France learned in the sorrows of 1870 the wisdom that French military leadership has exhibited in the struggles of the past four years.

Prussian genius and French folly combined to attract the armies of France by the fatal lure of territorial objectives.

One French army of 150,000 gave up its whole military existence at Sedan because French generals permitted themselves to be hopelessly tied up to battle on ground of Germany's own choosing.

The army of Bazaine surrendered 180,000 men and all its equipment because French leaders committed themselves to a hopeless defence of Metz instead of saving a great army by a timely withdrawal.

Germany tried to lure Joffre into throwing French armies into a decisive battle in Belgium in 1914. Germany expected that the army of Gen. French would allow its forces to be shut up in the fortress of Mauberge in the early stages of the retreat from Mons.

Germany is still seeking to force the allied commanders to a decisive action at a time and on a field chosen by German strategists. The disasters of France in 1870 represent the price which the French paid for folly that endangers armies in an attempt to defend non-essential territory.

Joffre revealed the patient genius of a new era in French military leadership. The plodding retreat of unbroken armies superseded the blundering movements around Sedan and Metz. Sentiment demands the retention of territory. Strength demands the preservation of armies. Sentiment sacrificed everything to territorial objectives and ruined France in 1870. Strength sacrifices territorial objectives to the security of armies. Strength will save France and the allies in these years of the great war.

CANADA'S TRADE

The trade returns for the fiscal year just ended as issued by the Census and Statistics Office, show that the volume of the external trade of Canada is now greater than at any previous period in the history of the Dominion. For the fiscal year ended March 31, 1918, the grand total of the imports for consumption and exports of Canadian merchandise—taking no account of the movement of coin and bullion—was over two billions and a half of dollars.

Imports for consumption for the fiscal year, 1918 were greater by 56 per cent. than for the year just prior to the war, viz: the fiscal year 1914. Under the stimulus of war orders the export trade shows a still greater development, exports of Canadian goods for the fiscal year 1918 exceeding in value similar exports in 1914 by 256 per cent.

The total trade of Canada—imports for consumption and exports of Canadian produce amounted to \$2,502,549,635, for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1918, while the value for similar trade for the fiscal year just prior to the war amounted to \$1,050,045,583, showing an increase from 1914 to 1918 of \$1,452,504,052. This increase is more than the whole trade for the fiscal year 1916. The imports of merchandise for the fiscal year 1918 were valued at \$962,521,847 and in 1914 at \$618,457,144, showing an increase of \$355,064,703, whilst the export of Canadian merchandise in 1918 amounted to \$1,540,027,788 and in 1914 to \$431,588,439, showing a betterment from 1914-1918, of \$1,108,439,349.

From 1914 to 1918 the exports of the mine increased \$349,119 to \$172,743,081; agricultural products from \$20,623,560 to \$32,602,251; the forest from \$42,792,137 to \$51,899,704; animals and their produce from \$53,349,119 to \$178,743,031; agricultural products from \$198,220,029 to \$567,713,584; manufactured goods from \$57,443,542 to \$636,602,516.

HANG THEM ALL

John Hodge, British Minister of Pensions, is convinced that the war will have been fought in vain if the Kaiser and his war lords do not find their heads in a noose. The reason for his wish is the conviction that the execrated gentlemen in question are responsible for the devastation in Europe. The view will be supported by many. The highly-trained and exalted monsters of the chancelleries, who are always on the watch for opportunities to conquer territories and peoples, are the evil geniuses of the world. For their glory tens of thousands, and even millions, of men are slaughtered. Their schemings bring war after war. If, instead of power and honor, they were treated to the violent death they have brought to so many others the lesson might go far towards discouraging their kind in the future. No fate would be too cruel for the authors of the conflict that is raging today.—Montreal Gazette.

NOTES

Anyone who has ever led a drunken man home will understand the latent heroism in President Wilson's declaration that he intends to stand by Russia.

Lady Muriel Paget asserts that there were 8,000,000 casualties, including 2,000,000 deaths among the Russian forces. Assuredly the toll was terrible. It was doubly unfortunate in that the collapse came and made the sacrifices go for naught. By not holding out to the end Russia lost her chance of reaping the fruits of her tremendous endeavors in the first years of the war.

Premier Clemenceau's newspaper says that the Allies knew they had to hold the Channel ports at all costs, and preferred taking risks in the South. The German drive to the Marne is certainly far less serious than a German drive to Boulogne or Calais, or toward Abbeville, or even Amiens. Toward the Marne there is room for manoeuvring, without vital losses. North of the Somme there is little room.

