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GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS FOR THE BALKANS.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—Grand Duke Nicholas, who was recently relieved from the supreme command in Russia and sent to the Caucasus, is to take supreme command of the Allies' forces in the Balkans, according to a Bucharest despatch to the Detsche Tages Zeitung, of Zurich.

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THE MISSING LINK

Sir:—So much mud has been flung around indiscriminately in connection with temperance controversy, that I am somewhat diffident about contributing anything else on the subject. But I am impelled to it by a strong sense of duty.

We have reached a crisis at which we have to decide whether liquor is to control this fair province in spite of its splendid temperance legislation, or whether the traffic is to be brought really, and not merely nominally, under legislative control. The press has always been regarded as the champion—I had nearly written custodian—of the public weal, and I feel sure that you will be glad to publish anything calculated to call attention to and to stir up public sentiment against conditions inimical to and subversive of the public good. You will bear me witness, Mr. Editor, that any contributions I have sent to the Guardian hitherto have been entirely free from personal animus and party bias. Moreover, I am generally credited with the possession of the twin virtues of doing my work and minding my own business, and the people of Souris will be unanimous in acquitting me of any ulterior purpose or unfriendly feeling in writing this letter. At the same time I desire, hereby, publicly and emphatically to register myself as strongly opposed to the illegal and destructive traffic in drink carried on in the place, and to place on record my contempt for the men who, for the sake of filthy lucre, so shamelessly ply the traffic, to the ruin of other men's bodies and souls, to say nothing of robbing the community of the intelligence and usefulness of the citizens who are being victimized. Unfortunately some of our most intelligent citizens are being ruined by the drink, and the community is being robbed of the intelligent and skilful services of such men. If our people will only look at the matter in the proper light they will see clearly that they cannot afford to tolerate the cursed traffic in their midst. Ignoring altogether the fact that Souris has an unenviable reputation for liquor—whether they deserve the reputation the citizens of Souris must decide for themselves,and taking no notice of the fact that some convictions under the Prohibition Act have been obtained in Souris, I will confine myself to present conditions and facts of more recent date. On July 22nd, horse races were held in Souris. Several friends of mine from other parts of the province took advantage of the occasion to visit me and I drove them to the "trot," staying there about two hours. Then I took them to the various points of interest in the locality, and afterwards saw them aboard the "special." And I am glad to testify that I saw only one man the worse for drink, and he stood at his own door.

On Sept. 16th, Election Day, the record was not quite so good, though there was so little drinking in evidence that day that I felt it my duty to congratulate some of our leading citizens on the fact. On Thursday last the Souris Live Stock Fair and Exhibition was held and the amount of drunkenness was appalling. This was observable more or less all day, but it was most noticeable during the afternoon and, later on, when the crowds began to move homewards. Among other things I saw two fights; one man on the Exhibition ground was too drunk to guide his horse clear of stationary objects such as poles, and should have been put off the grounds, another man, unable to sit upright on the seat, had his horse led from the yard to the street for him, and then would not have avoided collision with other vehicles if their drivers had not pulled out of the way.

Now, in spite of its reputation, I am not prepared to say or to think that Souris is a sinner above all sinners in this respect. From what I have been told I feel sure that such is not the case. This being so, and the trouble being not merely local, the greater need there is of dealing with it promptly and drastically. Some of the liquor may have been brought in to Souris, but there is a moral certainty that a great deal was purchased in the town. It is a well known fact that liquor is sold freely in Souris and with but little attempt at secrecy. I could not obtain legal evidence, that is evidence of such a nature as would obtain a conviction before a stipendiary. For example I would not go into a drug store or any other place merely to tempt a man to sell in order to obtain a conviction. Even if I did this and obtained, say, a bottle of brandy or whiskey (though some, of course, would be too suspicious to give it me) it would not be a common flagrant breach of the law (though technically it would be illegal); for believing that I honestly required it for a sick emergency, some would take my word and give it to me unhesitatingly on account of my position, and to attempt to obtain evidence in this way would be to abuse the confidence which even the worst of men, with rare exceptions, places in the Christian ministry. But I have sufficient evidence to satisfy any reasonable person both of the fact that the liquor is sold, and also to fix the guilt upon the proper persons. Take, for example, the following facts:

