

The Charlottetown Guardian

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Friday, April 6th, being Good Friday and a statutory holiday, the Morning Guardian will not be issued on Saturday. The Evening Guardian will not be issued on Friday, but will be published as usual on Saturday. Advertisers please note these changes.

MONDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1917

MR. ARSENAULT AND MR. BELL

Mr. Bell occupied five precious hours of the time of the Legislature in an attempt to prove the Government's finances incorrect. Mr. Arsenault in half-an-hour proved from Mr. Bell's own figures and argument that the Government was right and Mr. Bell wrong. Mr. Arsenault's logic is unanswerable, and one wonders what Mr. Bell's followers think of his industrious incompetence as a Leader. He appears at particularly marked disadvantage compared with Mr. Arsenault. There is no member on the Opposition benches a match in debate for the member from Egmont Bay. He is thoroughly familiar with the rules of the House, always well informed on the various questions coming up for discussion; he never unnecessarily obscures himself in debate, and when he does rise, he speaks with authority and to the point. The incisive manner in which he disposed of Mr. Bell's five hours' oration knocked the bottom out of the debate. There is nothing relevant further to be said on the subject, though it is too much to expect the Opposition will acknowledge the fact.

START SOMETHING

Our Liberal friends—or rather our Opposition friends, for there are now no Liberals—are patriotically (?) making the welkin ring with their admonitions to start something in the way of industries and with the same breath blaming the government for not starting it. We have heard the changes rung on this strain until it has become as nauseating as it is hypocritical. When, through the efforts of the government, federal or provincial, something is started, as has happened more frequently since the present governments came into power than in all the stagnant and lean years of their predecessors, the Opposition resent and criticize and oppose it. Throughout the almost three years in which our country has been seething in war and preparation for it the Opposition has never, officially, lifted a finger to assist, but has with both hands endeavored to belittle, to obstruct, to condemn. And today, if through the efforts of the government some more than ordinarily great undertaking were started in our midst it is quite safe to assume that our little Oppositionists would raise their voices in condemnation of it. In the legislature they sneered at the Development Commission, the only institution ever organized in the province with a definite progressive purpose, absolutely non-partisan, chosen by the people of both political parties, the only fault it had in the eyes of the Oppositionists being that the organization meeting had been called by the government. Let the government should get some credit for organizing it these small-souled politicians must needs condemn it and belittle it.

When a project was introduced by the government to redeem our waste lands and restore our abandoned farms, of which we have a number, the Oppositionists arrayed themselves against it, refused to suggest or even discuss any other way by which this enormous waste of land in our little province could be avoided. We have a continual howl about shipbuilding and the million dollar contracts that are given in other provinces for ships for the British and other Europeans. These contracts are open to us. We have it on the authority of the Chairman of the Munitions Board that these contracts are available to any plants in Canada that will undertake to build ships "at definite dates between now and the middle of 1918" and that such plants as will undertake this will receive orders. Are we prepared to put up the plant necessary for such an undertaking? If so the contracts are there waiting for us. The same opportunity was open to us in the supplying of munitions and we let it go by. Those of us who had the money to invest in it tightened our grip on our cash and refused to invest, and the little howling politicians railed at the government and are still railing because the government did not start a munitions factory for us. This howl is now being repeated in connection with shipbuilding, and may be expected in connection with any other enterprise that has proved successful elsewhere and would prove equally successful here if we were to take it up.

What we need in this province is a little more enterprise, a little loosening up of the cash that is lying idle in our banks and a good deal less howling on the part of our little politicians. No government is going to start us in business; we must do that for ourselves. All the enterprises in which we have engaged with sufficient capital have been successful and if we undertake shipbuilding—wooden ship-building especially—there is no reason why, at present prices for ships, it should not be a profitable undertaking, but we must not wait for others to instal our shipbuilding plants. We must do it ourselves.

MR. MARCIL'S THREAT

"Premier Borden may return to face a prolonged session here or a general election if he insists upon getting a prompt answer to his request for an extension of the Parliamentary term."—Hon. Chas. Marcil, in the Montreal Herald (Lib.)

Mr. Marcil, a leading Quebec Liberal member of parliament, and a confidant of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the above somewhat remarkable statement hints that when the Commons resumes its session the Liberals will begin a guerilla warfare against the Government, and, if the time is considered opportune, will at a time when the crisis of the war has come and countless numbers of our brave sons are shedding their blood in the cause of humanity and of civilization throw the country into the throes of a general election, distracting the people's mind from the one supreme object. The condition of affairs in Australia, where a general election has been called, is the excuse Mr. Marcil gives for such a nefarious threat.

