

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1918

NOTICE

Wednesday being New Year's Day and a public holiday the Morning Guardian will not be published on the following day. The Evening Guardian will be published on Thursday but not on Wednesday.

FREE TRADE IN EVERYTHING BUT—

It is a comparatively easy matter to pass a resolution for an individual or for a body of individuals whose interests are identical, to formulate a satisfactory constitution or set of laws, satisfactory, that is, to themselves. When the other fellows are heard from however, there is trouble. The other day, as previously reported in the Guardian, the United Farmers of Ontario in convention passed a number of radical resolutions, among them one demanding free trade in everything with the United States. There were the usual hot speeches; the iniquities of politicians and governments were handled sulphuriously—by politicians and a millenium of political purity and tax freedom was made up fairly down upon the enraptured audience. When the heat of the passionate storm of oratory had passed away the chickens began to come home and they are still coming. The Ontario Dairy Association, remembering a resolution adopted at a Women's Convention some time previously that Canada should be allowed to use margarine immediately smelted margarine coming from the United States and solving

RETIRING PUBLIC SERVANTS

It is currently reported that Sergeant Taylor of the police force is about to retire from the service and although he himself neither confirms nor denies it, the fact that he has given thirty two years to this service and that he is not as young as he was when he wasn't as old as he is now, gives the report sufficient foundation to make it probable at least in the not distant future. While Sergeant Taylor has been a valued member of the Charlottetown Police Force, fearless, a terror to evil doers and a conscientious upholder of the law, his place on the force can doubtless be filled. There are always men ready to take the places of those who fall or who retire through old age or other disability. This, however, is not the question. Whether a man's place can be filled or not, whether his retirement is or is not an irreparable loss, the rights of the faithful servant must be considered. When a man has devoted the whole of his active life to a service,

FOREVER CANADA

It was Rupert Brooks who wrote the lines "If I should die, think only this of me: there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England." There are acres upon acres in France and Belgium that will be forever Canada. Over fifty thousand Canadians are sleeping their long last sleep under the blood-soaked battlefields of Europe. For generations to come these huge cemeteries will be the Mecca of Canadians and each with its gleaming white crosses will be forever Canada. It was on these fields and be-

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

BY REV. T. SLINSCOTT, D.D. (All Rights Reserved)

Dr. Linscott, in this column will help you solve your heart problems religious, natural, social, financial, and every other anxious care that perplexes you. If a personal answer is required, enclose a five-cent stamp. No names will be published; if you prefer, sign your initials only, or use a pseudonym.

MERIT IN GOOD WORKS

William asks me the following: 'Is there any merit in good works and how much credit, if any, does God give us for doing them if we are not true Christians?' If a man is a rebel against God he gets no credit for anything which may appear to be good in his life, but there are a lot of people who do not profess to be converted who have kind hearts and are anxious to do good, they are liberal and public spirited and you always find them on the right side when benevolent projects

IMMORTALITY

Rev. J. H. asks: "Providing the soul is immortal is it of material importance whether the body is raised or not." The resurrection as taught in the New Testament is not a resurrection of the actual material which composed the human body. It likely is a resurrection of the body in the sense that a man's body at 60 years of age is the same body that he had when he was a babe. Our immortal souls will have spiritual bodies.

AN EMPIRE'S FOUNDATION

Lord Rosebery says "Thrift is the surest and strongest foundation of an empire—so sure, so strong, and so necessary that no great empire can long exist that disregards it." Thus does this eminent British statesman re-echo the words of the wise of all ages. The need of thrift has not been outgrown. The greatest of nations today say that through it chiefly will the nations recover from the effects of the Great War.

LET US THANK GREAT BRITAIN

The following address was given in Plymouth Church, New York, recently by Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood, who has frequently visited Charlottetown and is well known here.

It seems to me eminently fit, as this war ends, for the American people to express its appreciation of the major part taken in it by the British, for had not the British held the seas, the night of barbarism would have overspread Europe once more, and swept thence into our skies.

It is for this season that I have come to this sanctuary of Anglo-Saxon Americanism, an American whose ancestors fought Great Britain in our Revolutionary War, to thank God for Great Britain. So I stand here, a man in whose veins runs Dutch and Prussian, as well as Welsh, Scotch and English blood, to offer thanks that I was born of a nation that came out of the womb of that Great Mother of Liberty.