(1) One night I met an elderly man so drunk that he had a difficulty in getting into his own door, and fell across the threshold as his door flew open. The following day I was passing along the street (the Main St.) and saw the same man admitted to a house, reputed to be a liquor den, at the same moment that five other men were let out. Each of these five reminded me of Ian Maclaren's "Drumtochty," who refused to say he had doctor was intoxicated, but he had heard that he was a very learned man, and had studied a lot of Hebrew and Greek, and he thought the Greek had got down into his legs and made them unsteady. As I passed through the group one man hiccoughed to the rest, "You get great booze in there."

(2) I met a man on the street (the Main St.) just before 9 a. m. and talked with him, and noticed no smell of liquor. He left me and went into a house where liquor is reputed to be sold. A few minutes later I met him coming out and he smelt strongly of fresh drink. (3) A lady friend of mine stood in the vicinity of a reputed liquor place (also on the Main St.) after dark Three men came along and stood outside the door debating whether they had enough money between them to buy a bottle of whiskey. The result appeared to be favourable to the purchase for they went in. Shortly afterwards they came out with a bottle and stood there passing it round. My friend stood in the shadow, hence they did not see her. (4) Only yesterday another friend told me of seeing men drinking at the rear of a certain place (also on the Main St.) Mr. Editor. I have cited these facts to show that I "know whereof I affirm," and, for the greater part, my evidence is first-hand.

"What we ourselves have seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish
The signs infallible."

(My apologies to Charles Wesley for adopting his lines).

But I am aware that such evidence as I have given, being only and very circumstantial, would not be sufficient to obtain a conviction. But where the liquor is in such evidence, surely legal evidence ought not to be difficult to obtain, and it is somebody's duty to procure it. The object of my letter is to ask whose duty it is? I am told that the policeman's duty is only to arrest persons found drunk on the street. I am also told that the prosecutor's duty is not to procure the evidence but to act on the evidence brought to him. Hence, if no one voluntarily places the evidence in his hands he is not expected to do anything, his position is a sinecure, and his salary a waste of public money. Evidently there is a "missing link" somewhere. Where? Whose duty is it to procure the evidence necessary to convict? If our temperance legislation is not to be a farce this missing link ought to be found and made to do its work.

You, Mr. Editor, can do nothing in the matter but give publicity to such facts as are submitted to you, and I thank you for your courtesy in giving so much space to this. If, however, such publicity result in the creation of a stronger and wider sentiment against the liquor traffic, the drink will have to go, the public welfare will be assured, and the object of this letter will be achieved.

I am Sir, &c.
ERNEST E. STYLES.
Souris, Oct. 8th, 1915.

MINISTER SHOOTS SON OF RAILROAD MAN.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 12.—The Rev. Byron Holley, rector of St George's Episcopal Church, one of the most fashionable congregations in the city, early to-day shot and killed Lansing Pearsall, son of a prominent railroad man here. Dr Holley told the police he shot Pearsall thinking he was a burglar.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN COMING TO HALIFAX.

OTTAWA, Oct. 12.—Sir Robert Borden will spend next week in Halifax, leaving on Monday.

HERE AND THERE

If the stockman hasn't a silo this fall he should build one of some description soon, so that he can have at least one thing to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day," says the Prairie Farmer.

The forge on the farm is not a substitute for the blacksmith shops, but rather a temporary helper, taking care of the rougher work and simple repairs.

A sharp tool does better work and more kinds of it than a dull tool.

"Cut out the cedars— they propagate and carry apple rust," says Rural New Yorker.

