

THE Charlottetown Guardian

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SLANDER BY INNUENDO

The Patriot not satisfied with misrepresenting the Guardian, boldly misquotes Shakespeare in its yesterday's issue. We can easily understand why we should be made to say what was farthest from our thoughts, but what has the Immortal William, or Lady Macbeth, done to our contemporary to deserve mangling and misquotation in its columns?

Having set out with the intention of making party capital, at a time of dire Imperial crisis, out of a Temperance sermon, the Patriot, when brought to book has no reply to offer, and descends to abuse. There we leave it, satisfied that its vituperation, misrepresentation, and misquotation of Shakespeare will not do much to rehabilitate it in the good opinion of its more thoughtful and intelligent readers.

Rev. Mr. Littlejohns sends us a letter in further explanation of his remarks on the enforcement of the Prohibition Act. It will be seen from his letter published in this issue that the sermon did not bear the interpretation which the Patriot and its informant sought to put upon it. Mr. Littlejohns indignantly dissociates himself from political intrigue and expresses his regret that capital is being made out of his remarks for party purposes. We are confident that Mr. Littlejohns had no ulterior motive in the matter, that he acted conscientiously in what he considered the public interest. But what we should like to know is: Who supplied Mr. Littlejohns with the statement he quoted from? Who misinformed him about the attitude of the Press on the subject? and who rushed to the Patriot with a garbled account of his sermon?

As there has been a slanderous propaganda about the attitude of the Press and the attitude of the Government on this question, it would be well to have a satisfactory reply to these questions that the slanderer or slanderers be laid by the heels.

So far as the Guardian is concerned it has never refused to publish the terms of any resolution passed by any responsible body on the subject of prohibition, notwithstanding anything that may be said by the Patriot or anybody else. What we have done, and what we will continue to do, is to refuse to publish general condemnatory reports supplied us by disgruntled politicians for the purpose of gratifying their personal spite. Such reports are not in the public interest nor in the interest of the Temperance cause.

The Government has nothing to fear in its temperance record. Never has a Government done more for the strengthening of the Prohibition Act, never has a Government done more for its enforcement. True, a great deal still remains to be done, and a great deal more could be done, were the public to support the hands of the Government. But when we find politicians caring more for party advantage, than the public weal, when we find disgruntled politicians making use of temperance organizations and church courts merely to further their particular interests and vent their petty spleen, we know it is not the moral welfare of the community they have at heart, whatever their pretensions may be.

Now we are anxious, and we are sure our readers are anxious, to see the statement from which Mr. Littlejohns quoted. We understand it is a document that has played an important part in leading the Presbytery and other meetings to adopt resolutions adversely criticizing the Government. Why not publish it now? If it be such a dreadful revelation of the alleged laxity of the Government, surely it is in the public interest, in the interest of public morals, and in the interest of temperance and prohibition that it should see the light of day, without a moment's delay. If it be sufficiently reliable and authoritative to submit to the Presbytery, to individual clergymen, and to public meetings throughout the country, in order to enable them to form an opinion, it surely should not be withheld from the Press, which could give it all the publicity it deserves.

Let us have it, or let there be an end for ever to this slander by innuendo, suggestion and open allegation—when there is no representative of the Press in attendance.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE

The British public at home, like the British Tommy Atkins in the trenches, are not wholly given up to anxiety concerning the war. There is time for recreation and amusement as well as for business. Even the literary men are not all engaged in writing war stories and a United States lady who recently returned from London remarked on the, to her, strangeness of the fact that in none of the theatres was there a war play running, although war was the paramount topic.

The most popular books are the humorous and even the staid old newspapers are cracking more jokes than usual. It is, perhaps, nature's antidote to the depression resulting from the constant perusal of war news and the constant dwelling on war's horrors, and a good antidote it is.

We learn from occasional scraps of war news that in the intervals of fighting and dodging shells the British Tommies occupy their time largely in playing such games as may be suited to their not always comfortable surroundings and, when on the march, make the welkin ring with their singing. In this way they keep up their courage and their pluck and thus, care-free for a while, are better able to cope with the difficulties and the dangers when they meet them.

The stolid German, on the other hand, doesn't know a joke from a cannon ball; they take the whole thing in all its seriousness and if the reports from their trenches are to be relied upon the constant strain is driving them mad and incapacitating them physically as well as mentally.

