

THE Charlottetown Guardian

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AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

The disaster in the North Sea, reported in our despatches yesterday, by which three British cruisers were sunk by German torpedoes, while a sore blow, was after all, only an incident of the war, such an incident as might well have been expected, such an incident as we may expect yet again before this war comes to an end.

The effect of the incident will not by any means be to strike terror or dismay into the hearts of Britons. On the contrary it will serve only to intensify the determination that has characterized them since the war began, to rid Europe and the world, once for all, of the curse of German militarism that has loosed this calamitous scourge upon the world.

The incident will have its lessons too, dearly bought, it is true, but lessons that must be brought home to every Briton. One of them is that we are fighting a subtle, resourceful and powerful enemy who will stop at nothing to accomplish his purpose and that purpose is the downfall of the British Empire. In bringing about the war, Germany trampled upon sacred national treaties; in carrying on the war she has trampled upon international war regulations, sowing the open sea with mines. She knows the strength of the British Navy, knows the comparative weakness of her own and will use every device that ingenuity can suggest to supplement her weakness. She cannot fight Britain in open fight on the open sea and she knows it and will not try it. Yesterday's despatches tell of her first success in striking treacherously. We have no doubt that the eagerness of the British ships to engage her forts or her ships was the prime cause of the disaster and that greater caution will be observed henceforth. Nor have we any doubt that British strategy, British pluck and British strength will win out in the end.

WAR'S DEADLY WEAPON

The sinking of the three British cruisers by torpedos in the North Sea last Tuesday demonstrated the deadliness of this modern engine of war, and shows that the German type is, if not as effective as the British, at least sufficiently effective to make it a serious menace in the waiting game that is now being played in the North Sea.

It will be interesting in view of what has occurred, to know what manner of implement the torpedo is:

Most people have some idea of what a torpedo is and what it looks like. They know that it is shaped like a cigar, that it is charged with a high explosive, and that when it strikes the object at which it is aimed, it explodes. They know that this cigar-shaped object, a few yards in length, and less than two feet in diameter, is capable of destroying the biggest battleship, and sending to the bottom of the sea a thousand men and a fighting machine which has cost \$10,000,000. These things are known to everybody, but as to the construction of these deadliest weapons of naval warfare, the wonderful mechanism which sends them driving through the water at tremendous speed on their errand of destruction, the ingenious contrivance by which they are kept going straight upon their course, turning neither to the right nor to the left, the ordinary person has only the haziest notion.

The length of a torpedo is from 15 to 18 feet, and those used in the British Navy are of three sizes—14 inches, 18 inches and 21 inches in diameter. It has a very blunt head and at the tail are the twin propellers which drive it, while just in front of these are horizontal and vertical fins fitted with rudders, which, actuated by the internal mechanism, keep the weapon straight and at a proper depth when running.

The head, in war time, contains the explosive charge of gun-cotton, built up in sections to fit inside. This gun-cotton explodes on impact by means of an appliance fitted in the nose of the torpedo, while a safety device prevents the head being exploded until the weapon has travelled a certain distance after leaving the torpedo tube.

Behind the head are respectively the air chamber, the balance chamber, the buoyancy chamber and the "tail." The first three containing the intricate machinery which drives the propeller at the tail, keeps the torpedo in a given direction and at a given depth. The cost of the machine is from \$3,000 to \$4,000 and in peace times at practice are fished up after being fired.

The latest 18-inch torpedo has a speed of 35 knots for about 1,000 yards, but even this is not great enough for use from destroyers which can steam at 36 knots. The weapon supplied to all the latest battleships, cruisers, and torpedo boat destroyers, therefore, is 21 inches in diameter, and has a speed of 43 knots for a distance of 1,000 yards, and 28 knots or so for 4,000. The effective range, however, is 7,000 yards, or roughly three and a half miles, and the explosive charge consists of 250 lb. of gun-cotton—one of the most powerful explosives known.

The interior of the torpedo as may well be imagined is a maze of complicated machinery, for the weapon has to be fitted with appliances which will insure its running at a certain depth maintaining its straight course and travelling at a known speed for a certain distance.

In large vessels, such as battleships and cruisers, torpedoes are fired from submerged or under water tubes by means of compressed air; but in small craft such as torpedo boats, destroyers, scouts, and third-class cruisers, they are discharged from a tube on deck by means of a small powder charge which is sufficient to throw the weapon clear of the ship's side. Even in the short space of time torpedoes have been in existence, they have achieved very great results in several naval engagements and wars and the Japanese torpedo craft during the Russo-Japanese War were able to sink or destroy several ships through their use. They are now even more effective weapons, owing to their increased range, speed, and destructive power.

