

THE Charlottetown Guardian

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3RD, 1914.

FOX PUBLICITY

A sinister influence is at work in our midst... A fox industry in the back. Every other day we receive complaints about this "enemy within our gates," and so does the Publicity Agent, and likewise the Secretary of the Fox Breeders' Association...

A LOBSTER CAMPAIGN

The meeting of lobster men, packers and canners on Tuesday arrived at the decision we predicted on October 28th. We then discussed the lobster situation and said: "A voluntary closing for a year or more, even if agreed to, would mean the disorganizing of the whole industry and a very serious obstacle to a resumption of the business in a year or two, or after the trouble is over."

CRACOW

The City of Cracow, which has recently leaped into fame by the struggle now in progress for its possession, is one of the oldest cities in Europe. As it will figure very prominently in the war until its final ownership is determined, the following picture of the city and brief glance at its history, from an exchange will be interesting:

NOTES

The gospel of thrift should be preached in the highways and byways until the last improvident soul is saved. It is not so much high interest as undoubted security that will attract savings accounts from the unenlightened. Says the New York Herald:—Of course, it may be a sign of lack of "Kultur" on our part, but some way we Americans cannot help feeling that this business of German levies upon the helpless little cities and towns of Belgium smacks mightily of the days of Genghis Khan.

of the old Polish capital—the melancholy sunset of its proud and splendid past. It is from the east, and not, as most tourists do, from the Silesian ridges on the northwest, that one sees in their multitude the towers and turrets, the steeples and domes of Cracow, and sees them untarnished by the network of narrow, tortuous, and dirty streets which characterize the city that was the glory of the Polish kingdom when that kingdom was the rival of Russia, the suzerain of Prussia, the possessor of a mighty sword that counted for a great deal in the fortunes of Europe. For three centuries Cracow was the residence of the Polish kings. Here reigned Kasimir the Great—great alike in prowess and in encouragement of peaceful arts, the author of this in the fourteenth century—the celebrated edict of tolerance to the Jews. Here in 1386 was also celebrated the marriage between Grand Duke Jagello of Lithuania and Queen Jadwiga of Poland, which fused the two states into one powerful kingdom. And here, too, in 1525 the fatal mistake was made by King Sigismund I. of granting to Albrecht of Brandenburg the Duchy of Prussia in perpetual fief—that Duchy, which in course of time grew to be the Prussia of Frederick the Great, the gravedigger of Poland. Cracow remained the royal residence of Poland till 1600, when Sigismund III. took up his abode in Warsaw. But both he and his successors till 1764 continued to be crowned at Cracow, and all of them were laid to eternal rest at the Cracow Katedra—the cathedral which still survives. Legend is active about the beginning of this proud city, is it really the ancient carorum which is mentioned by Ptolemy, as some say? Or was it really founded by that hero of the Slavs Sarg, Krakus, said to have lived in the ninth century of our era and to have built a "burg" on the Wawel, the hill in the southern part of the city, as others believe? No one can say; but the Cracovians still point to the Krakus Mount south of the town as the living proof of his existence, and will add the romantic story of his beautiful daughter, Wanda, who was driven by the importunity of her numerous suitors in such despair as to throw herself into the Vistula, not far from that very spot. Certain it is, however, that in the eleventh century A.D., Cracow, on the crossroads from three seas and four great rivers, enjoyed already considerable prosperity and was coveted as much by the Bohemians as by the Poles themselves. It was already at that time the capital of a great diocese stretching as far as Lublin, and counted among its bishops a martyr in the person of Stanislas, subsequently canonized by the Roman Church, who had been slain before the altar by King Boleslas the Great. For nearly three centuries during the feudal period of Polish history it then passed from hand to hand, now captured by the Germans, now sacked by the Tartars, and again seized by the Bohemians. It was the celebrated Wladislas Lokietek (the Short), the restorer of Polish unity, who finally, in 1311, rescued Cracow and made it the capital of his kingdom. Kasimir the Great, however, was its real pericles. He built between 1320 and 1359 the Katedra, and founded in 1364 the university, which two centuries later was to become one of the most celebrated seats of humanism and the arena of long battles between the Jesuits and the numerous students. At that time Cracow was passing through the zenith of its career. It was a member of the Hanseatic League, and had a population of 100,000, and traded with all Europe, including England.

