

The Charlottetown Guardian

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TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1917

CHIEF JUSTICE RESIGNS

The resignation of Sir William Wilfred Sullivan, Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island, announced yesterday, will be learned with regret throughout the province.

Sir Wilfred was born in New London, this province, on December 6, 1843. He was educated in the Central Academy and St. Dunstan's College.

Since the beginning of the war Sir Wilfred has been indefatigable in patriotic effort, being until a few weeks ago, Chairman of the Patriotic Fund, the onerous duties of which he discharged with the thoroughness and devotion which characterized all his efforts.

Advancing years and indifferent health during the past few months obliged him to lay aside the official burdens he was bearing and his many friends throughout the province and the Dominion will sincerely hope that the respite from these pressing cares will restore him to a measure of health and strength and to the full enjoyment of the rest and contentment so well earned by long years of service and usefulness.

CONSCRIPTION

There are two alternatives before the people of Canada today, in connection with the war, namely, to "carry on" or to give it up; to stand by the men who have gone forth voluntarily to fight for us and, if need be, to lay down their lives for us, or to abandon them and let them fall one by one or by hundreds or by thousands as they have fallen; to be in the war at the finish and to share in the glory and the triumph of it, or to cravenly back out of it and let the sacrifices we have made go for nothing.

It is not necessary to argue that if we are going to "carry on," if we are going to stand by the men who are dying for us, if we are going to be represented at the finish by an army of living Canadians, some means other than those that have appealed to the manhood of Canadians and to which our loyal Canadians have so splendidly responded, must be adopted. The only other means in sight is conscription. The voluntary system is practically at an end. The appeal to the manhood and the loyalty of Canadians that has rung over the length and breadth of the Dominion for nearly three years has called forth the manhood and the loyalty and only those remain to whom such an appeal has no meaning. These must now be dealt with.

There is opposition to conscription; riots have already arisen and rebellion has been threatened with a view to preventing it. This is natural. Those who refused to volunteer are naturally averse to being compelled. The slackers and the shirkers and the disloyal, are opposed to conscription. This was to be expected. Had there been no slackers or shirkers or disloyal the voluntary system would have sufficed to fulfil our promise of half a million men; to do our duty by ourselves, by the Empire which has hitherto defended us, and by the Allies who are fighting for us as well as for themselves.

Opposition from these was to be expected. But there is another class of oppositionists that is more contemptible and more dangerous than the slacker or the shirker or the disloyal—the little partisan, office-seeking politicians, the men who see in the present impasse the possibility of party advantage. These are the remnant of the Liberal party who have decided to oppose the Government's conscription policy as

they have opposed everything else the Government has done since it came into power. This remnant does not represent the Liberal party; it merely represents the few self-seeking individuals who have taken this step. Fortunately for Canada there are those who are able to place country above party and self-interest, and fortunately also these men are not confined to either political party. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier refused to recognize his country's need, refused to accept the most generous offer ever made to a political leader, namely, to come in on even terms for the purpose of taking the last possible step to win the war, every loyal follower in his party left him and threw in his lot with Sir Robert Borden. There was nothing else for them to do; there is nothing else for any loyal Canadian to do who desires to see Canada remain in the war to the finish. It is humiliating to find that there are still a few shouting, boisterous, partisan Liberals who, with apparent seriousness, are seeking to justify the attitude adopted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude is clearly expressed in his letter to Sir Robert Borden in reply to the latter's proposal to form a coalition government on a fifty-fifty basis. Sir Wilfrid concludes his letter thus:

"At this and previous interviews, I always stated to you that, whenever conscription was adopted after a consultation of the people, I would certainly urge in every possible way obedience to the law."

What does this mean? Does it not clearly mean, as an exchange well puts it, "that if a new parliament elected to pass conscription did pass such a measure, Sir Wilfrid would not do something, for which, if he did do it, he should and would be promptly clapped into jail. It does not mean that in the election of such a parliament Sir Wilfrid would go out and urge the need for conscription or even the seriousness of the situation. Nor does it mean that Sir Wilfrid would refrain from advising Canadians during the election to vote against conscription candidates."

It will be argued by the opponents of conscription and by the little partisans who are opposing conscription as they are opposing everything the Government does, that there are two sides to every question, and that therefore there are two sides to the question of conscription. There are two sides; there is the side of the slacker and the disloyal and the agitator, and there is the side of those who are dying on the battlefields, the side of the wives and the brothers and the fathers of these, the side of those who went into this war because they believed it was a righteous war and who are going to see it through to the end. These are the two sides, and Canadians will line up on one or the other.

PROVINCIAL MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

The organization of a Provincial Municipal Council, a report of which appears elsewhere in this paper, is another long step in the direction of that co-operation without which there can be no real progress.

Our province is small and compact, but not so small that sectional differences may not occasionally arise to the detriment of the sections and of the whole province. There can be no sectional interest which does not concern the whole province; there can be neither benefit nor injury to any individual section that does not correspondingly affect all collectively. To coordinate the interests of all, to aim at the welfare of all by united action is, we take it, the aim of the Provincial Municipal Council organized yesterday. And for this there is abundance of room, abundance of material, and abundance of opportunity. We shall look forward with interest to the activities of this Council and wish it every success.