All large vessels in our Navy are supplied with a great number of quick-firing guns for use in driving off of hostile torpedo craft, but as there are circumstances under which a torpedo boat or destroyer might be able to slip in unobserved, all our large battleships and first-class cruisers are supposed to be fitted with torpedo nets. These nets are of steel wire, and when not in use, are kept rolled up on a shelf running round the ship. When it is required to place

them in position, they are swung out on a number of steel booms and form a species of curtain about thirty feet distant from the ship and extending from the water to about twenty or twenty-five feet below it. These nets, however, are by no means infallible, and the best means of protection against torpedo attack is undoubtedly a very heavy gun fire which will sink the attacking craft before she gets within effective range. This, for some reason yet unknown to us, was not applied on the occasion referred to in the North Sea.

FOOD INSPECTION

The need of proper food inspection, not only for the safeguarding of human life but for the safeguarding of the next dearest thing, the human pocket book, has again been emphasized in Charlottetown. A gentleman, whose word can be taken unquestioningly, informed us yesterday that he had purchased, at one of the regular meat stores, and at the regular top price, a piece of corned beef, which, outwardly looked all right. When a portion of this meat was being cooked for dinner the odor became such that the household was obliged to retire to the open until the cook could dispose of the remains. There was no dinner that day. The remainder of the original purchase was taken back to the vendor and an explanation demanded. The vendor refused to explain and refused also to make restitution. The purchaser, financially, was able to stand the loss of his dinner, but there are many who are not so situated and who could ill afford to stand either. In any case the thing should not be possible in a city like Charlottetown. The victim in this case is well known and thoroughly reliable. He charitably withheld the name of the dealer but we have no doubt would disclose it if in the interest of a saner and more equitable regulation for the sale of food.

FIREPROOFING CLOTHING

Parents are constantly enjoined not to allow children to play with fire or with matches. This is particularly true after a shocking accident has occurred by which a child is seriously or fatally burned, a house destroyed or when anyone of the many accidents occur which are easily possible under all circumstances and with the most careful of parents.

Following an unusually large number of fatal accidents among children, caused by playing with matches or around fires, Dr. Pabst of New York urged the use of a cheap fireproof solution on the clothing of little children and on the curtains and hangings with which those children come in contact. Ammonium phosphate is as easy to procure as common salt, save that you buy it at the druggist's instead of at the grocer's. A pound of it, which should cost about a quarter, dissolved in a gallon of water, will serve to treat the clothing of all the children in most families. Clothing so treated will burn slowly enough to avoid fatal results.

Better keep children away from fire than let them play with it, but as the hospital records prove that not all children can be kept away, the protection of the clothing of those who may elude parents' vigilance is an added precaution which may save lives.

The precaution is a simple and inexpensive one and should be given a trial. It is always the unexpected that happens and prevention in every case is better than cure.

NOTES

Sienkiewicz, the great Polish novelist, most familiar to our people as author of "Quo Vadis," has issued an appeal asking the Poles to fight on the side of Russia and has been clapped into prison by the Austrians for doing so.

Hans Leuss, the writer of an article in a Berlin newspaper, "Die Welt am Montag," has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for insulting Crown Prince Frederick William. The editor of the paper was acquitted. The article was entitled "William the Last" and said among other things that the Crown Prince in sending his telegram of congratulations to Col. von Reuter, the commander of the troops at Zabern at the time of the trouble there, was the best advocate of Republicanism in Germany. It also declared that the Crown Prince was propagating republicanism when he made his farewell address to the Death's Head Hussars at the time he was transferred from Potsdam to Berlin. The writer also said that it would be a public misfortune if the crown Prince was called on now to ascend the throne.

Approximately one and one-half million unnaturalized foreigners more than twenty-one years of age, natives of warring European nations, are in the United States according to the latest reports of the Census Bureau. Most of these undoubtedly are liable to military duty and many of them have gone forward to join the armies. Including women and children, there were 3,865,478 foreignborn persons in the United States who came from nations at war. That is about one-tenth of the entire population of the United States. The nations of the triple entente and Belgium could call upon 792,068 of their countrymen in the United States for military duty, while Germany and Austria-Hungary could call 650,952. These unnaturalized foreigners over twenty-one years were divided: Great Britain and Ireland, 179,626; Canada, 150,718; Russia and Finland, 418,428; France 16,606; and Belgium, 8,691. On the other side, Germany had 127,103 and Austria-Hungary 523,859.

