

The Charlottetown Guardian

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DOMINATED BY QUEBEC

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and one of his colleagues have given contradictory explanations of the delay in accepting tenders for their proposed naval programme.

"We did not choose to award the contracts, in view of the impending change of Government. We thought that as the general elections were coming, that it would not be fair, in a matter of this kind which was at issue between the two parties, to award the contracts, in case there might be, as there was a change of Government."

As a matter of fact it was not until long after the tenders were received that the elections were proposed. Sir Wilfrid adjourned the House for two months and went to England for the Coronation after receiving the tenders. Then he returned and resumed the discussion of reciprocity in Parliament. Dissolution was not until near the end of July, leaving three months before that time and two months afterwards for the Government to deal with the tenders.

Sir Wilfrid's colleague, the Hon. Wm. Pugsley, gave an entirely different reason for the delay. When he was asked why no action was taken he informed the House of Commons that:

"THE REASON WAS THAT IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC THE QUESTION OF A CANADIAN NAVY WAS BEING MADE AN ISSUE. It was not being made an issue in any other part of Canada, it is true, but in the Province of Quebec it is being made an issue. In that Province there were certain public men going from platform to platform seeking to create a prejudice against the Government, seeking to make people believe that in some way the creation of a Canadian Navy would work disastrously to the people of Quebec, that it would mean conscription, and that it would mean that the young men of Quebec would be drawn off into foreign wars."

This is a more interesting and more candid explanation. Mr. Pugsley, who sat in Council with the Premier on the question, reports that the contracts were not made because the Quebec people were led to believe that the Navy would mean conscription. Even a neutral navy was too Imperial for some of the then Premier's friends. Therefore they were to suppose, at least till after the election, that there would be no Canadian Navy. This shows how the Laurier Government played with the whole question. It may be added, as a sample of the Liberal method of treatment, that Mr. Pugsley declared in the House that if the Liberal Government had built the ships they all would have been built in St. John by the Cammell Laird Company, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier speaking in the same session, asserted that if the contract had been awarded the four cruisers and six destroyers would then have been under construction at Montreal.

Both the Premier and Mr. Pugsley declared in the House that the Naval Question had been an issue in the Election; consequently the policy announced by the winning party should have been adopted by Parliament. Mr. Borden had proclaimed the Conservative policy in Parliament. It had been an issue there; it was included in the party platform in the elections. But when the Conservatives went back from the country with a majority, and being true in office to the policy which they proclaimed in opposition, brought in a measure in exact accord with their platform, the defeated Ministers caused the measure to be killed by the irresponsible Senate. And they still call themselves Liberals.

A MATTER OF RIVALRY

The Guardian is pleased to find the Patriot has put itself right in the eyes of its readers and in line with other papers by publishing the Prime Minister's appeal to the manhood of Canada. Such an appeal is quite apart from politics and has been kept apart by being given prominence in all newspapers irrespective of their political inclinations. The Patriot pleads in extenuation that the demands upon its columns by advertisers the previous day were such as to crowd out the appeal—but still it had plenty room for other and less important reading matter.

Our contemporary quotes The Globe in an attempt to make out a case on behalf of Sir Wilfrid's great refusal, but as The Mail and Empire said in reply to this, "if there had been no hitch over the appointment of a secretary for the National Service Commission, and Sir Thomas Tait had consequently continued to serve as Director-General, what would have been Sir Wilfrid Laurier's excuse for refusing to be a party to the forming of the Parliamentary Committee called for by the commission? It would be idle to speculate on this curious question, but we may be sure Sir Wilfrid would have provided himself with an excuse that would have served his purpose at least as well as the one he used. A worse excuse than that one could not have been invented. We wonder that so alert-minded a man as Sir Wilfrid should fail to hit on something better after taking so much time to ponder the matter.