In book loving England at present the most popular book is one entitled "Recollections of an Irish Judge;

Press, Bar and Parliament" by Judge McDonald Bodkin, K. C., of which it is said that although we have heard of humorous Judges, certainly no Judge has ever packed so many facetiae into the square foot of print as in this breezy volume of reminiscence.

Anecdotes of all manner of persons from the King of Connaught (the author is a Galway man) to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Marten Harvey meet one in bewildering succession.

On the whole, the legal atmosphere predominates, and the Dublin Courts provide a fine budget of anecdotes. Here is one of a well-known but eccentric counsel:—

"Will you kindly tell me," the Judge broke out, "if you have any authority for your contention?"

Counsel was at once startled into directness. "Yes, my Lord, the point has been expressly decided by your Lordship's Court."

"Decided by this Court? Why did you not mention that before? Was the Court constituted then as now?"

Old Fraser laid his brief on the table, adjusted his spectacles, and looking the bewildered Judge solemnly in the face he addressed him in tones of supernatural gravity: "No, my Lord. Since the not distant day when the momentous decision was pronounced, two of your Lordship's venerable and venerated predecessors on that seat of justice have departed from the scene of terrestrial sorrow to regions of heavenly glory. There, seated on thrones of gold, and clad in robes of spotless white, they sing everlasting hallelujahs in a never-ending chorus, which blissful society, I trust, it will be long before your Lordship is called upon to join."

No less generous a gift of rhetoric was that of the late Judge Webb, who, as counsel, once applied, on behalf of Peter Mulligan, for a license for a public house:—

"He is very young for so responsible a position," quoth the Recorder.

Dr. Webb instantly rose to the occasion: "My Lord," he said, "Alexander the Great at twenty-two years of age had crushed the Illyrians and razed the City of Thebes to the ground, had crossed the Hellespont at the head of the army, had conquered Darius with a force of millions in the defiles of Issus and brought the great Persian Empire under his sway. At twenty-three Rene Descartes evolved a new system of philosophy. At twenty-four Pitt was Prime Minister of the British Empire, on whose dominions the sun never sets. At twenty-four Napoleon overthrew the enemies of the Republic with a whiff of grape shot in the streets of Paris, and is it now to be judicially decided that at twenty-five my client, Peter Mulligan, is too young to manage a public-house in Capel-street?"

The license was hurriedly granted.

In his Parliamentary reminiscences the author treads on more familiar ground, but he writes of what he has seen with an alertness which persuades one that he shares the opinion of the late Mr. Bigger, who, when asked if he never went to the theatre, said, this is better than any theatre, mister. It is all real here Judge Bodkin was an enthusiastic Gladstonian, and here is a little story which we would not willingly miss:—

Standing at the door of the House one day I noticed that a small patch of the lattice-work of dull brass shone like burnished gold. Some time afterwards I asked an attendant if he could explain the reason.

"That," said he, "is the place where Mrs. Gladstone sits to watch the Grand Old Man whenever he has a big speech to make. She rests one hand on the grating and the friction, as you see, has worn it bright."

The book contains neither high politics nor deep law, but as a contribution to the gaiety of the nation it deserves the most honourable mention. In these anxious and pre-occupied days its entertaining pages are doubly welcome.

GERMAN WAR LEVIES

In previous issues we have explained how Germany lays toll on every city she takes possession of. Her custom is upon entering a city or town to seize the Mayor and one or two leading citizens and hold them ransom till the "war contribution" is paid. A limit is set and should the money or its equivalent be not forthcoming within the time specified the "securities" are liable to be executed.

The following are the levies which have been imposed and collected from France and Belgium so far:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Amount. Includes Antwerp (\$100,000,000), Brussels (40,000,000), Leige (10,000,000), Louvain (20,000), Province of Brabant (90,000,000), Lille (1,400,000), Valenciennes (210,000), Amiens (200,000), Roubaix and Tourcoing (200,000), Lens (140,000), Armentieres (100,000). Total: \$242,270,000.

