

The Charlottetown Guardian

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1917.

DELEGATION TO OTTAWA

It is gratifying to note that, as suggested in The Guardian some time ago, our citizens have awakened to the fact that mere resolutions and academic discussion will not inaugurate new enterprises or resuscitate old ones. As intimated elsewhere in this issue a delegation of representative citizens waited upon Premier Matheson yesterday morning with a tangible proposition with a view to introducing the manufacture of munitions and re-opening the railway car works. The matter was fully discussed, the proposals receiving the concurrence of the Premier who suggested taking immediate action before the House rose at Ottawa, and, as there was no time to be lost, the wires were set going and the despatch of a delegation to Ottawa arranged for this morning's Car ferry. The delegation consists of four such enterprising and public spirited citizens as Mr. James Paton, M. L. A., Mr. John O. Hyndman, Mr. Bruce Stewart and Mr. Andrew McNair. These gentlemen are thoroughly familiar with the requirements and capacity of Charlottetown in the matter of industrial development and if anything is to be obtained in the way of encouragement and patronage from Ottawa they, with the able assistance of our Senators and representatives will be able to get it. The main thing is that they are not going without definite plans to lay before the powers that be. Mr. Paton and Mr. Hyndman have cleared up plans and proposals to submit to Mr. Cochrane with reference to railway car-building and indeed have already submitted their proposition in writing to the Minister. Mr. Bruce Stewart and Mr. McNair will be in a position to discuss the practical and technical side of munition manufacture with the authorities, and here again Mr. Hyndman has been in the forefront, having already put before Mr. Flavelle, Chairman of the Munitions Board, all the data, financial and otherwise with regard to the establishment of a munitions factory in Charlottetown. Mr. Flavelle acknowledged the communication in flattering terms although he could hold out no definite promise that new munitions factories would be authorized at this late date. It should be mentioned that Mr. W. H. Tidmarsh has been closely associated with the promotion of this matter, acting in conjunction with Mr. Hyndman. Everyone will wish the delegation success and trust that its efforts will be crowned with success.

RECRUITING

As our readers know, a continuous recruiting campaign is being conducted throughout the province. Under many disadvantages, cold weather, bad roads and long distances men drive from Charlottetown, Summerside and other points to meetings held in the hope that more recruits may be secured to help in the struggle for the Empire's life, a struggle that, as yet, shows little evidence of weakening. The direct results from recent meetings have not all been what might have been hoped for. And yet there are rifts in the cloud of disappointment, examples of heroisms that give us reason to hope that the campaign may be bearing more fruit than appears on the surface.

The other day a news item in The Guardian told of two young men—the sons respectively of Messrs. Napoleon and Maxim G. Arsenal of Cape Egmont—who walked nine miles to the nearest station and came to Summerside by train to enlist. The young men had attended a recruiting meeting at Mont Carmel, and felt that duty called them to the colours. Before committing themselves they wished to secure their parents' permission. This secured, they walked nine miles to Wellington Station and having made the rest of the journey by train, offered themselves to the recruiting officer at Summerside. Unfortunately for their hopes they were too young, only seventeen, and did not measure up to the physical requirements. They returned home retracing the nine mile walk, disappointed but not daunted. They resolved to wait till Spring when, a little older and a little bigger, they will again offer themselves, either to the infantry or the navy. They are bound to get in; they will not be counted among the slackers.

Their example may well be followed by others. The recruiting meetings are being held because it is well known that there are still many eligible men in the province, many who should be in khaki, many who owe it to themselves and the country that feeds and shelters them, to do their bit now among men.

The other provinces are, during the past few weeks, making an extra effort to provide the remainder of our promised half million men. We still have men doing women's work, men doing nobody's work, men loafing on our streets and in our country homes who should be taking their share of the job that takes precedence over every other consideration—saving our country, saving our civilization.

The recruiting meetings now being held are extending the last call to our eligible men, to those who have neglected their opportunity, to those who have come of age, to those who by any cause have been unable to

enlist. The honour of these is at stake and they are given another opportunity to redeem it, another opportunity to stand as men among men. We trust it will not be thrown lightly aside for the men of this generation will be measured by what they did in the world's greatest war, in the world's redemption.