But the axis of Polish state life was already shifting towards the east, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century Cracow received a mortal blow from the transference of the capital to Warsaw. By that time the mad period of elective kings had already been in full swing, and Cracow repeatedly fell the victim of the rival jealousies of the candidates. In 1655 Charles Gustavus, of Sweden, deceived in his hopes for the Polish throne, came and sacked Cracow, disarming its citizens, expelling all its clergy and professors, destroying its churches and schools, and exacting a heavy contribution from the inhabitants. No sooner had he gone than the Transylvanian prince, the famous George Rakoczky, came and completed the work of devastation. Again, in 1702, Charles XII of Sweden, suffering defeat everywhere, wreaked his vengeance upon Cracow by first plundering it and then burning it. His Polish protagonist, King August II., who also was elector of Saxony, found nothing better to do than to carry off the copper roof of the Royal Palace to Dresden, under the pretext of needing it for making cannon—a fitting symbol of the impending doom. Russia and Prussia were already on Poland's track, and the so-called confederation of the Bar with its chief seat at Cracow, was formed in order to offer resistance to the two preying Powers. But Suvoroff took Cracow by storm in 1772, and Poland underwent her first partition. Twenty years later Poland was partitioned for the second time, and then the great rising under Kosciusko broke out in 1794 with Cracow as the center of national defence. This time it was the end of Poland. King Stanislas resigned his crown and Cracow was taken and pillaged by the Austrians and Prussians, and the latter carried off to Berlin the contents of the Royal Treasury—five diadems, four sceptres, three globes, two golden chains and the sword of Boleslas the Great, which had girded the loins of the Polish kings at the coronation ceremony for seven centuries.

Cracow now became an Austrian city, but with the restoration of the Duchy of Warsaw by Napoleon it was incorporated with it. By the Treaty of Vienna, which destroyed the duchy and sanctioned the threefold partition of Poland, Cracow, with a small adjacent territory, was constituted a "free, independent, and permanently neutral" republic under the "protection of the three Powers." The outcome of this "protection" is well known. In 1846 Austria attacked and annexed the republic against the protests of England and France. Since then Cracow has been turned into a first class fortress and the royal palace became a barracks and a military hospital. The university itself was at first turned into a German school, but its Polish character was restored in 1870. Now the visitor to Cracow sees only the remnants of its ancient glory. St. Florian's Gate—perhaps the finest monument of Gothic architecture in Poland—still marks the site of the ancient walls. In the old market place—Rynek Główny, now rechristened Ringsplatz—still stand St. Mary's Church of the thirteenth century, with its exquisite high altar, and the old Clothhouse, now containing the national museum. Not far from it is St. Ann's Church, with the tomb of Copernicus, who, though born at Thorn, studied and died at Cracow. Above all, there is the cathedral, the Polish Westminster, with the tombs of the Sobieskis, the Kasimirs, the Poniatowskis, and of Kosciusko himself, and with statues from the great chisel of Thorwaldsen. But along with these monuments the visitor will find two belts of forts—one thirty, the other twelve miles in circumference, guarding the approaches to the city against a Russian attack, and barracks and depot with-out number.

MONTREAL MAN TELLS OF A LETTER FROM BATTLE IN THE TRENCHES SALISBURY PLAIN

MONTREAL, Nov. 28.—The following letter has been received by a prominent man from his son, who is a graduate of Kingston Military College, and who has been an officer in a cavalry regiment, the 6th Dragoon Guards, for the past three or four years. "Nov. 4, 1914. "At last I've got some news for you. I went into the trenches the other morning with the troops. On arriving I was told to dig a shelter trench. We had hardly got to work when a German aeroplane came over and almost immediately afterwards they started shelling us with shrapnel. We lay down in a little ditch beside a road and fortunately they all fell short or over, but we had a hot quarter of an hour. When they stopped we went on digging and had just got the trench completed when they got to work again, this time nearer but still overhead. We could hear the shells whistling through some trees just above us and it was most unpleasant.

