

THE Charlottetown Guardian

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PATRIOTIC FUNDS

Prince Edward Island, in common with the rest of the British Empire is not being solicited for—but is offering its help to the British Army and Navy, offering also what relief it can in the way of clothing and provisions, to the stricken Belgians, upon whom the great burden of the war, thus far, has fallen.

Each of the funds now open for contribution has its own distinct claim and the various committees managing them have endeavored as far as possible to put "first things first," to make provision first for the most urgent needs. While all the needs are great and urgent, and while neither of them can well be delayed, yet there are first claims and the committees, while emphasizing these have by no means neglected the others.

There are in all four distinct funds: The Army Field Service Fund; the Hospital Ship and Red Cross Fund; Patriotic Fund; the Belgian Relief Fund.

A moment's thought will show only too plainly the urgency of each and an immediate contribution to any one of them would be timely. Yet, naturally, the first thought will be for those who are fighting. It requires no argument to show that every means within reach should at once be placed at their disposal, every means that can contribute to the hastening of the end of the war, that can contribute to the holding of the enemy in check till reinforcements come, that can help to keep the fire under control before it becomes uncontrollable. It is for them that the first of the funds named—the Army Field Service Fund—is being raised.

Needless to say it is being pushed hard and all will be thankful to know that our people are responding nobly and loyally. The gift will be ready as soon as the harvest is gathered and the oats threshed; and the money will be ready to transport it.

The Hospital Ship and the Red Cross Fund, for the wounded and the sick is, like the first named, well under way. More is needed and needed now, for there are already the wounded and the sick to be cared for. While the war lasts there will be need of supplies for the Hospital Ship and for the comforts that the Red Cross Society throughout the Empire is providing. The Canadian Red Cross, branches of which are now organized all over this province, is doing a magnificent work and our province, we are pleased to know, is doing its share. In this, also, more is needed, urgently needed, and will be till the war is over.

The Patriotic Fund, recently opened here, is for the support of the wives of those who have gone to the front and for the widows and orphans of those who fall. This also will be needed, more particularly, and increasingly later on. There will be widows and orphans as a result of the war, for husbands and fathers have gone to the front, or are on their way there. The wives and children of these must also be adequately provided for and provision must be made for those whose bread winners, young men, have gone. This is a nucleus for it, left over from a fund raised during the Boer war. From the amount on hand immediate needs will no doubt be met, but there will be need for as generous a fund as it will be possible to raise. Those for whom it is intended have made an infinite sacrifice in sending their husbands, fathers, sons, to risk their lives for us, and we who cannot go have a right to treat them most generously. It is not charity, it is a well earned wage that they have a right to.

And there is the Belgian fund. What can be said of its urgency? Six weeks ago, the Belgians were happy, industrious, well provided for; today they are homeless, homeless, foodless; families separated, murdered, outraged, their country utterly ruined and broken. And for what? Because they resisted the German invasion of France. Had they taken the easier course, had they allowed the enemy free and unobstructed passage through their country, the Germans would today, in all probability, be masters of France, and the end of the war would have been indefinitely postponed. We owe them all the sacrifice we can make for them and when we have done all, the debt we owe them will not have been paid. The fund, in cash, clothing and provisions is urgent and cannot be raised too soon because it is for the hungry and the naked. Our people are responding generously to this call and we feel assured will do what they can to atone for the infinite sacrifice these worthy people have made and in the results of which we are sharing.

UNPARDONABLE VANDALISM

The belligerent enemies of Germany are not alone in their denunciation of that country's outrageous and barbarous methods of warfare. The Brooklyn Daily Eagle commenting on the destruction of Rheims cathedral says: Another crime against civilization is chronicled in the destruction by German shells and fire of the Rheims cathedral, perhaps the most beautiful in all Europe, containing five hundred statues, some of immense value and dating back to the thirteenth century. There seems to be no fair reason for questioning the news. We all wish, of course, that it were untrue. The Red Cross flag is said to have been flying over the structure for the protection of some four hundred German wounded who were being cared for therein, when the firing began.

The original vandals came from the banks of the Oder, a region inside the border of Silesia, the province that Frederick the Great tore away from the Empress Maria

Theresa of Austria. Vandalism of the purest stock shows itself in what has been done at Louvain, and at Malines, as well as in the crowning affront to the world's art sentiment in the shelling of the Rheims Cathedral, where for centuries the Kings of France were crowned.