But as a politician with his own ambitions and party problems, he was constrained to decline the invitation to assist in forming a Parliamentary National Service Committee. To publish the real reason for declining would be altogether alien to his art of politics. The man who boasted of his shrewdness in keeping to the lines of Torres Vedras finds himself

pitted today against a pupil who has become his rival for Quebec leadership because he differs from his Old Chief on this very point of tactics. Mr. Bourassa is a Laurier Liberal who bids for French-Canadian support, not by speaking one way in Quebec and another in Ontario, but by everywhere and at all times avowing himself the uncompromising opponent of Canada's participating in Britain's wars. Sir Wilfrid's canny and less ingenious methods disgusted him, and now the Old Chief has to bestir himself to establish a better claim to the anti-recruiting vote in Quebec than Bourassa files. In his Montreal address, which was delivered to an audience made up chiefly of men of military age, Sir Wilfrid made no passionate appeal for recruits. He told his hearers that he was still true to pacifism, and that he was out to fight against the establishing of English militarism in Canada. True, he also told them that if he was a young man and in good health he would go to the assistance of France, but as his rival afterwards remarked, Sir Wilfrid, though a young man in 1870, did not go to the assistance of France when she was prostrated by Prussia. Yet in his Montreal speech Sir Wilfrid, the opponent of English militarism, could blame England for not then going to France's help. True also, in that speech he told his hearers that they could not help Britain without helping France. As for his London speech, it is safe to say that no great party leader ever made an address more disappointing to his followers than that one.

However he may be strengthening himself in the struggle with Mr. Bourassa to capture the anti-defence vote in Quebec, Sir Wilfrid is certainly weakening himself with the Liberals of English-speaking Canada. How can men who are serving at the front, or sparing sons to serve there, men who are making great sacrifices for the defence of Canada and the Empire, be expected to give their party allegiance to a chief who is himself so absorbed in the game of politics, in the struggle for office, at a time like this? In Australia, whose people are vying with those of Canada in efforts for the strengthening of Britain's hands in the war, the leader of the Federal Opposition is laboring as zealously as the head of the Government in behalf of National Service, especially in behalf of recruiting. In Canada the leader of the Opposition, and such of his newspaper organs as countenance his shirking, are making paltry excuses for his remaining aloof from the Parliamentary Committee he was asked to join at the instance of the National Service Commission.

The men who are now the objects of admiration and honor in Canada are those who are showing self-denial, self-sacrifice and heroic bravery against the enemy. If there ever was a time when Canadian voters could be captivated by trickiness, shiftness, sidestepping, and the mean arts of politics generally, it is not now. They despise those things to-day. Sir Wilfrid's vogue has gone. He is lingering superfluous on the political stage.

THE U. S. CAMPAIGN

As the United States national election campaign enters on its final fortnight, the impression gathered from the news reports and editorial comment in leading newspapers of the East is that Mr. Wilson's chances of reelection have improved. Those who regard every sort of an event as occasion for wagering money and try to gauge the situation so that they will be sure to make money through their wagers, still regard the chances of Mr. Hughes as best, and there are others who, without mercenary desire, agree with them. The takers of "straw votes," who sometimes operate on an extensive scale, have evidence, whatever it may be worth, that as the discussion of the issues has proceeded there has been a drift of support from the Republican to the Democratic nominee. The question in their case is as to whether or not it will go far enough to overcome the lead they accorded to Mr. Hughes at the start. There are many factors in the situation, the influence of which it is hard to estimate. Some voters of German descent or sympathies have shown favor towards Mr. Hughes, and his opponents have magnified the fact so as to make it seem such a situation endangers the republic. Those who have found notoriety in twisting the British lion's tail from time to time seem to think that England may be humbled by defeating Wilson, and by them he is being condemned as a betrayer. The United States is too big, however, to have the judgment of its voters seriously affected by men who draw their inspiration from foreign countries. What may have a meaning on the result is the action of the committee of the American Federation of Labor in issuing a call to all labor organizations to meet and consider the issues of the political campaign before polling day. The humanitarian legislation by Congress in the matter of regulating the condition of workers is mentioned as a reason why Mr. Wilson should receive workers' support, and he is further commended for having kept the country out of war. Organized labor is a strong element among the voters; but in matters political it does not follow those who pose as its leaders. Then opposition to organized labor has shown signs of increasing strength, since the presidents of the railway brotherhoods held up Congress on the eight-hour day matter. It is possible that, like other factional appeals, labor calls to support one candidate will neutralize their intended effect by stirring up antagonistic feeling. So many varying forces tend to confuse the observer, and the difficulty of estimating the drift of events is heightened by the fact that the registration of voters in places is unusually large, which means that the people, even when they are saying nothing, are interested and intend to make their ideas effective as they can by going to the polls and depositing their ballots. The campaign that began with unusual quietness may have had effect on the people greater than was expected.—Gazette.