We must not forget for a moment that while the British Fleet holds its present absolute command of the narrow seas, every week, whether matters are lively or not, is as damaging to Germany as the loss of a battle. It is certain that this and the Russian advance fill her with a desperate fear, rousing the methods of furious brutality which nothing else can explain. We may be pretty sure that in spite of the example of the Goeben, that the German Navy will sooner or later try to solve its problem with the suddenness and force of its great model German Army. Then, though the conditions are far more disadvantageous for our enemy than on land, we shall have big work in settling once for all, as we hope, the mastery of the sea for duration of the war. Till then it behooves us to speak very quietly even about an affair like the brilliant little action near Heligoland, which strongly suggests that the spirit and skill of the Navy have known no decay since Nelson's time and are unsurpassable in the world.

Says Collier's:—"Americans do not dislike Germans. They like them. So far as there is any discrimination at all among the elements that make up our population, the Germans are probably the most popular, with possibly one exception. A good many German-Americans are unhappy for the moment because they think they are not appreciated in the country where they have set up their homes—the country to which they have given their affection. They are quite wrong, and there is no need for them to be unhappy. Just now Americans generally are against the Kaiser for two reasons: on a moral issue, the cynical violation of Belgian neutrality, and because at the outset Americans felt a strong sympathy for the smaller dog in the fight—little Belgium. We can readily conceive an alignment, a few years from now, in which American sympathies might be with Germany as against her present enemies—just as was the case sixteen years ago when American sympathies were violently on the side of the Dutch in South Africa as against the British."

TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE FIGHTING LINES ON LAND AND ON SEA

The soldiers' stories today tell of the fierce fighting which the British troops had to do in the opening engagements of the fighting in Belgium, and are as full of human interest as any yet published.

Speaking at a recruiting meeting at Llanberis, Carnarvonshire, Colonel the Hon. Richard Stapleton Cotton stated that he had just received a letter from his son-in-law, Sir Philip Chetwode, the cavalry leader, in which he said: "We have been fighting without ceasing for ten days. We have had no rest, and we have been fighting with odds of five to one against us. We have been through the Uhlans like brown paper, but we must have men."

LOST HIS BUTTERFLY

According to the Sussex Daily News, a private of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, with Irish pluck, did not mind the hurt of a sharp wound in his left arm, but deeply repined that it had taken off a tattooed butterfly, which had long been his pride and joy. He consoles himself with the elaborate tattoo on the other arm—"But the looke of that butterfly I shall never see again," is his sad reflection. The same Munster man, with the delicious brogue, has another source of regret: it is that his particular little skirmish took place so early in the combat. "The others will have the best of it who are in at the death," says he.

AN AVALANCHE OF MEN

A wounded corporal in a letter says: It looked as if we were going to be snowed under. The mass of men that came at us was an avalanche of every one of us must have been simply trodden to death and not killed by bullets or shells when our cavalry charged into them on the left wing, not 500 yards from the trench I was in, and cut them up. Our lads did the rest, but the shells afterwards laid low a lot of them.

DON'T LIKE BAYONETS

The following is an extract from a letter received by a gardener from his son: You complained last year of the swarms of wasps that destroyed your fruit. Well, dad, they were certainly not larger in number than the Germans who came for us. The bayonets at them, a young lieutenant, I don't know his name, was one of the coolest men I have ever seen, and didn't he encourage our chaps! I saw him bring down a couple of Germans who were leading half a company.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

A non-commissioned officer of the Buffs said: No regiment fought harder than we did, and no regiment has better officers, who went shoulder to shoulder with their men, but you can't expect absolute impossibilities to be accomplished, no matter how brave the boys are, when you are fighting a force twenty to thirty times as strong. If some of you at home who have spoken sneeringly of British officers could have seen how they handled their men and shirked nothing you would be ashamed of yourselves. We are all determined when fit again to return and get off our own back.

A DRAMATIC RESCUE

Private G. Moody, writing from Bristol Royal Infirmary to his parents at Crofton road, Beckenham, says:

I was at Mons in the trenches in the firing-line for twenty-four hours, and my regiment was ordered to help the French on the right. Poor old A Company was left to occupy the trenches and to hold them whatever might happen, they were not to leave them. There were about 250 of us, and the Germans came on, and as fast as we knocked them over they took their places.

Well, out of 250 men only eighty were left, and we had to surrender. They took away everything, and we were lined up to be shot, so as to be no trouble to them. Then the cavalry from the French made a charge, and the Germans were cut down like grass. We got away, and wandered about all night, never knowing if we were walking into our chaps or the Germans. After walking about some time we found a hole in the ground, and were drinking water that had been poisoned, and then we were put into some motor-wagons and taken to Amiens.