What is the motive for such desperate use of siege guns? "To terrorize Frenchmen" is the common answer. It is insufficient, trivial, almost grotesque. France can be shocked. France loves the frozen music of her old cathedral as much as if she were not republican, as much as if she were not given to free thinking. But the effect of such shelling of a cathedral can only be to make Frenchmen more determined to punish the invaders.

The Kaiser, we imagine, is personally incapable of ordering the firing of shells at such a building, or at any building flying the Red Cross standard. But if his orders have been for the preservation of the Cathedral, then he has been disobeyed. That, considering the magnificent discipline of the German army, is unthinkable.

The officer who directly ordered the outrages at Louvain is in the hands of the Belgians, a prisoner, who has been tried by court martial and may answer with his life for his crimes. The officer who ordered the firing on the Rheims Cathedral may be a prisoner before the war is over. He is likely to share with the other offender the conspiracy of not being treated as a prisoner of war. In the long run, those who turn war into ruthless barbarity get their deserts. But no punishment can restore the Rheims Cathedral to an admiring world.

THE COMING OF BARRIE

A meek little man, shy and simply dressed, arrived in New York last week, says the News. He came from his home in London to pay what he calls "a social visit" to America. It is the second he has made. Immediately on landing, he started burrowing into a small corner where the reporters would never find him. They found him, however, and, for the first time in his life, Sir James Mathew Barry submitted to being interviewed.

He said little. His conventional plea for privacy has been somewhat dignified by willing journalists into a real "interview" in which he makes some timely remarks upon the viciousness of a system which could set a whole continent aflame in war.

There is something pathetic in this escape by Barry from the theatre of war. With the children of a gifted brain, he has sought sanctuary from the horrid tumult at home. The peaceful life of America to-day, so vividly contrasted with the turmoil in Europe has received no stronger indorsement than it wins in the arrival of Barrie.

The modern world loves Barrie because he gave it "Peter Pan". The professional world particularly loves Barrie because he gave the stage new popularity by producing plays which compelled the interest and won the sympathy of millions who looked upon the theatre with disfavour. The first friend to hail him on his arrival in New York was the womanly Maud Adams, perhaps the most deservedly popular player in America who hurried from her summer home to prepare for his enjoyment a special performance of his "Legend of Leonora".

Barrie's knowledge of human nature is one of the most valuable assets this generation possesses. His love of children and his sympathy with childhood, blending perfectly with his understanding of the yearning with which men and women, growing old, look back to the days of youth, produced his greatest work. In the Kensington Gardens of London, there stands a statue of Peter Pan, playing on his pipe, around which the young of London love to romp. From that statue to the heart of every man and woman who knows Barrie in literature or drama, there stretches a silver chord.

So Barrie comes to America, a man unused to the stern art of war, but wonderfully skilled in the arts of peace. With him come a strange company. There are in his party Peter Pan and Lady Babble and Leonora and the little minister, grim pirates and fierce Indians, old homely folk of Scotland and England, their fairies and their pets. With him they flee in amazement from the atmosphere in which the kindly feelings they represent have no place.

THE "FAUX BON HOMME"

The week (writes Observer) has revealed a pretty scheme for the poisoning of opinion in the neutral States. Let us expose it. The Wilhelmstrasse has always believed in duplicity and triplicity as agencies necessary to a diplomacy preparing for ultimate war. It was thought, not without reason, that the English speaking races, owing to a certain ingenuous credulity they all have in common—until they find they are imposed upon—would be most easily played upon by a bland effrontery of deceit. It is still supposed that methods which have failed in Europe may be good enough for America; and that the sympathies of Washington's and Lincoln's Republic may still be won for the repudiators of treaties and the destroyers of Louvain.

General Bernstorff, as one of the most expert explainers, is especially stonioned in the United States to play the part of the "faux bonhomme." It was the deadly phrase applied by Talleyrand a hundred years ago to the typical Prussian diplomat, and it still describes. Now the best epitome in every respect of the spirit that made the war is General Von Bernhardt. This writer reveals the inmost feelings of his caste towards America, when he says in his chapter, "World Power or Downfall," that "England, from her point of view, committed an unpardonable error by not supporting the Southern States in the War of Secession." Since the American Republic itself has not been conveniently broken in two, Bernhardt, like all his tribe, shows again and again his longing for the United States and Britain to quarrel so that Germany might dominate them both.

The chief German organ of the Prussian caste which has made the war is the "Kreuz Zeitung." For years that journal has especially catered for its supporters by publishing nearly every week a full page letter from Washington which more persistently than anything of the kind we know has held up the American people—their navy, their army, their ways and their wealth—to ridicule and dislike with every ironical resource of covert contempt and innate hostility. The German Government and the Prussian ruling caste are no friends to the United States. If the Kaiser could become in fact the superpotentate of his own dreams, the War Lord of Europe and "Admiral of the Atlantic"—if he could create by land and sea the World-Power which his present effort is meant to establish—it would be America's turn next. And America knows it. Every nerve in her body politic feels the truth.

