

# 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 Offices at Summerside, Alberton, Souris and Montserrat.  
 Saturday Weekly (founded 1887) \$1.50 per annum by mail in Canada or U. S. A.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 3rd.

## THE WAR

As intimated in our despatches during the past two days the "lid" has been placed temporarily upon correspondence from the front. On Friday correspondents at British headquarters in France advised their English and American newspapers to expect nothing from their respective correspondents on that day. Little has come through since to throw any light upon this order.

The only occasion previously of interrupting the news from the front was in October, 1915, when it was announced from London that thousands of words of news from the Associated Press correspondents in Sofia and from the German line on the western battlefield were being withheld by the British censor. Two days later announcement was received of the entry of Bulgaria into the war on the side of the Teutonic allies, and a day later came the news that Field Marshal Sir John French, who had remained silent for five days had made a big gain in the Loos sector, driving a wedge into the German lines from 500 to 1000 yards in depth.

It is natural under the circumstances, therefore, to infer that there is "something doing" on the western front of more than ordinary magnitude, and we may learn within the next few days that something more than ordinary has been done. The recent drives in Belgium, the continuous fighting day and night and the records of slight gains—all evidently by way of preparation—have been aimed at the Belgian coast with the object of clearing the enemy from the submarine bases and shelters there. That the drive will succeed we have every reason to hope. Every big drive so far attempted by General Haig, after long and—to us—wearisome preparation, has carried its objectives. The resistance that is being offered by the enemy, however, is still very great. They are contesting every inch and even after being driven out of their positions their counter attacks are carried out with spirit and determination, although with fearful losses to them. On the general progress of the Allies, both English and French, on this front and of their ultimate victory there can be no reasonable doubt. Nevertheless, progress is necessarily slow and costly and, as has so often been emphasized, the whole manpower and all the material resources of the Allies will be required to finally drive the enemy out of the country.

The collapse of Russia appears to be well nigh complete, so far as the present war is concerned. An article elsewhere in this paper by an American lady who studied the situation on the spot, probably does not exaggerate the hopelessness of the Russian situation. That German machinations and treachery have undermined the whole Russian fabric, political and social, is undoubted. That Germany is securing almost unlimited supplies of grain and other necessities from Russia is certain and this will tend greatly to prolong the war. As far as the Russian army as a whole is concerned, it can no longer be depended upon. Parts of it are loyal, no doubt, but neither Russian diplomacy nor Russian loyalty can now be expected to restore the present chaos to order. It looks indeed as if Russia would have to be taken complete possession of and restored to order by the Allies. Both Great Britain and the United States have already advanced large sums to assist Russia, but any further assistance of this kind would, under present conditions, be only to assist the enemy. What may be accomplished during the winter when there will be but little fighting, is of course problematical; it is possible, though not probable, that order may be restored, that the whole Russian army may be set on its feet and be made once more a reliable fighting force. In the meantime Russia is now more of a help than a hindrance to the enemy.

## RAILWAY EXCURSIONS

"Citizen" directs attention, in a letter elsewhere in this issue, to a matter which is unfortunately the subject of a good deal of comment, rowdiness on our railway

trains, particularly on excursion occasions. Whose fault is it? "Citizen" names a dual responsibility for it, and perhaps he is right. Primarily, the blame lies with the train crews, with the conductor and his subordinates. The railway management never hears of these things except indirectly through outsiders, not through men who are responsible for the safety and comfort of the travelling public. A conductor has charge of a train and its passengers, as a ship captain has charge of his ship and those on board. He can, if he will, suppress any rowdiness or any unseemly conduct that may occur, and when he does not he should be promptly reported to his superiors. This is where public opinion should manifest itself, and we have no doubt that if so exercised the cause of complaint would speedily vanish. The conductor is always in a position, to lodge a complaint against a disturber on his train and if a few salutary examples were given and these people were assured that punishment would follow such conduct, there would soon be an end to it. Our conductors may be too good-natured—mistakenly so—to adopt rigorous measures, but if over their heads were hanging the certainty of being reported to their superiors they too would exercise similar pressure upon their passengers. A determined public opinion backing, and at the same time threatening, the conductor who is primarily responsible, would indirectly subject the rowdy to a pressure towards decent behaviour which he could not and would not resist. The responsibility lies, first, with the conductor, who neglects to lay a charge against or to eject from the train any one who becomes a nuisance; second, with the passenger who neglects to report the conductor to his superiors.

## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

There can be no doubt whatever that "moving pictures" are as great a stride in advancing civilization as are automobile or wireless telegraphy—and much more generally appreciated. Moving pictures at a minimum cost bring the events and doings of the world at large vividly before people far distant from the scene and make them realize, as the written word seldom does, the cord of sympathy existing between the four quarters of the earth. Similarly the reproduction on the film of a world-renowned play performed by our greatest actors brings the highest art of the drama within easy reach of all in nearly every town and city of the world. Until the advent of motion pictures few outside the leading metropolis were privileged to witness the world's masterpieces, but now wherever one finds an enterprising and artistic theatre manager, there will be found the calling place of our leading theatrical companies with their productions.

Charlottetown is fortunate in possessing a thoroughly up-to-date theatrical live wire in Mr. Gallagher, the manager of the Prince Edward Theatre, and the public are not slow to appreciate his enterprise, as was evidenced by the crowded houses afternoon and evening during the visit of the Gladys Klark Co. last week. Mr. Gallagher is placing the public under another obligation to him this week by producing today and tomorrow that great spectacular play "Intolerance," with its magnificent orchestral accompaniment, which has caused a furore in the leading cities of the world. Of this great masterpiece the Montreal Star has this to say:

"None but those who have actually seen this picture can have the least conception of its magnitude, its wonder and its beauty. Writing avails but little in describing it. Those who saw Mr. Griffith's 'Birth of a Nation,' know that he writes in no small way, but even that picture is insignificant compared with 'Intolerance.'"

Of the music, we are told a rare treat will be afforded music lovers in as much as it represents characters both individually and ensemble, and for the first time music is used to illustrate humor and comedy as well as pathos and tragedy. Mr. Gallagher deserves praise and encouragement for bringing this great masterpiece within the reach of the people of Charlottetown and surrounding districts.

## NOTES

"Out of the mouths of babes!" The school children throughout the province are demonstrating to the older generation that fairs can be successfully conducted without other attractions than the genuine agricultural exhibits. Wonder if, when they grow up, the exhibitions will be similarly conducted, and if the passing of the present generation will see also the passing of the fakir and the frivolous show.

## P.E.I.'S FIRST WAR TROPHY

The following letters, received yesterday by Premier Arsenault, from Lt. Col. R. H. Campbell and Lieut. Robertson, speak for themselves and will be of special interest to the many friends throughout the province of the 104th Battalion. The cup, the Island's first war trophy, and photographs referred to which have not yet arrived, will be placed on exhibition as soon as received.

Witley, Camp, 14-9-17  
 Hon. A. E. Arsenault,  
 Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dear Sir:—  
 The 5th Division possesses a noted Tug-of-War Team which has proved its prowess in many encounters with the best teams in this country. It has won the championship of the Canadian Forces in England and has also beaten the English Heavyweight Champions. It is composed entirely of men of the 104th Battalion and all but one of them are P. E. Islanders.  
 Among the numerous trophies won by this team is a valuable cup, which belongs not to any individual member of the Team, but to the Team as a whole. It was found difficult to decide just what to do with the cup. Lieut. Robertson, Captain and coach of the Team having asked my advice, I took the liberty of suggesting that it be sent to you for safe keeping. "The boys come home." Knowing you as I do I was bold enough to promise on your behalf that you would take an interest in the matter, see that the cup was cared for and kept safe in some public place, the Council Chambers for instance, where it could be seen occasionally by those interested, so that, at the close of the war, the survivors of the team would know where the cup was and could make what arrangements might then seem to them wise concerning its further disposal.  
 My suggestion was accepted, and I understand that the cup, a photo of the team and a letter from its Captain have been sent to you. These will probably reach you about the time you get this letter.  
 I know that you must be a very busy man, but I feel confident you will find time to write to the Captain of the Team acknowledging the receipt of the Cup and expressing your willingness to undertake its care. It will give great satisfaction to a large number of the boys over here, who are very proud of the triumphs of the Team, to know that you have undertaken the guardianship of this hard-won trophy.

Yours Faithfully,  
 R. H. CAMPBELL,  
 Witley Camp,  
 Sept. 13, 1917.

Hon. A. E. Arsenault,  
 Dear Sir:—  
 On Monday last I mailed to you a Cup won by our Tug-of-War Team at Canadian Athletic Championship Meet held at Seaford, England August 11th.  
 I have also sent a photo of the Team to you, both of which I trust have received by now. I am sending it to you on suggestion of some of our Senior Officers, and would like you to keep it until such time as the members of the Team can care for it on return to Canada.

Yours sincerely,  
 A. S. ROBERTSON, LIEUT.,  
 104th Can. Batt.,  
 Capt. of Tug-of-War Team.