CLERGY AND RECRUITING

Sir,—At a meeting of the Ministerial Association held this morning, in response to a suggestion from the Patriotic Society it was agreed to arrange for an exchange of pulpits on the evening of Sabbath, October 24th, with the view of awakening deeper interest and arousing greater enthusiasm in the recruiting campaign now being carried on.

These campaigns are general throughout the Empire, and if we are "to do our bit" we must realise our obligation and make such a response to the demand for men, by those who know the need, that we shall have the satisfaction of being able to say that we contributed our quota for the salvation of the Empire and of humanity.

It is very desirable that all the clergymen of the Island, on Sabbath, October 24th, should impress the people with the serious crisis through which the Empire is passing, and with the fact that we can only emerge from the crisis with safety by supplying men. We trust that all of our clergy will concur and that on the 24th inst. from every pulpit in the province will go forth a rousing call for men—"Men for country and for God." We cannot succeed in this noble endeavour without the invaluable aid of the press. Fully conscious of your generous and able co-operation in the past we do not hesitate to ask you to assist us in making this undertaking the success it ought to be.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am, sir, etc.

THOS. F. FULLERTON.
Charlottetown, Oct. 13, 1915.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McKinnon, city, have returned from San Francisco.

Miss Christine MacPherson, Teacher at Union Road, is spending her va-

Mr Sanford Irving, of Boston, is the guest of his sister, Mrs James Tait, jun., Brighton.

Mrs. Donald Campbell, of Black River, returned home yesterday from visiting friends in Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Albert A. Williams, of Bideford, Lot 12, spent Thanksgiving at the Parsonage, Pownal.

Miss Margeret Doiron, St. Mary's intends leaving for Lawrence Mass., soon, where she will remain for some time.—T.

Mrs. James Smith, Charlottetown, left Wednesday morning on a visit to Regina to visit her three daughters and son.

Mr. Cephas Mallett, Postmaster, Union Road, with his son, Mr. J. A. Mallett, Charlottetown, spent Thanksgiving at New Glasgow.

His many friends regret the accident which happened to Mr. Henry Burhoe, Alexandra, laying him up for several days.

Mr. James Mugford, of Keene, N.H., arrived here last week to attend the funeral of his brother, the late Mr. George Mugford.

Mr. John Murray, of the Naval Department, Ottawa, who was called home owing to the illness of his father leaves this morning on return.

Mr. John McLaren, of Messrs. Paton & Co., returned yesterday on the Northumberland after spending a pleasant holiday with his daughter in Halifax.

Mr.Harold Ritchie and Mr.A.LeClair of the Civil Service Department, Ottawa are spending their holidays in the City. Both are graduates of the Union Commercial College.

Mrs. D. C. Campbell returned to her home in Flat River yeterday afternoon, having just returned from a most enjoyable visit to friends in Boston, Mass., where she spent the past two weeks.

GERMANS ADMIT HEAVY LOSSES.

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 12.—Admission that German losses have been very heavy in the past few days on the western front is made by the correspondent of the Berlin Tageblat, who declares French attacks were carried out with "unprecedented vigour and courage." He estimates that within a brief period the French have fired more than three million shells against the German lines.

FORCE OF HABIT.

We gazed pityingly on the listless drug store clerk leaning against the soda counter.

"Haven't you any ambition?" we quiered kindly and all that.

"No," he replied, with brightening intelligence; "but I have something just as good."— Newburn Journal.

THE HORSE RACING

ST. JOHN, Oct. 12.—It took four heats in both the free for all and the 2.20 trot and pace. Three horses started in the trot and pace class, viz., Arcola, Roy Vola and Ozen D. Arcola captured the first two and the fourth heat. Roy Vola was second in all heats but the third which he won. The fastest heat was 2.31½. Bob Mac and Game of Chance were the only horses to start in the free for all, Northern Jack having been drawn. The first heat was won by Game of Chance in 25 and he was never headed throughout the heat. The next three heats were captured by Bob Mac, the second heat which was in 21 being the fastest of the day. The following are the summaries of the races:

FREE FOR ALL.

