

The Charlottetown Guardian

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1917.

PREMATURE DEATH

Medical men in England have expressed the hope that within the next thirty years premature death from disease will have become a thing of the past. One of our city pastors recently in the course of a sympathetic reference to the death, from tuberculosis, of a man in his early twenties, concurred in this hope. He believed that the progress of medical science and improved sanitary conditions justified it and that the great white plague and other preventable diseases would, within the time specified, be practically if not entirely eradicated in civilized communities.

Only one thing can prevent the fulfilment of this hope, that is human selfishness. Our medical men are agreed upon a definite list of preventable diseases. They have demonstrated over and over again that these diseases are preventable. They have cleaned up and made sanitary and wholesome corners of the earth where human life was the plaything of deadly diseases, where the allotted span of three score years and ten had dwindled down to a few years or even a few months. And yet with all that science has discovered, with all that medical men have accomplished, tuberculosis, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria and similar diseases cling to our cities; death—preventable death—claims one after another of our most promising young men and young women; disease—preventable disease—hangs like a millstone on the necks of rich and poor alike. We need go no further than our own City of Charlottetown for proof of this assertion. It is probably true that there are fewer cases of tuberculosis than there were a generation ago largely through the dissemination of literature and the constant admonition of doctors and specialists, but it is true also that this disease and many others, all preventable, still exist in this year of 1917. Now why is this?

Can we not find some of the causes in the report of the Health Officer for Charlottetown given at a recent meeting of the City Council? Houses in the City "unfit for human habitation" and yet occupied by human families; homes without sewerage and with all the consequent insanitary conditions; milk and meat, the origin of which and the preparation of which for market, are unknown and unknowable, bought and sold and consumed; hogs and foxes kept in back yards, etc., etc.

Complaints have been registered against these and yet nothing has been done. The Health Officer has recommended that certain residences be destroyed and has placed the responsibility for the recent typhoid cases upon the absence of sewerage. Mysterious cases of infectious diseases, the origin of which cannot be traced, occasionally break out in our midst, death occasionally ensues, and where death does not follow, doctors bill and suffering and anxiety do.

Charlottetown should be a clean city. Naturally there is no cleaner City on the continent but while these disease nests are permitted to exist it is not clean, the lives of its citizens are not safe, there is no assurance that an epidemic shall not break out at any time.

What are we doing as a City to bring about a fulfilment of the hope indulged in by those who know it is possible, that there shall be no premature deaths from preventable disease thirty years hence? These disease spots answer, our unsuspected milk and meat answer, our occasional outbreaks of infectious diseases and our occasional premature deaths answer. And the responsibility rests upon us as citizens. We have emasculated our sanitary laws lest their enforcement should cost some one a dollar or two; we are permitting owners of residences unfit for human habitation to rent them to the poor who could only afford to take the risk of their lives, not to pay a higher rent. These things call for reform, call for a right about face. Our fathers and brothers and sons are giving their lives to rid civilization of the foul disease that threatened it; we at home are permitting disease and death to play hide and seek among insanitary corners, with unsanitary food for the sake of a few dollars. And in this Charlottetown is not alone. Other cities and towns are doing the same thing and for the same reason. We've got to clean up. Life and health and happiness are worth more than dollars, even though the life and the health and the happiness be those of others. We have nothing to do with what other cities are doing. Our work begins here. This is our Jerusalem.

WHERE WILL THEY GO

Germany is scouring the world for man power, says an exchange, or to use her own contemptuous phrase, "cannon fodder." The German Consul-General at Barcelona has issued a notice to all his fellow-countrymen in Spain, calling upon those between the ages of sixteen and sixty to register for military service. It is stated that the self-expatriated Huns, who are certainly to be congratulated on their foresight, are getting out of their difficulty, by pointing to the Allied blockade, which prevents them from returning to Germany. It is very unlikely that any of them would go back,

even if the Allies obligingly lifted the blockade for that purpose. They know they are better off where they are, and they know also that the German Consul-General has no force behind his proclamation.

The fact is that Germany is beaten and all the world knows it, except the poor fools within her own frontiers who have been so spoon-fed with lies that they don't know what to believe. It was said at the beginning of the war that she was fighting for elbow room abroad for her surplus population. After the struggle is over, it will probably be found that there will be a great migration from Germany. With that country's overseas dependencies—they were certainly not Dominions—neatly parcelled out among the Allies, her departing people will necessarily go more than ever under alien flags.