WAR IS BOOMING PERCHERON STOCK

Since the war could not be carried on without horses it is a matter of vital concern to the nation that the supply and quality of the horses at the front should be kept up to the highest standard, and many people who are not concerned in horses, except in their relation to the war, have been interested to hear the different opinions expressed as to the value of the thoroughbred, trotting bred and draught horses for war work. There has been controversy as to whether the trotting bred horse is more useful than the thoroughbred, but for general purposes this discussion may be compared to the debate about tweed-leton and tweedledee. There is probably no trotting bred horse that has not thoroughbred blood in his veins, and the fact that for almost or quite a century trotting horses have been bred and trained for racing purposes gives them a right to be considered at least blood horses. In other words, while they may be of a lower caste than the thoroughbred, they are at least of the same set.

British Drafters Fall

About the absolute failure of British draft horses in this war, there seems to be no doubt whatever. Of course, the breeders of Clydes and Shires will contend that their favorites have not had a fair trial, that the best and most typical representatives of the breeds were not sent to the front, or they may point to individual performances that do credit to the whole tribe; but the consensus, nevertheless, is against them. This failure of the British breeds has led Lord Lonsdale, one of the best authorities in the world on the subject of horseflesh, to import some Percherons from France in an effort to produce a drafter that will stand up to the work that war imposes upon a horse. In a long letter to the Sporting Life he reviews the failure of the British draft breeds at the front, tells why the failure was inevitable and explains why the Percheron and its crosses would be more useful in time of war.

Long Feather Sign of Weakness

It appears that there are two chief objections to the Clyde and the Shire as war horses in present conditions. The most important is their lack of stamina. If they are compelled to go on short rations, and to increase their speed beyond a walk, to undergo, in fact, any hardship, they simply curl up and lie down and die in the mud. Why they should fail in stamina Lord Lonsdale does not specifically explain but he says that his own experience has taught him that all horses with an excessive amount of "feather," which is the technical name for long hair about the feet, are wanting in stamina. This excessive hair, moreover, makes it utterly impossible to keep the horses' hoofs clean when they are working in mud, and if the feet are not kept clean there are half a dozen diseases that will attack the hoof and render the horse useless.

Suffolks Dying Out

Lord Lonsdale answers a correspondent who had said that the Suffolk drafters had stood the war test very well by saying that there are few if any Suffolks at the front. In fact, the breed seems to have decayed in England as it has in Canada. Even 20 years ago a horse-breeder would walk blocks out of his way to see a genuine Suffolk Punch on the streets of this city. Lord Lonsdale says that the general impression is that Suffolks' feet would break down on the road, which certainly was not the case some years ago. But in the mean time breeding the horses for show qualities, without regard to working purposes, has undoubtedly injured the breed. In notable contrast to the discredit which the war has brought upon the British breeds of drafter, the French heavy horse, namely, the Percheron, has made a great record. Lord Lonsdale says the Percheron can trot six or seven miles, load up and walk back, something that neither the Clyde nor the Shire can do. He has a Percheron in his own stable that can trot for a quarter of a mile at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Praise for American Half-breeds

The Percheron, being a horse without long hair about his fetlocks, and perhaps because he is a native to the country in which so much of the fighting is being done, is not affected by the cold and the deep mud as is the British drafter. As a result of an experience with horses at the front which has been the equal of any man's Lord Lonsdale says that the Percheron, and particularly, the half-bred American Percheron, is the

THE FUN OF FAITH

BY JAMES DOUGLAS IN LONDON OPINION.

"The only way out of this war is through it." I heard these gay and gallant words last week in the House of Commons. They were spoken by an American. We were all at a big luncheon party given by the Ministry of Information in honour of the American delegates. It was held in the Harcourt Room, on the Terrace by the Thames. The broad river was flowing by us like the stream of history. The speeches were punctuated by the tinkling of the Division Bells. Ministers were obliged to hurry away to answer questions. The scene was well set. The Americans were under the very nose of the Mother of Parliaments.

I liked Meredith, Director of the American Chamber of Commerce. He came to us fresh from the greatest Republic in the world, and he put new heart into us. Mr. Page described him as a typical specimen of "the lukewarm Middle West" and we smiled contentedly. He may have thought us all a bit cold, for when he impulsively leapt to his feet and toasted the British army, we all looked sheepish, and the lump in our throats prevented us from cheering. But let me assure Meredith that we were not as cold as we looked. There were tears in our eyes. I hope nobody noticed mine.

