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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1915.

MUCH ACCOMPLISHED

In a private letter received in Charlottetown the other day from Dr. Ross, now attached to a military hospital at Bramshott, England, the doctor, after paying a warm tribute to the Canadian soldiers now in training there "of which our own 55th is by no means the least promising," says: "Sometimes we are impatient that more is not being done in the way of pushing the Germans back. But if these impatient ones came over here to England and saw the tremendous amount of work that has been done in a year and three months they would go away convinced that no nation on earth could do half as much in the same time. Take one small example: A single camp to accommodate 20,000 troops, heat, light, water, sanitary arrangements, feeding arrangements, houses, roads, hospital accommodation, a city of 20,000 inhabitants built with all modern conveniences in one year! Multiply that by hundreds if not by thousands. Then take the fighting tools and ammunition. It is impossible to form any conception of it and yet a few pessimists are complaining that we are doing nothing. *Our plant is now ready and we are trying out the goods and when the day of reckoning comes Prince Edward Island, I am sure, will be well represented!*"

The doctor has expressed it admirably. We have all been impatient. Not in our time has the British army been obliged to wait. The navy spoke for Britain in a voice that silenced questioning and it did the same when this war broke out. In a few short months it had cleared the sea of enemy ships and to-day there is not a German ship afloat in an open sea. But there was the German army that had to be met otherwise, an army that had been preparing for forty years for this conflict and for which it was mightily prepared. It had to be met with an army and we had none. It had to be created and it has been and it is now ready and growing larger daily. What has been done by Great Britain and her colonies in the short time since the war began is inconceivable. We do not know the size of our army to-day. It may be three miliions, it will probably be four millions by the spring. And we have had to recruit it, to equip it, to make arms and munitions for it. What Canada alone has done would have been regarded as impossible a year ago. What little Prince Edward Island has done, is doing and is going to do was undreamed of a year ago when we thought our limit of men would not exceed 200.

In the face of what has been done there should be no pessimism, no impatience, no questioning as to why we are not doing more. The thing is to keep on doing and to have a part in the "day of reckoning," for it is coming. We shall look back some day with pride or shame on the part we have played in this, the greatest event in history, with pride if we were there, with shame if we were not.

We are recruiting another regiment. We have enough young men to fill its ranks. They are coming in most creditably, but some are holding back. There will be regrets when all is over but not on the part of those who have done their duty.

GRABLING NEUTRAL TRADE

Some people may be "too proud to fight," but not above stealing the goods of the combatants. A huge Fifty million dollar trust has been incorporated in New York to grab the trade of neutrals in Europe and South America. The men in charge represent the very largest financial interests in the States and include Mr. Morgan, the Rockefellers, the Armours, the Steel Trust, the Telephone Trust, the General Electric, the shipping men, the railroads, the banks.

It is not distinctively a banking business that the big Corporation will do. Securities of foreign companies, of foreign municipalities, of foreign governments will be bought direct, and used as collateral or sold. These Yankees want concessions for developing mines, agricultural lands, timber sections. They want railroad concessions. The petroleum, the coal, the nitrates, the phosphates, the iron and other metal resources of other countries, they think, call for American capital. This Corporation has under its charter the right to buy concessions, to build railroads, to work mines. It can build telegraph and telephone lines anywhere, put in electric light and power plants in Shanghai, or Tokio, or Bombay, or Valparaiso. It can buy or build steamships. It can supervise and encourage the sales of all sorts of American goods in any part of the world. In a word, with a capital of $50,000,000 it hopes to take such advantage of the Entente Allies that when the war is over the United States will have the monopoly of the world's trade. Britain's need is the United States Capitalists' opportunity. "Too proud to fight" for principle, but not "too proud to fight" commercially under the protection Britain's fleet gives them, the Yankees are after the Almighty Dollar with their wonted zeal and enterprise.