NOTES

It is reported that the Allies might claim the German fleet as a part of their indemnity. Suppose, however, France should say that she did not care to stain her hands by taking any property belonging to Germany. Suppose conscientious France should add: "I only want back that \$1,000,000,000 Prussia exacted from me in 1871 with a six per cent. compound interest for forty-four years added." If France should take this lofty view she would be entitled to some \$17,000,000,000. This would be around \$250 per capita in Germany and would buy seventeen German navies. By refusing to accept more than the return of their money with compound interest, the French, we see, would exhibit a magnificent reserve.

PARIS WITH THE LIDON

THE SILENT WAR.

This is the War of Silence. I laid down the miserable, smudged little edition of "La Presse," disgusted with its meagre dispatches in italics—insignificant cavalry skirmishes—its flamboyant editorial, and its padding of matter clipped from the other papers. "Well, Webster, what d'you think of the situation, anyway?"

Webster smiled at a little Chinese boy juggler, the daily nuisance of the cafe. "I think," he said, "just what they tell me to think. It's the Government that's doing all the thinking!"

And that sums up the situation that has existed in Paris since the war began. We know nothing except what we are informed of officially through the War Office, and that is mighty little. But is even that little true? That is what Paris is asking itself.

For, the fact is, so far it is too good to be true. Paris digests it, for Paris is optimistic, but men like Webster and persons who have lived in Berlin and old army officers are all from Missouri. Hardly a single reverse has been officially reported; but those little colored flags which all Paris is sticking into its maps of the "north-eastern frontier" move so slowly, so very slowly! We have to keep putting the red-yellow and black of the Belgians farther and farther west every day. At this writing the foots at Liege still hold out—but what does that matter? Our little Prussian flags are now clear across the Meuse. So, wondering in every house, some one is reading his "Derniere Heure" dispatches with one hand and sticking pins into a map on the wall with the other.

"We shall keep silence when silence is necessary," said President Poincaré at the beginning of the war, "but we shall tell no lies." How glad Paris would be to be sure that he had kept his word! No, we can hardly believe it all the German cowardice and French gallantry. Are the Bavarian troops so ill shod that they cannot march, and so ill fed that they will not fight? Do the Prussian shells miss fire? It is good reading, all that, and the daily hopeful letters from the front, but we dare not believe. We have seen excerpts from the Berlin papers. They are optimistic, too! Are both inspired?

PARIS DOES NOT WEEP!

My own experience gives me little faith. Asked by the editor of Collier's to cable the title of my last article, I wrote "Scenes of Mobilization Paris en larmes." This, with my "pernis de sejour," I took to the Commissionaire of my Arrondissement.

A sergeant de ville—what the tourist calls a "gendarme"—shook his whiskered head and smiled. "The 'pernis' won't go," he remarked, and handed it back.

"Why not?" He pointed with a none too clean finger nail at my words and remarked: "Paris in tears."

"But surely Paris is in tears," I remonstrated, "on that first day of the mobilization, I wrote of the scenes on the street."

"The men of Paris do not weep!" he announced.

"But the women of Paris, do then!" I insisted. "Surely I can believe my own eyes, monsieur!"

He shook his head and passed back the cable. It was no use. So far, at least, as the War Department is concerned, I am a liar. It did not weep on August 1, 1914. I must consult an occultist. I crossed out the word, and in four hours the message was returned from the Prefect of Police covered with rubber stamps. I took it to the telegraph office and paid for it. What happened after that at the office of the war censor only the editor of Collier's can tell.

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS GLORY.

Explanation after explanation came from the Government. The army didn't really want Mulhouse; the place was mined; we had prevented the Germans from using it, anyway; it was under fire of our batteries. And so forth and so on. But since then, news has been scarce. Evidently the army is going to tell nothing now until it has clinched its nails into Alsace and Lorraine.

It is not 1870 this time. No gorgeous telegrams replete with lies and rhetoric, no strings of gallant names. The war of 1914 is strictly anonymous. Gen. Joffre, when he is not too busy driving back German cavalry, makes a simple geographical statement, naming enough villages for the lines of little flags and mark the line of "French advance; but who is fighting and who is wounded no one knows. Or, at least, no names are mentioned in the papers. The War Office will inform, privately, every woman who has a right to know of the fact only, if her husband is killed. She may write to him, on the post cards provided by the Government, filling in the blanks, name, company, battalion, brigade, regiment, and corps, and her message is delivered free. He may write to her if he does it with discretion, but his letter is held for a week or two weeks—long enough so that any information as to his position may be useless and then it is delivered without a postmark.