HARVESTERS DIARY

CONTINUED

Sept. 15.—Harvesters could travel west, northwest or southwest from Winnipeg at the rate of half a cent a mile. My chum and I came about four hundred and fifty miles west the same morning we arrived and found a job at stooking right away—three dollars a day and board.

When a couple of men start in to stook a hundred acre field full of big sheaves they find they have to speed up and take a lot of other things in order to make an adequate impression on it. The stooks are built round. The country about here is quite rolling in character. The air is exhilarating, it is almost intoxicating. No matter how weary one may be in the evening he wakes next morning full of life and energy without a pain or an ache. Of course one gets plenty of fresh air sleeping in a granary.

We finished stooking in about two weeks and went to work on a steam threshing outfit, September fifth. It takes twenty men to run it and we have two cabins on wheels, one to cook and eat in, the other to sleep in. A Chinese cook keeps the dining-car very clean and supplies us with good substantial meals—fresh beef and potatoes three times a day; snow white bread, puddings and pies galore; also jam. Teams haul these cars wherever we want to go. They are usually left near the farm buildings.

The engine is twenty five h. p. burns straw for fuel and is made to travel anywhere under its own steam and haul the threshing machine. When the desired place is reached they can have everything in position and running in four or five minutes. The wheat runs down a pipe into a small granary holding about one thousand bushels or into wagons. These granaries are on skids and are hauled wherever needed. The machine measures and tallies each half bushel automatically. The straw is so threshed to waste it is blown through a large telescope pipe almost like chaff. This blow pipe can be extended, swung to right or left, raised or lowered by cranks and gearing at its base and is provided with a contrivance like a lobster's tail at its outer end which when pulled down shoots the straw into the fuel wagon. Eight double teams haul stooks to the machine and four field pitchers, forty five or fifty loads a day but the loads are loosely built. Two extra men help unload so four men are pitching into the machine all the time from a load on each side of it. The sheaves go in on a canvas elevator and revolving knives cut the bands as they go. A double team hauls water and another hauls straw for the engine.

When the whistle blows at noon then comes a mad gallop for the cook-car, on any wagons that happen to be unloaded, where we always find dinner ready on time. More than once I have had a good prescience that my life was in jeopardy when the stooking racing. The racks have close board floors and are about fourteen feet long by eight or nine wide. The ends are four feet high and are held upright by braces down to the edges of the bottom. At night the horses are tied to the stook outs. When supper is over we dive for the sleeping cabbages and light our pipes. An accordion and a violin furnish instrumental music so the time quickly passes with song, story and laughter till "lights out" soon after nine o'clock. The "boss" who is a prosperous farmer and owns this outfit stays right with us all night. Though born in Canada he is the personification of my ideal of a Highland Scotchman.

October 17.—Last week we had almost summer weather. The week previous we were idle over four days on account of snow storms and we had another young blizzard yesterday. It costs us nothing for board, rain or shine.

Owing to damage done by "rust" and hail the wheat crop in the west is pretty poor this year and to make matters worse not more than fifty per cent is threshed and the stocks are covered with snow.

On our way here we passed thousands of acres of wheat in Sask., beaten flat as a floor with hail. That storm swept a strip of country fifteen miles wide and ran down into the Dakotas. A good crop means a big thing for the lucky owner, especially now when the farmers get \$1.50 per bushel for best grade wheat, but some places are hauled out two or three seasons in succession.