The question is, "Where will they go?" It will probably be found that the Allied nations will erect a barrier against German immigration operative for at least twenty years after the war. The European neutrals will discourage their entry in every possible way. Their only hope seems to lie in the United States where they can carry on the good work so ably begun by Muensterberg, Von Bernstorff, Von Dumba, Von Papen, and all the other exponents of Teutonic kultur in that country. It is an inspiring prospect, and it is to be hoped that the genuine Americans appreciate the luck in store for them.

THE NATION'S FINANCES

The greatest revenue month in the history of the Dominion was the month of November just past. Its total revenue from all sources amounting to \$23,164,707, surpassed all previous records, and was greater than the total revenue obtained in any full fiscal year from Confederation up to 1880.

The Dominion's revenue for the eight months of the current fiscal year reached \$144,912,000, an increase of \$9,159,268 over the corresponding eight months of last year. In November alone the increase was over \$5,000,000. The gains have been mainly due to the Government's tariff measures, customs revenue totalling \$80,399,557, an increase of a little more than \$20,000,000. Stamp taxes and other special war revenue measures more than justified expectations, bringing in nearly \$7,000,000; Post Office revenue increased by \$1,000,000 and excise revenue by \$2,000,000.

These figures are a striking refutation of the pessimistic prophets who declared that the Government's tariff measures and war taxation policies were doomed to failure; that they would build a wall around the country, paralyze imports and defeat the very object they were designed to attain. Gratifying also are the figures showing that while the Government is collecting considerably more, it is spending a great deal less. Capital expenditures during the first eight months of the year totalled only \$19,954,000, a decrease of \$6,092,437. And the Government, pursuing even further its policy of concentrating as far as possible the full financial strength of the country upon the prosecution of the war, announces the work on the Welland Canal is to be suspended and operations on the Hudson Bay railway reduced to a minimum.

The result of this combination of shrewd fiscal legislation and retrenchment in domestic expenditures is that the country will be able this year to pay out of revenue, ordinary and special, between seventy and eighty million dollars towards the cost of the war.

NEW BOOKS

Among the new books recently received there are few perhaps that will be read with more genuine interest and pleasure than "Pincher Martin O. D.," a story of the inner life of the Royal Navy, written by "Taffrail" who had served for a number of years on board a battleship and had the good fortune to see and take part in some naval battles before he had finished his story. The book gives a graphic account of the life of a "man-o'-wars" man, with its humorous incidents, its thrills and its dangers. It is especially apropos to the present and will be found particularly illuminative and interesting to those who have joined or are contemplating joining the navy. In the faithful narrative of "one who was there" the prospective sailor will find much to convince him that life in the navy is by no means monotonous or wanting in enjoyment. The publishers are the well known firm of W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh, who have the reputation of issuing only high class books. Pincher Martin O. D., should prove a big seller at the present juncture in the history of the British Navy.

Another particularly interesting and timely book just issued is "Letters from India" by Mrs. (Rev.) George Churchill, a Nova Scotia lady who spent nearly fifty years as a missionary in India. Her cheerful, intimate letters covering the period from her school days at Truro, her going as a bride to India and her fifty years residence there, give a history of the inner native life, the difficulties and trials cheerfully endured by the missionaries, the gradual development of Christian faith among the heathen, the growth of western civilization among the orientals and in short the eastward spread of western civilization, that it would be difficult to obtain from the ordinary fragmentary glimpses of heathen lands given by short term residents or occasional visitors.

The letters were compiled and arranged by Mrs. Grace McLeod Rogers, the talented author of Stories of the Land of Evangeline and several other works which have brought her into prominence as a writer. To the student of missionary enterprise and to the student of history as well these letters, covering fifty eventful years of strenuous missionary labor, will be invaluable. The book is published by McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited, Toronto.

FORTY-FIVE DAYS IN QUARANTINE

Experiences of the "Happy Fifth" By Gr. W. T. Dawson.