NOTES

They say that summer weather helps to curtail the activities of subs. We shudder to think of what they couldn't do in this climate.

The queerest thing about the war situation is that the Russian pacifists who want peace so badly are the very ones prolonging the war by seeking peace instead of making war. To cast aside all thought of peace and let drive at the enemy is the quickest way to bring the end of the struggle.

The Canadians have recaptured that post near Lens from which they were driven a day or two ago. Our men have seen much desperate fighting in the last few weeks. The accounts received are inadequate, but between the lines of too brief despatches may be read stories of grim courage and self-sacrifice as fine as any in the history of war.

GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS

Ex-Boer, Next to Lloyd George, — Britain's Most Popular Orator. Story of His Career— Still a Young Man; Great Future Before Him.

(By Judson C. Welliver, in New York Sun.)

LONDON.—We have been accustomed to think of Lloyd George as the Britisher with the imperial mind. In the past we have rated the two Pitts and Palmerston and Disraeli as men of this class.

Among the Britishers of today who are earning the right to be classed as possessing the imperial mind, no one has come to the front more rapidly in the last half year than Gen. Jan Christian Smuts, minister of defence of the Union of South Africa, and at present the representative of the South African commonwealth in the imperial conference in London.

It is in my mind that this man Smuts has a big bushy head, full of brains, just consider these data about his career; he will suggest whether he is of imperial calibre:

Born in Johannesburg in 1870. Educated in South Africa and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he made a really distinguished scholastic record and earned the highest honors.

Practised law with eminent success in South Africa. Wrote extensively on a variety of public questions.

Entered politics as a young man, and was an unflinching supporter of the Boer cause when the South African war broke out in 1900.

Went to distinction as one of the military figures in that struggle, and to more distinction as one of the first men to recognize, after the Boer cause had been lost, after destiny and common sense summoned the real intelligence of the Dutch states to accept the situation and to become the right kind of citizens of the British Empire.

Was one of the leading figures in framing the new scheme of government for the Union of South Africa, under which within a few years after the Boers had been conquered Great Britain turned over to them, as the citizens of a British dominion, the complete control of their own affairs.

Became in the government of Pretoria the right hand man of the president in the direction of domestic affairs.

Failed German Intrigue. At the beginning of the present war immediately took a leading part in making certain that the South African nation should not fall into the trap which the Germans thought had been set for it and revolt against its allegiance to the British Empire.

Became minister of national defence and as such directed the campaign in imperial consideration of imperial problems presented by the war.

The foregoing is a very brief epitome of the record of the man, who is now barely 47 years old, has the better part of his career ahead of him and begins to be regarded as one of the coming figures of the empire, and, indeed, of the world.

The fashion in which Smuts has captured the whole United Kingdom within the past few months is one of the most impressive evidences of the real cosmopolitan quality of this nation. He has become, I think it may be fairly said, next only to David Lloyd George, London's favorite orator.

Wherever there is patriotic speechmaking to be made, wherever there is need for an inspiring and invigorating statement of the causes to action, and the inspiring justification for Great Britain's place in this war, here Smuts is wanted. He is a real statesman of vision and understanding, and a wonderfully practical administrator. Although not much is said or known in these times as to the contributions which particular men make to the cause of national

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson.

LOST! A BOY!

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching! Were that the case one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be.

Unfortunately the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real. The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer trivial questions during the years when fathers are the great and only heroes of boys, he let go his hold upon him! Yes, his mother lost him! Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners and club programmes, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to the home. Aye! his church lost him! Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the ministers and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and make no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness, and so the church and many sad hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy!

and imperial defence, it begins to be appreciated that Juan Smuts is one of the men upon whom the Lloyd George administration leans for counsel and guidance, and one man in whom it has not been disappointed.

It is not always easy for a distinguished provincial at the capital to make his way if he is of the forceful and determined sort that Smuts is. He is liable to be a bit misunderstood; to be suspected of a bit of presumptuousness if he offers advice, and presumes to know as much about affairs as the seasoned denizens of the metropolis. Smuts is not of this sort. He is a happy faculty of giving advice without intruding himself; of helping without being even suspected of hindering. Wherever Smuts makes a speech there men rise up and applaud sentiments which represent practical counsel for administrators and inspiring appeal to the nation.

Speeches Aroused England

When I first began to find Smuts' speeches in the newspapers nearly every day, I was disposed to a little cynicism about the importance attached to this reconstructed Boer general. I wondered if the Britishers were jollying him a bit in the hope that through him they might feel the satisfaction of his Boer constituents. But after I had read some of his speeches I knew why they got so much space in the papers. They were just naturally the best speeches that

(Continued on page five)

WAR RECORDS WANTED

Sir.—The British National War Museum Committee is anxious to obtain as complete a record as possible of all documents, pamphlets and printed matter connected with the present war.

The Committee desires to obtain recruiting posters, Government proclamations, handbills war music, war postage stamps, Red Cross Emblems, flag day souvenirs, any German or other Enemy pamphlets or documents, anti-conscription leaflets. War post cards, in fact any document printed or written or any article or toy that may be of interest to the curious or to the sight seer of after years who may visit the Museum of London.

