

# The Charlottetown Guardian

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Monday, October 9th, being Thanksgiving Day, and a statutory holiday, the Morning Guardian will not be published on Monday, but will be published as usual on Tuesday. Advertisers please note these changes.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1916

## THE PACE

Sometimes it is called "extravagance," sometimes "waste," sometimes "necessity." In any case it is that well known trouble familiar to all of us—the cost of living.

Long and long are the complaints about the increase in the cost of food, and yet it is safe to say that the increase from this source does not add ten per cent. to the whole cost of living. We are not apologizing for or excusing the increase in the cost of food. Very much of it cannot be justified. There is, for instance, no justification for the fact that pork bought at 12 cents per pound is sold as bacon and hams for 30 cents; no justification for the difference between the buying and selling prices of cattle and sheep and lambs and potatoes and wheat,—no justification except that there are too many middlemen between the producer and the ultimate buyer, each exacting his toll. But even these unjustifiable differences do not constitute the chief part of the burden of the cost of living.

We are informed on unimpeachable authority that the price of whisky has gone up some fifty cents a bottle, yet there are few complaints on this score, and we imagine few of those who derive pleasure from this fountain have curtailed their daily or nightly allowances on account of the price. This commodity is mentioned because, although different in many respects, it represents a class of commodities on which we spend money, spend it whether prices go up or down, spend it regardless of quantity. We refer to our pleasures. Other articles in this class have gone up in price fully as much as whisky has. Horse-hire, travel, entertainment, dress, have all gone up and yet few have curtailed their indulgence in any of these. In our own province, with money flowing more freely than ever before, there is little if any evidence of a slowing up. "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred earls," and, moreover, the daughters of these, respectively, dress as elaborately, entertain and are being entertained as elaborately, as if there were no war on, and no "rainy day" in sight, so elaborately in fact that the "cook's son,"—or daughter, as the case may be,—cannot be distinguished from the scion of the "hundred earls."

This is the pace—Is it "extravagance," or "waste," or "necessity"? Unfortunately we have made it a necessity but, all the same, it is extravagance and waste. We have set the pace, and regardless of the bigger things that are being done, we are following it up. We measure our men and our women and assign them their places in the different strata of social life according to the cut and cost of their garments and their readiness to lavish their wealth, real or mortgaged, on pleasures.

A different pace has been set in the Old Land, where the measure of men and of women is being taken within sound of the guns, where the daily trains of maimed and wounded are seen, and where "the mourners go about the streets." There, dress and frivolity carry a different significance. Men and women are measured by what they are doing and the great majority, "duke's son," "cook's son, the son of a hundred earls," and the daughters too, are indistinguishably intermingled in service, the only distinction recognized being willingness and usefulness in service. Fashion has become unfashionable in the Old Land in the shadow of the greater things and the greater necessities.

Shall we, also, some day, realize that there are greater things than those which we now complain of as the high cost of living? Shall we realize that we are spending more money upon things that are of no real value to us than we are on the things that matter, the things that our fathers and husbands and sons are laying down their lives for? Or shall we learn the lesson only when, as in the Old Land, we learn it within sound of the guns and in sight of the dead and the wounded?

## OUR FIREMEN

Recent fires in Charlottetown, although attended in at least one instance, with considerable loss, have, as often previously, demonstrated the efficiency of the fire department and emphasized the obligation we as citizens owe to the devoted body of men who constitute this source of safety to our lives and property. Usually we look upon the fire department as an institution whose duty it is to prevent fires,—or at least,—to extinguish them before they have had time to do any considerable damage. When fortunate enough to reach the scene of the trouble to prevent a widespread conflagration, as they invariably are when notified in time, we commend them. Should there be any delay and consequent destruction of property through some one's failure to ring in an alarm in time, we are ready

to blame the department. We should always bear in mind that the service rendered by the fire department is entirely voluntary and that the pittance they receive yearly is not sufficient to compensate them in many of their experiences for damaged clothes, to say nothing of lost time. Commendation is cheap. The firemen have had abundance of it. During the latest fire a visitor from the United States who watched their fight with the flames declared that their work was as good as any he had seen in any of the larger cities. Such commendation is no doubt gratifying, but it will not pay for a ruined suit of clothes. The city owes much to those men whose promptness and pluck has prevented many a threatening fire from becoming a serious conflagration and a serious loss of property. In view of what they have saved the city in the past few years and what they shall yet save it, it would only be fair,—and we feel that no reasonable citizen would object to it,—to give the firemen an extra allowance to compensate them partly at least for the losses they sustain individually at almost every fire they are called out for. Such an allowance would be a tangible evidence of the city's appreciation, and, moreover, an encouragement to the men who are daily and nightly watching over the property and the lives of our citizens.

## PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

The joint committee of the Senate and House of Commons, which has oversight of the reconstruction of the buildings of Parliament, held a meeting at Ottawa on Wednesday. The members inspected the work that has been done and were evidently satisfied with it. Following the meeting it was announced that the contract with the Lyall Company for the completion of the work will be signed at once. The "force" plan is to be followed, the contractor supplying the labor and supervising the work, for a percentage of the outlay. The wisdom of this policy was severely attacked when the work was begun. The critics have generally lapsed into silence. The principle involved in the contract is not new. Both in Great Britain and in Canada, as well as in other countries, the "force" plan has been adopted by governments, corporations and individuals where the outlays were to be large and the conditions of work peculiar. It was probably better suited than any other for the construction of buildings, the detailed plans of which were not yet developed, the cost of which was to be heavy, and the need of early completion urgent. At any rate, the Liberal members who remained on the committee have accepted the situation and given it their sanction, and have so destroyed the effect of the criticism of Hon. Mr. Rogers and the government which some of their party friends carried very far. He committed also, in the memorandum issued giving reasons for changing the plans as at first outlined and taking down the whole of the walls, removed another cause of partizan attack and gave reasons of some force for the course taken. When the report is read the situation will need little excuse.—Gazette.

## THAT DREADFUL VOICE

The raucous, ungentle, strident voice, so common even in supposedly cultured circles, has been engaging the attention of specialists for some years. Dr. Grayson of Philadelphia in an address before the Laryngological Association, not merely repeated the stock complaints about bad enunciation and the unpleasant quality of some voices, but he urged the cure of this condition upon his fellow specialists who deal with the vocal chords, as coming quite as much within their scope as the treatment of diseased conditions of the larynx. He pointed out that while physicians had done wonders for the education of the deaf and for the removal of obstacles to proper breathing they "have done practically nothing as yet for the cultivation of the voice or the refinement of articulation." To make this hoped for improvement in our speech general, Dr. Grayson relies, as reformers in many fields do upon the schools. He insists that vocal instruction, that is, voice production, should be made a compulsory part of the course of study in all schools, and that correct and pleasant speech should be part of the examinations upon which teachers are marked in applying for positions. He doesn't expect to bring this change about quickly; indeed, he allows "two or three generations" for the general improvement of speech at which he aims. That is a long limit, in view of the speed with which educational changes are wrought once they get an impetus. At present it is the impetus which is lacking, and the reinforcement of the esthetic demand by a body of throat specialists may help to supply it, if doctors are serious in the matter.

## THREE MILE LIMIT

The Deutschland, we read, began its trip back to Germany from America by submerging within a short distance of the three-mile limit. The origin of this imaginary line three miles from the shore, which fixes the territorial waters of a sovereign State, is somewhat of a mystery. One explanation, and the one usually accepted, is that when it was agreed on by the nations three miles was the limit of range of the big guns of that time. If that were so, and a proposal were put forward to revise the territorial limits in agreement with the effective range of modern artillery, there would be a big shrinkage of the "high seas." France could claim jurisdiction from Calais to Dover, and we from Dover to Calais, which would be awkward; while little of the Mediterranean would remain international waters, with 15-inch guns on Italy's "big toe," and on the many islands dotted about the middle sea.—London Chronicle.

# THE ALLIES UNAIDED WILL SETTLE THE WAR

LONDON, Sept. 30.—There is no end of the war in sight. Any step at this time by the United States, the Vatican, or any other neutral in the direction of peace will be construed by England as an unneutral, pro-German move. The "United Press" is able to make these statements on no less authority than that of the British man of the hour, Rt. Hon. David Lloyd-George, Secretary of State for War.

"Britain Has Only Begun to Fight." While Germany Was Changing the Map. Lloyd-George's eyes snapped, as sitting at his desk in the war office, he lifted back his chair and studied the ceiling as if seeing there a picture of Tommy's game fight in the early stages of the contest. "And at this time, under these conditions, what was the winning German doing," he asked. "Was he worrying over the terrible slaughter? No, he was talking of annexing Belgium and Poland as a result of his 'Victory,' and while he was remarking the map of Europe without the slightest regard for the wishes of its people, the British people were preparing to pay the price we knew must be paid for the time to get the army ready.

