

The Charlottetown Guardian

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MONDAY, JULY 23, 1917

THE BY-ELECTION

On Wednesday next the people of the Egmont Bay and Georgetown districts will vote for their respective candidates, Hon. A. E. Arsenault or Dr. Delaney, Mr. J. D. Stewart or Mr. W. W. Jenkins, all of whom were duly nominated on Wednesday last. As to the result of the polling there has been no doubt from the beginning. Premier Arsenault will be returned by the largest majority he has ever polled and Mr. Stewart will carry his district by as large a vote as that which this constituency has given to his illustrious predecessor, ex-Premier, now Chief Justice, Mathieson, at every election since his entry into the political arena in 1900. There is no reason why it should be otherwise and the campaign has fully demonstrated this, has cleared the air of many misunderstandings that may have been caused by the misrepresentations of unscrupulous office hunters. The campaign, while wholly unequalled for, while little less than a crime at a time when men's minds are engrossed in greater things than elections and when men's time and talents should be devoted to greater things than running an election which could well have been avoided, has had the effect of showing where both parties stand and on what grounds they seek the suffrages of the people. The records of both political parties have been reviewed and their respective claims to the confidence of the people have been laid before the people. The Liberal party had a trial of twenty years and during that time ran the country almost to hopeless bankruptcy. Mr. Bell's platform, as published the other day in the Patriot and afterwards referred to in the Guardian, shows exactly where he stands—or rather where he does not stand—in relation to the interests of the province. It was a hopeless muddle, a foolish attempt to disprove the correctness of the External Auditor's reports, a mixing up of the Public Accounts in an endeavour to show that there was no betterment of the financial position of the province as compared with the twenty years of Liberal drift into bankruptcy. No sane man in the province could read that platform without pity, if not contempt, for the man who tried to climb by it to the premiership of this province, and no sane man would wish to see the province take the risk of going back to it. During the past five years we have had uninterrupted progress, our financial position, notwithstanding the criticisms of Mr. Bell and his lieutenants, has been infinitely better than ever before in our history. Our public works, our schools, our agriculture have been infinitely improved as compared with former conditions. In short nothing has occurred that could persuade any sane electors that "to swap horses" at this stage would be the part of wisdom. Under Premier Arsenault we believe the good work begun by his predecessor will be ably and efficiently carried forward. On the other hand Mr. Bell has not shown either in the Legislature or during the campaign that he is any improvement on—or even the equal of—his Liberal predecessors and their record is one that the province has no desire to revert to.

A word of caution is necessary. Everybody should poll his vote. Let no one remain away from the polls in the belief that the two Conservative candidates are going to be elected anyway and that one or two votes will not signify. Every vote will be needed and the bigger the majority will be the better it will be for the province. And one word more—the last appeals of the Liberal organ, those reserved for circulation at the last moment, those sent out in the hope that they will not be overtaken before the election, are to be taken with plenty of salt.

THE CONSERVATIVE SURPLUS

In the course of his various speeches in the Georgetown district Mr. J. J. Johnston has been trying to convince the electors that during their five years of office the Government has gone behind \$90,000, whereas the actual fact is there has been an actual improvement of over \$227,000.

Of course those familiar with the figures understand and appreciate the specious argument of the Hon. the junior member for Cardigan. He takes the gross receipts and expenditures and deducts the one from the other without differentiating between what has been paid for assets and what for current liabilities. In order that he who runs may read and understand we submit the financial position as from Dec. 2, 1911, when the Conservatives came into power to Dec. 31, 1916, the end of the last financial year.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include On Dec. 1911 there was owing by the Province on account of Debentures, Outstanding Liabilities, Due Bank and Loans, and Improvement.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include On Dec. 31, 1916, there was owing by the Province on account of Debentures, Outstanding Liabilities, Due Bank and Loans, and Improvement.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include RECEIPTS for years 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, and 1916.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include EXPENDITURES (Including payments into Sinking Fund.) for years 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, and 1916.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include Less amount paid into Sinking Fund for reduction of Debenture Debt and Less amount paid to reduce outstanding liabilities.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include SURPLUS, Amount expended on Capital Account and Permanent works, and Actual improvement in provincial conditions made in last 5 years.

It will be seen that there was a net improvement of \$10,443.78, as vouched for by the External Auditors and proved by us from the Public Accounts and a gross surplus of \$227,795.54 made up of \$217,351.76 expended on capital account and permanent works, and \$10,443.78, the amount by which the public debt of the province has been reduced.

A JUSTIFIABLE BOAST We are not breaking faith with a correspondent when we state that the boast about the good roads in Albany, Searletown and North Tryon was sent us by a resident by one of these districts. We publish his most justifiable boast with pleasure and in the hope that it will inspire others to similar good work.