"THEY HAVE NO PITY"

Sapper H. Magridge, R. E., writes to his mother at Uckfield:

We met the Germans at Landreocles on Sunday. We had a fifteen-hour battle. It was terrible. There were 120,000 Germans and only 20,000 of us. But our men fought well. We blew up six bridges. Laid our charges in the afternoon, and the whole time we were doing that were not hit. After we had got everything ready we got back into cover and waited until 1.30 on Monday morning, and our troops had got back over the river, and then we blew up the bridges. We retired about thirty miles. The town where we stopped on Sunday was a beautiful place, but the Germans destroyed it. Close to where I was a church had been used as a hospital and our wounded were coming by the dozens. But terrible to say, the Germans blew the place up. They have no pity. They kill our wounded and drive the people before them.

SAVED BY HIS HORSE

A young artilleryman writes as follows to his wife at Sheerness, the letter appearing in the Bristol Times and Mirror. The writer went out to the front as a bombardier, and was promoted sergeant on the field. I am the only one left out of my battery; we were thrown into the enemy on Wednesday at Le Cateau. We have been out here twenty-eight days all told, and have been through the five engagements. I have nothing; only the jacket I stand up in—no boots or putties, as I was left for dead. But my horse was shot, and not me. He

SAVING THE GUNS AT MONS

Private Levy, a young Jewish member of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, who has been invalided home, writes to the Leeds Mercury:—"We were sent up to the firing line to try and save a battery. When we got there we found that they were nearly all killed or wounded. Our Irish lads opened fire on the dirty Germans, and you should have seen them fall. It was like a game of skittles. But as soon as you knocked them down up came another thousand or so. We could not make out where they came from. So all of a sudden, our officer of the Hussars, I think he was nexted bayoneted and went like fire through them. You should have seen them run!"

"We had two companies of ours there against about 3,000 of theirs, and I tell you it was warm. I was not sorry when night-time came, but that was not all. You see, we had no horses to get those guns away, and our chaps would not leave them.

"We dragged them ourselves to the place of safety. As the firing line was at full swing we had with us an officer of the Hussars. I think he was next to me, and he had his hand nearly blown off by one of the German shells. So I and two more fellows picked him up and took him to a place of safety, where he got his wound cared for. I heard afterwards that he had been sent home, poor fellow."

WITH THE ZOUAVES

In the Leeds Mercury is printed the young French Zouave, to a friend in Leeds:—"Our Zouaves have had a famous

and furious charge with the tirailleurs Algeriens (our black men) against the heavy Prussian Royal Guard. Our regiment has suffered a great deal, as their charge was so furious that they chucked the enemy up to the north of Charleroi.

"I have been wanting to rejoin my regiment in Belgium, but the answer is always 'Afterwards, when we do not require you here.' I told them I would run away and go by myself to rejoin, as I knew where they are—the rest of them anyway. We have many thousands dead already.

"If I had gone with my regiment in the first days of that great battle at Charleroi I should not be here writing this, as nearly all my company were killed by the quick-firing guns near a wood. Only about fifteen of them escaped with little injury. The officers and under-officers were all shot, but they were avenged by two other companies of the 5th Battalion, who got the Maxim and big artillery guns."

FALL EXCURSIONS TO MONTREAL

Montreal is always a city of interest and especially so in early autumn when the weather is enjoyable, the many stores crowded with seasonal novelties, and the places of amusement in full swing. A visit there at this time of year cannot be otherwise than enjoyable, and with the very low fares prevailing on the Intercolonial Railway in connection with the annual fall excursions, the round trip can be made more cheaply than at any other time. On September 17, 18, and 19, the round trip fare from Charlottetown will be \$17.35, tickets good for return October 5th. On Oct. 1, 2, and 3, the same rates will prevail with the return limit October 19th. Travellers from the Maritime Provinces have the choice of two of the finest trains on the continent, the "Ocean Limited" and the "Maritime Express," both renowned for the excellence of their sleeping and dining car service. 5663-9-21M561.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR READERS OF THE GUARDIAN

Furnished by W. S. Lousen

LIVE IN SUNSHINE. Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom. Carry some gladness the world to illumine.

Live in the brightness and take this to heart. The world will be gay, if you'll do your part.

Live on the house-top, not down in the cell; Open-air Christians live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are, and, scoring defeat. Have a good morrow for all when you meet.

Live as the victor, and triumphing go. Through this queer world, beating down every foe.

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you! Live as the robins and sing the day through. —Margaret E. Sangster.

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