

The Charlottetown Guardian

Morning Daily (founded 1891), \$3.50 per year, (Delivered) in advance, \$2.50 per year (mailed) in advance, in Canada, and \$3.00 for U.S.A.

MONDAY MARCH 3rd, 1918

WHY THE PATRIOT RAGES

A brief resume of the political history of this province for the past five years amply explains the unrestrained outburst of the Patriot in its Saturday's issue.

The Mathieson government survived the onslaught and belied the prophecy. Next followed the Patriot's campaign of vilification in the Souris by-election, in which an attempt was made to gain an opposition victory by slandering the Commissioner of Public Works.

They did, but not in the way the Patriot intended. Still another opportunity of proving the efficiency of the Patriot's special brand of partizan championship occurred in St. Peter's when alas, the Opposition candidate was beaten and the Government gained a seat.

St. Peter's by-election was succeeded by what the Patriot considered its great opportunity, the general election. It prophesied in the boldest type that the Government forces would sustain such a defeat that they would not lift their heads for another fifty years.

What has been the result? Government candidates have been returned in two out of three constituencies, which is better than at the previous election when two constituencies went to the Opposition. The chances are that with a recount in Queen's County—which is almost certain to be applied for—Mr. Martin will secure his seat, and there will thus be three Government members from two out of three constituencies in the Province.

With such a record of failures is it any wonder the Patriot loses its temper and seeks to abuse the press of the successful party? We can afford to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the Patriot, and to express our regret that it did not, for once, seize the opportunity of backing a winner by joining forces with the Unionist party.

But the Patriot not only failed in a critical stage of the world's history, it proved a traitor to its own most convictions. The Guardian is charging its trading its subscriptions and its selling space for revenue. That is the state business of a newspaper. What to think of a newspaper that will AT convictions—its unswerving consistency—and trade in what the editor in his soul is repugnant to himself every right thinking person?

The Pads charges us with traducing the thread of this province. This is just so much camouflage to disguise the real issue and some Patriot's sorry part in it. The cream of the people of Prince Edward Island supported the Unionist cause, and we are credibly informed that in Queen's County alone about 1,500 Liberals voted for the Union candidates, while some 2,000 Conservatives joined the ranks of the Patriot's anti-conscription party. The soldier sons of the province and the great majority of the relatives—the real and legitimate yeomanry—voted 9 to 1 in support of Union, while the Patriot pursued a policy which would have pleased the German Emperor had he been favoured with a few of its pre-election issues.

THE STREETS

For some days past and at intervals during the winter, gangs of men have been engaged in cleaning the gutters along the streets. There is a depth of solid ice varying from a few inches to two feet and as the cleaning process is accomplished by the alternate use of a pick axe and a shovel progress is necessarily slow and, necessarily also, expensive.

at any time, will necessitate the doing of the whole thing over again, suggests that a cheaper and more satisfactory method could be devised.

In other cities the snow is hauled off the streets as soon as it falls. This prevents freshets, keeps the streets and sidewalks in good condition and probably costs no more, and it may be less than, would be the case if allowed to accumulate and freeze into a solid mass to be cleared away later.

In Charlottetown, where there are no street railways, it would not be necessary to haul all the snow away; much of it could be thrown into the street, the main thing being to keep the gutters clear. This could be done very much more cheaply and more satisfactorily than by the present process of waiting for the mass to become solidified by frost.

INDIVIDUAL HELP

The war has awakened Canadians, some of them at least, to the necessity of mutual effort and helpfulness in carrying the country's burdens. It is because of this awakening that the government has organized the several war departments that are specializing along certain lines.

There are fewer freight cars in Canada than are needed every day. Munitions, food, coal, raw materials, are being held up for lack of cars. If every shipper would see to it that the car he uses is filled to its cubic or weight carrying capacity, he would be helping to double the freight car equipment of Canada at a time when cars are almost priceless.