Greece gave to the world our philosophy and art; Rome our government and law. Great Britain gave to it equality and freedom. Nor did she stop with these gifts, for she has since insured this preservation, and has sown them with a prodigal hand in every corner of the earth, herself surpassing all others in their amplification and enjoyment, even ourselves.

Truly did Nicholas Murray Butler say of England, that she has stood guardian at the gate of the Temple of Liberty for a thousand years.

My friends, on the 4th, of August, 1914, Great Britain, with France, spread willing arms across that gateway, to hold it, Oh for so long a time, Oh, so near to their ruin, until we should wrench ourselves free from the coma of pacifism into which our President had drugged us, and spring to their assistance—which we did at that memorable July day, almost half a decade after the foul wolves from the Brandenburg swamps had been loosed upon the world.

Notwithstanding the gigantic cost of this delay we are now prating about our having made the world safe for democracy!—we, who saw the democracy that we had helped to fashion for France and France itself, our friend and benefactor, go down into the bloody mire beneath the tyrant's feet with never a cry of protest from us.

Still, my friends, for some of this we at last have happily atoned; the army, the navy, and the people—the men, women and children—of the United States all have striven to atone for it. When, finally, we awoke we gave all that we had, and strove with our might to right the wrong we did our civilization, the wrong we did it when we officially denied that the causes of this war touched us at all.

Daily Selections For Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louson

MY GRACE SUFFICIENT

(2nd Cor.—12:8-9.) Dr. Miller.

Many prayers that seem to be unanswered are really answered. The blessing comes, but in a form we do not recognize. Instead of the very thing we sought, something better is given. The burden is not lifted away, but we are sustained beneath it. We are not spared the suffering, but in the suffering we are brought nearer God, and receive more of his grace. The sorrow is not taken away, but is changed to joy. Our ignorant prayers are taken into the hands of the great Intercessor, and are answered in ways far wiser than our thoughts,—instead of earthly trifles, heavenly riches; instead of things which our poor wisdom sought, things God's infinite wisdom chose for us; instead of pleasure for a day, gained for eternity.

Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars for evermore have set,

The things which our weak judgment here had spurned, The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans are right, And how what seemed reproof was love most true;

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh, God's plans go on as best for you and me;

How when we called he heeded not our cry, Because His wisdom to the end could see.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

when in the fashion that Peter denied Christ we in our own turn denied that we knew the issues of this vile assault that almost crushed the reign of moral law.

May history deal mercifully with us, passing untouched our official acts to reach beneath our bandaged eyes and weigh our hearts. May we be forgiven the millions dead, that need not have died had we stood ready on that August day, like the guardian at the Gate of Liberty, to step before poor stricken Belgium, and say, HANDS OFF!

Who, therefore are we, that at the close of the struggle we should strut down from the mountain, bearing tables of stone on which are graven fourteen irrevocable commandments of our own devising? OUR fourteen points! Let us beware lest they become treacherous thorns. Already they have wounded the hand that throttled the fleets that murdered our kin and would have convoyed troops to devastate our shores.

Are we competent to prescribe democracy for a stricken world? May not the world justly say, "Physician, heal thyself?" From us went forth emissaries to Russia to sow the wind, and Russian has reaped the whirlwind. While our Allies have been silently freeing the rest of Europe by force of arms have we not been talking it into flames? I suspect that we have. Who shall say that the Bolshevik is not a legitimate child of our official policy? I believe that it is.

But to return. Are we competent to prescribe the Anglo-Saxon democracy or a stricken world? Are we as competent to do so as the Mother of Democracy, before whose eyes we have elevated our tables of stone, as if they were sacred writ? Let us see. Great Britain has a government responsive to popular sentiment; we have not. When the British people repudiate their government it resigns; when ours is repudiated—as it was recently—it continues to misrepresent public sentiment, and holds on till it expires by limitation. Parliament rules; Congress does not. The act of Parliament is final; that of Congress is provisional. There is no master above Parliament; there are two above Congress.

Great Britain's cities are well governed, by directly democratic and incorrupt councils, which are proceeding in just, orderly and efficient ways towards municipal ownership of gas, electricity, street railways, public markets, wash-houses, etc. Our own municipal governments because of their corruption, waste, inefficiency and callousness, give us cause to hang our heads.