May we not conclude that it is because the people of these districts take pride in their roads and boast about them that they have roads that they may well boast about? The districts named are among the most progressive in the province and their roads are an index of their prosperity. We do not know the political opinions of our correspondent or of the roadmasters mentioned but we venture the opinion that the wideawake farmers of the districts named do not care a continental what political camp the roadmasters belong to so long as they do their roadwork in a workmanlike manner. We may venture the opinion also that when the people of these districts are called upon by their roadmasters for help on the roads, summer or winter, few if any of them will hold back in the hope that the government or the government's road act may get the blame.

The good roads of which our correspondent proudly boasts are a credit not to the roadmasters alone but to all the men of the district for no roadmaster be he ever so efficient and willing, can make good roads without the hearty and sympathetic support of the people.

It is not too much to say that wherever there is a bad piece of road all the fault does not lie with the roadmaster. It may be quite true that some roadmasters are not as aggressive as they ought to be but their aggressiveness can be stimulated and brought up to the working point by the determination of the people to have good roads. If the roadmaster is impossible there is always the last resort—discharge him—but no wideawake community of farmers will submit to indifference and carelessness on the part of a roadmaster.

A PHILOSOPHER IN KHAKI

Captain Andrew Macphail's Cavendish Lecture.

DR. ANDREW MACPHAIL, who is well known in both Canadian medical and literary circles and has been an officer in the Canadian Army Medical Corps at the Front for the past two years, delivered the Cavendish Lecture before the West London Medical-Surgical Society on Friday of last week. Many famous medical men are on the list of those who have delivered the Cavendish Lecture in previous years, including Sir William Osler; but we are quite sure that none of his predecessors has ever given his audience an address so full of the philosophy of war or one more replete with psychological insight into the fundamental differences of temperament between the Teuton and the Briton.

The German Scientific Spirit.

He attacked the "unmitigated scientific spirit which is the peculiar possession of the enemy and is happily alien to our race," and continued: "That spirit is not our inheritance, yet none have done more than we for the advancement of real science. Let us grant to the uttermost that the pursuit of science is the pursuit of truth. The German cares nothing for the pursuit, he is all for the result, unaware that any given truth by itself is half a lie. A lie which is only half a lie is far less deadly than a partial truth which is believed to be the whole truth. Even to science the scientific spirit is fatal; it becomes dogmatic and then sterile. We have always kept in mind that there is a spiritual law in the natural world, whilst the German, lacking a philosophy of life, in the cold void of abstract science, That is the Genesis of his Superstition, a monstrosity developed from the tentative hypothesis of our own Darwin. We live not by truth but by illusions and the human heart makes those illusions which alone make life tolerable. The strength of the English race lies in its capacity to live and move in the realm of illusion. The German, on the other hand, has deliberately shut himself out from the world of imagination, and thereby has lost insight and sympathy, as a consequence he sees darkly, judges fatally and fatally he cuts himself off from the trees of life, and by becoming a scientist he becomes a beast without a background.

Work of the Medical Service.

Dealing with his own particular branch of the Service in the course of the lecture, Capt. Macphail said: "You have heard much of our unpreparedness for war, but the Medical Service has, as fully armed when the first call sounded, long years ago. The R.A.M.C., had worked upon the problem, and found a plan. This plan has been adopted in Canada, and was well understood; the best of the profession volunteered and many of them had previous training in military affairs. The Medical Service, above all other services, has done its perfect work. It has yielded an army without sickness. I have never seen a case of typhoid, and the few infectious cases are of the nature of children's diseases—measles, mumps, chicken-pox. Trench fever was likely to cripple the army. Last winter the method of prevention was so sure that a case of trench fever was a curiosity, and brought stoppage of leave upon the battalion which produced them."

The End Not in Eight.

Anticipating that his audience would wish to know from one just returned from the Front his views on the course of the war, he said: "The end is not yet, nor is it even in sight. My counsel to you is that you should close your eyes to the end. Look upon war as a normal thing. Forget it, as all normal things are forgotten. Cease praying for a speedy end and peace, else you will acquire what the French call the psychopathy of the barbed wire. Peace and the end will come when your unhampered arms shall have performed their task. At one time there was ground for alarm and excuse for panic, now there is none. In these three years we have seen grow up the most perfect military organization the world has ever known. It has arisen out of their way of doing things, the tradition that each man shall do upon his own way, with unimpeded liberty, to think, believe and talk as he likes, to trade as he likes, to work or refrain from working, with perfect assurance that in time of need the old dull instinct and dumb sagacity of the race will arrest itself, the evildoer will fall into ordered ranks, and with unshaking vigour proceed upon their appointed way even unto the end. All these years I have heard a cry of self-deprecation and self-pity that we are not as other men—we have put the matter to the test, and it will be time enough when we have lost to re-cast any elements of our life in a German mould."

