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CIVILIZATION AND THE WAR

In the world wide shadow of the horror now flooding the fairest fields of Europe with blood and bringing sorrow and suffering to millions throughout the world, the question is being seriously asked by many, is Civilization a failure? And to most the answers, many and varied and uncertain, are not satisfactory.

In this, the Twentieth Century, an age of progress, of educational advancement, of scientific achievement, of marvellous development along every line that, humanly speaking, could elevate and enoble mankind, millions of those who have shared in the world's advancement are today blowing each other to pieces with implements of war that represent the acme of the world's greatest mechanical and scientific progress.

The guns in our dreadnoughts, the floating mines strewn in the sea, the rapid firing guns on the battlefield are the last word in mechanical ingenuity and invention, the product of human intelligence that has been accumulating and strengthening through centuries. Today these guns and mines and rapid firers are laid for the destruction of human life, of the lives of men who are as innocent as the unborn babe as to why they are to kill or to be killed by their fellow men.

Surely, in the face of what the world is witnessing today and must witness for many days to come, one is justified in the conclusion that our civilization has yet a long way to go before it has completely eliminated the primitive savagery from our blood, before we can measure up even to our own standard of civilization.

Mr. Hearst, the owner and ruling spirit of the New York American and of several other "Hearst" papers has sent an appeal to Lord Northcliffe of the London Times and to Lord Burnham of the London Telegraph asking them to use their influence with the press of England to unite with the press of the United States "to stop the war."

This is really the best joke perpetrated since the war began. It will be remembered that this same Mr. Hearst took the trouble to send his private yacht from San Francisco to inform a German cruiser, which at the time was prowling along the Pacific Coast, where she could find the little Canadian cruiser Rainbow and that it was only by a miracle that the little Canadian escaped being caught.

Now he wants the war stopped! He wants the London papers to unite with the United States papers to stop the war! But they won't do it. Anyway there is not a respectable newspaper in the United States but wants to see Germany so badly "licked" that she herself will ask that the war be stopped.

The war is cruel, mercilessly cruel, and the whole civilized world would gladly see it stopped—if for the purpose for which it is being fought were accomplished. But it is not yet. Germany is not yet in a position to agree to such a settlement as those fighting her would demand and as the world would insist on her making. In other words she is not yet ripe but she is ripening and she will herself ask that the war be stopped and the settlement will come in good time.

HELP THE BELGIANS

Through the kindness of Col. Ings, a room has been set apart in the Armories for the reception of parcels of clothing &c., as a contribution for the Belgian sufferers. In a recent issue we published a letter from a gentleman who had just returned from Belgium and whose description of conditions there will give some idea of the need of help for those unfortunate people. From that letter we quote the following:

Already one half of her territory is occupied by the modern Huns. Already famine is staring her in the face. Arson, looting, murder, outrage, are the order of the day. The reign of terror is supreme in the provinces of Lemburg and Liege. Every barn is filled with homeless people seeking refuge from the invading hordes. The reports in the newspapers are scarcely exaggerated, and I can personally testify to the abominations of the German occupation from the evidence of those who are nearest to me. Prussians are quartered in my father's house. My mother, an old lady of nearly eighty, is being starved and kept a prisoner in my native city. My wife and children, who had just arrived from Edinburgh, had to fly before the German Uhlans, and the little country retreat where for thirty years we retired for our annual holiday is now turned into a shambles.

Both the Belgian Government and the Belgian people are doing their utmost to relieve the distress of the sufferers. But let the British nation remember that the Belgian Government at the present juncture cannot devote itself to the relief of private citizens. They must keep mainly to the defence of the country, and to her liberation, which is also the liberation of Europe. And as for the possibilities of private initiative, they are, alas! only too limited. The Belgians are nearly ruined. All trade has come to a standstill. And the misery is too far-reaching for the Belgians to cope with it single-handed. This is not a Belgian war, it is a European conflagration, and it is for the whole of Europe to come to the rescue of an afflicted people, and to prevent the horrors of famine from being added to the horrors of the battlefield.

This heartrending description falls upon us, who have never known anything even of want—to say nothing of famine, starvation, murder and outrage—falls upon us in the midst of prosperity and peace and contentment; falls upon us as a call to do our part, to do our duty. These Belgian sufferers are taking a fearful share of the sacrifice that is now demanded to save the British Empire and, with it, Europe. We also have a right to share in the sacrifice. What can we do for them? Their need is great beyond any conception of ours. Let us do what we can.

CANADA'S OPPORTUNITIES

The industrial activity of the nations of Continental Europe which are engaged in the war, being stopped, with vast and far-reaching consequences in the way of dislocation of world trade it is an obvious fact which cannot too forcibly be impressed upon public attention that the situation is one which presents a great opportunity, as well as a great duty, to our country.