THE WAR

Interest in the United States situation and speculation as to what the next developments will be have distracted attention from the immediate theatre of the war. On the different battlefields during the past few weeks there have been no startling or even important happenings. There have been battles and casualties it is true, there has been continuous cannonading, there have been night raids and aerial engagements without ceasing but there has been no definite forward move or attempt at a forward move.

Germany's ultimatum to the United States—for it was practically an ultimatum and accepted as such—has opened a new and mysterious chapter in the gruesome history, a chapter the interpretation of which will undoubtedly be worked out within the next few weeks.

Germany's repudiation of her promises to the United States with reference to submarine warfare and her determination to sink at sight all shipping, neutral and belligerent, did not come altogether as a surprise. According to reports, some of German origin and others perhaps more reliable, the German shipbuilding programme was being so timed that it would reach the maximum of its output for the purpose of a submarine campaign in the last days of January. In other words, the Germans utilized the time spent in their negotiations with the United States over the various sinkings in carrying out a shipbuilding programme aimed at the eventual repudiation of their previous agreements. We have not, of course, the same opportunity of knowing the extent of this shipbuilding programme as we had of the date fixed for its culmination, but we do know from an equally entirely unquestionable source the claim that the Government in Berlin made in this respect. This claim was that from the first of February a fleet of two hundred to five hundred submarines would envelop the islands of the United Kingdom, the coasts of France both in the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean, and the shores of Italy. On the same authority we were assured that the amount of food in these countries did not exceed the supply of one month. So that at the end of a month the German Admiralty claims it will be able to force the Allies to accept the peace they recently so "contemptuously" rejected.

It will be seen from this that the fate of all neutral shipping is concerned with that of the shipping of Switzerland. One exception to this, is that the steamers of the American lines will be permitted to make the port of Falmouth, but even this is a favor which may at any moment be withdrawn. What, therefore, this German ultimatum prescribed, was that shipping between the Continent of America and Europe should be brought to an immediate termination. In support of this, and apparently to intimidate any neutral countries in Europe which may object, great masses of German troops have been concentrated on the frontiers of Switzerland and of Holland. The meaning of this apparently is to convince Holland, on the one hand, of the danger of objecting to the practical prohibition of her marine commerce, and to require from Switzerland such supplies as may be necessary, whilst threatening incidentally an attack on the French rear in the direction of Lyons. For some little time the German-Swiss frontier has been closed, but the preparations beyond have been so well understood that the Swiss Government has called to the colors certain hitherto unmobilized classes of reserves, and has announced that it will dispute the passage of German troops through the country.

Reviewing all these circumstances impartially, it seems unquestionable that the final crisis of the great struggle of the last two years and a half has been reached. We are informed, on the best possible authority, that the German Government does not admit that its new departure predicated in any way a final effort necessitated by the exhaustion of its own food supply. It bases this new departure on the repudiation by the Allies of its offer to come to terms. The Germans, we are informed, are desirous to secure peace, not because of any conditions either of a military or economical description, but because, having gained everything they entered the war to secure, they now wish to put an end to further bloodshed and to the other sufferings entailed by war. As to what the answer of the Allied Powers to all this will be it is impossible to say. They have had ample time and ample warning to take the steps they may have deemed conducive to their own security and they are facing the threatened onslaught without fear.

Such then is the position of the gigantic struggle today in Europe. In making their new departure, a new departure finally necessitated, it is believed, by the failure to acquire any economic results from the Rumanian campaign, the governments of the Central Powers have put forward certain claims the value of which is now to be tested. The world will look on with supreme interest, and will not have long to wait for developments, which will in all probability bring the end of the struggle appreciably nearer.

NOTES

It has been suggested to us that Great Britain should "trade off" its financial interests in Mexico for the restoration of Alaska to the Dominion. A very good suggestion, and if there are to be any readjustments after the war it might be well for Canada to look ahead, now. Nothing like being prepared for eventualities.

URGENT APPEAL TO FARMERS

Sir,—In your issue of Saturday, you remark on the backwardness of the farming community in contributing to the Patriotic Fund; for this there may be a cause but not a reason. I can look back some four score years when the farmer had to grow potatoes among the stumps putting them in drills with the hoe. The next season little grain crops had to be cut with the reaping hook. The people were just able to get along. Thrift and frugality were absolutely necessary. Money was got in very small amounts. This obtained for a number of years; then the government purchased the estates of the proprietors and re-sold to the tenants who were naturally anxious to become freeholders. There was a further need for thrift, thus the habit of saving so oppressed the minds of the farming community that they find a difficulty in emerging from it.

