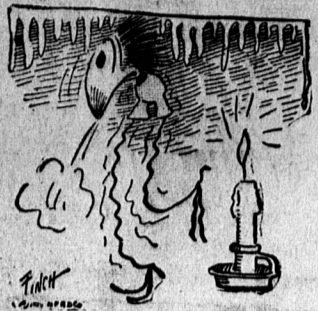


"Doc Bird Says"

You know and we know that satisfaction is only what both want. We try to give you a little bit more.



Melting the Stock

Closing out the few things left over from the holidays—at lowest prices.

E. A. FOSTER

CENTRAL DRUGSTORE SUNNYSIDE

FOX BREEDERS MEETING IN BOSTON

(Continued from page one)

according to the point of view of him who utters it.

To the man who has downed his competitor, competition is the life of Trade; to the competitor who is downed, competition is death.

All over the North American continent today, in Canada as well as in the United States, there is a ferment of new ideas, of protest, of doubt, of discontent regarding this matter of competition.

The old ideas do not seem so sound, they do not ring so true as they once did, they do not fit present conditions, there is something wrong. The times seem out of joint.

As a matter of fact, they never were, they never were more than superficially sound. Competition was the life of trade only when trade was piratical, mercenary, competition, good, old-fashioned, cut-throat competition belongs to trade's buccaneering days, when every industry flew the black flag and the appearance of a competitor meant war to the knife.

Conditions have changed, men no longer look upon one another as industrial and commercial brigands. We are, however, far from an era of universal brotherhood, of mutual confidence and good feeling, of generous and hearty co-operation, but the world is working that way, and the men engaged in fur farming and fox breeding should immediately join the advance movement.

Steam and electricity have brought different countries, cities and individuals so close together that the old feeling of bitter antagonism is softened.

The real competitor of the country merchant is not the fellow on the opposite corner, but the mail order store, a thousand miles away. The real competitor of the coal miner in Pennsylvania or Nova Scotia is not the man in the next shaft, but the merchant boarding the steamer at Naples.

The only competition the laborer in California or British Columbia fears is from the Orient. Within less than one man's lifetime, the world has narrowed to a very small area, and there are practically no foreign lands in the old sense.

Distance has been well nigh eliminated by the ocean greyhound and the Atlantic cable. Men once far apart and strangers are now near neighbors, in close contact, they speak to one another with ease.

The competition of isolation is no longer possible, it was never profitable. It has become disastrous. The old crude, clumsy, cut-throat competition is passing in the English speaking world beyond recall. The new is coming, coming as surely as the conquest of the air and international arbitration is coming, coming as surely as other and greater inventions and discoveries are coming to world men closer together. In brief all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put the old-fashioned competition together again. It has fallen, broken, never to rise.

Co-operation in the true sense is complementary to competition in such a way as to temper its harshness and excesses. It is, however, true that it is difficult for some of us to define so indefinite a term as competition; nevertheless, there are degrees of it.

The great investing public have little or no desire to find out the details of fox breeding, feeding and ranching, but what they do want to know, in the most emphatic and authoritative manner, is the financial and business principles entering into the promotion and conduct of fur farming.

Your committee, having been delegated to consider the best possible ways and means for fostering and developing the fur farming and fox breeding industry in all branches in the United States and Canada, desire to make the following report:—

In view of the fact that we live in an age of specialisation and organisation, where we find every industry, trade and profession, efficiently and highly organized for the protection and material welfare of its members, unhesitatingly recommend that the fur farmers and fox breeders of the United States and Canada unite in forming the Fur Breeders' Association of North America, for the purpose of securing co-operative action in advancing the common interests of all reputable men engaged in the fur farming industry, and to institute such effective measures as will dispel the popular prejudice and misconceptions existing in the mind of the great investing public concerning the fur farming and fox breeding industry.

In the early days of any new industry, or any new idea in science or government, it is imperatively necessary, in order to focus attention, to

make a striking and correct impression on the public mind.