The request for these documents has come from the Office of the Foreign Secretary in London through His Grace The Duke of Devonshire, Governor General.

I would be glad to gather and forward any such documents as may be included in the above list which the present possessors would be willing to part with.

I am Sir, etc., ENEAS A. MacDONALD Private Secretary.

HARVESTER'S DIARY

(Continued.) We have just had a few hot days and mosquitoes are here by the million. The wind had died away and the evening was warm and calm when they made their first onslaught in force. They were so numerous I could hardly see through them to guide the team. And the poor horses, harnessed to the plough as they were wanted to lie down and roll. I had to nearly close my eyes to keep the mosquitoes out. They are little fellows but have a big bite. The few variety will come later. They are not very much in evidence when a stiff breeze blows, and fortunately this is a windy country but on a warm calm evening they are an unholy terror.

One would not mind so much losing some of his lifeblood if they wouldn't sing their song of triumph in his ear.

The spring weather was cold and backward, so we did not get to work on the land until April 24. The warm southwest wind chinook failed to come this way. The snow was melted chiefly by the heat of the sun's rays. This is a wonderful country for fine weather. There has been only one shower and two or three sprinkles of rain since early in October. Day after day the sun rises in a cloudless sky and sets in a golden west.

Land for wheat was all prepared last summer and fall. We have finished seeding nearly two hundred acres. My chief job is ploughing stubble for cats. One hundred and thirty acres will be seeded. I ride on a sulky gang all day long and drive four big horses. Sometimes the plough hits a stone with such a force it suddenly pitches me off and I measure my length on the ground. The shears are made of high-grade steel and do not break. They cost seven dollars and fifty cents a pair.

These are strenuous days. Besides the regular chores we have to "pickle" seed every night for next day's sowing. A bottle of formalin solution is mixed with sixteen pails of water in a cask. This is sprinkled on the grain as it is thrown into a deep wagon-box and thoroughly stirred with a hoe. The seed is piled deep in the box and covered over night with horse blankets to keep the fumes in. Next morning the wagon is hauled to the field and is moved over the necessary by hitching the pole to the drill.

Rain has fallen in other places not far off but not here. It is needed to germinate the recently sown grain. The early sown wheat is looking very well. In winter the ground freezes seven or eight feet deep. In spring the cultivated surface acts as a mulch to conserve the moisture produced by the earth thawing beneath. This enables the young wheat plants to make a vigorous growth until rain comes; which usually occurs about May 24.

I have got the better of the mosquitoes to a great extent. I put a two ply square of mosquito netting over my head and fasten it under my chin. This keeps them off the back of my head, neck, ears and jaws; their favorite hunting ground. My hat pulled

well down covers my forehead. I suppose it is a somewhat wild looking headgear but there are few observers. An old pair of leather gloves protect my hands. I tried a curtain hanging from the rim of my hat but could not see very well. On every quarter section are several sloughs or shallow basins which in spring are full of water. Some of these sloughs have a fringe of willow and poplar trees— an ideal mosquito breeding ground. Ploughing is usually done in half-mile furrows—the length of a quarter section. Land is given one run with spike harrows before the drill and one after. The soil is a good deal like a heap of wood ashes when cultivated, but the tops of the knolls are hard and gravelly. The prairie is rolling here. It is not seen the Regina plain yet. It is said to be very level and the soil is very deep. Since the snow went we have had the stable manure a safe distance from the barn and burn it to get it out of the way. As soon as the snow is off, cattle may be turned out and can find feed if any prairie is unbroken. The prairie grass "makes" as withered looking stuff. Native-bred horses look at the snow away to get at it in wintertime.

For a thousand miles and more, from east to west, the young wheat plants are showing green—the hope of armies and city multitudes. When spring-time breezes woo the fertile soil and Nature robed in emerald is abroad; when starry skies lock down on moonlit plains, and all the world is fair

and silence reigns; my thoughts go trooping eastward to the sea, and to a fair prairie—My ain countrie" (Spring Poetry.)

On the nights of May 25th and 30th there was frost that made ice. In places the young grain blades were nipped. They will grow again. We have finished seeding. There has been no rain yet worth mentioning. HARVESTER.

Silverware For The Bride

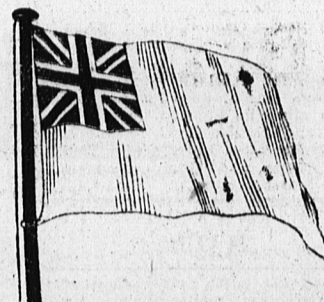
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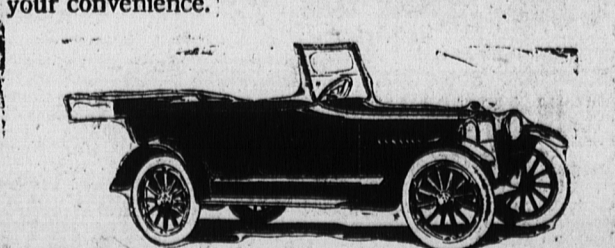
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