It is true as you say that "they were greatly profited by this war," but the calamities of war which has brought grief and sorrow and suffering to thousands. Now is the occasion the momentous occasion, when the habit of saving, praiseworthy at times, but is now to be firmly thrown off. Thousands of widows and helpless children of those brave men who have so nobly sacrificed their lives in defence of our country are dependent on this fund; surely those who have reaped abundance from the very source which has produced so much suffering will not be so mean as to refuse to contribute to the relief of these little ones. There are thousands of farmers who can give five dollars each and who have no excuse for failing to contribute to the support of those left by our gallant soldiers.

"That giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The security is good and you will receive the highest interest in a heartfelt feeling of duty done. I am, Sir, etc.

J. T. JENKINS.

WHO IS HE? Sir,—On Friday, the 26th of last month one of our most highly respected farmers of Clyde River, came to Charlottetown with a large quantity of more or less carcasses of pork. This pork he sold to one of our dealers, receiving somewhere in the vicinity of seventy dollars. After receiving his money he paid out of some small bill to receive a receipt from Kent Street, putting the receipt for same in the leather pocket-book with money. The pocket-book with money and receipt he lost at or near the Highland Hotel Stables, or between there and the Co-op store on Kent Street, so the owner thinks. He immediately advertised his loss in the Guardian and Patriot and has never heard from it. Now, Mr. Editor, the finder of this had the owner's name on the receipt, but called to restore it to him. The finder is known as the padre, and allows this to go without inquiry as he has an idea as to the individual who was seen to pick it up, and as he is a poor man, needing this money, his many friends mean to push the matter to a stove cleaner on Kent Street, who will receive the money and has got it returned to its lawful owner. I am, Sir, etc.

A FRIEND.

A FIGHTER.

"When you're whipt," said Mr. DeLan, "you ought to say you've had enough."

"If I've the strength left to say I've had enough," replied Mr. Rafferty, "I'm not whipt yet."

USELESS. Salesman of Patent Bottle—Yes sir, this bottle will keep beer cold for a week.

Prospect—No use for it at all. The beer is cold what jacksass would keep it for a week?

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

WHY SHOULD WE NOT SING? Why should we not sing during war? Why especially, should we not sing at this stage of the war?

The birds of Britain are not down yet, nor are they likely to be. The honour of Britain is not dead, her might is not broken, her destiny is not fulfilled, her ideals are not shattered by her enemies. She is more than alive; she is more potent, she is greater than she ever was. Her dominions are wider, her influence is deeper, her purpose is more exalted than ever. Why should her children not sing?

I know war means suffering, war means sorrow. Darkness has fallen on many a devoted household, but it has been ordained that the best thing amongst the birds of Britain should give its song in the night, and accordingly to legend that sweet song is a song of triumph over pain.

Hundreds of wars have swept over these hills, but the harp of Wales has never yet been silenced by one of them. The storm is raging as freely as ever, but now there is a shimmer of sunshine over the waves, there is a rainbow on the summit of the surge. The struggle is more terrible than it has ever been, but the legions of the oppressor are being driven back and the banner of right is pressing forward. Why should we not sing? There are thousands of gallant men falling in the fight, but let us sing to their heroism. There are myriads more standing in the battle-lines facing the foe, and myriads more behind ready to support them when their turn comes. Let us sing to the land that gave birth to such heroes. (From "The Speeches of Mr. Lloyd George.")

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

How This Great National Song Was Written.

During Admiral Cockburn's devastating cruise in the waters of Maryland and Virginia in 1814, he finally attempted the capture of Baltimore. Francis Scott Key, born in Frederick, Maryland, August 11, 1779, a graduate of St. John's College, Annapolis, was practising law in his native town, and learning of the capture of the British fleet of 11 ships, took his boat on the 12th instant and rowing out under a flag of truce, asked for his release. This was not only denied but his boat was lashed to the flagship, board this slight craft, exposed to danger from both the American and British fire, which was kept up with great spirit until the morning of the next day.

Key could see during daylight that the fort was certainly set on fire, but when the darkness set in, the blazing fuses of the shell from the British bomb-ketches, and the terrific meteor-sweep of the great war-rockets introduced by General Conroy and around the fort, made the danger and their heavy explosions in and around the fort, made the danger more apparent.