The other day we were threshing for a farmer near Last Mountain Lake who has been batching for fourteen years. The evening we went into his shack which is kept neat and orderly to listen to his reminiscences. Apparently he is the son of an English gentleman and was saturated with Greek, Latin and Higher Mathematics. He entertained us with a recital of some of his experiences which were told with a wonderful flow of high-falootin picturesque language. When he first came to this country he went on with a surveying party in early spring. All sloughs and low-lying places were absolutely full of ice-cold water and he and others had to wade through these with the chain, the water often reaching his chin. He said the job was all right for those who liked it. On one occasion he and two other men were going to a picnic which was being held some distance down the lake shore. One of the men who was very tall had purchased a new suit of clothes and wanted to bathe for the occasion. The forward half of their ship rested on the beach and this man stepping aboard stood near the stern so he would not get his new boots soiled. Just as the two men pushed the skiff into the water a big wave hit it broadside and suddenly swung it shoreward. The tall man fell over the general's cap and landed on his back but his feet caught under the seat which was a fixture. He could not get them out neither could he get up so there he lay "blowing bubbles soft and fine" like "Clemintine."

His companions could not extricate him very speedily because of laughter. Twelve or fourteen years ago this region was all wild prairie. Now it is nearly all great wheat fields. A railroad has been built through it, also big elevators to hold the wheat. They start seeding when the snow is six to ten inches. A man with a four horse team can seed twenty acres a day. The crop is cut with eight-foot binders.

BREEZY LETTER FROM GR. CRASWELL OF THE 5TH.

Following are extracts from a letter received by Mr. Geo. H. Tanton, this City, from Gun. Chester Craswell, 5th Siege Battery.

Witley Camp, London, Eng., Oct. 11th. I am in good health so far. This is a fine place. The "Traffic Révé" is all by motors. No horses. The weather here is very fine. It is said they have no snow here during the winter season. The trains in this section seem to fly. Several of the boys were seasick on the voyage over. There are over seventeen thousand boys in this camp with about ten bands. This is the life. On the way over we had three fine bands on board. We are well fed. This is a very interesting place. Dear old P. E. I. is well represented here. We are going to London this evening. The Y. M. C. A. is a great institution here. At every station

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS
Furnished by
W. S. Louison.

THE BETTER WAY.

It is better to lose with a conscience clean
Than win by a trick unfair;
It is better to fall and to know you've been
Whatever the prize was, square.
And to claim the joy of a far-off goal
And the cheers of the standers-by.
And to know down deep in your inmost soul,
A cheat you must live and die.
Who wins by trick may take the prize,
But at first he may think it sweet,
But many a day in the future lies,
When he'll wish he had met with defeat.
For the man who lost shall be glad at heart,
And walk with his head up high,
While the conqueror knows he must play the part
Of a cheat and a living lie.
The prize seems fair when the fight is on,
But save it it is truly won
You will hate the thing when the crowds are gone,
For it stands for a false deed done,
And it's better you never should reach your goal
Than ever succeed to buy
At the price of knowing down in your soul
That your glory is all a lie.

ion along the line from pier camp, were conditions surrounding that we received thundering ovations from the people. More next time.—Chester Craswell is a son of Mr. Harry Craswell of the P. E. I. Railway, who with his brother Watson, are both in the Fifth. The following poem printed on the voyage over on board and the transport was enclosed:—

AU REVOIR!
Onward she ploughs through the mighty expanse
Disregarding all kinds of weather;
Onward she sails to the land of fair chance!
Bringing friends, that were parted together.
Some she takes out to fight in the far East
Some to good fortune and fame;
Some Sisters to heal our brave Soldiers who fall.
And return to the homeland again.
Yet the wish of the "SOUTHLAND" goes out with all
Wherever your footsteps may roam;
Good luck to great! Good luck to the small!
And good luck to the beloved ones at home.
FAREWELL! BUT NOT GOODBYE!
Printed on Board

S. S. "SOUTHLAND"
October, 1916.
WHEAT EXPECTED TO GO HIGHER.
CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—Never in the history of the world's wheat markets



Get Your Gun and Ammunition at the "Sportsmen's Store"
If you want best results from your hunting trip, you need to go prepared with a good gun, good ammunition and superior supplies. And here is the place where you get what you need, without bother, trouble or excessive cost.
Single barrel guns. Shell loading sets.
Double barrel guns. Cartridges belts.
Sights. Shooting vests.
Recoil Pads. Decoys.
Sling Straps. Shot, powder, wadding.
Black Diamond Shells. —and everything else you need.
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For Men, Women, Boys Girls and Children Heavy Boots
for mud and wet, made by the Wry Standard Boot factory of Sackville. Solid Leather sold by
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