PEACE JUNKETING

Mr Henry Ford's efforts on behalf of peace, so long as they were confined to academic discussion of the glories of peace and the horrors of war, intermingled with indefinite offers of indefinite millions to educate the world in the ways of peace, were regarded by Americans generally with good natured tolerance. His latest venture, to charter a steamer and with several other pacifists undertake a mission to Europe to persuade the warring nations to lay down their arms, is quite otherwise regarded. They realise that Henry is not only making a fool of himself, but is involving the good name of the United States. The Brooklyn Eagle, under the caption, "Junketing in the Name of Peace,' says:

The latest of Mr Henry Ford's vagaries is the most remarkable of all. Announcing a peace mission to Europe, he charters a steamship and invites as his companions on this extraordinary errand a number of more or less conspicuous people, who presumably share his views that it is practicable to get all combatants out of the trenches by Christmas. If Mr Ford were not a highly successful business man and one of the shrewdest advertisers alive, we would suspect that this latest posturing as a peace angel was a symptom of insanity.

Leaving the United States, as it must, without a vestige of official sanction, this remarkable expedition will arouse the wonder of belligerent Europe. Public quarrels are not settled by private intervention or mediation. Mr Ford and his missionaries will obtain no access to governing authorities to whom they are not officially accredited. Their futile parading in capitals where they are not desired, and where they were not invited, will merely arouse curiosity as to the mental processes that led them to expect satisfactory results from such a crack-brained conception, with possibly unflattering reflections upon the common sense of Americans in general. The making of peace will of necessity be a profoundly solemn function, upon which personally conducted junkets can have no effect.

We are, however, promised one compensation for the ridicule that Mr Ford's undertaking will surely arouse. Among the peace missionaries we note the anme of Mr William J. Bryan. If Mr Ford shall succeed in removing him from this country for any considerable period, unloading him upon Europe, where the addition of one more burden would hardly be perceptible, we shall have some cause to be grateful.

RECRUITING

It is gratifying to find that recruiting for the Highland Regiment is going on apace. Not a day now passes but sees an addition to its ranks and the full strength of a thousand men is already practically in sight.

The splendid meeting at Stanley Bridge, a report of which appears elsewhere in this paper, at which thirteen young men joined the ranks, is but another proof of the genuine spirit of patriotism that pervades the whole province and requires only to be awakened. Only a few weeks previously the neighbouring district, Clifton, sent eleven men to the Regiment. It is a significant fact that wherever recruiting meetings have been held there has been a generous response, and the legitimate inference is that young men are waiting all over the province to be asked and to have the existing conditions explained to them. There are several sections that are not yet represented in any of the units that have been organised. These sections are just as loyal and just as ready to respond to the call of duty as those are that have sent the largest number of recruits, but they have not been approached. We understand the Patriotic Society and the recruiting officers purpose carrying the campaign, which they have so successfully conducted elsewhere, into these sections in order, not only that the Highland Regiment shall be recruited to full strength as soon as possible, but that the whole province shall share in the glory that awaits the Empire in the settlement of the world's greatest war. It will mean something for communities as well as for individuals to be able to say, when the history of the war will have been written, "We were there."

Don't you remember those who fought and fell at
Mons, the Marne, Langemarck or Neuve Chapelle?
Have you no story of the fight to tell?
Were you not there?
Were you not there?
You do not answer! You but stand and stare!

Did you not see at Stamboul or Suez
The German helmets or the Turkish fez?
Surely that chap is lying when he says:
You were not there,
You were not there,
Stand up and say he's lying if you dare!

The war is over. Battle-flags are furled.
The Great Betrayer from his throne is hurled.
It was the Fight of Ages for the world
And we were there,
Yes, we were there,

NOTES

If nobody else thinks it worth while to say, let us inform Jane Addams and her coterie of busy-bodies who are bombarding President Wilson with peace telegrams that this is no time to talk about peace, least of all with a nation which has violated every law of humanity. The Allies will not make peace until right is victorious and justice is done. Let Jane and her sisters stick to their knitting!

A VISIT TO THE GRAND FLEET

THE SCARS OF WAR.

The Admiralty permitted a party of representatives of foreign and allied newspapers to visit the Grand Fleet. On this occasion, for the first time, a few British journalists were allowed to accompany the party, and to obtain somewhat hurried glimpses of various portions of the assembled squadrons and flotillas. Among those so favoured was The Times Naval Correspondent, who in the following article records his impressions of the visit.

A visit to the Fleet!