The proposed organization should be immediately consummated and its membership widely extended, because it affords the machinery whereby the common intelligence and business acumen of the representative men engaged in the fur farming and fox breeding industry can be brought to bear at short notice and with authoritative effect upon any subject connected with the prosperity and well-being of the industry in all its branches. Through the work of this Association, a healthy public opinion favorable to this industry can be created and stimulated, which cannot fail to result in beneficial measures being instituted, having in view the fostering and developing of the industry and the securing to ourselves and for ourselves the best possible results and the largest possible rewards as the legitimate fruits of our labours.

Co-operation may take and has taken a great variety of forms, and it is elastic enough to adapt itself with modifications to a great variety of conditions and circumstances.

Such combinations, such associations of capital and labour has operated successfully and with encouraging results elsewhere, and in these days of high pressure civilisation—rapid and general welfare of the nation—the average man is confronted with so much to absorb and divert his attention that it is assuredly worth our while to consider whether the co-operative principle of social economics cannot be applied with advantage for the conservation, up-building and general welfare of the fur farming and fox breeding industry.

We have no hesitation in saying, and saying advisedly, that no more important question could engage the attention of the fur farmers and company managers at the present time, and no more urgent question confronts the industry to-day. Upon the proper, judicious and effective solution of this question depends the whole future of the fur farming and fox breeding industry in the United States and Canada.

It was resolved to circulate this report and send a copy to the Charlottetown Guardian and to meet for further consideration on January 4th.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. LER. THOMPSON

ST. JOHN, Dec. 24.—St. John had no better known, no better liked citizen than Mr. LeBaron R. Thompson, of the Eastern S. S. Company's staff, whose death took place this morning following a stroke of paralysis on Tuesday evening. Mr. Thompson was on duty when this second stroke came and friends tenderly cared for him, and removed him to the Prince William Apartments. He never regained consciousness and passed away about 8 o'clock this morning. Mr. Thompson, who was well known in Charlottetown, was in his 54th year and was a son of the late Mr. Tyler Thompson. Mr. Thompson entered the service of the I. S. S. Company, now the Eastern S. S. Company as office boy and later became purser on the boats, a position that he filled with great acceptance. His genial nature and kindly disposition made him a favorite with the travelling public. Later Mr. Thompson did important work for the company in a travelling capacity and more recently has been stationed in St. John in a position that brought him in close touch with patrons of the road, with whom he was a universal favorite. Mr. Thompson was active in the Masonic fraternity, member of the Charlottetown Union Lodge, of the Chapter, the Knights Templars and the Shrine and brought to the work of all these bodies the same genial qualities that made him a favorite in the business world. The Shrine only recently selected him as a delegate to next year's gathering in Seattle. Mr. Thompson married Miss Bertha Harding, daughter of the late Mr. George F. Harding, who survives.

70 LESS BARS IN MONTREAL. MONTREAL, Dec. 26.—Seventy hotel licenses were today cut off under the new provincial license law. The hotelmen affected each receive compensation to the extent of \$5,000. Four hundred hotels remain in Montreal.

PERSONALS

Mr. Chas. H. Earle of Montreal and Mr. W. D. Earle of Brockville, Ont., are the guests of their parents, Prof. S. N. and Mrs. Earle, Charlottetown.

Mr. Jack Hazard and Mr. Walter Mathieson of McGill College, Montreal are on a short visit to their homes in Charlottetown.

Dr. Harry Hodgson, Ruffell, Man., arrived in Charlottetown on Christmas Day on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Hodgson.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, of 295 Fitzroy Street, who is improving slowly from a very severe illness, was downstairs to dinner Christmas Day for the first time in three weeks.

Mr. Frank Conroy, has arrived home from Halifax to spend Christmas with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Conroy. Their other son, Mr. John Conroy, who is a student at Dalhousie, has also arrived home.

Mr. Charles Connolly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Connolly, Charlottetown, left by the mail special last evening for Georgetown, on route to Mahone Bay, N. S., to resume his position in the Bank of Montreal at that place. Mr. Connolly arrived home from Mahone Bay some months ago, suffering from pleurisy, but it is pleasing to note he has fully recovered from his indisposition and is now enjoying his usual good health.