With daylight the fire gradually died down, and suddenly allowing his captives to depart, Admiral Cockburn drew off his scattered and scattered fleet. But Key, overjoyed at the magnificent victory which he had witnessed, seized an old letter, and with a hasty hand, wrote a patriotic song, which, unlike any other national air, came hot from the forge of a gigantic contest, and was, as it were, hammered out on the anvil of war.

The song is to be found on page 404 of "Heart Songs," a volume which contains the poems of songs of the past century. At the present of distribution we shall not have much longer to place it with our earnestly to get the coupons published daily in our paper.

PRACTICAL RELIGION OF ARMY CHAPLAINS

Strenuous and Anxious Life at the Front. COOLNESS UNDER FIRE.

"The Padre is a Trump Always," Said Wounded Soldier.

To all his brother officers the chaplain is known as the padre (writes J. D. Irvine in the Daily Express). His profession is that of a minister of religion.

It is primarily as a spiritual guide and comforter to the troops that he keeps religion in the forefront as he fits his sacred calling, and in the side of war, who realize that in moments of physical suffering the welfare of the body has paramount claims and that in leisure moments the soldier craves for instruction, amusement and sport. The padre honestly preaches to these tastes—whether in times of stress or in moments of recreation and relief.

I have seen him at work in many different phases of his strenuous and anxious life. Watch him with the troops in the trenches. Shells fall thick and fast. Men are wounded; some are dying. To them the chaplain speaks words of spiritual comfort and hope.

Watch him a moment later, when the troops swarm out of their flimsy shelters, mount the parapets, and advance against the enemy. The ground is strewn with wounded. The chaplain crosses with his comrades of the Royal Army Medical Corps into this shell-swept gateway of devastation and death. He steadies wavering among the stretcher-bearers of his own example, and he helps to carry in the wounded to some place where hell is not being raked out of the earth.

It is not laid down as part of the chaplain's duties that he shall act as an auxiliary to the R. A. M. C. in the thick of the battle. But he does it. Very often the padre is the coolest of all men under fire and it is impossible to appraise at too high a value the value of his personal example. To the men he is a hero rather than a paragon. Before they enter into this fight they may have heard him speak of holy things. Perchance he may have reminded them how man in the midst of life is in death or he may have spoken of the glorious reward which comes to those who lay down their lives in a great and sacred cause. He may even have administered to them the Sacrament of their Church. At this moment they see in him only a man—a brave man, who is one of themselves, their equal in every risk and every sacrifice.

At casualty clearing stations the chaplains are there to receive the wounded, who already have obtained first aid before being handed over to the Red Cross transport. Each man is docketed with his name, rank and unit, and the nature of his wound, and while the surgeons of the R. A. M. C. are engaged in professional inspection and classification the padre goes round among the men, speaks to them cheerily, and attends to their creature comforts.

The other day I came across some four hundred men—ragged, blood-stained, and weary—at one of the C. S.'s as they are called. They needed nothing so much as sleep. They stretched themselves out on the cool grass. Some of them, parched with thirst, asking for a drink of water or a cup of tea. This was speedily brought to them.

"Now, then boys," shouted a lusty-lunged son of the Church, "what do you say to a cigarette? All of you who would like a cigarette please sit up." They all sat up, and the padre went round the crowd, handing out

Typewriter Speed Secrets Told by the Mistress of the Keys

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MACHINE SING AT THE RATE OF ELEVEN STROKES A SECOND OR 137 PERFECT WORDS A MINUTE—A PANDORA BOX OF GOOD ADVICE TO THE FRATERNITY OF FLYING FINGERS.

STORY TWENTY-FOUR

Centering a heading or a sub-heading perfectly is one of the important little things to know in typing, and particularly you will be called upon to give a practical demonstration of this knowledge if you are to be an assistant in an architect's or lawyer's office, where you may have to center many headings on one page alone. However, don't let that frighten you for I am going to show you what an easy, simple process it is.

After you have fixed your marginal stops and your page is properly centered between the paper clamps, note the number of spaces of the left margin and then of the right. Add the two figures. Then divide the total by two, which gives you the exact center of your writing line. Then use your back-spacer, striking it once for every two letters or spaces in the heading which you wish to center. Wherever the carriage pointer stops, the heading should begin to write, and you will find that it will be exactly in the middle.