We freed our slaves in '63; Great Britain had freed hers in '33. We emancipated our slaves and ruined their owners, leaving the latter no capital with which to employ them. Hers, Great Britain redeemed by purchase—770,000 of them—at a cost of \$95,000,000. A bloody war and eight billions of money, spent first and last, was the price we paid.

England prohibited night work for women 74 years ago; by only ten of our states has this reform been attempted as yet.

In 1833 England began regulating the conditions under which children may be employed, and today surrounds the child at work with the most rigid safeguards. Our national government is powerless to do likewise. "In the worst days of cotton milling in England," says Wells, "the conditions were hardly worse than those now existing in the American South. Children, the tiniest and frailest, rise in the morning and like old men and women, go to the mills to do their days work, and when they return home wearily cling themselves on their beds, too tired to take off their clothes. "Many children work all night. "In the maddening racket of the machinery in an atmosphere unsanitary and clouded with humidity and dirt. One million seven hundred thousand children, practically uneducated, are toiling over here, growing up darkened, marred and dangerous, into the American future."

In England there are old age pensions; there are not any here. In England there is national health insurance there is none here. In England there are national labor exchanges, and insurance against unemployment, and here is a minimum wage in low paid industries. Where in this country are these fruits of democracy to be found. Nevertheless, we talk of democracy as if we, ourselves were its foremost practitioners; as if, in very fact, we were the keeper of its great seal. Why, for long centuries before the phrase, Making the World Safe for Democracy, occurred to us, Great Britain the very mother of it all was lavishly spilling her blood and treasure over the lands and waters of the earth to make it a safe place for her democratic children, among whom are we; who said officially of this war of the forces of evil upon the forces of good, that between the two saw no difference!

So I stand here tonight, an American to the core, and offer my thanks

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HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

On Tuesday next this war-worn old year will pass into the hasbeens and we shall be welcoming the dawn of a new and, let it be hoped, a better and a brighter year for all of us. This "Colyum" wishes its readers, a prosperous new year full of good works and happiness.

One of the problems to be faced in the coming year is—what shall we do with our patriotic organizations of those many societies and co-operative gatherings which devoted thought, work, money towards providing for our boys comfort at the front? For something, of course there will still be need for the energies of most of these organizations, but gradually as our boys come home the need will disappear. What are our lady friends going to do? It would be a thousand pities to allow the fine organizations to go to pieces, especially as there is plenty work of a social and community character to which they might with advantage be converted.

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire entertained at dinner Saturday night at Government House, following the investiture of Sir Frank Barnard, and the guests were: Sir Frank and Lady Barnard, Miss Loewell, Lady Blanche Cavendish, Lady Spring-Rice, Sir George and Lady Burn, and Miss Burn, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Senator and Mrs. Bostock, Miss Bostock, Sir Joseph and Lady Pope, Miss Murie-Barrows, Miss Hilda Murphy, Miss Edith Cochrane, Miss Emma Desrosiers, General Sir William Otter, Miss Saunders, Miss Walton, Colonel the Honorable Harold and Lady Violet Henderson, Lord Richard Nevill, Sir Thomas White, Sir James Grant, Mr. Arthur Sladen, Mr. Laporte, Sir James Louheed, and Lord Minto.

Captain W. D. Herridge, M. C., son of Rev. W. T. Herridge, D.D., and Mrs. Herridge, of Ottawa, has recently been awarded the D. S. O. This coming visit to Italy, is very popular. The third time that Captain Herridge has received honors.

On Sunday special Christmas music was sung in all the churches many of which were very artistically decorated with spruce, holly and poinsettias, while special messages bearing on the favorable impression, although she is neither surpassingly beautiful nor deeply intellectual, and is only a sensible, ordinary kind of woman.

Christmas this year was celebrated with a spirit of joyousness which has not been in evidence for the past four years and although it rained heavily all day, it did not dampen the ardor of the young to whom the day passed all too quickly. There were many family gatherings and not a few social affairs in the evening, while the Prince Edward Theatre was well filled at both performances.

Mrs. White, who has been spending several weeks at Summerside with her son, Rev. Charles White, is now in Sackville, where she will spend some time with her sister, Mrs. A. W. Bennett.

The many friends of Miss Vere Hyndman will regret to hear of her illness in the P. E. I. Hospital and hope for her speedy recovery.

Mrs. Charles Lyons and family are spending the Christmas season in Georgetown.

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