Among the visitors to Victoria Wednesday were: Mr. Walter Ince, Hampton; Mr. Roland Leard, Tryon; Rev. James McDougald, Cape Traverse; Mr. Will Dunford, South Melville; Mr. John Hodgson, Tryon; Mr. Fred Wilson, Westmead; Mr. W. B. Trowsdale, Craupaud; Mr. Camdon, Holland, Tryon; Mr. Jerome McGuigan, Kelly's Cross; Mr. A. Watts, South Melville; Mr. Birt Sturdy, Craupaud; Mr. H. H. Lea, Tryon; Mr. George Villett, South Melville.—V

THE ICE CIRCUIT AT TORONTO, ONT.

(Special to The Guardian) TORONTO, Dec. 26.—The ice races were well attended to-day. There were big fields and fast time in each event. The unfinished trot was won by Peter Clay, Monarchal Lady, second, Black Cat third. Dr. Sharper showed great speed but was very wild and made bad breaks.

Angus Dillid made his debut in mile heats. He was tenth, sixth and fourth in the three heats of the 2.24 race. He looks like a high class horse after a few races. The conditions are so new to the Island horsemen that they will require a few races to get on to them.

FRENCH REPORT.

PARIS, Dec. 25.—(Official)—To the north of Lys the enemy bombarded rather violently the approaches of the road from Ypres to Comines and those of Langemarck, but has delivered no attack before Bosselle. North east of Albert our troops last night made slight progress. A German attack on St. Mail Wood, east of Tracy-le-Val has been repulsed. We have organized the trenches captured the day before yesterday near Pusaisenne, the ground taken in Pauc-de-Sapt and the region near Launios, north of St. Die, has been held and organized. No other news of importance has been received from the rest of the front.

AMONG THE INDIAN WOUNDED

(By an Anglo-Indian) One would not have recognized the tired, war-worn crew who came in yesterday in a bait of pelting sleet. Most of them were sitting up in their beds chatting and laughing; pears, apples, cigarettes, chocolate and war pictures were strewn on the tables by their side. A hot scrub-down and the oiling and massage of the head, which the Indian loves, had altered the colour of life for them. A Muslim from the Khyber whom I had seen lifted in the day before on the shoulders of two orderlies, his face pitted with the debris thrown up by a shell, was lying back peacefully smoking a cigarette. It is not always easy to get the Sepoy to talk, but today I found him communicative. Ease after strain, and the unfamiliar warmth and brightness and comfort all round had loosened his tongue. I found the Dogras and Gurghas together. They had come from the same part of the field. "How were you hit?" I asked one. "By a pataka, Sahib." "A cracker!" At first I did not understand. A pataka is the cracker which is thrown about the streets when the religious processions pass in the bazaar. "A bomb," he explained. It slowly dawned on me that the man thus called a "cracker" was a "Black Maria" or a "Black Maria." "The war is not the war in old times," he added regretfully.

Complaint Against the Enemy

Some of the wounded had not seen the Germans. Those who had did not speak respectfully of them. One man who had come to grips with a fat Prussian complained that he could not get the fingers of both hands round his opponent's throat. They are not bony men," he added. But this would mean less resistance to the kukri. While he was struggling and rolling on the ground he was shot point blank through the lung and the bullet had come out through his shoulder.

I noticed on his table a dainty little enamelled put-powder box with a mirror on the lid; a faint perfume still clung to it. "Where did you get this?" I asked. "A memsahib gave it to me," he said proudly, "in the street."

It was the spontaneous gift of a French lady in Arras—presented in the spirit in which favours were thrown to knights by ladies in old times. The man's cheery, confident face might well have attracted her in a crowd.