As Meredith talked I said to myself that there is no fun in the world like the fun of faith, for we are in a trough of the war-waves that makes it rare good fun to practise faith as well as preach it. It is not easy to do so when your friends and the friends of your friends are dying with their backs to the wall. But what is the good of fair-weather faith? As I write I hear that Bailleul has fallen. What of it? They tell me that "Wipers" must fall. What of it? They tell me that Hazebrouck must fall. What of it? They tell me the Channel Ports will fall. What of it? Boulogne, Calais, Paris itself may fall, they whisper. What of it? That is the fun of faith.

"The only way out of this war is through it!" Count Czernin has fallen, struck down by his own lie. The Emperor Karl has come to the Kaiser's heel. Take comfort. The lie cannot prevail. There is a power in truth which will beat the Kaiser. There, again, is the fun of faith. Out of the depths we rise and smile at disaster. We welcome "Fate's" discourtesy." There is in us something that mocks at calamity and laughs at fear. It is the fun of faith.

I believe in miracles. The Marne was a miracle. There will be a greater miracle than the Marne. You and I have simply got to wait till the miracle happens:— Let our flag run out straight in the wind! The old red shall be floated again. When the ranks that are thin shall be thinned, When the names that were twenty are ten. That is the fun of faith.

You may ask me to tell you how and when and where the miracle will be wrought. Where would be the fun of faith if you knew or I knew or anybody knew? Be very sure that when the miracle happens we shall all be dumbfounded with astonishment. But until it happens we need not try to catch a glimpse of it. Old Bismarck said that nobody can see the cards held by Providence. He was right. The Kaiser cannot see them. We may lose our heads in a maze of controversy, but it is jolly to remember that in this war it is not the details that matter. All that matters is being in the right, and we now know that we are in the right. What else counts? My friend Meredith says that this war is not a war; it is a crusade. I like the good word. We have come clean through the days of doubt and we are in the great crusade up to the eyebrows. The heavier the buffets of misfortune, the higher is our courage. That is the fun of faith.

Do not imagine that I make light of the sacrifice that is saddening so many hearts, so many hearths, so

weight and draft horses. It will stand hardship, the most trying conditions of weather, work at all hours of the day and night, food shortages, and yet will trot along as cheerfully as a pony. Much of the credit thus given the Percheron is due to the crossing of the imported French horses with American trotting-bred stock. The result is the ideal artillery horse. Of late years the Percheron has been imported to Canada in increasing numbers, despite the fact that the Clydesdale has had in this country, and particularly in Ontario. If the opinion of Lord Lonsdale is to carry weight, which can be taken for granted, this importation will show a still greater increase until breeders of Clydes and Shires set to work to eradicate the defects that war has

many homes. It is beyond computation. It is immeasurable. Is there one of us who is not clutched by the terror and sorrow of it? The man or woman who is grieved for your sake today may find you grieving for his or her sake tomorrow. Fate has made us one family. But we must not shame our dead by faltering in our faith. They did not falter. Let us wear their smiling fortitude on our lips. They have bequeathed us their valour. The army of the dead is unconquerable. Their souls are marching on.

Old Lord Bryce, with the snow of years whitening his hair, his eyebrows, and his beard, quoted Wordsworth to us. "We must be free or die." That is the Wordsworthian way of saying, "The only way out of this war is through it." France, superb, splendid, sublime France, is dying for the freedom of humanity. When you shudder at our sacrifice, think of the sacrifice of France. There has never been anything like it on earth. For countless ages men will marvel at it. France has lived through her Verdun. We are now living through ours. We are her mate and match in martyrdom. In these days I can feel our people bracing themselves to bear shock upon shock, blow upon blow, stroke upon stroke. The sense of it is everywhere. I see it in the eyes of men and in the eyes of women. It makes me reverent.

The women move me. Their bravery is heartrending. As a rule, our London women do not sally out to buy papers in the streets. But in these days I watch them going out in the evening to buy the war news, pennyworths of pain. The mothers and the wives, the sisters and the sweethearts, walk along the streets with white faces reading white sheets. I know what grey shadows are in their hearts. I know the memories that throng the cells of their brains. Watching them as they steal along like ghosts, I wonder how they eat, how they work, how they sleep. They look so lonely, so desolate, and yet so brave that I grow sick at heart with pity. And all over Europe there are the same women suffering the same torment, keeping company with the same fear.

But the only way out of it all is through it all, and we may be through it all sooner than we dare to hope. There is the supreme fun of faith—for the miracle will take us unawares.

DAILY SELECTIONS FROM THE GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson

CONTROL YOUR THOUGHTS

Stop that thought. It was in your mind all day yesterday, and it made you perfectly miserable. Over and over again you passed through all the unpleasant scenes, heard all the cruel words that were spoken, suffered again all the painful feelings, and succeeded in spoiling the day, unfitting yourself for your work and destroying all happiness out of your heart. That thought had no right in your mind. You may think you cannot stop it, but you can, as it is only a bad habit you have fallen into and you must break it or it will break you. You must get the mastery of your own mind, and the control of your own thoughts, and while it will be the hardest battle you will ever have to fight it will be the most glorious victory you will ever win.