Bob Mac	2	1	1	1
Game of Chance	1	2	2	2

Time—2.20 2.21 2.23½, 2.22.

2.20 TROT AND PACE

Arcola	1	1	2	1
Roy Vola	2	2	1	2
Ozen D.,	3	3	3	3

Time—2.33, 2.31½, 2.32½, 2.32.

Officials—Starter, H. B. Alward; Judges, R. C. Coles, E. Farren, C. Crawford; Timers, E. Campbell, F. Mullin, W. Alexander.

BOSTON WON IN WORLD'S SERIES

(Special to the Guardian.)

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13.—Boston won the deciding game in the World's Series to-day by a score of 5 to 4, after Philadelphia had put up a gallant battle for ten innings.

GOLF

The first stage of the Dr Goodwill match, mixed doubles, match play, was played at Belvidere yesterday afternoon. The weather was perfect and the number of competitors large. The winners were Ethel Haszard and A. W. Hyndman, Miss Warburton and G. W. Harrison, Miss Mary Haszard and W. W. Clark, Miss Rogers and W. A. O. Morson, Mrs Morris and J. M. Hunter, Miss Bartlett and A. W. Weeks. The match will be continued this afternoon, the players opposing each other as follows:—Miss Warburton and G. W. Harrison vs. Mrs Clark and C. H. B. Longworth, Mrs Morris and J. M. Hunter vs. Miss Mary Haszard and W. W. Clark, Miss Ethel Haszard and A. W. Hyndman vs. Miss Rogers and W. A. O. Morson, Miss Bartlett and A. W. Weeks a bye. Mrs B. Heartz has kindly presented a handsome prize for the lady runner up in this match.

PILES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

CURED BY ZAM-BUK..

To those who suffer from this painful malady the following letters will be of deep interest. Mr. J. McEwen, of Dundas, Ont., writes: "For fifteen years I suffered with piles and could get no permanent cure until I tried Zam-Buk. After having given Zam-Buk a fair trial I found I was getting better, and in the end it completely cured me."

Mr. James Ruddy, of Killaloe, Ont., says: "I suffered greatly from piles. The pain from these, as anyone who suffers from them will know, was at times almost unbearable. I tried first one remedy and then another but all without effect. The piles still continued as bad as ever. I heard about Zam-Buk and commenced with the treatment. To my great joy, after perseverance, I obtained relief from the agonizing pain of the piles. Having been cured by Zam-Buk I heartily recommend the balm to all sufferers from piles."

Why not end your suffering? Take the advice of the hundreds who have done so and give Zam-Buk a fair trial. This marvellous remedy quickly relieves the suffering, it soothes and heals the infammed, irritated hemorrhoid veins, and perseverance with Zam-Buk effects permanent cures.

Every home needs Zam-Buk—accidents will happen, and Zam-Buk is the best "first aid." It quickly takes the string out of a cut, the fire out of a burn or scald, the soreness from a bruise. Blood-poisoning or other complication cannot creep in where Zam-Buk has been applied. It is a sure cure for piles, eczema, ulcers, children's scalp, sores, varicose veins, cold cracks, chapped hands, etc. 50c. at all druggists and stores, or post-paid from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse substitutes and harmful imitations.

