

The Charlottetown Guardian

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

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 6th 1917

SIR WILFRID'S MANIFESTO

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made his political bed, many believe, his political death bed, and must now lie on it, and his friends, who still persist in following his leadership, must lie with him—or for him. The issue is perfectly clear. His long looked for manifesto, a summary of which appeared in yesterday's Guardian, leaves no doubt as to his stand on the question of Canada's participation in the war. Indeed, all who have followed his career from the outset had little doubt that, even in this, the fateful hour in Canada's national life, he would stand by the party he created in Quebec, the party that now, apparently has him by the throat. That party is opposed to Canada's active participation in the war, is especially opposed to conscription and on this question the party, with Sir Wilfrid at its head, has cut itself adrift from the rest of Canada. Sir Wilfrid and his party deliberately and persistently refused to have anything to do with a Union Government; his former friends, his ablest lieutenants, unable to follow him in this small sectionalism left him and threw in their lot with the Union Government and subscribed to all the articles in the war policy of that government. He is now left with his Quebec following which he hopes to hold on his policy of anti-conscription and such others throughout the dominion as may be induced to follow him either through the strength of former partizanship, or opposition to the Military Service Act.

There are now two distinct parties in Canada, one, a non-partizan Union Government party composed of the leading men of both former political parties, pledged to prosecute the war to the full measure of Canada's ability and to lay businesslike foundations for the reconstruction period after the war; the others, as stated in Sir Wilfrid's manifesto, not to "proceed further under the provisions of the Military Service Act, until the people have had an opportunity to pronounce upon its provisions by way of a referendum."

To those who have been looking forward to one war-time election with many misgivings the prospect of following it up immediately by another, the referendum proposition, will not bring much comfort. To wait for a referendum now, a referendum in which no doubt through the good graces of Sir Wilfrid, every alien enemy in Canada, every disloyal hobo and every slacker would have a say, while our boys who have waded through Flanders mud for over three years and cannot be given the furthest home that they were promised and that the Canadian government tried to get for them—because there are no men to take their places at the front—is about as damnable a proposition as has ever been made to any people and could only emanate from a man who cares less for the lives and the welfare of the men at the front than he does for his own political life.

Doubtless Sir Wilfrid, after some three months study of the situation, knows to whom he is appealing, from whom he expects support. He is evidently sure of Quebec and he has had assurances from other provinces including our own. He was fervently supported in his anti-conscription policy in the House of Commons by Mr. J. J. Hughes; he was as fervently supported on the platform in Prince County by Captain Joseph Read; Messrs. Warburton and Sinclair of Queen's, who have so far said nothing in public, refused—or the Liberal machine for them refused—to make a compromise with the Unionist candidates, Messrs. Nicholson and Martin, to avoid an election and run one man from each party as a Unionist candidate. And so the issue in this province is clear; there are Unionist candidates and Laurier candidates in each county. The electors know the issue, know what is at stake and know what to do on election day.

CONSISTENCY, ETC.

"Sir Wilfrid declares that, if returned to power, he will, before proceeding further with the Military Service Act, submit it, by a referendum, to the people. Thus, it will be seen that the great Liberal Chieftain has not altered his attitude in regard to maintaining the numerical strength of the Canadian forces."—Patriot, Nov. 5.

Sir Wilfrid certainly has not altered his attitude on this question and that is why

he is today outside the Union Government. Had he shown any disposition to assist in maintaining the numerical strength of the Canadian forces he would, when he found that the voluntary system of enlistment had failed, have supported conscription as the Patriot itself did "unswervingly." No only did Sir Wilfrid oppose this method of maintaining the numerical strength but he declared emphatically that even if his own appeals for voluntary enlistment failed he would not resort to conscription.

"Many soberly-minded and seriously thinking people, who have read history; who have watched events in connection with militarism and the voluntary system, are under the impression that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as one of the greatest living statesmen of the age, has undoubtedly correctly diagnosed public opinion upon this all-absorbing question."—Patriot, Nov. 5.

Public opinion where? Certainly no as expressed by the Patriot as recently a June 23rd when it said editorially:

"The Patriot has never swerved upon this important matter. First, last and all the time we have stated that we are in favour of conscription. We believe that the principle of conscription is right and that the only way to treat the people fairly and to give that assistance to the brave soldiers at the front that is necessary is by the adoption of conscription."

If the Patriot believes, as it says in the course of the editorial in its yesterday's issue, that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," a fearful responsibility rest upon it and upon all those who, like it, are undertaking to mould that "voice of the people." God's voice will not change by it may become sadly perverted amid noises made for purely political purposes. Let us try and be as nearly consistent as possible while the earth is being shaken in a convulsion the end of which no man can predict.