What a rush of stirring recollections and pleasant reminiscences these words must recall to many amongst us. They will bring back scenes of unexampled grandeur and beauty, of impressive parades of naval might, in the great naval amphitheatre at Spithead, where in past times so many naval reviews have been held. To others the words will be associated with entertainment afloat, and impromptu functions, with music and dancing, on board the warships, all attended by that frank and hearty hospitality so characteristic of the sons of the sea. The last time we saw the words on the railway placards was a little over a year when King George made his memorable inspection of the Fleet, and the mightiest collection of modern warships ever brought together in time of peace—40 miles of steel monsters in motion— paraded before his Majesty.

All this was before the war. A visit to the Fleet nowadays means something very different. There is no longer in it that sense of mere spectacle. Whatever may be the object of the visitor, it must be business rather than pleasure. There was, it is true, underlying many of those exhibitions of our ships with which most of us are familiar, a feeling of something more than mere sight-seeing, a knowledge that underneath all the flaunting flags and paraphernlia of parade there existed a working organization upon the efficiency of which depended the security of the realms and the continued comfort and contentment of the people

I have myself vivid recollections of many similar scenes to those which I have just witnessed. Many years ago I watched the sailing from our shores of a great fleet instinct with a mission of war, a fleet which, compared with that I saw last week, would afford many contrasts of the most striking character. It was in the days of hemp and canvas, the time when the wooden walls still held their pride of place under white wings. In only one respect could I find a point of resemblance between the two mighty gatherings of armed strength. There are still Hearts of Oak behind the steel walls of today, and the spirit that inspires our seamen still shines bright and clear and stimulated with the determinaion to triumph.

PROVIDING FOR EMERGENCIES.

Since the day when our naval frontier swung round from south to east, to face the new menace of a rival nay, there have been developments of the changed situation. In times of peace a fleet needs harbourage and suitable ports for refreshment and repair. Huge establishments stocked with workshops and appliances of all kinds are required to ensure the continued effectiveness of the modern naval machine. How much more is it essential to make provision of this character when that machine is put to the strain and stress of war! Marvellous, indeed, has been the progress made during the last few months in supplying what is needed in this direction. The naval authorities have been equal to the occasion, and were I permitted to describe all that was shown me in the way of providing against any calls or emergencies nothing could afford a more eloquent example of the foresight, skill, and scientific adaption of means to ends which have inspired the work of the naval administration. In one place especially, what was in my own memory swamp and sea, has now become a live and busy naval establishment with docks and locks and basins into which the longest and heaviest ships that float can enter. Fortunately, also, the configuration of these islands have provided secure and sheltered anchorages which, if they had been made for the purpose, could not more completely have satisfied the needs of a fleet for bases facing the point from which dangers threaten. Here it was that I was granted the valued and exceptional privileges of seeing for myself certain portion of the Fleet which Sir John Jellico commands.

Since July 29, 1914, when the Fleet vanished silently from the Channel, until quite recently, it has been but seldom that the veil which then fell upon its movements has been even partially drawn aside. Even today, owing to its neverceasing activity and vigilance, the exact whereabouts of the Fleet remain unknown. Unseen and unheard, it continues to exert its influence upon the course of the war, and fulfil its traditionti role of the bulwark of the Empire. Rare as the occasions have been when the veil has been raised, these have revealed to the country how well prepared were our seamen to assert their supremacy when an opportunity offered. The scooping process in the Heligoland Bight of the battle off tthe Dogger Bank revealed alike the dauntless courage and technical thoroughness of officers and men, and showed the ships in that state of instant readiness for war which is the essential condition of an efficient Navy.

In another way has the veil been lifted. In July last the Archbishop of York described in these columns a stay of 10 days he had made, and paid a tribute to the affectionate brotherhood and watchful patience, the splendid discipline and physical fitness, of the seamen of the Grand Fleet. He also bore witness to the fitness, of the seamen of the Grand Fleet. He also bore witness to the faith which one and all place in their Commander-in-Chief. His words stirred the hearts of the nation, and deepened the sense of admiration, trust, and confidence in which the seamen are held. More recently, Mr. Frederick Palmer's articles have roused fresh interest in the work of the seamen, and his graphic pictures have enhanced the wonder and admiration of the world for the naval part which Great Britain is playing in the war.