To be a slave to unpleasant thoughts is the worst kind of bondage, and sometimes leads to insanity; but to be able to think on any subject you please places your happiness in your own hands, and gives you a sense of power and independence which is not only delightful to realize, but which enables you to develop your character and shape your life according to your own choice.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight Oh Lord my strength and my Redeemer.

KILLED IN ACCIDENT

MONTREAL, May 30.—Struck by a piece of an emery wheel that burst suddenly in the shop of the Armstrong Whitworth Company at Longueuil yesterday, George Guilmand, 19 years of age, died within a few minutes, the fragment having penetrated his side and perforated his lungs.

SELFISHNESS

Sir:—It is with much pleasure that I daily read your editorial columns, which are both instructive and inspiring, and seldom that I am unable to will pardon me, however, if I take exception to some of the views advanced in your excellent article of this morning, under the caption "Danger in organization." You make this statement:

"Selfishness, in so far as it aims at one's own advancement without injury to others, is commendable."

Now, I know your sentiments are unimpeachable, but in my humble opinion you have not expressed them very happily. Selfishness is a vice, no matter in what degree, and can never be commendable. If I stole a cent I would be equally guilty of a sin against the 8th commandment as if I stole five thousand cents. True, the offence is mitigable or is unpardonable according to its triviality or its gravity; but the FACT of it is established without reference to any consequences. When you suggest that selfishness is desirable to a certain extent (for that is what I unhesitatingly infer from the quotation above) you propound a very dangerous principle and one that is responsible for many evils which you frequently deplore. For, every man being his own judge as to the limits to which his individual "selfishness" may be pushed without "injury" to others, it is easily seen whither your proposition leads. Perhaps, however, I may be charged with quibbling, and the word "selfishness" may be subject to other than a literal interpretation. I assure you I have no intention to tilt at a mere term, and I think my construction of your statement is justified in view of the further assertion:

"The man, or the woman, who is utterly unselfish, may be a beautiful and a lovable character, but it is not through this virtue alone that the fabric with which we call civilization has been built."

The utterly unselfish person is not only "beautiful and lovable," but I hope I am wrong in regarding his words as sardonic but is the ONLY foundation on which our Civilization, in the best and truest sense of the word, has been built. What would the Empire do today but for "utterly unselfish" men who are prepared to give their dearest possession—life itself—for others? The utterly unselfish man is not necessarily, as I am inclined to think, perhaps unreasonably, you insinuate—a "darned fool." The soldier on the field dying of thirst offers his last drop of water to a companion in equal case with himself. He does an utterly unselfish thing—but he does it. Utterly unselfish people may not be able to make money, but I venture to think we would not enjoy the civilization we have to-day—our Liberty—not to mention the affluence of those who, armed with the "safety first" doctrine and exercising their right to be "selfish in so far" are unable to see the line of demarcation between their own "advancement" and others' "injury"—we would not enjoy all this without the "utterly unselfish." To foster the view that "Selfishness in so far as it aims at one's own advancement without injury to others, is commendable," is in my opinion to destroy the foundation of the greatest asset in Canada and the Empire at the present time—Self-sacrifice. No man who thinks he can with impunity be selfish even in the slightest degree will be readily self-sacrificial. "A fool and his money," etc. Eminently wise proverb! But, I repeat, the vice of selfishness can never be commendable, either from a moral or from a logical point of view.

With apology for this intrusion I am Sir etc

READER

The only difference between "Reader" and The Guardian is whether selfishness under any circumstances is justifiable. "Reader" admits that "utterly unselfish" may not be able to make money." He should have said that utterly unselfish men can not make money for, if they were utterly unselfish, they would either not accept a wage or would give it away after they had earned it. If all were utterly unselfish" and unable to make money the "fabric which we call civilization" would never have been built. The point which The Guardian tried to make was that, up to the point where the rights of others are recognized, selfishness is commendable; beyond that point, where it transgresses the rights of others, it becomes a vice. The history of the world's commercial and industrial development including its beneficence and its oppression will bear this out. The Guardian's article dealt with the satisfactory working of organizations. Take, for instance, the Law Society. It might not be to the disadvantage of the Society were a member to aspire to a judgeship. If the member were utterly unselfish he would stand aside and if all were of the same mind the office would go begging. A little selfishness in this case, I think, would be twice blessed, blessing him who gives and him who takes.

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