

The Charlottetown Guardian

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Tuesday, December 25th, being Christmas Day, and a Statutory Holiday, the Morning Guardian will not be issued on Wednesday. The Evening Guardian will not be issued on Tuesday, but will be published as usual on Wednesday. Advertisers please note these changes.

TUESDAY DECEMBER 25th, 1917

CHRISTMAS DAY

We are reminded, perhaps too often, that Christmas this year differs from all that preceded it. This is true only as it has been true of all Christmas Days in the past. Each Christmas Day through all the ages differed from all previous ones. The only thing that has not changed and shall not change is the eternal Christmas spirit, and our duty as Christians is to place ourselves in line with that spirit; to live in it, to work in it and, when the time comes, to die in it.

There are worse things than war; there are better things than a peace which would not be peace. We have a duty to perform in connection with the war, a duty which involves sacrifice. Let us do it cheerfully in the Christmas spirit. That done and being done, we have a right to be cheerful this Christmas Day. The hero's death is but a link in the unbroken and unbendable chain that holds civilization together. To be such a link, whether under the sod in Flanders, in the trenches—dodging death—or doing our duty at home is our part in the war, asking no questions. Other Christmases will come and go and each will see its changes. The wounds now fresh and bleeding will heal in time and other wounds will follow as will also the healing. To do our duty is to be happy. Let us all be happy, even merry on this Christmas Day, 1917. To our readers all we sincerely wish a Happy and a Merry Christmas.

THE HARKINS' VISIT

The visits of Mr. W. S. Harkins and his company are always welcome; this year the visit is especially so in view of the fact that we have had a particularly trying fall. War news has not been so satisfactory as we would have liked; we have been lamenting the defection and worse of Russia; we have been regretting the set-back to Italy; and the unfortunate incident in the North Sea. Our nerves have been at high tension owing to our own election crisis now satisfactorily concluded without depending on the boys at the front; and we have been shocked beyond measure by the dreadful catastrophe at Halifax. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," we are told; and in our case part of that moderating influence will be found in the visit of the Harkins Company. They have brought and will produce a number of delightful comedies which cannot fail to revive the jaded feelings of those fortunate enough to see them. We bespeak for Mr. Harkins, the hearty support of the community and trust that his short season at the Prince Edward Theatre will be crowned with success, both from the point of view of the community and Mr. Harkins, and Mr. Gallagher, to whose enterprise we are indebted for this pleasant and cheerful break in the routine of our war-time existence.

PEACE TALK

The war-weary world is anxiously listening to the peace talk of the contending nations. That they all want peace, that the soldiers in the sodden fields want peace, that the anxious homes in all Christendom want peace, it is not necessary to re-affirm. If the civilized world today were asked to make choice of a boon the answer of more than nine-tenths of it would be Peace—but a qualified peace, peace with honour.

We are not including Germany among the civilized nations or among those who are looking for peace with honour. She wants a peace which will mean to her part at least of the aim she had in view when she launched this catastrophe; she wants a foundation upon which to begin again the carrying out of her original plan, world domination. Such a peace would mean only a war deferred, a treacherous truce, an interval between rounds. This peace the civilized world is too much in earnest, has already sacrificed too much, to consider for a single moment and this is the keynote of Premier Lloyd-George's speech in the House of Commons the other day and a summary of which was given in yesterday's Guardian.

The war aims of Great Britain and her Allies today are the same as they were at the outset, restoration and restitution. The burglar is not to be permitted to get away with his loot and begin the burglary business over again. These are the terms, this the ultimatum repeated to Germany and concurred in by all the Allies excepting unfortunate Russia which has quit for the time being and is now endeavouring to make a childish, temporary misguided peace.

At each Christmas season since the war began there has been talk of peace. The idea of peace seems to belong to the Christmas atmosphere. For nineteen hundred years the message of Peace on Earth has been sung and preached and taught during the Christmas season and it is natural that when the day of the Prince of Peace comes round the heart of the Christian world would turn even from the nightmare of today to thoughts of a Christmas peace. But peace is yet far off. The bloodguiltiness of Germany has as yet brought no repentance. German militarism does not yet recognize that it is beaten, does not recognize that Germany is a lost soul among the nations. She is still hoping for her coveted "place in the sun" and through her peace terms published surreptitiously as a feeler and as a soothing hypocrisy to her own people, there are still plainly visible the machinations of the fiend. Germany is not yet ready for peace, for the peace with honour that those arrayed against her are determined to win at the cost of whatever blood and treasure may be required to bring it about.

There are as yet no signs of peace except the war weariness of those of both sides who have so long borne the burden and the loss. Russia's collapse has complicated the whole situation and the eyes of the Allies are now turned pitifully from the additional burden thrust upon them to the future of that unhappy country. Russia must be saved from itself and from Germanism.