"The Fight Must be to a Finish." "It is one thing to look back on the pounding the British soldier took the first two years of the war, but a different thing to look forward as he did and know the beating couldn't be avoided during these months when it seemed the finish of the British army might come quickly. Germany elected to make it a finish fight with England. The British soldier was ridiculed, held in contempt, how we intend to see that Germany had her way. The fight must be to a finish—to a knockout." Dropping his colloquialisms, the half smile fading from his face, Lloyd-George continued in a more serious vein.

No Outside Interference Wanted. "The whole world, including neutrals of the highest purposes and humanitarian with the best motives, must know that there can be no outside interference at this stage. Britain asked no intervention when she was not prepared to fight. She will tolerate none now that she is prepared, until Prussian military despotism is broken beyond repair. There was no regret voiced in Germany over the useless slaughter. There were no tears by German sympathizers when the few thousand British citizens who never expected to be soldiers, whose military education started only a few months previously, went out to be battered, bombed and gassed, to receive ten shells for every one they could fire—went out, fought and died like sportsmen without even a grumble.

"Who Cared About Little Belgium?" "I repeat that there was no whimpering then, and the people who are now moved to tears at the thought of what is to come watched the early rounds of the unglorious contest dry-eyed. None of the shrieks and suffering which is to come can be worse than the sufferings of these allied dead who stood the full shock of the Prussian war machine before it began to falter."

Other Squealers Won't Make Us Quit Now. The Secretary of War, who looks, acts, and talks more like a Canadian or an American businessman than any other Englishman in public life now, continued: "Under the circumstances, the British, now that the fortunes of the game have turned a bit, are not disposed to stop because of the squealing of the Germans, or for the German, by probably well meaning but misguided sympathizers and humanitarians.

Beaten Like Dogs, We Were Game. "For two years the British soldier had a hard time—no one knows so well as he what a mad time it was. He was sadly inferior in equipment. On the average he was inferior in training. He saw the allied cause beaten all about

met here? You know Emill's wife's brother Agno. I met him here a few days ago. He's been invalided from the trenches after serving 15 months in them. And I tell you, after a man has been there that long he sure deserves a rest. I hope I will be as lucky as him, but I don't think the Boches will last long now, the way we are soaking it to them. There's a German prison camp not far from here, and these square heads are as happy as dead ducks, laying around smoking and eating, and believe me, if I get a chance to take one, I won't for they eat up too much valuable grub. France like England, is a beautiful country, but no place like Canada, especially in the winter. Ha! Well, mother, dear, I can't think of anything more to write of, but I will write you a long letter as soon as I get up the line, and let you know how I like it. Give my love to all the family, the best for yourself. I remain, your loving son, ZENO.

AMERICAN TUG IS IN DISTRESS (Canadian Press) HALIFAX, Oct. 1.—The American Tug Gettysburg, from Chatham, N. B., with two pulp laden barges in tow for Portland, Maine, wireless to Halifax this morning that she was in distress thirty miles southwest of Sea Island, Yarmouth Co., N. S., drifting before a northeasterly gale. The steamer R. E. Island, whose New York was standing by ready to rescue the barge crews. The Gettysburg asked Halifax for assistance. At six o'clock this evening the Gettysburg reported that she was leaking badly, but that Steamer Canby had given her a line and was bringing her to Yarmouth. The steamer Sagmore had the barge crews aboard.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS Published by W. S. Louson.

SINGING BY THE WAY. Ho, comrade, heavenward facing, Let's sing in cheerful strain A song to lighten labor, I am soothed, the heart of pain. A song so full of gladness, So blithe with hope and cheer, That weary wayward pilgrims Will gain new strength to hear.

Life holds for most, my comrades, More happiness than pain, God gives a wisp of sunshine, For every day of rain. So, trusting in the wisdom Of His eternal plan, Let's face the rain or sunshine, And do the best we can.

Oh, let us sing, my comrades, Of blessings by the way, Each cloud's a silver lining, There's blue beyond the grey! Lo! as we sing about it, The shadows break apart, And all the world's sunshine, Because we're light of heart!

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