

PLAYING POLITICS ON EDGE OF HELL

The big fact for our people to get into their minds is that Germany is today the winner of the war—so far.

The German armies camp on the field of victory. A peace made today would make Germany the dictator of human destinies on all five continents until we had again—at incredibly bloody cost—fought ourselves free.

We have been fed from the first with so much cocksure confidence and optimistic "piffle," that most of us do not realize the situation. We think we are bound to win—that we are winning—that intelligent Germans know that they have lost—that only the military-mad caste of Berlin keeps them fighting.

This is false, dangerous, enervating—relaxing our efforts today and leading straight to disaster tomorrow.

If we do not buckle down and do our best, we will not win. We are not winning today; we are losing. Intelligent Germans do not "know" that they have lost; they genuinely believe that they will win. The only peace which even the German Socialists are willing to accept is a German peace, leaving Mitteleuropa in their hands, leaving Belgium and the Balkan Peninsula cowed and mortally afraid of another mauling, leaving Austria intact and insolent, leaving Turkey with a reprieve from the death-sentence of Europe and in sure possession of Constantinople; leaving France exhausted, without indemnification and without Alsace-Lorraine; leaving Italy taught the bitter lesson that the whole force of the Entente cannot get her the Irredenta; leaving Russia disorganized and open to the blandishments of all-powerful Berlin; leaving Britain diplomatically isolated on the edge of a prostrate Europe, dominated by a grinning and land-hungry Kaiser.

Have we ever stopped to think what must be the result, in all the international manoeuvrings which will follow the war, if the outcome is that the Entente nations—with more Allies than they can ever hope to collect again, with perfect unity, with Germany unprepared for a long war, and with the mistakes of this one to guide her in future (such as supplies of food, war material and U-boats)—have not been able to defeat the Teuton combination? We will have been six first-class Powers against two, and yet we will not have won. Can we get more first-class Powers for the next fight? We shall not pause to consider whether we can get as many.

Does any one imagine that a triumphant Germany will not proceed promptly to gather the fruits of such a victory? How long will it be before she sends another "Panther" to anchor "Agadir"—probably a British "Agadir" this time—and rattles her

sword while all Europe shivers? Will invaded, blasted, burned and blown to pieces Europe—tortured, ravaged and deported Europe—plunge into the furnace again to save us? Are you sure?

It is now or never with the freedom of every British democracy.

What brought the Americans into this war? It is easy to recite the formal statements of their spokesmen. We find that the menace to "freedom and democracy," which did not worry them six months ago, now leads them to sacrifice millions of lives, if necessary. What did it? Is it not possible that their men of light and leading saw that victory tarried on its way to the Allied camps, and that it was no longer certain that it would ever arrive? Is it not possible that these Americans of vision and knowledge saw that this meant the domination and organization of Europe by German military skill, and the launching of that irresistible thunderbolt against any people who dared to bar the path of the Prussian in his triumphant promenades throughout the world he had overawed? The American, with his Monroe Doctrine, might try to check him in Brazil or Panama, when the mailed fist would be smashed into the face of smug New York.

That is, these American leaders saw that they must fight Germany today in Europe with all the Allies possible to collect, or fight Germany tomorrow on the American seaboard—possibly with no Allies. Their troops are going to France to resist the invasion of American territory. They are fighting to prevent war in America—the looting of American villages, the bringing of Belgian horrors to the isolated American farm-house.

But, if the United States is in danger of invasion, how about Canada?

We have discussed many times the practical certainty that Germany will want Canada as a prize of war if she is in a position to demand it. We have been met with the statement that the United States would never permit it. Today, the United States is in the war with all her might to try—if possible—to prevent the invasion of her own country. She could fight no harder to prevent the invasion of ours.

There is the situation. It is quite within the possibilities that German troops will overrun Canada in the lifetime of most people you read of the deportations of young men living. When you read of the shooting of innocent old men as hostages by German ruffians, you may see that yet on your own street. When girls above the age of fifteen, to remain at the mercy of German soldi-

ery, that may happen to the daughters and sisters of the men reading these lines. There is no sense in shutting our eyes to the approaching peril.