AN EXAMPLE IN DETAIL For instance: You are writing a sixty space line—your margin pointer being at ten and the other at seventy. The total of the two is eighty, and half of this is forty, the center. Then starting here at forty, back once for each two letters and spaces of each heading as—New York State—and you are ready to begin writing at thirty-three, which is the correct typewriting center for that length and heading.

In connection with the other workings I have given you we will put the back spacer habit in the same class of abominations and things-to-be-avoided as the dictionary and eraser habits, because it most certainly is a snail to speed. I shall tell you why. It invites carelessness: And worst of all it is too easy a remedy for the results of an uneven touch (which you all must realize by this time is due to the lack of perfect rhythm.) And one more thing—how great a temptation it is to go back and do that almost unworkable thing, strike over a letter incorrectly written. How a strike-over does glare at one and spoil the whole appearance of what might have been a beautiful piece of typewriting!

Do you know what I shall do to our papers in a contest if the records are close? They look over suspiciously, heavily struck letters with a microscope, because there are combinations that can be almost disguised for some checkers, but not for the eagle eye of a speed operator who is trained to find errors just as well as to write for extreme accuracy. For instance, an might be struck over a—nevertheless the little "give away" is there and out go the five words; it is not only a real error but just think of the time lost in making that extra stroke.

So into the discard for the back spacer, except for centering headings as I have said, and for an occasional

ALCOHOL BATH FOR THE ROLLS Most typewriters have some sort of device for releasing the line lock mechanism for writing on ruled paper, and something else for writing on plain turn out paper quickly, so when your platen gets its alcohol bath, first find those little levers or whatever it is on your machine that serves the same purpose, and free the platen in every way possible, and then rub in thoroughly with a piece of cheese cloth saturated with the alcohol. (You may be surprised at the amount of blackness that will be on the cloth—evidence of a much needed "treatment.") This makes the rubber swell to its accustomed shape, in addition to removing the dents and shininess from much wear and tear. In our contest work we have but one sheet of paper in the machine in order to turn out three or four work sheets that you use most likely, in our work so of course ours would wear smooth much sooner, but it wouldn't do any harm to give your platen its healing bath once every week—acting on the principle that "prevention is better than cure."

MARGARET B. OWEN.

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packets of "fags." It is in comparatively trivial incidents like these that one observes the fruits of "practical religion" in this war. They explain, too, why it is that the chaplain is so popular with the men.

"The padre is a trump always," said a wounded soldier to me on this same occasion. "He doesn't force religion upon you. He will pray with you if you will ask him to. If you don't he will just trot off and fetch you a fog or a cup of tea as quick as winkin' his eye. He added, without the least intention of being profane: "God bless our chaplains. They're damned fine fellows."

The chaplain is a prodigious letter writer. A disabled soldier will say to him: "Do, please, write home to my people, sir. Tell them you have seen me; that I'm wounded, but that I am all right. Brave lads will say this when they know that they are not all right. The chaplain will answer:—"Yes, my boy, I will write to your mother. I will tell her how brave and good you have been, and how proud she ought to be of her son." The padre will pray softly by the bedside of the dying soldier. He will even make a prayer for him while yet the spark of human intelligence remains. He will collect his letters and all his little personal effects and see that they are sent to that home somewhere in England, or it may be, beyond the seas, to which the soldier who has given his life for his country will never return. He will write tenderly of last moments—how souls, made strong in the faith, winged their flight, while the bodies they dwell in had been interred with the rites of Christian burial. I have seen these chaplains on the battlefield uttering the solemn office for the burial of the dead while the ruthless dogs of war have barked their outest and furthest eye, while the bodies of the dead have been hurled overhead and one knew not whose turn might be next. Frequently communion is administered to men for us in death."

I have referred to the chaplain as a pro-service, which will take place simultaneously along the whole line of our front, as well as in every town and village where British troops are assembled in France. Prayers will be offered up for our country and Empire, for our sailors and soldiers—and for victory. Our dead will be remembered in the words of the text—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." We shall offer up thanks during two years of war. And we shall not forget the simple yet poignant words of the soldiers' prayer: "Bless us in body and in soul and make us a blessing to our comrades. Support us in life and communion in death."

Rubbers and Overshoes

Hard-wearing and serviceable. The heavy hardy kind that will stand a lot of rough usage and some of light material but just as good wear for the average man. Lumberman's rubbers, laced and buckled tan and black leather tops also high rubber tops.

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