## NOT FOR SELFISH PROFIT

Sir.—In your report of a meeting of the Executive of the Central Farmers Institute held in Charlottetown a few days ago, signed by John H. Gill, Secretary, the following paragraph appears:

"It was further pointed out that the National Service Commission had sent men through the country asking the farmers to increase their production of potatoes and suggesting one dollar per bushel as a price that would probably be paid. The farmers responded and by strenuous efforts increased the acreage, bettered the cultivation and now 35c to 40c per bushel is being offered which will not nearly meet the cost of production."

In order to correct the misstatement herein contained I wish to state most emphatically that no suggestion whatever as to price of potatoes was ever put forward by the "National Service" organization. The appeal on behalf of increased production of food stuffs was made on higher ground than that of profit to the producer. To the man who sees only his own selfish interest, and the number of dollars and cents which may accrue to him through movements of this kind, it is not necessary to appeal from a patriotic standpoint. His cupidity will unconsciously lead him along. I am glad however, that my experience in connection with this campaign leaves me firmly convinced that in the great majority of cases those who made an effort to assist in speeding up production regarded the price as of secondary importance, and appreciate the fact that securing a plentiful supply of provisions is the fundamental need of the situation. In this connection as the farmers

are reported to "have responded and by strenuous efforts increased the acreage, bettered the cultivation" etc., why not carry the patriotic idea all the way through? By using our potatoes as much as possible in substitution for flour, beef, and bacon we can support the food control movement as ably placed before us by Dr. J. W. Robertson a few weeks ago. Thus can the fruit of our efforts for increased production by crystallized into real National Service.

I am Sir etc.  
 J. A. MacDonald,  
 Cardigan, October 1st, 1917.

## "THEM POOR FAKIRS"

\* Sir.—I went to the Exhibition. I didn't think at first I would go, I felt kind of tired. worked some at the hay, somewhere about 50 acres or so, and the harvest likewise, about 45 acres, and I saved every bit of it, one way or other, and I dug potatoes for the pigs and milked the cows and did some other trifles, and I was as I said before, a little tired.

But some told me I had better go. They said it would cheer me up, and all at once I thought of how, when I was young, what fun I used to have listening to them fakirs, to see how foolish they could talk, and how I used to think how funny it was that anybody thought they were the wise men from the East, and I thought how I would like to see them fakirs again.

So I went, and then there was the shadow of the war that everybody said would be there, and I thought now is my chance to see it. So I up and went. I walked, everybody didn't, some went in wagons, some went in automobiles very fast, they all passed me, but I was just behind a young couple who walked very slow and I reckon the people behind me were tired too, they went kind of slow also, so I was not flustered a bit and got there nice and cool and calm like, and the first thing I sees was them fakirs and it seemed so cheery and nice to see them again. It made me feel quite young and perky, but all at once I thought didn't I come without any money to give them. The old man, that is my old man, he had gone and bought a new churn and wasn't satisfied with that but he had to go and buy an engine, and when we were driving into town quite comfortable like I thought with the grey mare and a nice new wagon we got ten years ago last spring twelvemonth, didn't he say, "I have 50 dollars in my pocket" and I says now that is just what I want to get \$500.00 from them poor fakirs, with, and he says, "He isn't a swear man" but he up and says "Darn them fakirs, I am going to pay some on that churn and injin, and I am going to drive out to the Exhibition in an automobile if it costs me ten dollars." "But," I says, "No John Jones, no such extravagance for me, I'd sooner walk and give it to them poor fakirs who have no chance against a cruel fate, when by so doing it will help the Exhibition and likewise educate the people in the sound principles of economy and getting more to eat under the "shadow of the war."

But it was no use me talking. I could not convince John Jones, he is mighty set. So I had no money to give them poor fakirs so as I could get enough back to buy an automobile to save the expense of my old man going out in one next exhibition. Well after I looked at them fakirs

I looked for the shadow but I couldn't find it. It wasn't on the grandstand and I am certain it wasn't even on the fakirs. But then it was a very bright day and ever and anon as I would see a sweet child swinging a bright balloon I would think of those dear innocent faces somewhere in the world who picked up the loved play things and started out homeless on the bare road to nowhere, and when I would meet the bright hopeful face of a bonny lad I thought of "our boys" with gun set faces peering into the mysteries of eternity and a shadow would pass over my heart and I thought that maybe that is where the shadow lies in the hearts of this bright smiling throng, and as I gazed upon the faces of the fakirs I thought they too are human just like myself, and a great pity somehow shadowed everything and I thought:

\*\*\*\*\*  
 DAILY SELECTIONS FOR  
 GUARDIAN READERS  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Furnished by W. S. Louson,  
 \*\*\*\*\*

## WANTED A MAN!

What we lack and sorely need. For want of which we bleed, and bleed is men of a more Godly breed. — Honest men in highest places; Men whose nobler thought outpaces Thought of self, or power, or pelf; Men whose axes need no grinding; Men who are not always minding First their own concerns, and blinding Their souls' eyes to larger things; — Men of wide and Godly visions; Men of quick and wise decision; Men who shrink not at decision; — Men whose souls have wings. O for one such man amongst us, — One among the mobs that throng us, And for self-advance do wrong us, Him we would acclaim. — Hold in highest estimation, Reverence with consecration, As the saviour of the nation, Dower him with fame. Lord, now raise us such a man — Patriot, not partisan, — And complete Thy mighty plan!