If we do not fight—desperately—fight to the last man, we may suffer all these hideous wrongs. We can fight now with an excellent chance to win. We can fight far from our own homes, leaving them safe behind three thousand miles of sea. We are by no means sure that we may not have to fight—if we fail now—right in our own country, and with our own homes behind the lines of a strong and arrogant enemy.

Think of it! Then watch our alleged leaders playing politics.

The man who accepts even the smallest share of the confidence of the Canadian people during these days, and betrays it to serve his own selfish or party interests, should be shot dead by a firing squad—just as General Korniloff shot the Russian leader who permitted his lines to be broken. This is a time when selfishness is treason, and worthy of death.

Ah, but, our Navy, cry some. That would never permit us to be attacked. Not if it could help it, but listen to the ominous words of Mr. Lloyd George. We are glad to be able to quote the British Premier on this point—so many people think it impossible to assume that the navies of our Allies could ever be turned against us.

Mr. Lloyd George said, while speaking of what might have happened if Britain had not entered the war, and Germany had won on land: "There would have been many nations; but there would have been one great power; there would have been one great army; there would have been two great navies, Germany's and Britain's—for a time. Then, in the terms of peace they might have imposed, indemnity might have taken the form of a surrender of the navies of Russia, France, Greece, perhaps of Italy. Europe would have been at the mercy of this great, cruel power. You may say that is a nightmare. It is not. It is a description of the Pan-German dream that would have happened in America. The Monroe Doctrine would have been treated like any other scrap of paper. It was a doctrine to which Germany never subscribed—not that the fact that she had not appended her signature makes a difference. But we know her ambitions in South America. Not a year after the termination of this peace would have elapsed before she would have started realizing them; and America would have been helpless."

If German soldiers could land in New York they could land in Halifax or Quebec.—Montreal Star.

A HARVESTER'S DIARY

(Continued)
July 12, 1917.—I moved to this quarter-section yesterday afternoon four miles from home. We hauled the cook-car of the threshing outfit down for me to live in. I have about forty acres to plough here; then the job will be finished, and I will take a holiday and go to the Regina fair. I have no near neighbours. This must be something like homesteading. This forenoon there was heavy rain; but that did not trouble me. The horses were smug in the stable and I was smug in the cook-car. That rain will do a lot of good as it has been very dry of late.

About a week ago I went with the folks at home, in their new auto, to a garden-party held in their neighbourhood. It was under the auspices of a Mission Band and was held in aid of the Red Cross Society, on the spacious lawn of Maple Grove Farm. A long, wide, thickly planted wind-break of maple trees afforded shelter and adds beauty to the elevation on which the farm buildings stand. After the tables were all served and the good things in the saloon were sold out, an excellent programme was rendered in the bright moonlight. A piano stood at one end of a temporary plank platform which served for a stage. Seats were arranged in front of this for the children and back of the seats, the automobiles (I counted twenty six) were brought side by side in a half-circle all facing the platform. When they turned their lights on there was an abundance of illumination. The occupants remained seated in their cars. The entertainment was very interesting, some of it being rendered by highly trained local talent. As I took in the scene before me, automobiles, well dressed audience, skilled performers, fine grounds, and numbers of children—it was difficult to realize that only thirteen short years ago this region was all wild prairie. There must have been some hustling to get all these hundreds of square miles broken. The prairie sod is very tough. A neighbor told me that once he had to be up at 2.30 a.m. with a sick horse and counted three gasoline tractors hard at work ploughing.

July 28.—The crops are famishing for rain. There will be no big crop in the west this year, and if this dry hot weather continues it will surely be very small. The fierce hot winds suck the moisture from the ground, but it is quite a while since there was any moisture there. The winds are exceedingly dry. Although we are on the plains we are a sixteen hundred feet above sea-level.