It is pointed out that by an appeal for heavier loading the Director of Overseas Transport has succeeded in making 1,000 cars do the work of 1,200 which had previously been considered full cars. One implement concern in Canada has found that by a skilful packing of parts and the building of a rough deck on each car, it was able to save twelve cars on a shipment of 800 wagons; 32 cars on a shipment of 3,000 riding plows and 52 cars on a shipment of 1,200 binders.

What is true of the railways is true of every other department. It is the individual effort that counts. In itself the individual effort may be small and comparatively insignificant, but in the aggregate it totals up tremendously.

The Food Control Board is appealing for individual effort. The person who carelessly throws away or destroys an ounce of bread may think lightly of it but if this be done, say by every person in this province daily, it will amount to about two and a half tons of good bread wasted, or over 900 tons in a year. This is true of food generally and it is quite within the mark to say that we actually waste many hundreds of tons of all kinds of food in the course of a year.

This is also true of food production. The few acres of land lying idle, the few opportunities thrown away for "bringing in" a new field, when all added together make up a sum total that, if avoided, would add amazingly to our total food production.

The government has organized several departments to encourage individual helpfulness. With a food famine staring the nations of the world, ours included, in the fact, the necessity of each doing his little best becomes a patriotic duty that cannot be evaded without incurring a serious responsibility. Waste, at any time inexcusable, is now a crime comparable to treason.

NOTES

Four hundred and eighty ships bunkered and 2,000,000 tons of supplies started on their way to Europe was the result of the shut-down of American industry ordered by Dr. Garfield. The American public will consider itself well repaid for the inconvenience it suffered.

UTILIZATION OF WASTE

R. E. GOSNELL

VI

Among the other things into which I made inquiries at Washington was the question of the utilization of garbage or kitchen waste. That is a matter which has been taken up by the United States Food Administration, and investigations have been made of present conditions and possibilities. America is a great country of waste—

mean Canada and the United States are discovering more and more that Germany's power of resistance in the war is a power of economy. In her intensified methods of cultivation, in her study of the utilization of waste, and in her study of products she has accomplished results which are wonderful. She has performed miracles, and comparing her industrial system with ours, her professors have every reason to be conceited, as they are. If Germany were as wise in her psychology as she has been in her science, she would have been great without military aspirations at all.

What we waste in garbage may be ascertained from what it is possible to recover in values. It has been illustrated in the United States that at present prices one ton of garbage will produce from three to four dollars in kankage, and seven dollars value in grease, or ten dollars per ton in all. It may be that the American housewife and the cooks of the boarding houses and hotels of the United States are extraordinarily wasteful, and more so than in Canada. One cannot very well stay in the United States for any length of time without acquiring the statistical habit, and here are some of the facts.

Twenty-nine cities in the United States having a total population of 7,000,000 producing 1,200,000 tons of garbage per annum dispose of their garbage by reduction. From these 29 plants there is produced annually 70,000,000 lbs. of grease valued at \$3,500,000, 150,000 tons of fertilizer kankage valued at \$2,250,000. Fertilizing elements from the kankage at the present time, are estimated at 9,000,000 lbs. nitrogen, 25,000,000 lbs. phosphate of lime and 2,500,000 lbs. of potash.

The output of glycerine from garbage grease produced in the United States is sufficient to produce 8,000,000 lbs. of nitro glycerine. The kankage for soap stock is sufficient to manufacture 200,000,000 commercial cakes of soap of 12 ounces each.

Developments are now being made from tests made, 8 to 10 gallons of commercial alcohol have been produced per ton of garbage in addition to recovery of grease and kankage. There is, at the present time, a plant being constructed to utilize and produce alcohol.

The reduction method is suitable only for the larger cities but there are still 23 cities in the United States which have a total population of 5,500,000 which do not use their garbage, and are large enough to undertake it. These latter could produce 400,000 tons of garbage per annum, from which could be recovered 400,000 value of grease and \$1,000,000 value of kankage.