Another man told me how his company and another were enveloped by machine-gun fire in the trenches and lost all their British officers. A havildar got the men together and led them back in the dark to the lines behind. They had been badly pounded and felt a little uncertain where they would find themselves. By a piece of good fortune they hit on the trenches of the Seaforth's. The Highlanders and Gurghas are old comrades in arms. The Seaforth's in particular have a tradition of good fellowship with these Nepalese hill men which dates back to Mutiny days; they have Frontiers campaign. In India one often hears picturesque incidents of the entente. The Gurkhas were delighted to find themselves among their old friends.

The Good Samaritan

There was a story in the ward of a wounded havildar who fell into the hands of a Good Samaritan. The German officer spoke to him in Hindustani, asking him the number of his regiment and where he came from. He bound up his wounds, gave him a drink, and brought him a bundle of straw to support his head. This will be remembered on the credit side of our German account. The Gurkha as a rule is direct and

matter-of-fact, more interested in physical than abstract affairs, as when he complains of the thickness of the German neck. But one meets a mutinous Dumasque type sometimes among the Sikhs and Mahomedans. I asked a Pathan how many of the enemy he had killed.

"A great many," he said, "one cannot count."

"But about how many?" "After a little consideration he replied, in his own expressive argot, "So many bullets, so many dead."

The Sikh often has the Homeric touch. An orderly exclaiming at the devastation of a village near Hazebrouck asked his British officer, "Sahib, is it a true word that the German Padishah wishes to make the same ruin in Hindustan?"

"Perfectly true."

"Then, if he comes to India, it will be over the dead bodies of us all."

A simple and genuine speech, very characteristic. It reminds one of the character of the Sepoy who asked the embarkation officer at Bombay how many were coming back.

"Ten thousand, Sahib?" "I cannot say."

"I think I can promise you that."

"It is good. They will be enough to carry you to our homes that we have died fighting honourably."

In the native officers' ward there were two patients. One of a distant Portuguese name, he will call him De Souza. He came out as hospital assistant to a battery. The other is Sikh Jemadar, of the Bombay Sappers and Miners. The Jemadar spoke Urdu and Gurmukhi; the hospital assistant English, Tamil, Telegu, Malayalam and Burmese. They had no common language, and could only communicate through the official interpreter, an Englishman.

German Overtures.

De Souza, a delicate cultured youth, who was laid up with a slight attack of pneumonia, gave me a vivid picture of life in the trenches. The German trenches were not 200 yards from his own, and he lay awake at night listening to their accordeons and concertinas. He seemed rather to like the music. One morning he hoisted up a huge placard on a pole with the inscription in large letters:—

Holy War. Indians Fight on our Side. We to the British.

If it ever entered one's head that the Indians had drifted into this war lightly and were now depressed by their hardships and losses, half an hour among these Sepoys would dispel the idea at once. Where there is discouragement or discontent it must find expression, directly or indirectly, especially among the sick. But there is the same story of cheerful patience and endurance everywhere. Our cause is theirs; they are proud to be fighting for us; and they do not count the cost. I have had it at first hand from Sepoys of all castes and creeds, and I have not met an Indian Medical Service man or a regimental officer who does not tell me the same thing.

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NEW FRENCH UNIFORM

CALAIS, Dec. 23.—Trains have been pouring through Calais full of soldiers in an unfamiliar uniform of a light blue-grey colour, which makes people stop and stare when they see it. This is the new French field service uniform which is just beginning to make its appearance. It is being issued to the class of 1914, the training of which is nearly complete and to some of the older troops who are being re-equipped.

The colour is agreeable to the eye, and to make up for the blow to the sensibilities of French patriots which the disappearance of the old red trousers and blue tunics which the trade associations will naturally cause, red and white threads are woven into the blue.

The blue-grey is an excellent shade for escaping notice. It will blend particularly well with the grey winter landscapes in which the troops are now fighting. It is perhaps not quite so good in this respect as the German uniform which is distinctly lighter and greyer. It would be impossible to confuse the two except at a great distance, and in any case, the German cap will remain a distinctive mark, the cap of the new French uniform being something like the gengarry in shape with flaps which can be folded down over the ears. Cap, coat and trousers are all of the same colour.