CAPTAIN WOUNDED

"Then all was quiet for a bit until about five o'clock, when I noticed the troops on our left retiring. I was just about to go and tell the squadron leader when he shouted to me to come out and line a ditch in front of my trenches. My troops ran out and we lay down. By this time we could hear the Germans shouting and the bullets whistling over our heads. The captain of the squadron walked across to me to give me an order and as he was standing above me he was wounded. We then retired slowly to our second line of trenches under a pretty hot fire, but without many casualties and the Deutschers didn't follow up. "I spent most of the night digging another trench and then had a bit of sleep. About eight in the morning they started shelling us again, this time with 'black marias,' which kept going all around us. It was the most unpleasant situation I've ever known, but we stuck there all day. We could also see the Germans playing about in the distance and there were one or two snipers close up. "Everything quieted down at sunset until about 3 a.m., when we saw numbers of Germans crossing our front. We blazed at these and must have inflicted great losses on them. At about 3.30 they assaulted, yelling and shouting like mad things. We retired on to a road just behind us and then back on to our supports, where we stopped.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE

"Then began the most extraordinary scene you can imagine. The enemy came on in droves (it was a moonlight night), and we fairly blazed at them. They were yelling and shouting. They blew whistles and shot 'Case' fire in English, also 'The order is to retire,' and 'Don't shoot, we are Scotch rifles.' However, we knew who they were and gave them a jolly hot time until they began to get round our left. I was on the right and we again got the order to retire, and I started to go back when I was told that there were more of our fellows further to the right. I went back to find them and found the Colonel, who told me to go and tell the others to advance again. I went along and saw about eight men in a trench and they were playing to them when one of them said, 'Wer da' and then repeated it. I then came to the conclusion that they were Germans, and turned round and ran back for about fifty yards, where I found some of our fellows, and we soon accounted for my eight friends who must have been pretty frightened to meet me at about twenty yards range.

In the meantime our fellows on the left had got into them with the bayonet and killed a lot, but there were so many we had to form a semi-circle and we were blazing at one another at about thirty yards. We had a few casualties. We retired quite slowly inside the line of our reserves. By this time it was light and we were jolly glad to rest a bit. We got shelled once more and then our fellows came up and advanced. Our guns shelled all the ground we had lost and the Germans, by some mistake, did so also and killed a lot of their own men. Anyway our troops got back all we had given up and our losses were infinitesimal compared to those of the Germans.

"It was a wonderful experience to go through, but I was jolly glad the enemy were such rotten shots. I forgot to tell you that they played their hand in the evening before assaulting.

KAISER IS WITH ARMY IN THE EAST

BERLIN, Dec. 1.—It was announced at military headquarters that Emperor William was now with the German army in the east. A despatch from Berlin last week said that Emperor William was soon to go to the capital, and would remain there for some time. Previously his presence was reported on several occasions with the German armies in the west, and on the east.