WAR'S LESSONS

A noted English writer, under the title, Some Reflections on the War, said that one of the mistakes we have made is the assumption that civilization rested upon material and educational conditions. If a country possessed well-built towns, united by adequate railways, and the towns were lit by electric light, and the School Board was competent, and the decencies were observed, at least publicly, we counted that country as enjoying the "blessings" of civilization. The inhabitants of Berlin enjoyed all these privileges and many more. The Belgian peasant enjoyed not so many. Yet we have had the fact remarkably thrust upon our notice that the Belgian is comparably more civilized than the German.

This war, terrible though it is, is leading us to put a surer touchstone to the mental and spiritual products of civilization. When it is over we shall start again, with renewed zeal, upon our programmes of social reform, but if we are wise we shall not be satisfied with anything that does not go to the roots of character and of honor. For the rest we hope that out of its present baptism of blood and fire a new Europe shall arise. Those who are falling in the conflict against tyranny and aggression are purchasing with their death freedom for nations yet unborn. Progress has ever come by the stern road of sacrifice and the "blood of the martyrs" has ever been the "seed of the church."

NOTES

Straws show which way the wind blows, and two inconspicuous items of the week's news from Berlin may yet prove to be significant:—1. The Minister of War "impresses upon all" the necessity of searching the battlefield for "unexpended ammunition and empty cartridge cases." 2. The authorities have commandeered engraved musical-plates "for the sake of the metal." Economy is always and everywhere a virtue, but it is generally practiced by the hard-up.

INTERESTING BUDGET FROM SALISBURY PLAINS

The following letter has been written especially for the Guardian and will be of great interest to all:—

Dear sirs:—Knowing with what interest you follow the operations of the Canadian Contingent, I thought you would be glad to hear from a member of it. Doubtless your readers will have heard concerning our voyage across the Atlantic and the reception given us by the English people. But may a few words from a reader of the Guardian be acceptable?

The trip across the ocean was a pleasant experience for the Canadian Contingent. The weather was ideal, and consequently the water was quite smooth. Too much praise cannot be given to the Canadian Government for the fine accommodation given to the troops; so good was it that we most regret that we were on war service. The food was good and in sufficient quantity. While the regular sleeping bunks were used instead of hammocks, that are generally used on troop ships.

Nineteen days on the water without even a glimpse of a German boat often gave rise to the question "Where is the Kaiser's navy?" Appropriately could we gather around the piano to sing "Rule Britannia" Britannia rules the Waves." Is there today another nation that could, in these perilous times, land safely, and without any resistance 33,000 men on the other side of the Atlantic?

Day after day came and went without us knowing to what port we were sailing; but on October 14th we caught the first glimpse of Old England, and those green fields stretching before our vision filled us with admiration and gratitude. With hearts full of anticipation we entered into Plymouth Sound. But, it was not before the strains of the bagpipes and the words of "O Canada" had reached the ears of those on land, that the people of Plymouth, in Devon, knew that something special was happening and that the Canadian Contingent were entering their gates. Hundreds of people rushed to the wharves to witness the greatest event in the history of Plymouth, or of Devonport.

Sunset found us anchored in mid-stream near by Devonport. Small steamers loaded down with men and women came alongside to greet us. Later the Mayor of Plymouth came on board and extended to the officers of the different regiments a hearty welcome to their Motherland. The Mayor sailed on the S. S. Moganatic, which was about the third boat to pull into the wharf. By 7 p. m. all the troops had left her decks. Other boats had unloaded before us and thousands of troops had marched through Devonport and Plymouth enroute to the various railway depots. By whom we preceded them, we found the English people had not grown tired seeing Canadians, for the streets were crowded, scarcely room enough being left to march double file. Every window in the shops and houses seemed filled with eager spectators. This continuer far into the night.

Words of cheer rang loud, and gifts of apples, chocolates, cigarettes, etc., were given by the grateful throng. Someone from the side would shout "Are we downhearted?" to which hundreds of troops would answer "No!" "It's a long long way to Tipperary" was the favorite song on this occasion and it can be heard most every night in the tents, after the men have gathered in, having drilled hard all day or been on route march. Patriotic songs like "The Maple Leaf Forever," "God Save the King," Canada and the Marseillaise filled the air. When such a reception were the troops greeted that they soon began to think that the Canadians were precious things in England!

A two mile march brought us to the entraining depot, from which we were to go by rail some 150 miles to the various railway stations lying nearest the camping ground. Passing through the various towns along the way, even in very small hours of the morning, we saw hundreds of people out to catch a glimpse of the Canadians and to cast words of welcome. When we reached the entraining depot at 4.30 a. m., we at once proceeded to Salisbury Plains some nine miles away, reaching there at 6 in the morning.