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NEW BRUNSWICK WOMAN TELLS OF BEAUTIFUL SALONIKI

Miss Minnie E. Travis, of Hampton, N. B., has just received the following very interesting letter from her sister Dr. Catherine H. Travis, who is doing hospital work in Serbia. Dr. Travis is a niece of Major Bartlett, this city:

NISH, Serbia,
August 15, 1915

It's hard to begin. There are hosts of things to write about. Saloniki, where we had but one day just a week ago, I found more interesting than any place I'd ever seen. The bay is wonderful—you'll hear more of Saloniki and the bay before the conflagration is spent, if you're not already hearing much of it. The city stretches up a steep hill and is double walled. We visited the Turkish quarter. Such narrow winding stone streets. The people atthis time of year live out of doors, and all are eating at all times, melons and corn. There are minarets everywhere and we heard the wierd chant that calls to prayer. We looked into a temple and saw the men praying, walking about, reading, sleeping. The women sat outside the holy of holies. There were, I believe, some wonderful rugs there. A half hour outside the city is a remarkable refuge camp, for Asiatics—thousands of them. They have simple sheds, divided into rooms, a family to a room seemingly, and there was a great collection of tents also. Hundreds upon hundreds of children flocked about—one of our party got a splendid picture of a great group of them. They looked quite healthy and happy. It took us a full day to get to Nish—a distance of less than 200 of our miles, a very picturesque journey.

Aug. 17.—'Tis hard work, this letter writing. In the first place, Nish is beautifully placed in a valley——

Oh, this poor letter. I've tried to write something of general interest, but have not had luck. Firstly a day or two after my last attempt above I came down with a horrible attack of malaria. I was quite ill for a week; but for a week now I've been steadily gaining and I'm doing exceedingly well.

I must tell you about our work here. We have at last secured a building for our hospital—ex-alms house, some of the old inmates to remain for the present. Our equipment, beds, etc., left America July 30, and has reached Saloniki. It will take it still some time to get here, though 'tis but a day's journey. But delays such as these are unavoidable. Dr. Taylor Jones is obliged to leave in three weeks so I don't know how far things will have moved by then. However, will hope for the best. We have a perfectly splendid woman for our supervising nurse, an American of course, with an excellent training. Under her will be another American nurse. Then Madame Grouitch's secretary, a woman of wonderful enthusiasm, is going to help. She has had a few months' hospital training only but I know she will be invaluable. We have several Serbian ladies to interpret and help in other ways.

There is a crying need for this baby's hospital and I'm all eagerness to get the thing going. In the meantime, Dr. Taylor Jones has started a dispensary, and is busy mornings there. Mr. Little, a New York Tribune correspondent took a picture of the tents and the staff; you may see it. Of course, I wasn't there, being at that moment on a bed of fever. (It's almost worth being ill to have the joy of recovering.)

To return to Nish (after 17 days—see date above). The natural beauties here are very great. There are lovely hills all around and at one point we see a "high, jagged, bold mountain peak." The soil is quite fertile, the whole effect looks similar to New England, but not with quite so many and splendid forests. Our dispensary, and is busy mornings its heavenly blue blossom. I've not seen enough of the flora and the birds to write much of them. Barn swallows are very common here in the city and ugly brown and black rooks. I hear what an English nurse tells me is a wood pigeon, and out in the country there are many handsome black and white magpies.

The day we reached Nish, on repairing to the consul's office, we were supremely fortunate in finding Dr. Strong there. He immediately invited us to his house, and here we have been living in state, you might say, ever since. He has four fine rooms in what is said to be the best house in Nish; and I can believe the statement, for it is a house that would be all right in America. If we weren't here we would have been at a Serbian hospital where we'd have been in a large ward with ten or fifteen other women, no privacy whatever. A book should be written telling of Dr. Strong's virtues. He is one man in ten thousand. What he has done for Serbia can scarcely be realized. You probably have heard a good deal about it. But besides all that wonderful ability to do such a colossal good deed, he is full of kindness and thoughtfulness towards all he meets. He actually turned out of his house while I was so ill, and a nurse was here—slept in his railroad car, where the accommodations are good, it is true, but where he may be shunted about all night long. I began to get better as soon as I had seen him (quinine was a great helper, too, I must admit.) I could sing his praises for a week, but I musn't.