So much for results obtained from garbage, but methods as compared with Germany show Americans to be nearly six times as wasteful. The United States produced an average of 200 lbs garbage per capita per year as compared with 37 lbs. in Germany. In 1913 Germany put six times less food into the garbage pail and yet takes a lot out in facts and fertilizers. It is foolish, however, to throw good food away with the hopes of recovering it again in some useful form, and that is the point to keep in mind.

Utilization of waste in cities in Canada is a matter for the cities themselves to take up. At present garbage is either burned in an incinerator or dumped into the sea or is used for filling purposes. Our present methods are frightfully wasteful, and at present when fats and fertilizers are the very breath of life, our aim should be to accomplish the following:

- 1. Waste to be utilized instead of destroyed.
2. Increased meat supply.
3. Increased production of fertilizing elements.
4. Increased production of fats.
5. Decrease in cost of disposal.
Feeding garbage to pigs is now practiced in a number of cities, including Worcester, Mass.; Springfield, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Denver, Colo.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; and a number of other smaller cities.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson

ONLY A DADDY

Only a dad, with a tired face,
Coming back from the daily race,
Bringing the little gold of father's,
To show how well he has played the game,
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him once and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Floundering in the daily strife,
Boasting the whip and scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Tolling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,
And hearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gave his all
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing, with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him,
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.
—Author Unknown

Teuton Nerves Being Spoiled By Canadians

CANADIAN ARMY HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 28.—The week end was characterized by the failure of another German attempt to raid our lines and a visit to the Canadian lines by Sir Douglas Haig.

The enemy attack, which was launched against our front north of Lens, was broken up by one of our posts after sharp hand-to-hand fighting, in which the Germans were driven off, leaving two killed and three wounded.

As a result of the failure of his raids and the marked success of our raiding parties during the last ten days, the enemy is showing increasing nervousness, bombarding his own wire and maintaining an increasing fire on "No Man's Land" during the night.

Barraged a Patrol

Detecting one of our battle patrols last night the enemy opened up a regular barrage fire with light trench mortars, but without inflicting any damage.

The German artillery also has been active. He has been using gas shells to some extent. Our heavies and field guns have also been active during the week-end, firing on enemy defences, harassing support areas, lines of communication, while our Stokes and light and heavy trench mortars and machine and Lewis guns have been busy on harassing programmes.

Yesterday the weather was stormy, but yesterday and Sunday our air planes were very active, with frequent brushes with enemy machines, one of which was shot down in flames by one of our machines.

The commander-in-chief has taken through the officers' club and inspected certain departments. He left as quickly as he came. Everywhere he found a spirit of confidence in the future. Throughout the long winter months the Canadian corps have been working steadily. The approach of the battle season finds all units in splendid spirits. The morale of the Canadian Corps was never better.

GUARDING THE DEAD

Just a low grave with the grass growing o'er it
Mingled with poppies and daisies aglow
Gently they bend to the night wind's soft whisper
Only their sisters, their flower tale know

Daisies, English daisies though on foreign soil growing
Long you not for England the home of your kin
Nay, this is England, the grave of your Laddie
While you are weeping we watch o'er him.

Quiet lies lying his comrades around him
Soldiers of Britain your trials are o'er
Dream you of England, a flower strewn England
White cliffs, purple moorland, thorn, hedges and shore

See, all around us our comrades are lying
Think not that on foreign soil your Son is lying
For we English daisies will watch o'er him.

RITA M. MOBBS
Wheatley River, P. E. I.

the failure of the rising of 1905 he disappeared and was heard of again only lately.