On this the fourth Christmas it is hard to say again "carry on," but that must be the slogan, jarring though it be with the Christmas song of the angels. Peace will come out of this chaos and it will be a peace that will endure until human selfishness and human greed break out again in a new place. Meanwhile it is for us and for all who believe in honour, who believe in the rights of little nations, who believe in righteousness and in the ultimate triumph of righteousness, to "keep on keeping on." The peace talk is at least a symptom and the end will come when the world is ready for it. To come one hour before that would be a calamity.

THE BELLS OF NOEL

(By Elizabeth Kelly)

O Christmas bells, through frosty distance peeling,
 O'er thatched roof, o'er crowded city mart,
 What Birthright memories haunt your swelling peacans,
 What deathless gladness fills your vibrant notes!

From village belltowers dim in dusk of starshine
 Your echoes call across the sleeping fields,
 And dreaming peasant stirs in hard-earned slumber
 To thrill responsive to your song of Joy.

From city towers, high o'er tolling thousands,
 Your voices float, serene, antiphonal,
 And aching hearts that keep long midnight vigils
 Grow vaguely glad to hear you speak of peace.

Your faith far notes steal in on Christmas revel,
 And mingle with the hearthglow's ruddy cheer;
 They tremble pitying where tall candles flicker
 And Sorrow sobs beside the bier and pall.

O Christmas bells, ring on! We love your voices,
 That tell the wonder of that ancient Birth;
 Ring on! and souls that yearn and hearts that falter
 Shall learn your mood of peace, and hope anew.

SOME DAY I'M GOING HOME

Grantland Rice

I'm going home some day—
 If I can only find the pathway back;
 For I have come too far, too far away—
 A wanderer on a strange and alien track.

I saw the world ahead and only meant
 To go a little way beyond—and then
 To seek the old time highways of content
 And live back home among my clan again.

I'm going home some day—
 But every track I face is strange and new;
 God grant I have not wholly lost the way,
 But that in seeking all the long years through.

The mist shall lift, and I shall find
 The path that leads me to the dreams of youth;
 The lanes of light—the life I knew before
 I left the old-time ways of faith and truth.

I'm going home some day—
 So moves the dream of all the roving world;
 The seekers of far lands who lost their way—
 God's countless aliens by the current whirled.

From out the harbor, and by tempest tossed
 To unknown lands, where they must ever roam—
 And this is all that makes life worth the cost—
 This endless dream—"Some day I'm going home."

The Time Draws Near

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
 The moon is hid the night is still
 A single church below the hill
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
 That wakens at this hour of rest
 A single murmur in the breast,
 That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound
 In lands where not a memory strays
 Nor landmarks breathe of other days,
 But all is new unhallowed ground.

Tonight ungathered let us leave
 This laurel, let this holly stand;
 We live within the stranger's land
 And strangely falls our Christmas eve.
 —Tennyson.

Letter From France

The following letter has been received by Tanton Loyal Orange Lodge, Brookfield, in reply to a letter of sympathy sent by the said Lodge.
 France, Nov. 2nd 1917.

To A. E. DeLar recording Sec and Members of Tanton Lodge. Dear friends we can hardly express our thankfulness to you and all other members of Tanton Lodge in the thoughtfulness of our Brother. And we while ever here in service for our King and Country in our much heart-felt bereavement of our Fathers, sisters and brothers dead.

We are also very thankful to you for your assistance in so sad an instance for which our appreciation is extended to you and all. It is needless for us to mention that of our fathers absence from among you. We will only have to look to him the giver of all Good and the only Great Comforter to all those so sore afflicted. Thanking you again for all sympathy shown in the past and may all that is good aid you and all other members of Tanton Lodge and believe us to be.

Yours in friendship sincere
 109972 Spr. JOHN A. BEATON
 100142 Spr. DANIEL W. BEATON

and in our poverty we are rich in grace; if our charity waneeth not itself, but suffereth long and is kind; if when our brother asked a loaf we give ourselves instead; if each day dawns in opportunity and sets in achievement, however small; then every day is Christ's day and Christmas is always near.

James Wallingford

CORDIAL CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To His Honor Lieutenant Governor MacDonald, Chief Justice Matheson and associate Judges of the Supreme Court, Messrs. Fitzgerald and Hazzard, the Honourable Aubin E. Arseneault, Premier, His Worship Mayor Brown, the Honourable Senators John Yeo, John McLean, B. C. Prowse, P. C. Murphy, Messrs. A. B. Warburton, John E. Sinclair, J. J. Hughes, Captain Joseph Read, members elect for the House of Commons of the Dominion Parliament, and all the members of the Provincial Legislature and those having authority over us; to the Clergy, the Press, my hosts of friends and acquaintances, and the people generally of the Province of Prince Edward Island, I, a citizen of the United States, and now a permanent resident of this beautiful Island, for the second time, desire, on behalf of my own great country, and myself personally, to extend to you most cordial Christmas Greetings.