When one says Paradise in Serbia, one doesn't, call up a picture of the blessed region of the happy dead, rather one calls to mind the homely but salubrious tomato. We get the tenderest chicken here for a song; fresh eggs are abundant, also all kinds of vegetables and fruits. We miss cream and milk and butter and white bread, and good coffee; otherwise the food is good.

I don't think I explained that our dispensary finds a home in several tents (large, 42 ft. long) placed beautifully on a side hill overlooking the city.

I've not seen the hospital site yet, but hardly think it's so picturesque. However, it's on the outskirts of the town, so we'll have air. The climate here is pleasant quite a lot of rain, but lots of sunshine, too. It's just like our early September now.

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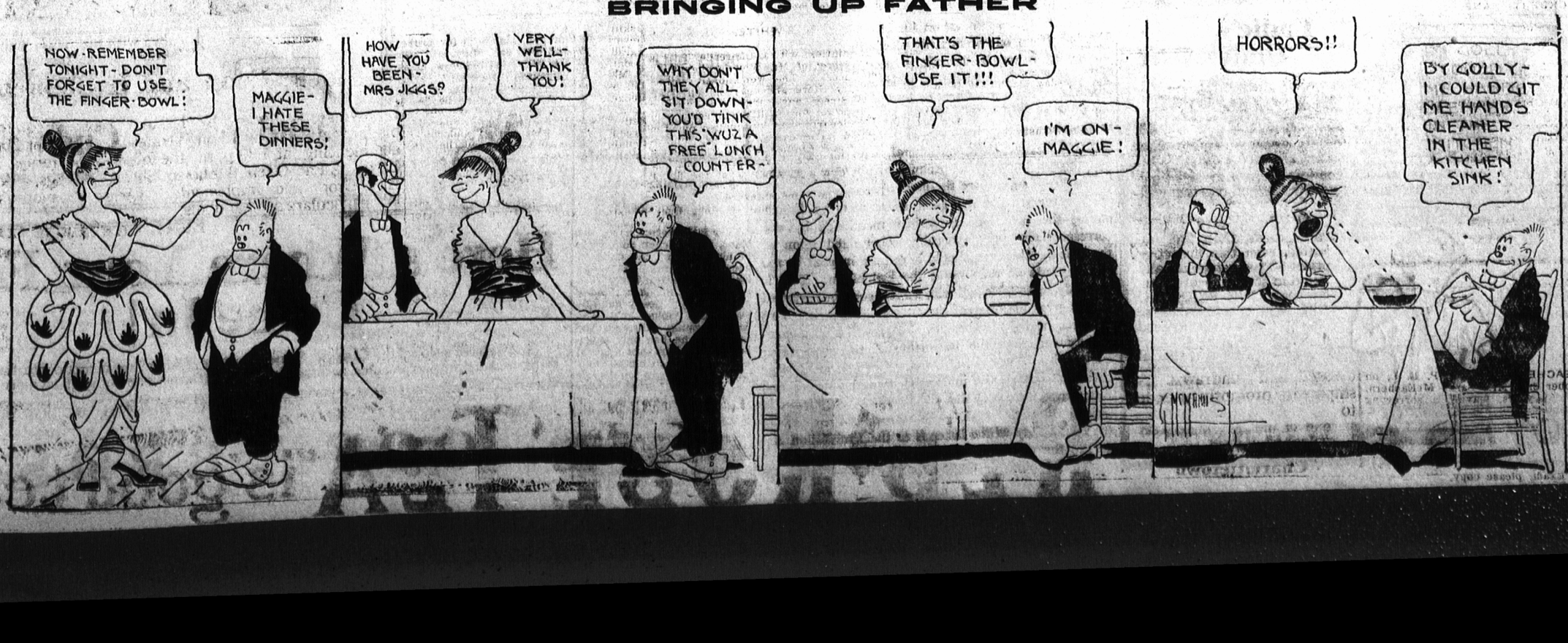
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