# The Charlottetown Guardian

**Head Office at Charlottetown, Branch Offices at Summerside, Alberton, Souris and Montague.**

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*Wednesday, May 24th, being Victoria Day, and a statutory holiday, the Morning Guardian will not be issued on Thursday. The Evening Guardian will not be published on Wednesday but will be published as usual on Thursday. Advertisers please note these changes.*

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1916.

## THE PATRIOT'S RECORD

The Patriot professes indignation and disgust that the Guardian should apply the epithets contained in its own columns ever the signature of Mr. J. J. Hughes to that gentleman himself. It squeals and protests and alleges that no such journalism was ever heretofore experienced in this province. We stated frankly yesterday that we hated to write as we had done, and to descend to the depth plumbed by Mr. Hughes in the Patriot, but on the plea that desperate diseases require desperate remedies we applied to Mr. Hughes the language he himself had used about us? And with what results? The Patriot is pained and perturbed. Why did it not feel thus when it published in bold editorial type and doubly emphasized with black letters the very language of which it now complains? The reason is obvious and easily explained, the Patriot has a record for mud slinging second to none in Canada, but like all such thinskinned controversialists it resents when the very same language is applied to itself and its friends; it begins to squeal and protest.

Our contemporary complains that such method of controversy is new to journalism here. We wish that were true, but alas, it is not, and the Patriot knows it. We turn at random to the files of our contemporary and this is what we find in its issue of Sept 19, 1909.

"The Patriot Editor is accused of 'indecency' and of doing "the dirtiest kind of party work" because he happens to edit a newspaper of Liberals leanings. These epithets place all who have any connection with the party press in a very low category."

So that even seven years ago the Patriot was accused in the Guardian of practising the same "dirtiest kind of party work," it is still continuing in.

A leopard cannot change its spots.

Turning back the pages of the Patriot to September 19, 1909, we find this choice paragraph in its editorial.

"Hissing over its defeat the Guardian then turns and squirts its venom at the Editor of this paper. Let us tell the Guardian right here that a belief firmly held by many people whose judgment is worthy of consideration is that the real reason why that journal for the last five or six years has consistently suppressed and misrepresented the facts in connection with the Dominion Government, and why it has persistently made or insinuated (the meanest form of lying) false statements with regard to what the Government has done or is doing is because the Government did not take its Editor at his own valuation, and did not think him to be of sufficient importance to be advanced to positions or employment."

Could anything be meaner or more contemptible than such personalities? And yet we are now told by the Patriot that formerly it and its contemporaries conducted controversy on a high level of journalistic ethics The Examiner, too, we are informed by the Patriot was always a Simon Pure in discussions. If that be so, what is the meaning of this from the Patriot of February 17, 1909?

"Yesterday Mr. John A. Mathieson, Leader of the Opposition, had the temerity to state that a scurrilous and abusive article had appeared in the Patriot regarding himself * * * It is no justification of the Examiner's coarse and libellous article on the Premier to try and fasten such scurrility upon the Patriot * * * We have never descended to such disgraceful or degrading depths, in the abuse of public men that our contemporary—the Tory organ—has been guilty of!"

This, we suppose, is what the Patriot now refers to as the lofty tone which pervaded the discussion of public questions in days gone-by. We are afraid our contemporary is wofully ignorant of what the ethics of journalism are, or, if it is not, it has been wonderfully successful in ignoring them in practice as it has done since the Hon. David Laird vacated the editorial chair.

We need not refer to recent history, the blackguarding of the Hon. J. A. McNeill, and the imputations against the integrity and honour of the business men who were concerned in the shipment of oats and hay contracts. Nor need we take notice of other attacks of a personal character, to which the Patriot has opened its columns—scurrility which would demean the most irresponsible journalistic rag ever published.

The Guardian has ever maintained a high standard of journalism, and has discussed the subjects it has dealt with on their merits. This every one recognizes, and it is simply because the Guardian has, for a change, taken the language found in the Patriot's own columns and applied it to the Patriot's own contributors, that our contemporary is chagrined and waxes wroth. The language of its editorial yesterday is strikingly reminiscent of its pharasaical reference to the Examiner seven years ago, and may have been in type for all we know.

Let our contemporary change its ways, removing the beam from its own eye, and it will at once see there is no mote in the eye of its neighbors.

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## A BIT OF HISTORY

An interesting sidelight has been thrown upon the complaints made by the German Chancellor and the press of Germany over the starving of innocent women and babes by the British blockade, by the publication in the London Times from its columns of 1870—71 of some facts on the siege of Paris when the Germans were starving the civilian population of that city into surrender. The article is well worth reading in the light of present day events. We trust it has found its way into Germany. No doubt the German press of that day would also afford some food for thought among the starving women and children there at present. Perhaps, too, it might lead them into serious reflection upon such abstruse principles as "retribution," the "sins of the fathers," "whose ox is gored" and kindred topics. Here is an extract from the article:

"The Germans arrived before Paris in the middle of September. By October 8 our columns report that the daily consumption of horseflesh had risen enormously. By November 20 no more beef or mutton was to be had.