I looked for the shadow but I couldn't find it. It wasn't on the grandstand and I am certain it wasn't even on the fakirs. But then it was a very bright day and ever and anon as I would see a sweet child swinging a bright balloon I would think of those dear innocent faces somewhere in the world who picked up the loved play things and started out homeless on the bare road to nowhere, and when I would meet the bright hopeful face of a bonny lad I thought of "our boys" with gun set faces peering into the mysteries of eternity and a shadow would pass over my heart and I thought that maybe that is where the shadow lies in the hearts of this bright smiling throng, and as I gazed upon the faces of the fakirs I thought they too are human just like myself, and a great pity somehow shadowed everything and I thought:

"Why can't these long-lost brothers and sisters of mine be given a chance to dig in and hoe out a bite for themselves to eat under the shadow of the war? Why are they kept here turning little wheels and doling out to cent pieces and cakes of soap to wealthy farmers, and shouting their poor threats hoarse when we are told nearly every day with little papers and books, I have an office or something

in the Red Cross. My old man is quite proud of it, but I don't get no pay. Yes, we are told in these little papers that these poor fakirs will have to go without anything to eat if they don't make something grow."

What a shame! I am sure I would let them help me rake the hay and dig potatoes and feed pigs, poor things. Now Mr. Editor you are a wise good soul the old man says, (he's a Tory), will you or some other kind body tell a poor old woman what you think about it. Do fakirs and horse races and such things give people more to eat under the shadow of the war? I am only an ignorant old woman who can only think and think and wonder and tremble under the shadow of the mysteries of life.  
 I am Sir, etc.,  
 WONDERING WOMAN.

FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH.—It is one of the chief recommendations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil that it can be used internally with as much success as it can outwardly. Sufferers from Asthma and Catarrh will find that the oil if used according to directions will give immediate relief. Many sufferers from these ailments have found relief in the oil and have sent testimonials.

## Fox Netting

If you Have Any Remodelling to do to your Ranch we would Advise you to get your Supply Now as it is Impossible for us to Obtain a Further Supply

**THE FOLLOWING ARE THE SIZES WE HAVE IN STOCK**

15 Rolls 2" Mesh, 14 Gauge, 24 inches wide.
4 Rolls 2" Mesh, 14 Gauge, 26 inches wide.
7 Rolls 2" Mesh, 14 Gauge, 48 inches wide.
13 Rolls 2" Mesh, 14 Gauge, 60 inches wide.
7 Rolls 2" Mesh, 14 Gauge, 72 inches wide.
10 Rolls 2" Mesh, 15 Gauge, 36 inches wide.
16 Rolls 2" Mesh, 15 Gauge, 48 inches wide.
13 Rolls 2" Mesh, 16 Gauge, 36 inches wide.
7 Rolls 2" Mesh, 16 Gauge, 36 inches wide.

PRICES ON APPLICATION

## The Rogers Hardware Co.

Wholesale & Retail

428-10-3M31

## Slightly Used 1917 Ford Car a Bargain

Purchased new in July this year. All four tires including non-skid on rear are new, never used. Owner changing for larger car. A bargain to a quick purchaser.

## W. K. Rogers

Charlottetown P. E. Island

123-9-19ML.

## Light Weight Overcoats Ready-To-Wear \$15.00 to \$24.00

A light weight overcoat is a most important part of a man's outfit—you wear it much more than a heavy one, and you wear it during the nicest seasons of the year—times when you feel like being well dressed.

You will really admire the new light overcoats we are showing. They are just the smartest and newest looking overcoats you have ever seen—and the prices—most reasonable—you'll say so too when you see them.

And about the fit, well we have been fitting clothes for many years, and we know how to do it right, and we'll not let one of these overcoats go out until it fits perfectly. Our tailoring department is right here to make the changes—and no extra cost to you.

## MacLELLAN BROS.

153 QUEEN ST.

## NEAT GOOD FITTING GAITERS

We have an excellent showing of all styles of leggins and overgaiters Women's white, black, tan, fawn, blue and grey 8 and 10 buttons, also a good assortment of Misses' and children's leggins in black and fawn, cloth, red and brown corduroy Women's stout ankle gaiter in black

## GOFF BROS