There is no analogy between the situation in Australia and that in Canada. How long must the people of Canada submit to the evil machinations of an opposition so palpably out of sympathy with Canada's participation in the war? A general election would mean a complete cessation for months of Canada's war efforts. This is evidently what Mr. Marcil desires. Other Quebec Liberal politicians have expressed the same wish in various ways. They do not hesitate to say that Canada has already done too much. Shall this reactionary and disloyal element rule? It is up to Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

No one doubts the great value of an Opposition pledged to co-operation with the Ministry, abjuring all barren controversy, and passing constantly in vigilant, but not antagonistic, review the administrations of the Government in power. But an Opposition such as we have in Canada which indulges in headlong and ungenerous criticism and railing attacks, not only unfair but injurious to the public interest, wholesale denunciation in advance by critics who trouble neither to measure difficulties or ascertain intentions, does not promote the general good. It is not organization but disorganization that is brought about by such vagaries.

To be worthy of the name Canadian it remains then for the Opposition, knowing what is at stake, to make instantly the response that the hour and the issue demand.

CANADA'S NEW BIRTH

The Christian Science Monitor, an independent Boston newspaper of the first rank, after referring to Canada's financial and industrial condition previous to the war—which conditions, it alleges, evinced but indifferent progress—says:

"Then came the war, and with it a desire on the part of the Dominion to do its bit. But how? Its Treasury statements were already showing deficits. It ventured, however, upon a loan, and was surprised by the ease with which it was raised. Since then the nation has floated two other loans. It has contributed liberally to the Imperial Treasury. It has spent money like water on the equipment of an army. It has gone on with development. Enterprise has been given a fresh impetus. Interest on municipal, provincial, and national indebtedness, meanwhile, has mounted to what once would have been a most alarming figure. Yet we have this statement from Ottawa:

"After paying off all current indebtedness, including interest on all war expenditures and all pensions, there will be \$50,000,000 left in the Dominion Treasury on March 31, at the end of the fiscal year, to assist in paying off a portion of the capital expenditure incurred during the war. The year's revenues will amount to \$230,000,000, \$50,000,000 more than last year, and \$100,000,000 more than for the first year of the war."

"No doubt there will be many things to arouse wonder when peace returns, but not many of them will be more marvellous than the new birth, in war time, of the Dominion of Canada."

NOTES

There is, says the London Daily Mail, to be a new Monroe doctrine of equal rights for all countries, big and small, and in each the government must be with the consent of the governed. The old Monroe doctrine, as two distinguished Americans, Captain Mahan and Homer Lea, have pointed out, was maintained by the aid of the British Navy. Is there to be anything so brutal behind the new version? President Wilson lives in a rare atmosphere. We have no leisure now for abstractions. We have got to "carry on." Ours is a humble duty—to prevent the German armies from over-running us, France, Italy, or Russia, and to drive them out of Belgium, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro and other countries where they have no business whatever.

Instead of trying to avoid committing an overt act that would drag the United States into the war, says the New York Commercial, the German Government seems bent on finding out how much we shall stand without fighting. Our ships are tied up in our own ports by German submarines just as surely as if they were cruising outside the three-mile limit off Sandy Hook. Our citizens are detained in Germany against their will and in defiance of international law. Germany's attitude towards us is one continuous overt act of war and the longer we submit to such insults the lower we sink in the estimation of all self-respecting people. We have given Germany time and the situation is growing worse and worse every hour. Germany is waging war against us now.

THE SHORE

BY WILFRID OMER-COOPER.

One place still is magic found; One place still is fairy ground; On the seashore at the dawn Of some wondrous summer morn When the joyous wind doth blow Sun-dried seaweed to and fro Rustling over yellow sands Where the happy fairy hands Dance their ringlets ere the day Drives the Little Folk away. Here the mermaid on the rocks Singing, combs her golden locks. And the seagull passes by With his wild and solemn cry. While the spray comes blowing in, Beaten into lacework thin. And the lark, high overhead, Sings for joy that night has fled. While to hearts that grew not old Magic secrets shall be told.

Everyone who has lived for any length of time by the sea knows that strange fascination which always draws one back to the eternal waters which cleanse the shores of all the world. To me the great river Oceanus, with its waves and its sands and all people seems also to bridge over all time; it has not changed its everlasting way since the days when Odysseus, with unstopped ears, listened to the song of the Sirens and strove to break his bonds. When I think of Mother Earth I feel that I am of the dust, and must return to the dust; but by the eternal stream there dwell the Immortals, and I am one of them, without beginning and without end. I was born by the sea, and, walking on the shore in storm and sunshine, I have learnt to love the unsearchable waters in all their moods; the seashore has been my truest companion, and when I have felt the awful loneliness of the crowded town I have turned to the well-beloved face of the sea and found the fellowship which I sought. It has become a part of my very soul, and I trust that when I am free of this poor body the empty case will rest beneath the waters of its desire, while the freed spirit seeks the sea of glass mingled with fire.