NOTES

The Washington decision to seize all enemy property in the United States extend to Austrian, Hungarian, Bulgarian and Turkish goods. The United States do not trifle with enemy interests.

Count Von Bernstorff has been made Wirklicher Geheimrat. Whereupon the Boston Transcript rises to remark that it always knew he was a rodent, but hardly expected that the Kaiser would so frankly admit it.

We all know that Russia needs help, but there is just the suspicion of a whine about Kerensky's appeal which is not altogether reassuring. Still we must be considerate of the tremendous strain which the young leader has had to endure.

The Liberty Loan in the United States was slow in starting, but it finished like a whirlwind. To exceed five billions is a tremendous financial task, but the United States did it with comparative ease. The subscription total will look ominous in the eyes of Berlin.

"I say to the enfranchised women of this province—this Union Government is formed for the primary purpose of making sure that those sons and husbands are at all hazards and at any sacrifice supported by the nation at home. Let the first woman vote in Canada be a vote for Union for honor, for fidelity, for real and victorious war."—Hon. Arthur Meighen, at Winnipeg.

A story comes from New Hampshire of the discovery of a forgotten barrel of dye of German manufacture in the store-room of a paper mill. This was said to have been purchased three years ago for \$89 and now has been sold to a New York concern for \$5,000. The dye was discovered when the plant was sold, according to the report which makes a good story, although it is rather hard to believe, as the demand for dyes at high prices would seem to have unearthed this supply long ago.

"We need only one party in Dominion politics for the next few years," declared Sir Robert Falconer, President of Toronto University, in a statement issued in Toronto, the other day.—"The party of unselfish, far-sighted, patriots, who are, with one mind and will intent to put a strong Government in power, and to keep it there as long as it guides us with clear direction and gives us pure, party-free, competent and efficient leadership in these difficult days. Such Government, I believe, we may expect from the men whom Sir Robert Borden has called to his Cabinet."

"LUCKY DOUGLAS HAIG"

"I have known Douglas Haig for well over forty years," said a retired Colonel to the writer—"in fact, ever since we were school fellows together at Clifton; and although I have not seen much of him for the last dozen years we are still as staunch friends as when we mistreated Caesar and puzzled our joints heads over riders in the early seventies."

I can see him now in those distant days as clearly as if it were yesterday—a sturdy, rather under-sized boy of thirteen with a clean-cut, strong face and frank, laughing eyes—just a typical Scotch lad of good class—a boy who feared nothing and nobody, and as merry, mischievous, good-natured a little fellow as you would see in a day's march. He hailed from the wilds of Fife, where his father was a Ballie and a small landowner, and he came of a family which had been famous as fighters ever since the days of Bruce and Wallace. When he left Clifton, where he was distinguished for getting into scrapes both for his success in examinations, he went to Eton, to Exeter, Oxford, and just over thirty years ago began his soldiering career in the 7th Hussars, where I renewed my schoolboy friendship with him. He had by this time developed into a fine young man, strong, athletic and keen as a hawk. He was, however, an older man as you could wish to see, and he had by this time become a general, and he had known him even in these early days realized that he would, in any respect, and affection, well make every man ready to follow him to death—he allies a cool, clever, far-seeing brain, the gift of quick decision in an emergency, a genius for strategy, and a will of iron, as is evidenced by his firm lips, his strong jaw, and his resolute eyes. He is, in fact, a born fighter and leader of men. If any man can crash his way through the ramparts of the Hun, and bring him to his knees, it is Douglas Haig.

Sir Douglas's luck, too, has followed him on the battlefield, for no man ever made a more fortunate or happy marriage than he when, ten years or so ago, he led to the altar Queen Alexandra's favorite maid-of-honor, the sweet and lovely Dorothy Vivian, with Her Majesty herself to grace and bless on his nuptials.—London "Telegraph."

Such are a few of the many close brushes with death which establish Sir Douglas's title to be known as "Lucky Haig"—the latest being only a few months ago, when a barn which he had left but a minute or so earlier was struck by a shell and nine men were killed.

Can you wonder that a general who shows such a supreme coolness in the face of the greatest peril should command the respect of every man under his hand? And this respect is mutual. Only a short time ago, Sir Douglas wrote home from the front: "We have had hardish times, but nothing in our history has surpassed the fine, soldierly qualities displayed by the troops! They have marched and fought, and supported hardships in the trenches in a manner beyond all praise."