Of all kinds of merchandise the Canadian people imported last year \$663,564,000 worth, or about \$80 worth for every man, woman and child in the country. More than one-half of this was manufactured goods. The situation created by the war gives Canada an opportunity for industrial development and trade expansion, not alone in the way of making Canadian goods supply, in large measure, the place of goods hitherto imported, but also in the way of increasing Canadian exports. At the same time, it is of imperial importance that in the case of goods hitherto imported from German or Austrian markets, for which Canada must now look abroad to other markets, the preference should be given to Great Britain.

It is a time for Canada to put on steam and move forward to make the most, both for herself and for the Empire of which she forms part, of the conditions created by the war and the opportunities which these conditions present to be seized by energetic and fore-seeing Canadians. There are difficulties and complexities, but unquestionably they only mask great opportunities. The shortage of European foodstuffs caused by the war means wealth to the agricultural industry of this country, and if the Canadians engaged in that basic industry utilize to the full the opportunity thus opened to them, and greatly increase their production, the foundation of Canadian national prosperity and progress will be immensely widened and strengthened. In the new era which will follow after the war Canada should be in every way a far greater country than before.

HOW FREE TRADE WORKS

Free trade friends always forget that for three generations Canadians gave their home market to the British manufacturer in return for favored treatment of Canadian products in the British market, a policy now scouted as heterodox and impossible. Yet even with that tangible quid pro quo, free trade proved harmful to the best interests of this country. In a letter to the Colonial Secretary of the day a member of the Upper Canada Legislature summed it all up by saying that "the Canadian people were mere hewers of wood and drawers of water; they were drained of their raw produce, inundated with British wares and kept stationary in their poverty," largely because all those, they were many, who could not farm or work in the shanties were driven to earn their bread in the States. Since then, and notably since 1879 when the National Policy was established, there has been a surprising development of Canadian manufacturing industries. Can anyone believe that to cripple them by the free admission of British goods, leaving thousands of artisans idle and destroying directly and indirectly several hundred millions of Canadian capital, would stimulate Canadian loyalty beyond its present fever heat? Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," says that "the extension of free trade has undoubtedly a tendency to effect the disintegration of great heterogeneous empires by destroying the peculiar advantages of colonies and of conquered territory"; meaning that free trade is not compatible with the monopoly of colonial trade which conquerors and colonizing nations once enjoyed.

NOTES

United States farmers in all the States expect that prices for agricultural produce will be abnormally high next year, and are preparing to take advantage of them. Canadians will have themselves to blame if they are left in this competition.

The \$100,000 raised in Petrograd on flag day is to go to the first Russian soldier who sets foot in Berlin following the proposed occupation by the Czar's army. If money counts for anything in such circumstances there will be Russian military boots tramping in the German capital before a Zeppelin drops a bomb into London, and thus wins Commercial Councillor Peodore's \$125 reward.

Our ancestors, like his, (the Kaiser's) were struggling savages; they, too, felt hate and hunger and the stirrings of barbarous ambitions; they, too, when they had power, aspired to drench the world in blood and tears; they, too, "climbed to eminence over men's graves." Wilhelm is an aviator, that is all. He is as one born out of his time. His date is 2,000 B. C., not 1914 A. D. Yet let us suppress all tendency to our national trick of virtuous indignation. Wilhelm is not the only aviator among us. While we continue to glory in cunning as wisdom, while we continue to regard unbridled greed respectfully as evidence of superior power, let us not condemn him too unsparingly. His ideals were the ideals of the world till a short time ago. They are still the ideals of those who condemn him most bitterly. Francis Fenwick Williams.

PARIS IN WAR TIME SEES ENGLAND REGENERATED THROUGH WAR

Changed Aspect of the City. Rumor and the Censors.

PARIS, Saturday.—Some curious effects of the war are to be noted in the price of things. If the moment were not so solemn, so filled with anxiety for the friends of France, one would be right in counselling the young woman about to be married to hastily to Paris to pick up bargains. She could get her trousseau for nothing. The smartest Paris gowns have never been marked down at so low a figure. Every article of woman's apparel is going for a song. If one's women folk have a ten pound note to spend, they come back rich in clothes.

London Motto for the patriot—"Business as usual, but please pay cash"—does not represent affairs here, except for the last caution. We want cash, and plenty of it. In most banks, if they take it at all, they give you 23 francs 50 centimes for an English sovereign. Even in the most favourable circumstances one loses a franc per cent in changing an English cheque.