From the foregoing, the reader, if indeed he has persevered so far, has formed some idea of the routine of daily life. The things we do which are not down in orders are, however, far more interesting though, I fear, harder to describe. For the purpose I shall take a day in quarantine from reveille to lights out. "Reveille" doesn't bother us much. If we hear when it blows at six, we roll over in the blankets on the sleeping boards and prolong the nap. Seven o'clock, however, breakfast is served. A few minutes before seven the S. C. O. and his benchmen roll out sleepily, blimp hurriedly into a weird assortment of clothing and, after proudding the room guard into an attempt to get that stove cover red, disappear into the misty morning toward the cookhouse. A few dress and doo greatcoats, ready fall into the breadline while the mess fatigue arrives. These early birds are commissioned by those who still press the blankets to their chin to "get some bread and pig and obo." By the time breakfast is over and the pail of washwater has arrived, almost every one has emerged from the snares of ease. The next item on the program is a wash, after a hurried inspection of the stable on your chin in front of a borrowed mirror resulting in a decision, usually in the negative, on the question of shaving. The wash house is twenty yards or so from the hut, standing in a line of sanitary huts, comprising latrine, washhouse, bath house, latrine, wash house. These are of brick or concrete on concrete bases with tiled gutters. Except for the bath house, which flushes a speck of crude shower and hot water for washing clothes, they are open at the ends or top, so that the temperature is the same as outside, and the Frenchmen are prone to ask us in their careful English, "Are you not cold?" when they see a guy stripped to the waist and washing in the ice cold water from the abolition tap.

Physical exercise at 8.30 is engaged, in by most with pleasure rather in respect than in performance. Men who do nothing all day do not like interference with their occupation. Physical exercise over the ordinary amusements of the day begins. Those who have saved breakfast rations for a hot meal boil water in old jam and syrup tins on the stove, and brew cocoa or tea according to inclination, an admixture of condensed milk and sugar giving a drink which tickles most pleasantly the unfastidious palate of the hungry gunner. Some start letters at the table away from the stove, seeking the latter at intervals to thaw their chilled fingers. Two or three pace up and down the seventy foot length of the hut, their thoughts two thousand miles across the Atlantic. At the table near the stove the poker players fall in for the day, stopping when appetite calls at meal times and when darkness at lights out drives them perforce from the fascinating game of chips and fall of cards. The ante is a "happy" with a like expenditure for cards, and bets are a penny. No great sums are lost or won, but when the fortnightly pay envelope contains, after present deductions, but ten "bob", the man who quits ten shillings ahead after the same number of hours at the table is looked upon by his fellows as indeed a favorite of fortune. Over many who play the game exists no enthralling spell, but the Fortunate I have mentioned played poker all day and dreamed of it when his mind should have been wandering back to P. E. I. One night his bunkmate awoke with a shiver, to find the blankets no longer on his side of the bed. Turning over he adjoined Fortunate.

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DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louison.

WE HAVE GOT TO DO IT!

That is the underlying thought of the great majority of our men who have borne themselves so bravely in this war. In the British manner they hide their inner thoughts under a bushel of light words. But in their souls they know they are engaged in a crusade of vaster, nobler crusade than ever the knights of Richard Coeur de Lion ventured upon. They are prepared to sacrifice, and are actually day by day sacrificing, their all for the supreme purpose put into words by my fellow traveller—"to rid the world of the future from the ghastly menace of a repetition of this sanguinary struggle."

They ask only one return from their country—that no peace shall be made until this aim is ensured.

Week after week, and longer every day. The dreadful roll of our dear dead appears. And each succeeding list confirms the fear. Of many a friend and lover far away. We mourn—though pride is mingled with our tears—Our best and bravest. Some had made a name. In other fields, and some were new to fame. But none had passed the springtime of their years.

A tragic waste? To those the vision came That they should lay their lives down for their friends; And shall not we, surviving, do the same—For selfishness and malice make amends. And live for others, when peace comes again. As these men died? Or, have they died in vain? (By C. F. A., 'Cambridge Magazine')

CANADIAN EXPORTS EXCEED IMPORTS

Great Growth of Deposits Shown in Bank of Commerce Reports.

A very full review of Canada's present financial situation is given in the addresses published today, of Sir Edmund Walker and Mr. J. C. Alford, the shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. In preparing these addresses the President and the General Manager of the bank had at their disposal the reports sent in from their agents and branches in the United States and Canada, and the information given is therefore of the utmost value.