To follow these writers, and at such a short interval, especially under the restrictions necessarily imposed, taxes one's powers of description, and is is not an easy task. But the Fleet is an inspiration in itself and even though no words can do adequate justice to the significance of the varying scenes presented to the visitor, our own people, as well as our Allies, cannot be too often reminded of the existence and work of that power which stands between them and the German domination of the world.

The two things which struck me most vividly on seeing the Grand Fleet were its magnitude and its movement, its multitude and its monility. A naval officer on board one of the ships said to me that there are in addition to the War Fleet between two and three thousand ships of the fuercantile marine employed on transport and supply duties, and quite as many more engaged in the work of the patrol—the ever-watchful scouts—or in foiling the declining efforts of the enemy submarines. In those portions of the Fleet which I visited all these classes of ships were represented. Of course we saw the celebrated map on which are marked the places where German submarines have been captured, destroyed, or believed to have been sunk. Various methods for meeting the menace of the submarine were explained to us, and we actually saw vessels engaged in this business leaving port. Indeed, it was not necessary to go outside the harbour to understand, at least in part, how it is that the "blockade" has failed. Here at anchor alongside one another lay the bane and the antidote. A word should be said in praise of the manner in which the officers and men of the mercantile marine and of the shipping industries have come forward to assist those of the Regular Service in the arduous and responsible task which has been set them. All alike are animated by patriotism and duty.

Naturally the expanse of water required for the anchorage of so many vessels must be of ample proportions, and whether long and narrow, lined by backgrounds of undulating hills, or broad and spacious, with a setting of wooded heights, the lines of anchored ships, as straight as if they had been ruled, stretched away in either direction in infinite succession. Truly the environment during my stay was that of the "shrouded throne amid the Northern storms"; but rough weather and a dull atmosphere cannot detract from the majesty and might of such a huge armada. The predominant grey colour of sea and sky was more in keeping with the purpose of this grim assemblage of war vessels than sunshine and calm.

Not less significant than the impression of unseen power stored up in these potent war machines, of latent strength hidden beneath their uncouth masses, was the scene of instant readiness for anything indicated by the constant and continual movement which prevailed. Every now and again some unit, a division, a squadron a flotilla, or maybe a group of smaller vessels, would exhibit signs of activity, then quicken into movement, and finally pass out of the anchorage. What their errand none might tell; but again my informant assured me that no part of the North Sea had not been constantly swept by some section of the Grand Fleet or its satellites, nor has a German vessel of any size of importance been seen outside their minefields since January 24, when they paid so heavily for their temerity. The freedom of movement of which these departures and arrivals were so eloquent is expanded by the fact that each ship, and indeed the whole Fleet, is self-contained. With its attributes of independent mobility and ubiquitous communication it is in readiness for meeting action anywhere, or for striking swift and unexpected blows. It can be as easily moved to some distant part of the world os from one part to another. No better example of this was given than when two of the ships I saw—the Invincible, Admiral Sturdee's flagships, and the Inflexible, her consort—were sent, almost at 24 hours notice, a distance of 7,000 miles to destroy the squadron of von Spee off the Falkland Islands.

(To be continued.)

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Today begins the seventh year of Daily Selections in the little Corner of The Guardian. Very briefly, and in a heart felt way allow me to thank many in this Province and away who have sent along selections and kindly letters of appreciaton. I have no reason to believe that thousands daily look for these helpful thoughts, carefully selected, by many readers, and passed along to others in this way. I hope you will continue to send along short clippings of prose and poetry that have helped, and that you think may give an upward life to others. The readings for this month have been carefully chosen, for at this season of the year, nearing Christmas and New Year, I have always found people at their best, and truly desirous of being kind and courteous to all. Would it not be a lovely spirit, this, all the year round.

Alas, this will be a sorrowful season for many, and for this very reason words of comfort will pass along frequently, be of good cheer.

I want to thank The Guardian Staff for many courtesies and sympathy, in the publication of these selections from year to year, and promise readers the very best things (in a short space). I can gather together as time and opportunity permits.

W S L

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