WHAT FUN TO BE A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Hence the "telegraphes de concierges" and all sorts of tours de force of imagination and credulity. Most fantastic, and by far the most popular of these fairy tales, was that spread about the "Bouillon Kub" (bouillon cubes) whose yellow tin signs are tacked up all over the countryside. Of German origin, the tin signs must have been placed to secretly point the way toward Paris for an invading army. They were numbered so as to give other military information; they were even punched with seemingly accidental holes that had mysterious significance. So said the concierges, nodding their idle heads. Half Paris believed it.

It makes hard work for the newspaper correspondents. Said one to me: "I'd give a hundred dollars if the Atlantic cables were cut tonight!" From New York the correspondents receive queries, threats, supplications, demands for news, more news! Do you remember when Alice had run for miles and miles with the Duchess, she said she was thirsty? The Duchess handed her—a cracker. That's all the correspondents can get from the War Office to supply New York's thirst for information. From home to the office, to the ambassador's, to the War

Department, to the office again to spin silk purses out of sow's ears, to the telegraph bureau and home again—that is the American correspondent's weary daily routine. There is no such thing possible as a "beat" nowadays. One correspondent (don't give them away on Park Row) exchanges information with another, and they consider themselves lucky if, in a day's chasing, they can get anything besides that contained in the official "communiqués." Of course there are exceptions and feats of newspaper enterprise, especially on the part of papers boasting their exclusive information, are even now performed. One of these "coups"—perhaps the most startling of the week—was the sensation with regard to Mrs. Harbensen.

Mrs. A. Tyler Harbensen has returned from Vichy and expects to remain in Paris until late Autumn.

This, however, was almost rivaled last Monday by the energy and persistence of a rival sheet. The news was led to New York at the press rate of fifty centimes per word.

Mrs. J. W. Levy, Mrs. S. Holzman, Miss Vivian Ruth Levy, and Miss Marcela Holzman, of New York, arrived in Paris yesterday and leave for London tomorrow.

Isn't it great to be a foreign correspondent in time of war?

A CIVILIZATION RUNNING ON THREE WHEELS.

More than half the shops still have their shutters down and barred, but one kind of shop at least does a lively trade—the pharmacies. The boot shops are not worrying, especially those on the Rue d'École de Médecine. But even these, and the stationers, who play a lively trade in writing pads, and even the big department stores all close at midday for an hour or two. There are not enough clerks now for one to relieve another at lunch time.

There is no need of buying more than one paper, morning or evening, for they are all alike, and each contains two columns of editorials clipped from all the others. The only advertisements printed are the "want ads." Of these there are hundreds, infinitely pathetic in their brief abbreviated stories of misery.

I have been stopped only once so far for my papers—luckily I had them with me. It was after midnight, while crossing the Place du Carrousel; one is never molested by day unless one has the complexion and costume of a "Barbare," or German. Soon Paris will undoubtedly be covered over with a fine-tooth comb. But Paris is pretty nearly drained dry of fighting material. Only the "reformers" remain—those incapacitated for soldiering by physical defect. The estimates of the mobilization allowed for about 20 per cent. who would be missing at roll call. France has responded with 94 per cent. of its theoretical effectiveness! There are corps of volunteers—Italian, Polish, American, and other foreigners. Men are getting so scarce that they are suspected and scorned.

PARIS IS MANNED BY WOMEN.

As you descend into the Metropolitan subway station, a woman at the office serves you. When you go downstairs, a woman punches your ticket—a pretty woman, efficient, but rather sober, in her glazed visored cap and smart uniform, who smiles and says: "Hurry up, the last train is just leaving!" Women guards push the slide doors together—only the controller is a man. On the trains women take your money, make change, and pass your ticket. For a few days the passengers enjoyed the novelty and the woman's inexperience, but if a look of uncertainty crossed her face, everyone was ready to help her with advice or information, to tell her the names of the streets, even to ring the bell for her and pick up dropped fifty centime pieces.

The Societe Generale, the great cooperative banking corporation of France, has lost almost 75 per cent. of its employees. But the wives and (Continued on page 5.)