The share which Canada is taking in the great war, both in supplying munitions and the money to pay for these is dealt with, and a word of warning as to the great necessity of thrift is given. It is only by the exercise of such a spirit of thrift and economy, hitherto unknown to the people, that Canada can do her share in winning the war. In this regard it is pointed out that the total deposits in Canadian Banks on the 30th of November last amounted to \$1,521,345,000 as compared with \$1,288,985,000 at the same date in 1914 an increase of \$222,364,000. In the Canadian Bank of Commerce the deposits for the year showed a satisfactory growth, the increase being \$35,373,000.

FOREIGN TRADE FIGURES.

The best indication of the tendency of affairs at the moment is the trade with other countries and it is pointed out in the address of Sir Edmund Walker that the exports for the fiscal year ending 31st March 1916 exceeded the imports by \$249,088,274 and that for the six months ending 30th September, 1916 the excess was \$141,109,598. A gain over the astonishing figures for the first half of last year is shown in these of the first six months of the present year of nearly another 100 millions.

The chief increases in imports are in iron and steel bars and goods, machinery raw rubber, chemicals, and other materials required for the manufacture of munitions, and to some extent in foodstuffs. Request is expressed by the President at the sending abroad of about 10 millions at this time for motors and as much more for silk goods and velvets.

"If we are really to exercise an effective economy" he says, "we should be very jealous as to the nature of any imports not necessary for the production of war supplies or for our national existence." The financial ideal for Canada at the present time is to pay interest on foreign indebtedness to provide Canada's share of the cost of the war, and to lend as much as possible to Great Britain to pay for munitions made for her in Canada.

UNITED STATES REPLACES BRITAIN.

The reliance of Canada for the placing of her securities is now transferred from Great Britain to the United States, and to the greatly enlarged market at home. During the year securities to the value of \$303,715,875 were sold, and of this total \$102,967,055 were placed in Canada \$192,748,820 in the United States, and only \$8,000,000 in Great Britain.

The usual dividends at the rate of ten per cent, per annum were paid during the year with bonuses of one per cent, at the end of each half year. The war tax on circulation called for \$147,288, the Officers' Pension Fund for \$80,000, and subscriptions to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, the British Red Cross Fund, the British Sailors' Relief Fund and Sunday subscriptions says a Russian official statement is being found to the advantage of the invaders were forced back by Russians from the height.

ASSISTANCE TO ITALY.

During the year the facilities of the bank were placed at the disposal of the Italian Government for the purpose of receiving subscriptions for the war loan of that government from its citizens resident in Canada. A great deal of business was done through the bank during the year in underwriting the second Canadian War Loan.

Up to the end of September 1,207 members of the Bank's staff had enlisted. The casualty list to date amounts to 296 of whom 84 were killed in action. 3942-1-16M11E11.

RUSSIANS REPEL TUETONIC INVADERS

(Special to the Guardian.) PETROGRAD, Jan. 14.—Roumanian forces in the region of river Kainso

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 FIVE. Put aside the primers we used in the last session and let us devote some attention to the class in the first reader. These students are a step or so beyond novices, so we will start right out to make combinations of words and sentences skipping from one row of keys to another.

OLD FRIENDS IN PRACTICE. Of course you have long been acquainted with the familiar sentences, "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" and "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." Even though the lazy dog is tired of jumping and all the men who could vote evidently came to the aid of their party last November, these time-worn sentences are good practice for us and you may use them in your daily drills. This same rule applies to hundreds of sentences you can construct for yourself. Taking the three rows of keys, find for yourself sentences by which you gain alternation from one row of keys to another, and from one side of the machine to the other.

Here is one I used although I claim no originality for it: A quick movement of the enemy would jeopardize six gunboats. Do not look at your keyboard. No good touch operator would be guilty of such a transgression.

THOSE IMPORTANT FIGURES. As you have followed these articles you have noticed that thus far I have paid no attention to the figures. This is intentional and for the purpose of emphasizing their importance in a special paragraph. In many of the text book exercises, too little attention is paid to the figures. They are every bit as important as the letters, and if they are not practised so that you know their location, you will be greatly handicapped in your work. If there is hesitation in finding these characters you will notice that lack of perfect rhythm which I so emphatically insist upon.

Perhaps it is necessary to repeat the proper fingering for this row of keys: Left Hand: Fourth: " 2 MARGARET B. OWEN.

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LONDON, Jan. 14—The Manchester Guardian believes that of the two replies to President Wilson's note received from the belligerents it would be found to the advantage of the Allies that their terms are fully defined and the disadvantage of Germany that hers are left indefinite.

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