Since last I thus addressed you, momentous and memorable changes in regard to the colossal struggle—which may well be termed universal—have taken place. The Great Republic, my native land, has entered the war as the greatest ally of the British Empire.

"The world must be made safe for democracy."
 On the 2nd of April, 1917, the President read to the new Congress his message, in which he asked the Representatives of the Nation to declare the existence of a state of war, and in the early hours of the 6th of April the House, by an overwhelming vote, accepted the joint resolution which had already passed the Senate:

"Whereas the Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the People of the United States of America: Therefore be it

"Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States."

Neutrality was a thing of the past. The time had come when the President's proud prophecy was fulfilled:

"There will come that day when the world will say: 'This America that we thought was full of a multitude of contrary counsels now speaks with the great volume of the heart's accord, and that great heart of America has behind it the supreme moral force of righteousness and hope and the liberty of mankind.'"

Thus, the Union Jack of Old England and the Stars and Stripes—Old Glory—of the United States, are, for the first time in the history of nations, since the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, fighting side by side, for the "land of the free, the home of the brave" and the liberty and freedom of God's Universe. Such an alliance shall only be severed by the Day of Judgment.

When at last Christmastide, I extended Greetings to the people of this Province, I ventured to express the hope that, ere the numbers told of another passing year, the blood-red cloud of war would have been reversed and the snow-white canopy of peace would stand revealed to a God-thanking community. But alas for the hopes and wishes of men! Instead, however, of the bugles singing truce and the white dove of peace unfolding its wings before the nations, the black eagles of Germany are still brooding over the continued destruction and slaughter that follow in the paths where mighty armies have passed.

Throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, there is grief in millions of homes; there is yearning for the clasp of a vanished hand; the heads of fathers and mothers are being bowed with grief and are whitening, whitening under the weight of sorrow. The hearts are far distant.

"Where Glory guards, with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead."

Ere 1918 has crossed the threshold, I again venture the hope that the Ancient Splendours of Peace shall be flung over all the earth and the whole world shall give back the song which the herald angels sang at Christmastide.

In Flanders' fields, the poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place, and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
 Scarce heard amid the guns below
 In Flanders' fields.

We are the dead; short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours, to hold it high!
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders' fields.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DR. LEO FRANK,
 Charlottetown.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson,

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

At this glad season, when all hearts o'erflow
 With love and largeness, I would have you know
 That thoughts of you, dear friend, on Christmas Day,
 Make happier still the happy holiday.

We both are busy and we seldom meet,
 Yet is our faith in friendship so complete
 We can commune without the spoken word
 And know the message by each heart is heard.

Francis J. Dyer

Christmas is not a day or a season, but a condition of heart and mind. If we love our neighbors as ourselves; if in our riches we are poor in spirit

HOW THE SOLDIERS' VOTE WILL BE COUNTED

OTTAWA, Dec. 22.—Returns of the overseas and North America naval and military vote will not be available for five or six weeks. Votes cast on the Continent of Europe will be allocated to the various constituencies and counted at the office of the Canadian Commissioner in France at Paris. Those cast in England will be allocated and counted at the office of the High Commissioner for Canada in London. The results will be reported by cable to the general returning officer at Ottawa. Military votes cast in Canada will be counted at Ottawa.

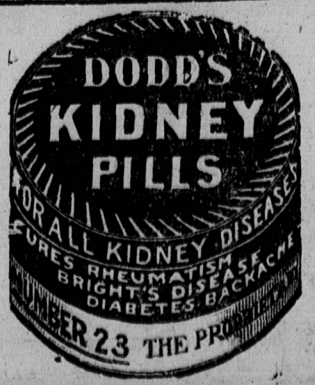
The counting of military votes as received, whether at Ottawa, London or Paris, will be done by special re-

turning officers, assisted by an equivalent number of clerks, appointed half on the nomination of the Government and half on that of the Leader of the Opposition. Each military ballot is enclosed in a different envelope, endorsed in such a way as to make allocation to a particular electoral district possible. The first process will be the allocation of the envelopes, then will come the counting.

Under the terms of the Military Voters' Act, counting of military and naval votes is to begin thirty-one days after polling day, but this provision is modified in another clause, which enables counting to be begun earlier if all the ballot boxes have been received.

W. F. O'Connor, general returning officer, said today that it was unlikely the allocation and counting of the North America naval and military vote would be begun before the New Year.

"The result of the whole military voting will probably be announced at one time," he said. "But that is unlikely to be in less than five or six weeks."



"The Haberdashery"
 We Wish You
 All a
 MERRY
 CHRISTMAS
 HENDERSON & CUDMORE