A Considerate Leader

And this respect is allied to a real affection just as mutual. No general ever took a more sympathetic interest in the well-being of his soldiers. Day after day he has been in the trenches talking with his men, as frankly and as familiarly as one of themselves, with his, "Well, boys, how are you getting on? Is there anything I can do for you? Don't be bashful, tell me all about it." Is it any wonder that, as a wounded Tommy told me only a few days ago, "We all love General Haig. He thinks more of us than he does of himself."

Among his officers, too, he is no less popular. He has a kind and encouraging word, and a smile for them all, down to the rawest sub. He is the most accessible of men; and has quite a genius for putting the most diffident of juniors at his ease. To this admirable quality in a leader of men, respect and affection well makes every man ready to follow him to death—he allies a cool, clever, far-seeing brain, the gift of quick decision in an emergency, a genius for strategy, and a will of iron, as is evidenced by his firm lips, his strong jaw, and his resolute eyes. He is, in fact, a born fighter and leader of men. If any man can crash his way through the ramparts of the Hun, and bring him to his knees, it is Douglas Haig.

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BREAKING UP THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC ON THE ST. JOHN

FREDERICTON, Nov. 3.—Chief Inspector W. D. Wilson today announced that as a result of a conference which he had at Fort Fairfield, Me., with the high sheriff and deputies for that section of Maine, close co-operation between the New Brunswick and Maine authorities in the suppression of illegal liquor traffic will take place. The result is expected to be that a number of men along the border who have been giving trouble to the officers enforcing the provincial prohibition measure will have an interesting time in the near future. The Maine officials promised every assistance.

Trouble at Edmundston

At Edmundston, on Sunday night, a motor loaded with liquor being brought from Quebec province, was stopped by Inspector Berube, although the inspector had his collar bone broken while making the seizure. It had been suspected that liquor was being imported by motor cars, and when the inspector sighted the car in question he ordered that it be stopped. The driver refused and Berube mounted the running board and seizing the steering wheels dived the car. Liquor was found and next day the driver was convicted and fined \$200. A similar fine also was imposed upon his companion.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson,

BOILED-DOWN WISDOM

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity. If thou shouldst speak a word of loving cheer, Oh, speak it now. This moment is thine own. I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had no where else to go.—Abraham Lincoln.

Make it mine To feel amid the city's jar That there abides a peace of thine Man did not make and cannot mar.—Matthew Arnold.

My soul, what hast thou done for God? Look for thy mispent years and see. Sun up what thou hast done for God, And then what God hath done for thee.—Faber.

Be thou not impatient—God is not. Be thou not impatient with thy lot. Or whether cloud or whether sunny fair.

Or whether pleasant be thy path of care. 'Tis not for you to murmur or complain— He has a purpose in each drop of rain.

Each blade of grass, each pearl of dew that falls, Each rippling brook, each singing bird that calls Across the meadows—all in time will be Borne from immeasurable service free.

And, therefore, toiling thro' the live-long day Trust, and be patient as you climb the way.—Baltimore Sun.

WAR MENUS

How to Save Wheat, Beef and Bacon for the men at the front. Issued from the Office of the Food Controller for Canada.

MENU FOR WEDNESDAY Breakfast

| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| Baked Apples | Syrup |
| Buckwheat Griddle Cakes | Sugar |
| Tea or Coffee | Milk |

Luncheon

| | |
|--------------|----------|
| Tomato Soup | CROUTONS |
| Scones—Syrup | Tea |

Dinner

| | |
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| Baked Beef Heart Potatoes Onions | |
| Apple Dumplings | Sauce |
| The recipes for Scones and Apple Dumplings mentioned above, are as follows:— | |

Scones—

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|---------------------------|
| 2 cups flour |
| 4 teaspoons baking powder |
| 2 teaspoons sugar |
| ½ teaspoon salt |
| 4 tablespoons shortening |
| 1 egg |
| ½ cup milk |

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt. Rub in shortening with tips of fingers; add egg, well beaten (reserving a small amount of unbeaten white), and milk. Press on a floured board, pat, and roll to ¾ in. in thickness. Cut in squares, brush with reserved white, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

Apple Dumplings—

Make a crust as for tea biscuits, using suet instead of butter. Roll to a quarter of an inch. Cover with a layer of finely sliced apples. Sprinkle over with sugar and cinnamon. Sew into a cheese cloth as for jelly. Roll to ¾ in. in thickness. Cut in squares, brush with reserved white, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

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