A HORSEMAN ASKS A QUESTION

Sir,—Your readers were doubtless pleased to learn that the Directors of the Driving Park were fortunate in securing the services of efficient officers (well versed in the rules of the National Trotting Association) to conduct the races at the present meet. As an inexperienced horseman, not pretending to be "well versed" or conversant with those rules as administered by these efficient officers, I would like to be informed under which rule the five horses (including Queensborough of New Brunswick) were allowed to contest the fourth heat in the 2:30 class yesterday, whilst on the previous day in the 2:40 class, under similar conditions, Helen A., owned by G. McMillan of North River, P.E.I., was ruled out as not being eligible for money? How did Queensborough become qualified to contest, or how did Helen A. become disqualified? I am, sir, etc. "HORSEMAN."

SEAMEN FOUNDERED.

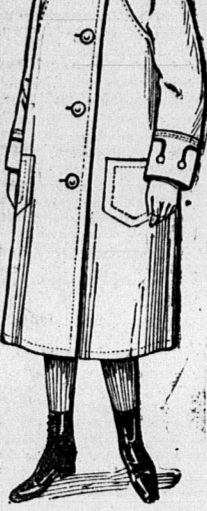
LONDON, Sept. 24.—A despatch from Rotterdam, says: It is said that the missing Dutch Steamer Automaat, bound from Grimby for Rotterdam, founded. The Swedish steamer landed at Gothenburg with the sole survivor of Automaat's crew of twenty men.

While you are in town do not forget the Rexall Store for your shopping headquarters. Here you will find everything that could be possibly required in excellent drug sundries and supplies. Splendid line of service courteous treatment and prompt delivery of your order, while our charges are no higher than you pay for inferior work. MacKinnon Drug Co., Cor. Great George and Kent Streets. MELT. 5639-9-18M6i

Heavy Blanketing Cloth Suitable for Children's Coats, Lounging Robes and Bath Robes

They come in large broken checks, square checks, in the different colors also Plains, in Greys, Mahogany, Crimson and Blues, also in White. New cloth is well represented in the new Romanstripes suitable for Fall waistings and dresses.

The underwear stock is already ready for the Customer who likes comfort. Don't wait to buy it until the frost is in the air. Good choosing right now and at prices that ought to enable us to sell double the quantity of EVEN last year.



Men's Ready to Wears—probably the biggest stock in the Province, hundreds of Overcoats and suits. Cold type would hardly give you an idea of the showing. We invite the men of Prince Edward Island when visiting the Exhibition to make for this Department and talk the Ready-to-wear quest with the salesmen.

The Teachers of Prince Edward Island are Cordially Invited to Patons Formal Fall Opening where they will see new Fall millinery, ladies' ready-to-wear garments. Silks and dress goods, laces, gloves, neckwear, ribbons, fancy velvets, and many other Chic articles of wearing apparel that would be then on display.

A Great Furniture Show, Furniture by the car-load bought that way to save discounts and freight, everything for the home is right here at the Home of good Furniture right on Victoria Row. Be sure you see our Special showing at the Exhibition.

PATONS Phone 9-6 Victoria Row

New Silver Moon Base Burners

THIS NEW SILVER MOON BASE BURNER is the very latest style having heavy double fire pot and handsome nickel trimmings which makes it stand out from the rest.

At present prices of fuel, hard coal can be purchased at only a very small advance on other kinds, and as you can operate a base burner on a couple of tons of hard coal each season, you will readily see that this style of heater is the most economical in the end. Consider the comfort of these stoves—a

scuttle of Coal put in each morning will run the stove all day without any further trouble to you. Having double fire pot, the Coal feeds steadily and the heat is radiated through the large Mica doors which in appearance and comfort cannot be purchased. Note the extremely low prices. Get yours today.

Number 10 New Silver Moon \$14.00 each
" 11 " " " 15.00 "
" 12 " " " 17.00 "

The first tee joint of pipe is included in above prices. Simon W. Crabbe The Stove Man

Hogs Wanted

We are now prepared to handle quantities of dressed hogs. No hogs will be accepted unless properly Killed for Inspection.

Davis & Fraser 5639-9-18M6i

Visitors to the Exhibition

If in need of Footwear visitors to the Exhibition will profit by a visit to our store. Many bargains on our counters in Children's School Boots at 95c, \$1.25 and \$1.39. A splendid line of Girls' Box Calf Blu. sizes 11—2, price \$1.50. Women's Gun Metal Vici and Patent, prices ranging from \$3.10 to \$4.50 now \$2.38. Men's Boots \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 for \$3.19.

Infants soft sole shoes reduced 25c, 39c and 45c GOFF BRO We sell Men's, Women's and Children's Half proof hosiery six months wear guaranteed