Salisbury Plains are about sixteen miles square, and are not level, but rolling, with here and there a planted wood, planted to shelter the heads of cattle and the flocks of sheep, which are watched over by the cowboys and shepherds. This makes an ideal spot for the work the troops are now doing. And the warm weather makes this work a pleasure.

To a large number of the Contingent this is their first experience in the Motherland, and the experience is a most pleasant one. The people are very kind and fully realize the mission that has caused us to leave behind love ones and homelands. The country is very beautiful; made so by carefully trimmed hedges, by magnificent ornamental trees, and by pretty groves or maps. Nestled in many of these groves and surrounded by thorn hedges are old stone houses, many of which are dilapidated roofs. To the native and born Canadian these are wonderful fascinations. The roads are made of white cement, and at the crossing of the ways, are placed finger boards directing to the nearest towns on these roads. It would not be just to close this letter without writing a word concerning the work of the Y. M. C. A. among the troops. For Y. M. C. A. leaders have been appointed to accompany the contingent, and they have organized an organization. Its work consists in supplying the men with writing materials, and literature to be distributed among the men. Buildings have been erected which are provided with tables and chairs. Here the men gather at night to write and to join in the song services. A song book entitled "Songs for the Soldiers" has been given each man and consists of hymns and patriotic songs. Every night the men gather in the Y. M. C. A. building to join in these songs. The evening always ends in a religious meeting, and many have taken a stand for the Right. Last night I joined in a testimony meeting, and it was good to hear men-soldiers expressing their trust in a loving Father. The troops speak very encouragingly about the Y. M. C. A. and its work, because they realize the necessary place it is filling in the camp's life.

On Sunday, Oct. 25th, inspection of the troops was held by Lord Roberts, who spoke very highly of the Canadian Contingent and gave us many

OLOF NOHOUR

Sir,—It appears to me that the honor roll published by you of our Island boys at the front is far from being complete, as it does not include those who have enlisted from other points throughout Canada and probably the United States. I therefore make the suggestion that you insert a coupon in several issues of your paper and ask all parents and relatives of volunteers who have enlisted outside the Province to send in their names. This process could be carried out after each contingent had left for the front and published as soon as possible. When the war is over the whole list of men who served either overseas or in home (Canada) could be published in pamphlet form to be handed down as an inspiration to future generations.

This course is only fair to those who are mourning the absence of one dear to them, and besides, I think, the information might open the eyes of many of our citizens who preach that they do not practice, viz., sacrifice either sons, service or cash.

It would also be well to have the names of all Island ladies who go on service as nurses.

I am, Sir, MILITIAMAN. Charlottetown, 7th Nov., 1914.

REV. MR. LITTLEJOHNS EXPLAINS

Sir,—I notice in this morning's editorial you make reference to my statements made last Sunday evening and also to my answer to your enquiry as to my authority for the statements made. In fairness to all concerned, I would be obliged if you would make clear the following points:

1. Only a small fraction of my sermon dealt with the enforcement of the prohibition law, and really dealt more with the enforcement of the penalties, than with the securing of convictions.

2. It was by no means an attack merely a statement of fact involving a few officials. I was most careful to point out to my congregation that I had no political bias in these matters. That it caused me much regret in having to give the facts, and that I knew none of the gentlemen named, I felt simply my duty, along with every righteous man, to condemn any persons, irrespective of party or creed, who chose to hinder the enforcement of the liquor law.

3. I notice you are careful to emphasize in large type my reference to the publication of the facts referred to. Now, in fairness to all concerned, the words emphasized convey an entirely erroneous impression. These words were but part of a sentence and constitute but half the truth. What I did say was "That it would not be surprising if the report is completed I understand it will be submitted to the press or publication." These words, I think, convey the right impression of what I wished to say.

I deeply regret that through a misunderstanding I so unwittingly cast a reflection upon the press of Charlottetown, and apologise for doing so. I also regret to see that capital is being made out of other remarks for party purposes. We are all aware that the temperance question, although a moral one, is also a political one, and no one recognizes the fact so well as the "Liquor Interests." I was, however, very careful to point out on Sunday evening that we must differentiate between political questions and party politics. I may be dubbed a "political parson" but no one can accuse me of being a political parson of any one party, for no my mind one party is quite as capable as another of enforcing the prohibition law. I trust these few remarks may clear away any misunderstanding in the mind of the public.