"On December 6 our correspondent states that "rat hunting is now vigorously carried on, to meet the demands of the restaurants." When the frequenters of the restaurants were eating rats, the diet of other classes must have been terrible.

"On December 15 the population were put upon a ration of horseflesh. The allowance was 30 grammes, or about an ounce.

"On January 15 the bread ration was reduced from 500 to 300 grammes, less than 10 oz. for adults, and to half that amount for children. This bread was a black and indigestible compound of rice, barley, buckwheat, oats, and even hay. Long files of women and children gathered before dawn at the bakers' shops, in the rain, the cold, and the snow of a winter in which the temperature sank to 21 deg. of frost.

"The animals in the Jard'n des Plantes were eaten. Elephant sold at from 10f. to 45f. a pound, and even "cotellettes de tigre" are mentioned. There were markets for dog flesh and cat flesh, and an English writer partook of a feast at which the sole dish was a cat with mice around it.

"There was no fuel and no light. The people starved from cold as well as from hunger. On February 14 one of the English party who brought food into Paris after the armistice told the Mansion House Relief Committee what he had seen. Some of the persons assisted were "barely able," he said, "to walk to the place" of distribution, and when the provisions were handed them, "they were unable to carry them home."

The time of these happenings was not so long ago but that many Germans still living will remember them. They will doubtless remember that at that time when it was Frenchmen and French women and French babies who were starving, it was a fine game, perfectly legitimate and proper. Now, however, when Germans are suffering for food, when German women and German babies are liable to be inconvenienced—not starved as the poor Parisians were, it is a different matter, it is "brutality."

The London Times also records from its files of 1870—71 that when a plea was made from Paris in the last extremities of the siege, for milk for dying babies, the German reply was that the only way by which Paris could get food was by surrendering. The death rate among the Paris children during these terrible days was enormous. In one week 5,000 children perished for want of food. It was of conditions in Paris at this time that Bismark said of the Countess Bismark that she cherished "ferocious hatred of the Gauls, all of whom she would wish to see shot and stabbed to death down to the little babies who, after all, cannot help having such abonimable parents."

This was the Germanism of forty-five years ago; it was the Hunnishness of eighteen centuries ago; it is the Hunnishness of to-day. We have had within the past two years well authenticated stories of German soldiers impaling Belgian babes on their bayonets and carrying them off in mock triumph, stories of Hunnish fiendishness that cannot be published, so revolting are they, and we now have the whine of their friends because the British blockade is shortening their food supplies. "The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly small," and if Germany is ground according to her deserts, the deserts not of the Hun fathers in past centuries but the Huns we are fighting to-day, she will be ground into the finest dust that has ever marked the grave of any of the nations that have sinned themselves out of existence.

## THE SUPERLATIVE WHINE

Sir:- Last night's Patriot contains a letter, signed "Catholic," deprecating the manner in which the Guardian answered Mr J. J. Hughes. This is the second letter of like tenor that has appeared in the Patriot within the last couple of months. The inference expected to be drawn is that the Guardian and the Conservative Party belittle Catholics and as Mr. Johnson's name is mentioned, presumably Irish Catholics.

The Patriot and the Liberal members should, I think, set a better example themselves. Some time ago Mr. J. J. Hughes, in the House of Commons, held up to the scorn of all Canada the appointment, by the party in power, to a clerkship in the Public Works Department here of a man by the name of O'Brien. Surely this name is Irish enough. Of course the flailing Mr. O'Brien received from Mr. Hughes on the floor of the House was not sufficient, for last Saturday the Patriot published to the world, under scare headlines, the whole debate.

I am informed that between the Public Works Department and the Marine Department there are over twenty permanent employees, and that Mr. O'Brien is the only Catholic in the bunch. Had he not as much right to get an appointment as the Liberal party had to appoint a whole army of Protestants.

The writer, "Catholic," calls on Mr. Dalton to pat the Liberals and the Patriot on the back when they ridicule Irish Catholics, and to muzzle the Guardian when it defends itself and them against such attack. Consistent isn't it, "Oh man O' boy"!

I am, Sir, etc.,

AN IRISH CATHOLIC.


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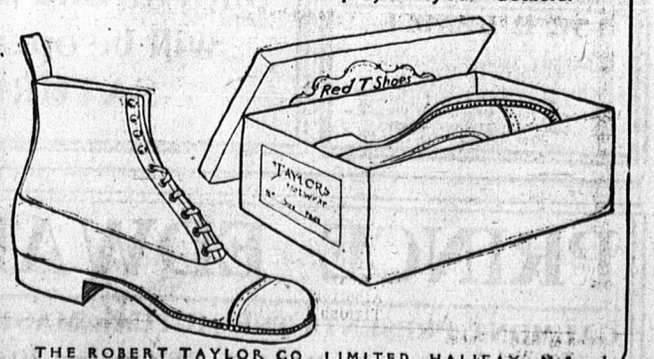


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