I cannot believe that those who spend their lives in the midst of the "watery waste" know it best; rather is it those who seek the caves where Proteus feigns death and the waves beaten shore, "where strange things were done in the ancient ages." Here the old magic seems to have found its last stronghold, and here the Little People still meet "to dance their ringlets to the whistling wind," while amid the storms the spirits of the dead, in the shape of birds, pass to and fro through the mist and spray. Walking here among the rocks, with the white cliffs towering overhead, beaten back by the wind that drowns all noises save the wild whistle of the curlew, I feel that I have at last freed myself from the weary world and have reached that strange Isle of Dreams where nothing can surprise, and all would be as natural to meet Odysseus with his wayworn crew as a storm-beaten fisherman.

And here I spend the happy hours, searching among rocks and seaweed for that knowledge which shall remain, not the knowledge of men which shall have no strength or endurance, knowing that my life is bound up with that of all things which dwell in the waters, and that the sea and the land are mine for ever. For sea and land are mine for ever. For I know that though my body passes away, and my name is forgotten by men, yet the cliffs and the blue waters and all creeping things will not forget, and none can take away my part in them while the wind shall blow along the shore. As I hunt among the rocks, with the gulls screaming above me and the half-frozen spray beating against my face, or in the drowsy summer weather with the ripples murmuring along the shore and mingling their sound with the distant breaking of the waves on the rocks far out to sea, I feel that I have at last found my place in the natural order of things, that place from which man has travelled so far. With my heart filled with wonders of the creatures of the depths, I long to rebuild the altars of Poseidon that men may again know that it is he who has power over the heart of man and can overcome all things save Him who has said, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Yet there have been times when I have been almost frightened by the grey horror of the sea wherein are

the dead without number and the shapeless, eyeless things that creep along the unseen slime of the depths. At such times as I wander along, gathering "the harvest of the storm," I seem to understand why the Celtic spoke of the hostile forces of the Llys, Lord of the Sea, as huge and monstrous, and ever striving against the Children of the Light. But, even so, the grandeur and the wonder of the unconquerable waters fill my soul and I feel that, come what may, I have leagued myself for good of all with the Masters of the Waves, and need fear nothing while I am true to my bond.

And the dull days give place to the wild winter seas, full of strength and the call of battle, and covering the shore with white flakes of foam. At such times most of all I feel the joy of existence full of strength and vigour, and rejoicing in the combat as I press forward against the wind, gathering between the rush of the waves the strange forms that lie among the sea-wrack; or, with the frost binding the very stones on the beach, and the dead seaweed lying stiff and white along the tide marks I watch the wild geese rise and pass across the white waters or the flocks of dotterel and dunlin cross whistling to some more secluded strip of sand, and I know in my heart that these things are in truth mine unto the end. Then come the Spring breezes along the sands, and at night the mystic moonlight, bringing back all its ancient magic to the lonely shore. And last, Summer, with its long, warm days, when, as I lie out on the smooth sloping downs, where the peaceful sheep are feeding while the gulls sail past with their wild, solemn cry, full of the very spirit of freedom itself, and "the crooked sea beneath me crawls," I feel that the strength and wonder of the land are as they were in the beginning.

As I sit on a grass covered mound within which one has found the great peace has been resting through the long centuries, while all about me, among the sweet-smelling thyme, the deep hum of the bees sounds like the voice of the Earth itself, singing in the joy of its beauty, I seem at last to understand the great enigma: "A day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as a day." The Earth and I seem to have become of one thought and one love bounded by the everlasting voice of the sea. And, looking out across these eternal waters, I know that this is indeed Nirvana, in which there is no desire.

Or wandering along the beach, where the hot sunshine beats down on the stones, I know in my heart that the sea and the wind and the blue sky do not change, and the circle of the ages is only among men as they, with dim or clear eyes, see the wonder of all things. All knowledge and all beauty are here, and once again man seems to have his hand upon the door that leads to the only true wisdom. The very names of the dwellers among the decks—Palaemon and Galatea, Nereus and Phylodocce—seem to tell us that the old order is restored and once more men return to that strong and primitive study and worship of Nature which made the Greeks great. Again, as at the beginning, these names stand not for the unhealthy visions of an artificial creed but for an actual part of the real and all-prevailing beauty of Life, and we lift our eyes to behold the Golden Age returning within the hearts of men. For the thoughts of men endure for a season, but nature is unto Eternity.