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The following extracts are taken from a letter written to his home here from Mr. Vernon McLeod, Hillsboro Street, who is now at Salisbury Plain. The boys are all well and enjoying the best of health and spirits. Some of our chums from this camp were allowed to go to Salisbury for over Sunday. Ronnie and I stayed at home and washed some extras and invited Curry-bought some extras and invited Curry-Comb (a nick name for a friend) in to supper. Then Sunday it rained all morning and we put in a pass for the afternoon and as it was granted we sailed off for the village about 2 p.m. We visited all the places of interest and put in a most enjoyable as well as profitable time. One tenement house has a large brass plate upon it (nearly as large as an ordinary window) and was inscribed as follows: "These buildings were erected by the money collected by this and five other parishes to help provide for those who were made poor by the great floods of this year 1641. The rents are to go to the upkeep of the properties and the remainder is to be distributed among the poor of this parish forever on Jan. 14th, being the anniversary of that awful visitation." That makes the buildings over two hundred years old. But the old church is worth any person's time to visit. It is a C. of E. and has a Norman tower with three bells in the tower. As we entered on Sunday afternoon we met the Vicar who pointed out all the interesting parts. There are twelve pillars, six on each side of the auditorium, these represent the Apostles, and the pillars date back to 1066, the time of the battle of Hasting. Also the font is the same age and although now in use in the church was for a number of years used on a private lawn filled with geraniums. In ancient times leprosy was quite prevalent in England, and in this church is what they call a "leper's squirt," which is a little window near the altar where the lepers could see the proceedings and at the same time not mix with the people. That again is a sign of more age. Then, lastly, there is a place in the church with the floor of Roman tiles; beneath these tiles was found the bodies of Romans, and below that the remains of old Britons. This floor takes the date of the church back to before the Romans left England in 410. So you can understand just how interesting this old building is. At least 1000 years old. It was restored in 1846 and nearly all the old curiosities left intact. One remarkable feature is that in the oldest portion of the church, the walls are sloping outwards from the bottom, and the ceiling round or curved upwards. Well that is symbolic of the way the Jews pray. With their hands open and stretched above their heads to receive the blessings of heaven. The curved roof is fashioned after the Ark, which was built in the same Jewish fashion. The entire floor is slabs of "Beneath lies the remains, etc." A complete registrar exists since 1693. Three hundred years ago. Every year here and there are little ponds. These are not springs but are dew ponds. There is so much dew that it goes into these depressions and forms the ponds. Notices are up all around "Prosecution" if caught draining water from pond." There are also numerous great big mounds. These have been excavated and found to contain Roman and Briton remains.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN EXPRESSES OPINION

Secretary Has Amazed Washington By His Opposition to President's Views. WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—William J. Bryan's public espousals of the cause of equal suffrage and prohibition as National reforms, to be accomplished through the medium of constitutional amendments, has excited profound astonishment in Washington. In view of the contrary views entertained on these questions by Mr. Bryan's chief, President Wilson. Mr. Bryan has come out in unequivocal terms for woman suffrage and prohibition of the liquor traffic, and has given the Democratic Party notice that if it would keep step with the times, it must incorporate both propositions in its National platform of 1916. On at least one public occasion, deprecating that regulation of the liquor traffic was properly a function of the States, and to a delegation of suffragists who called at the White House with a view to enlisting his support for their cause, he asserted, with strong emphasis, that they should look to the States for laws granting women the right to vote. In the face of these assertions by the President, Secretary Bryan made public a proclamation, in which he declares that "the Democrats of the Nation have an issue to face, and they may as well prepare for it." Mr. Bryan described this issue as "the alcoholic millstone." He followed this up with the assertion, "Women suffrage is coming—nothing is more certain." Then, the Secretary of State, added that the saloon was the enemy of equal suffrage as well as of prohibition, and that the advocate of the two reforms should unite in a fight on the saloon. If Mr. Bryan should adhere to his views on suffrage and prohibition, and President Wilson stands by his guns, the two men are apt to find themselves

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seriously at odds in 1916. Both are tenacious of their opinions and, despite his position in the Cabinet, Mr. Bryan has shown a remarkable disposition to assert his beliefs, even though he has appeared at times as acting contrary to the Administration programme and policy. For example, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan took opposing sides in the recent Senatorial campaign in Illinois. Mr. Bryan went to that State and made an active campaign before the primary in opposition to the nomination of Roger Sullivan. There is authority for the statement that Mr. Bryan did not consult President Wilson as to his course. Sullivan was nominated and, as a candidate before the people, was endorsed by the Administration. Mr. Bryan's action in this case aroused great bitterness among some Administration officials. Just what the President himself thought about it has never been disclosed. In upholding prohibition and equal suffrage as National reforms, Mr. Bryan is not only running counter to the views of the President, but he is directly in conflict on these questions with most of the Democratic leaders in Congress, notably Representative Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama. Mr. Underwood made a campaign for the Senate and won on a platform that declared regulation of the liquor traffic to be a State issue. He maintains the same attitude toward equal suffrage. Furthermore, the Democratic leaders of the House were instrumental at the last session in preventing a vote on both prohibition and equal suffrage. They claim that the resolutions embodying these reforms will be defeated if brought to a vote at the forthcoming session. Mr. Bryan was fully aware when he voiced his views on equal suffrage and prohibition that his party leaders in Congress, and possibly the President, were opposed, on grounds of political expediency, to any agitation likely to

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