There is something to be learned in studying the shops—those that remain open. I have spoken of the low prices for articles of feminine wear. There is one exception—crepe is going up. "Mourning, a large stock with- in." This familiar sign marks the sad hats in the milliners' establishments; everyone has a black bow or sombre touch.

IN THE COUNTRY. Outside Paris, at Versailles or St. Denis, for instance, the scene is essentially martial. One feels the breath of war. At St. Cyr the sensation is very vivid. One looks up to see a monoplane piercing the evening clouds, and right above the monoplane appears a double-decker swooping down upon it like an eagle upon its prey. The manoeuvre in the heavens explains the nightly search for Zeppelins. At Versailles every inch of ground is occupied with war. War strikers at one in every corner. Soldiers are billeted upon house-holders; the habitual garrison is swelled a hundredfold.

Long lines of blue and red figures wind their way along the country roads; it is that that he may become fit to bear arms. And none knows when these old boys who march so solidly along the white roads will not be required to take the place of younger men. It occurred the other day in the North at a place which I shall not name for fear of the censor. There they strode almost unexpectantly into battle; battle, indeed, sweet over them. It was a terrible experience, but the shock found them brave; they did their duty like gallant Frenchmen. But the first long march left them very exhausted. The difference between twenty and forty is felt sooner on the battlefield than elsewhere.

THE IDLE TONGUE. Rumours kill more hearts and courage than the crudest official stories of reverses. "Lille has been taken and is in flames." "Our troops cannot possibly hold it." "The English are splendid, but there is not enough of them." "Yes, the new army—very good, but how long will it take to put them in the field? Meanwhile—" And so on into the night men talk a low, grumbling talk over their pipes and cigarettes in their neighbour's houses, for there are no crafts now for the evening gossip. The more impressive protest that in three weeks' time the Uhlans will be seen in Neuilly.

Meanwhile I am bound to say that the temper of Paris, notwithstanding the uncertainties of the hour, is calm and courageous. And one has found one's daily for more light. "Don't reveal strategic secrets," he says; don't tell us of your dispositions, but take us into your confidence about other things. For instance, there was a disgraceful incident the other day. A corps d'armee failed and evacuated its position, leaving a gap in our line of defence of six or seven miles. Why were we not told about that and the measures taken to bring those troops to a sense of their duty? Such things, unfortunately, occur in every army. Why not trust the people by telling them? Again, the "Tiger" declared that three generals, for exceeding orders, had been sent down from the front and were now languishing on the Spanish frontier. His facts are no doubt right, but the ex-Premier is scarcely a man to point mere hearsay in a matter of such extreme importance. Again he asks, "Why was not the public told? It would have been comforted by the thought that the army was in strong and fearless hands, and that when generals made mistakes they were punished for it."

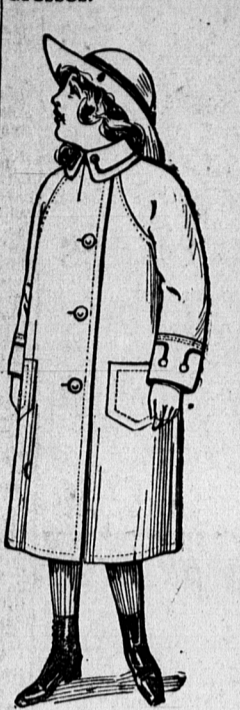
GREAT IS TRUTH. Official communiques are not always very satisfying. M. Clemenceau, amazingly vigorous with his pen, notwithstanding his seventy-three years, writes daily for more light. "Don't reveal strategic secrets," he says; don't tell us of your dispositions, but take us into your confidence about other things. For instance, there was a disgraceful incident the other day. A corps d'armee failed and evacuated its position, leaving a gap in our line of defence of six or seven miles. Why were we not told about that and the measures taken to bring those troops to a sense of their duty? Such things, unfortunately, occur in every army. Why not trust the people by telling them? Again, the "Tiger" declared that three generals, for exceeding orders, had been sent down from the front and were now languishing on the Spanish frontier. His facts are no doubt right, but the ex-Premier is scarcely a man to point mere hearsay in a matter of such extreme importance. Again he asks, "Why was not the public told? It would have been comforted by the thought that the army was in strong and fearless hands, and that when generals made mistakes they were punished for it."

TOLD OF WAR. And one cannot help thinking that the "Tiger" is right. Much better to tell the truth than to conceal it. People are nervous, and rumours fester because of the lack of information. The public has made progress in the sense that it has begun to understand that it realises that death stalks behind the panoply, that war kills off the young and bravest, that it takes a frightful toll of youth, that it does not kill off undesirables and the ugly and deformed, but it reaps the manly beauty and strength of the world. Perhaps if more truths were known about war there would be no more wars—after the War-provoker has been given his quietus.

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