We plough till the middle of July or later. While the ploughing is being done, another outfit keeps the packer, spike and disc harrows going. This continues till harvesting begins. The summer's heat is nearly as excessive as the winter's cold. Some days it is 100 degrees in the shade. It is not altogether pastime to ride on a plough in such blistering heat, while the black dust covers one's face and hands until he looks like an Ethiopian. The dust also fills his eyes.

The Regina fair lasted one week, beginning July 23. I went there on the morning of the 26, leaving to return same night at 10 o'clock. The distance to Regina is sixty miles. Crops look very poor on the portion of the Regina plain our train passed through. The land is so flat and heavy. It was late before seeding could be done, owing to the lateness of the spring. Weeds are very much in evidence.

They had a serious fire on the fairgrounds the day before I went, which started from a gasoline explosion. Some buildings full of exhibits were burnt, also the grand stand. A great number and variety of threshing outfits were on exhibition.

The people had lots of opportunity for entertainment at the various shows that were running, full blast. One called "The Creation" in a big black square tent, was a wonderful representation of what took place in the six days of the creation, as told in the book of Genesis, when the performance began, of course there was no light in the tent, but that produced by the forces of nature working at the Creator's command. Before starting the men were asked to remove their hats, and the manager kept talking and explaining all the time in a very impressive way. As soon as one performance was over a band of red coated, killed highlanders furnished music outside the tent to attract a crowd for the next. And for a special attraction one of them marched back and forth on a platform playing the pipes; then he would dance the sword dance splendidly.

I would say that people like to ride galloping horses, judging from the numbers who patronized an up-to-date merry-go-round. It certainly was a "thing of beauty" with its multitude of mirrors and landscape paintings and sent forth continuous strains of music. At night hundreds of electric bulbs with the flash of fireworks made a brilliant scene. Another and smaller

P. E. I. BOYS IN U. S. ARMY.

Sir,—I have on several occasions read in the columns of The Guardian as well as other P. E. Island papers, certain articles, accusing the young men of P. E. Island of going to the United States for the purpose of escaping military service in the Canadian army. In fairness to the young men of P. E. I. who are here in the United States, I wish to say in words in their behalf, which will show those accusations to be unjustifiable, as a large number of those young men have enlisted in the United States army, they are to be found in every branch of the service, some are already in France, with the American expeditionary force. They are also to be found in our local regiments, for instance the 2nd Maine Regiment of Infantry, in which the writer served five years, there are in one company alone, company B, thirty-two young men from P. E. I. I formerly belonged to P. E. I. and take this opportunity to in some small way give the credit due to these young men who so patriotically responded to the call of their adopted country.

merry-go-round was in operation. It had a kind of open car, with two seats, suspended from each of its six arms. The arms were arranged so as to alternately rise and dip, which gave the cars a swinging motion from side to side. The faster the arms went the fiercer the cars swung until they nearly described a half-circle. I think nervous people should not take joyrides on that contrivance. The fire had put the ferris wheel out of business. There were many other attractions:

I enjoyed listening to a lecture by the Dominion National Parks Commissioner, or rather his deputy, as he could not be present. Fine pictures of the magnificent scenery were thrown on the screen, many being moving pictures. Automobile roads are built and are being built into the heart of Canada, great playgrounds, which have already been utilized to quite an extent, but mostly by people from over the border. One point he made was that when good roads are built and adequate advertising is done, hosts of wealthy people will come to see the matchless beauties of the Canadian Rockies. They will leave their money and carry nothing away but memories. The beauties will remain to be sold indefinitely.

HARVESTER.

Encourage Thrift

Extravagance, always a folly, in these days becomes a crime; thrift, always a virtue, in these days becomes a national duty.

Is there any more intelligent manner of exercising the virtue of thrift than by regularly saving the amount necessary to pay for sufficient life insurance protection? The numberless premium contributed by thrifty people, are redistributed by the Companies in helping to finance the Country and the War—as well as in providing homes and other necessities for thousands of widows and children.