HIGHER PAY FOR COMPANY OFFICERS

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A Royal Warrant revising and increasing considerably the pay of officers has been issued as an Army Order. It affects second lieutenants, lieutenants, and captains in practically all branches of the Regular Army, and in the case of the Army Service Corps majors in addition.

The rate of pay for such rank varies according to the branch of the Service, cavalry regiments receiving higher pay than the infantry. The following table gives some examples of the new scale of daily pay and the old:—

Table with columns for rank (Captain, 2nd Lieutenant) and pay scales (Old scale, New scale) for Cavalry of the R.H.A.R.F.A. and Infantry.

The pay of a major in the A. S. C. of less than two years' service in the ranks is fixed at 15s.

The daily rates of pay of officers promoted from the ranks will be:— Cavalry R.H.A.R.F.A. R.E. Inftry. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

Table showing promotion rates for Cavalry and Infantry ranks, including 2nd Lieutenant and Lieutenant.

C.P.R. HAS PURCHASED FOUR SHIPS.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A message from Belfast says that the C.P.R. Company has purchased four ships which are being constructed at Belfast and Glasgow. Their cost is said to be in excess of £1,500,000 (\$7,500,000).



LITTLE MARY'S \$200,000 FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—What is undoubtedly the most stupendous contract ever entered into for the services of a moving picture player, and certainly one of the most imposing in salary involved for a player of any classification, is the one that is being signed by Mary Pickford, the petite star of the motion picture world. The contract with Miss Pickford is made by the New York Motion Picture Corporation, known to the trade as the Kessel and Baumann combination. It calls for a salary of \$2,500 a week for 52 weeks, together with 50 per cent of the proceeds from each picture, after deducting certain expenses. The net sum which it is expected Miss Pickford will realize in the year is \$200,000, a regular prima donna salary. Miss Pickford stipulates to pose for twelve pictures during the year, in the selection of which she is to have a voice. It is also agreed that she shall choose her own director.

Hearing is Restored to Deaf

Without Mechanical or Artificial Hearing Devices, Deaf Hear With Their Own Ears. A Wonderful English Discovery. Thousands of people suffer from catarrhal deafness or poor hearing, who have tried specialists, advertised treatments, artificial ear drums, ear phones, electric vibrators and various mechanical appliances without success. They have at last resigned themselves to a "world of silence" thinking that nothing can ever restore to them their normal hearing. Yet their case is not hopeless. A remarkable scientific treatment discovered a little more than a year ago in England is making people hear after years of deafness and is also unequalled for quickly stopping the distressing head noises that are so often the companions of defective hearing. This discovery is called Parmitin and has attracted widespread notice throughout Europe where reports of the remarkable results it has given to deaf people have come in by the hundred.

The effect of Parmitin it seems is by tonic action to produce a stimulus necessary to reduce all inflammation, swelling, enlargement or thickening of the organs of hearing and to stimulate the entire auditory tract. Parmitin is now being sold by many leading druggists in Charlottetown and vicinity and a speedy trial is urged upon all who suffer from catarrhal deafness or deafness in any degree. Ask the druggist for 1 oz. of Parmitin (Double Strength) and take it home and mix it with 1/4 pint of hot water and 4 oz. of granulated sugar until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day and you should soon find a remarkable improvement in your hearing.

Important.—In ordering Parmitin always specify that you want Double Strength; your druggist has it or he can get it for you; if not, send 76c to the International Laboratories, 74 St. Antoine St., Montreal, who make a specialty of it.

Advertisement for An Opportunity for you lasting only till Dec. 31, 1914. Do you wish to join a PROSPEROUS, PROGRESSIVE and WELL ESTABLISHED Company. AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$750,000 PAR VALUE OF SHARES \$10.00 THE JOHN R. DINNIS, PEDIGREED FOXES, LTD. is ranched by John R. Dennis "the wizard Rancher" Is Managed by the strong Board of Directors Write for our Herd Book which gives an idea of the quality of the foxes. Head Office Charlottetown, P. E. I. Box 147