ONLY TODAY AND TOMORROW IN WHICH TO GET "HEART" SONGS.

A tremendous distribution of our wonderful song book, "Heart Songs," is a matter of only a few hours more. Those of our readers who already own the book are to be congratulated. Those who do not, should be reminded that they may never again have an opportunity to get, practically as a gift, a volume that may seem a luxury, but is really a necessity, in every home. Not like a work of fiction, read today and forgotten tomorrow, but a great treasure, that can be drawn upon daily for years to come as a never-failing source of delight. We cannot insist too strongly on the intrinsic merits of the work. Its like has never been produced and probably never will be again. Four hundred of the greatest songs of the nation, selected by thousands of music-lovers, under circumstances that do not happen more than once in a lifetime, render this book one of matchless merit. If any of our readers are disappointed tomorrow, it will not be our fault. We endeavored at the outset to secure a supply that seemed more than sufficient to take care of everybody. But we frankly confess that we misunderstood the situation. We did not anticipate the actual craving that existed in this community for a book of song. By tomorrow night the last copy will be gone—and we can only regret that there should be even one disappointed coupon-holder among our readers. We therefore suggest that today's coupon elsewhere in this paper should be clipped immediately.

MINISTRY OF ENCOURAGEMENT

It is reported that during the siege of Ladysmith a civilian was arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for being a discourager. The man would go along the picket-lines, saying disheartening words to the men on duty. He struck no blow for his enemy. He was not disloyal to the country. But he was a discourager. It was a critical time. The fortunes of the town and its brave garrison were trembling in the balance. Instead of heartening the men on whom the defence depended and making them braver and stronger, he put fear into their hearts and made them less courageous. The court-martial adjudged it a crime to speak disheartening words at such a time. And the court-martial was right.

FARMERS INSTITUTE VOTE FOR AUTOS

At a recent meeting of Grand River Farmers' Institute the automobile was exhaustively discussed. An interesting and broad-minded debate took place, as to the value of the cars to agricultural communities; as a result a resolution was adopted commending the use of autos and favoring the

opening of the roads under proper running regulations. A notable feature of the meeting was the large number of women who were in favor of the auto, which unquestionably demonstrated the fallacy of the contention advanced by some men, that women are scared of cars. At least it is not true regarding the fair sex in this locality.

There is little doubt that if the proper running regulations were in effect, more farmers' wives would drive cars than would men. It would enable women to do the shopping and leave the men home on the farm. An automobile is safer for a woman to drive than a horse. While a horse is liable to shy and run away, a car responds to every wish of the driver. While a car will remain wherever it is left, there is always the possibility of a horse breaking his halter and rope and running away. The 20th century is an age of progress, and it is pleasing to note that the women of Prince Edward Island are even more courageous and progressive than some of the men. The King's highway cannot longer remain closed to the most progressive invention of the present century; the women of the province will demand the adoption of progressive and up-to-date measures. The demand for open roads is as irresistible as the incoming tide.

AUTO MEETING AT AFTON HALL

Sir—I saw in today's Patriot a report of a meeting held under the

auspices of the Anti-Automobile Association at Afton Hall on Monday, in which it was stated that a resolution against the running of the auto in this district was carried by 36 votes to 6. This is misleading. The vote was not taken of the people in the district, but of all who chose to be present. When the vote was called for a large number of those present left the meeting, and when the heads were counted it was stated that 36 formed the anti-resolution and 26 against. That was what was stated at the meeting. I may say that I circulated a petition in favor of opening up a certain defined area for automobiles which was signed by over ninety bona fide residents in the district. The report in the Patriot says that many of those who signed were duped into doing so. This is not true. When the statement was made at the meeting I challenged anyone whose name was on my petition, to substantiate this charge, and only one man stood up and said when he signed the petition he thought it was for me only. I defy Mr. John McDonald who signed your report to contradict my statement. Many people who signed your petition being held by outsiders who came merely for the purpose of raising trouble in our district. The majority of the people here have signed my petition to have the roads open for automobiles notwithstanding the open meeting in question. I am, sir, etc. ARTEMAS BETTS, Cumberland, March 29, 1917. (Patriot Please Copy.)

"The Haberdashery" Long Wear and Good Looks



Our Boy's Suits combine those two most desirable characteristics long wear and good looks;

We would like every mother interested in the appearance of her boy to see our new stock of Norfolk Suits.

Won't you bring the boy in to see them—we think you'll both admire our spring selections.

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Boys 2 piece Norfolk brown check tweed ..... \$7.75
Boys 2 piece Norfolk Black and gray stripe ..... \$8.50
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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 premiums 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.

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