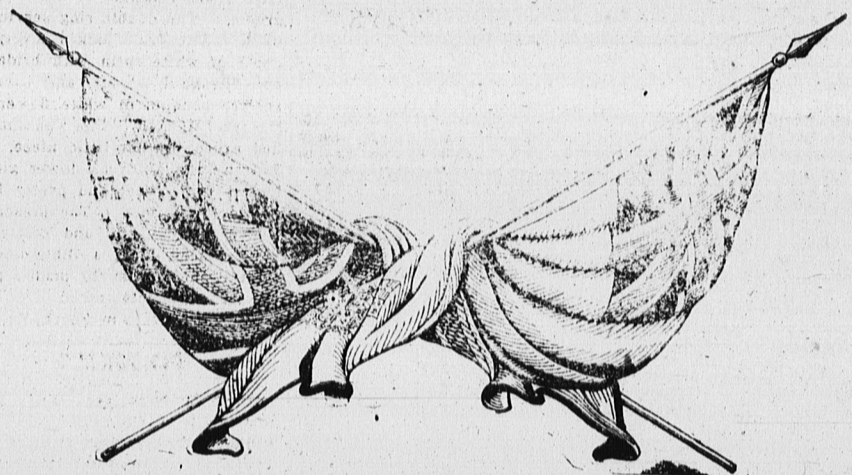
More than half a century of statistics develops the fact that only three men in every hundred are self supporting at the age of 65, and that the other ninety-seven are absolutely dependent upon others for the common necessities of life.

A large proportion of this unfortunate situation is due to the failure of young men to establish a definite financial plan for the future. For such a plan Life Insurance is the medium most available and dependable.

The policies of the Great West Life give the most protection for the least money and pay the highest dividends to policy holders.

HYNDMAN & CO, LTD
Managers P. E. I. Charlottetown.

"Up with the Union Jack boys, And let the Nations see The Flag which Britons hail with pride, The Flag for which our fathers died, The Flag we'll guard whate'er betide— THE FLAG OF LIBERTY!"



You will need the flag for every patriotic event for years to come—for every one of those great victories that you positively KNOW are sure to come! You can use it constantly for decorative purposes in public and private societies, in the school house, in the church, and—best of all—in the home. You will be able to celebrate all the holidays—Empire Day, the King's Birthday, Dominion Day, etc., etc.

Presented By the Guardian

This flag distribution is a patriotic effort entered into by a combination of the leading papers of the Dominion to provide the way whereby the Empire's emblem may be flung to the breeze from every house in Canada. Owing to the war the shortage of fast dye colors—which must come from abroad—had made it well-nigh impossible to secure genuine fast-color dyed flags in quantities. How to possibly secure several hundred thousand full-sized flags for this Dominion-wide movement—that became the question of the hour. This combination of Canada's greatest newspapers took up the work, and by guaranteeing what was the largest single flag order ever placed, the way was smoothed so that every reader may be prepared to unfurl from his or her home the full-sized, authentic emblem of the world's greatest and proudest Empire.

A FLAG FOR EVERY HOME—Get ready for that great victory! Don't you KNOW it is sure to come! Patriotic Canada must be ready for it—YOU must do your part! Your flag will be ready for you so get one at once.

\$2.25

This price of \$2.25 is for the complete Flag Outfit. It is not a stiff muslin flag printed with ink—but it is a beautiful soft cotton bunting that with ordinary care should last a lifetime. The colors are dyed in guaranteed fast colors, with canvas heading and grommets. The outfit complete is described below.

These beautiful flags are not little hand flags, but full sized three by five feet; bigger than the top of your drawing room table, and are in genuine fast-dyed colors. The ornamental pole or staff, if desired in addition is over six feet long—and jointed like a fishing-rod. The metal holder or window bracket, to be permanently fastened in the window, overcomes all the trouble you have always heretofore had in hanging out a flag.

The Complete \$5. Flag Outfit, \$2.25

This "Outfit" Consists of:

- The Flag—full size, 3x5 ft., fast colors.
- A Rope Halliard for same.
- A Six Foot Jointed Flagstaff, with ornamental ball end.
- A Metal Staff Holder (which may be permanently screwed to the window sill—allowing the pole to be instantly inserted or removed at will).