I am, sir, etc., FRANK H. LITTLEJOHNS

RECOVER BODY OF STORSTAD OFFICER.

MONTREAL, Nov. 8.—Peter Johnson, chief engineer of the collier Storstad, which sent the Empress of Ireland to the bottom of the St. Lawrence in May last, was drowned on Wednesday night, when he slipped from a gangway.

Late on Wednesday night Johnson started to go ashore from the Storstad, which was unloading coal at Windmill point, missed his foothold and fell into the water of the basin. At 4 o'clock next morning the ship's officers found that the engineer was missing. Constable Barry, of the Young street police station, recovered the body yesterday afternoon, and it was taken to the morgue, where an inquest was held.

"Tiz" will relieve your feet of that tired, aching or burning feeling—cures corns, bunions and callouses. Try Tiz, you will be pleased with the results. Price 25c. The Two Macs, 149 Great George Street.

Words of encouragement. We notice that the men of the Dominion are willingly responding to the call for more volunteers. Canada is nobly doing her part at this time of the Empire's need; and born Prince Edward Island play a large part now in the call to duty, as it has always done in the past. England needs men of a high type of character, and no Canadian Province can better fill the need than our own "Garden of the Gulf."

Sincerely, ROBERT E. HORNE, Clearing Hospital.

"Try Scott's Emulsion for that cold. For years it has been curing the severest cases of coughs and colds—it will cure yours. Price 50c. bottle. The Two Macs, 149 Great George Street, mtf

General Patriotic Call to the People of Prince Edward Island

The Finance Committee of the Prince Edward Island Branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund urgently request that all denations to this most worthy object should be given or sent to Mr. H. W. Binning, Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown, before Wednesday the eighteenth instant. Payment may be made in instalments extending over any reasonable period, to suit the convenience of the contributor. All donations will be well acknowledged through the Press.

"HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY"

Sir W. W. Sullivan, President
A. A. Bartlett, Secretary

ON WAY HOME FROM HUDSON BAY graphic survey work in Hudson Bay and Straights. This year the party worked at Port Nelson east along the south coast of the bay and then in Hudson Straights. A large wireless message from the steamer part of these northern waters which was just off Belle Isle has now been charted. Another on its way down to Halifax Capt. party was north last summer to self-Pred. Anderson reported the party set sites in Hudson Straights for the all well. The Acadia has just completed its fourth season on hydro there to aid navigation.

Recruits Wanted for Artillery Unit for Oversea Service

It is proposed to offer a composite battery of Heavy Artillery from Prince Edward Island for service in Europe—the Battery to be composed of members of the P.E. Island Heavy Brigade, Charlottetown, and the Thirty-seventh Field Battery of Montague and Souris. A number of officers, non-commissioned officers and gunners have already volunteered, but to bring the batteries up to war strength and to also form an ammunition column it will be necessary to secure upwards of one hundred recruits in addition to those who have already volunteered. Applications will be taken from recruits with or without military experience, as it is the expectation that sufficient drill will be given the Battery before proceeding to the front to make each member efficient. As soon as sufficient volunteers have handed in their names the proposed Battery will be submitted to headquarters for approval. It is hoped that the required number of men will come forward quickly.

Volunteers will please hand in their names to any of the following officers:— Lieut.-Col. A. G. PEAKE, Charlottetown. Major C. LEIGH, Charlottetown. Major C. L. MCKAY, Charlottetown. Major A. T. MCKAY, Montague. Captain A. F. McQUAID, Souris. Captain D. A. MacKINNON, Charlottetown. 6209-10-26mtf

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Fennell & Chandler Victoria Row

Men's Fall and Winter Shoes

Our new men's shoes for fall and winter wear are here for you to see, try on or buy, in Banker, Royal and Slater. The style and quality we know will appeal to you at once. Every shoe is the product of the best materials and the cleverest shoe making. We've a fine showing of fall and winter styles from which to make a selection.

Holeproof hosiery—winter weights—six months wear guaranteed. Women's best quality rubbers, 70c, men's \$1. Styles to fit any foot.

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