"You English," he went on, "require no alien teacher, trust your own. It is written in your books. All else to you will be as a garment put on. Trust your Chaucer, your Shakespeare, your Dickens, your Kipling; they will carry you through. Trust your own poetry, and let your German science go. Illusion is the prerogative of the English. Their strength lies in that, because it goes with eternal youth. Above all others we have created the illusion of war, in virtue of which men go eagerly to their death. If it were not for this quality, how should we have survived those dreadful days at the end of the year 1914? In all this spectacle of war which I have looked upon these two years past, the noblest spectacles of all is the 'golden metal of our soldiers' and the means by which we are attaining the victory is precisely the means by which victory has been attained. In the days of Raleigh even until now—

The Work of the Hun.

"Up to the present generation there was a German with human ideas, that Germany about which Carlyle gabbled, and Matthew Arnold, the first of our decadents, vaunted continually, but we have seen it become detestable by reason of a carnal and spiritual vulgarity, no truth in the inward parts. This people, which was once great, took its place at the mill like a blinded giant, turning out meanness and cheapness for any Philistine. It lost all sense of beauty—even yet I see no signs of repentance. Evil is yet their good. But I think I do witness the sign that the just and righteous judgment of God are about to fall upon hardened and unrepentant sinners, and that this Galban which yet, alas! stands athwart the pleasant land, shall soon quit this earth and depart to his own place in the cold void of history. Two hundred years ago he saw the work of the Hun in Scotland. You know him as the Duke of Cumberland; by common consent we still describe him as the 'Bloody Butcher.' Mistrust, then, your lesser breeds; your young Byrons, who cursed when Waterloo was won; your young Wordsworths, who cast upon red caps of resolution, as many in these days are casting upon their caps too soon; mistrust your 'Intelligentsia,' mere bores and busy-bodies, who seize the moment to puff into effect their vagaries. Depend upon the safe, solid sense which you have inherited from your fathers. These are no times for experiments. We have been saved in former times, and we shall be saved again if we put our trust in the old unaltered blood, in the passion, the piety, and the prowess of the line.—Canada.

DUTCH SHIPS HAD HUN PROTECTION.

LONDON—Regarding the capture of four German ships near the coast of Holland, the Times naval correspondent says: "It is freely stated that steamers laden with coal leaving Rotterdam and territorial water of Holland are getting into areas protected by German mines and submarines, from which they reach Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven. In other words, these vessels are practically conveyed into German ports. 'Owing to the limits of the earlier British danger zone, which is drawn six miles off Terschelling region, where the risk run was short, but when the zone was extended south to a point just north of Texel this brought it close up to Dutch territorial waters and the difficulties enhanced. It is necessary that vessels engaged in what might be described as contraband trade should either stick to territorial waters entirely, which, considering the shoals and sand banks of the Dutch coast, is not without risk, or run through presumably the mined area of the British danger zone. If they attempt to carry cargo outside the danger zone through the Scagerrack to the Baltic it meant a run of eighty miles out to sea and the extreme likelihood of meeting British cruisers."

FORMER BOER SIGNS UP.

NEW YORK—Wounded while fighting in the Boer army against the British, Henry Craemer, now 38 years old, enlisted in the British army today. He asked for General W. A. White, in charge of British recruiting here, and refreshed the general's memory regarding the charge at Ladysmith and the officer's subsequent interrogation of Boer prisoners. "I was one of them," Craemer said. "I don't hate the British any more and I want to fight against the Germans." Craemer was accepted for the cavalry.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louisa, UNTO THE END.

There is no grace in all the long list more frequently or urgently asked for in God's Book than the grace of persistence. On almost every page it is reiterated and reiterated that any man who puts his hand to the plow and then turns back before the long furrow is finished, is unfit for the Kingdom. And, no matter what, the kingdom is that is sought for that is absolutely and unqualifiedly true. Everywhere and at all times the danger is for the man who plows his furrow to the end. At times it seems a distressingly long one, and the temptation to quit is strong. BUT QUITTING IS REALLY NOT EASIER, it only seems so. Stopping before one's task is done in most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory. It is better to push on. BETTER FOR ONESELF. Life has little comfort if controlled by flabby irresolution. And better for one's task. NOTHING OF GREAT MOMENT GETS DONE EASILY, and the work of life that both God and our conscience WILL CALL GOOD will be the work that we have FAITHFULLY, HEROICALLY AND STAYFULLY.

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