20 flags packed in a box in which the complete outfit may be permanently kept in compact space when not in use (size Box, 2 1/2 inches square by 3 feet long).

We strongly recommend the complete \$5 Outfit at \$2.25 as most desirable. With the complete \$5 Outfit, you will at a moment's notice be able to display the Flag from any window, from the roof or gable end.

This Flag Coupon

(Accompanied by the amount mentioned in the announcement covering the cost of the distribution.)
WILL, WHEN PRESENTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Charlottetown Guardian
Entitle the reader of this paper to

The Complete \$5 Flag and Outfit For Only \$2.25

MAIL ORDERS.—If complete outfit is wanted send the \$2.25 and 7c. additional for postage in 20 mile zone (or 15c. in other zones of Province); for greater distances ask your postmaster amount to include for 3 lbs.

SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO FALLEN COMRADE

Mrs. W. E. McLellan of Summerside has received the following letter from Sgt. T. Cuyler McKenzie, giving particulars of the death of her son, Sgt. Everard McLellan, of No. 8 Siege Battery. Since writing this letter Sgt. McKenzie has been taken to hospital suffering from gas.

Dear Mrs. McLellan—Long before this note reaches its destination you will have been stricken with grief over your son's death. Before giving you the particulars at my disposal, allow me to assure you of the deepest and most heartfelt sympathy of officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the whole battery, in your great bereavement. Little did any of us think that poor "Wiggles" would be among the first to pay the full price of freedom.

Often around the mess, at meal time, and in the evenings did we talk to gether about the almost providential luck of the battery since we came to France. The boys prophesied that the blow when it should come, would be a heavy one. Certainly, it could not have been heavier. There were twelve at the gun when the shell landed, that brought death to five of our gallant boys and severe wounds to four others. The escape of the other three was almost miraculous. The fact that the gun was between them and the explosion alone saved them. I was not at the gun when the disaster happened, but when I heard the terrible news, I lost no time in going over to do what I could for the boys. Then I found the particulars. Everard, the sergeant on duty for the day at the guns, and one of the two officers present, were measuring off the platform to the right of the trail of the guns. The men were pulling on the drag rope attached to the trail. A chance shell came over from one of Fritz's high velocity guns and burst about fifteen feet to the right of the gun, not allowing the men time to get under cover. Two of the boys, McVarish and J. J. McNeill were killed instantly; another, Mann, died on the stretcher en route to the dressing station, another, Geo. Perry, was so badly wounded that he

PRIZES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Through the action of the Minister of Agriculture, The Honourable Martin Burrell, arrangements have been made to have the Canadian Bankers Association co-operate with the Department of Agriculture in providing a liberal sum of money to be offered in prizes for calves and pigs exhibited by boys and girls under 17 years of age, at county or township fairs.

These competitions are known as the "Canadian Bankers' Competition" and are linked up with the activities of the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. They represent an effort to increase interest in live stock, and constitute a part of the active campaign for more and better stock. Inaugurated and carried on by The Honourable Mr. Burrell through his Department. The generous support accorded to the movement, by the Canadian Bankers' Association, affords a practical demonstration of the attitude of the banks towards the live stock industry, and the active participation of the Association in this campaign is bound to strengthen and create general interest in farm live stock.

Canadian Bankers' Competitions will be held at a large number of shows this year, and boys and girls should lose no time in finding out all about them. The calves and pigs must be fed at least six weeks by the boys and girls who exhibit them, so that it is very important to act promptly in securing a copy of the rules and other information.

Full information regarding the competitions can be obtained from the manager of any branch bank in the locality where a fall fair is held.

2085.

transferred to the Eighth. There are left to mourn his mother, Mrs. M. E. McLellan, to whom the sympathy of the community will go out, in this, her hour of grief, and also four brothers and three sisters: Lister (105th), Lorne, Elmer, Hazen, Alberta, Marion and Patricia.

Sgt. McLellan was twenty-two years of age. He was attending St. Dunstan's when he enlisted in the Fifth Siege Battery. Later he was