The Revolution of 1905

Our comrade, now in the hands of the Poles, who bear a hopeful reputation of bloodthirstiness, may have been known before 1905. It is said by Ossip Dymov, a Russian author and journalist, that he was a little Russian by birth, and probably if more were known it would have been set down. In any event he made a name for himself as a revolutionary orator at a time and in a country where such orators were to be numbered by the thousand. Russian agitators and dissatisfied workmen thronged to hear him. In October, 1905, the revolutionary meetings were held with a curious mixture of stealth and bravado. Hundreds of men would march to some abandoned barn or other disused building, followed by spies. Very often the spies were murdered before the chairman rose to clear his throat. The ordinary police knew what was going on, but seemed helpless to prevent it. The doors once opened, the orators would cut loose and madden the audience by a recital of Russia's woes. Nevertheless, as noted, they took the precaution to adopt aliases in fear that later their names might be used as a formal introduction to the conductor of Winter excursions to Siberia.

A Famous Agitator

Among these fanatics, our friend the ensign, called Comrade Abram, was a notable figure. He is described as a man impressively bow-legged, below the average height, and decorated with the usual beard. Mr. Dymov, who heard him speak, says that there was something maniacal about the man. His voice was strong and harsh, and domineering, and it has been noted that no man without a strong harsh voice has come to the front in the course of the revolution in Russia. The voice of Krylenko could be heard to the remotest part of any building in which he ever unlimbered; and his sentiments were just as harsh as his voice. He would lay the Czar and the aristocracy for an hour and not a syllable would be lost. He might work himself into a frenzy, running his hands through his hair, abusing the table; striding about the platform and otherwise endearing himself to the audience. He became one of the most popular speakers in the revolution, but after

Splendid Morale On British Front

PARIS, Feb. 28.—Premier Clemenceau, who returned to Paris last night from a two-day visit to the Belgian, British and Portuguese fronts, said today to a representative of The Matin: "My impression, everywhere I had one, I passed all Sunday on the Belgian front. It is three years since I last saw the Belgian army. I had pleasure in seeing how high its morale is. The army has been completely made over and is resolute to defend to the death the little remaining corner of its country."

"In the morning and afternoon I visited the Portuguese and British fronts. The Portuguese troops suffer a good deal from the biting wind blowing from the dunes and swamps. In a few weeks fine weather will begin again and all the valiant little Portuguese army will be able to repeat the successes accomplished in other sectors."

"As to the British armies I cannot sufficiently praise their bearing and morale. Everywhere the defensive organizations are in admirable shape. Our friends await with phlegmatic impatience the formidable shock announced by the Germans, which, according to them, cannot now be long in coming. I wish particularly to emphasize the perfect harmony which exists between the Entente Allied headquarters."

THE LIGHT OF HIS FACE

(By Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.)

"The boys, going to war, with the light in their faces"
She bade him goodbye, and o'er valley and hill
She sees him, a-wavin' goodbye to her still;
Out there, in the ranks, yet a spirit apart,
For the seas cannot sweep him away from her heart.

The lonesome, long night round the regiments drawn,
But one place is light as the shadows march on,
Undimmed by the tears of the farewell embrace—
The light of his face.

Her morning, unshadowed, though shadows may fall
It was all to a mother—but mothers give all!
From the sweet paths of peace to the storm of the guns
They answer their country—their sons are their sons!

Each thro' of the home-hearts, gives answer supreme,
With love's dream, the echo of liberty's dream;
Love's dream, in brave beauty, and wonder and grace
In the light of his face.

In the light in his face, as he fares to the strife—
The far fight of freedom for liberty's life;
And love to fare with him o'er land-ways and foam,
And light the sweet stars in the heaven of home.

The welcoming stars, when the battle is done
And the thrill of the joy of the victory won,
And home, and a mother to claim the loved place
In the light of his face.

Safety First for Them
One would think that some of the Hohenzollern family would manage to get wounded or something just as a guarantee of good faith.

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Long you not for England the home of your kin
Nay, this is England, the grave of your Laddie
While you are weeping we watch o'er him.

Quiet lies lying his comrades around him
Soldiers of Britain your trials are o'er
Dream you of England, a flower strewn England
White cliffs, purple moorland, thorn, hedges and shore

See, all around us our comrades are lying
Think not that on foreign soil your Son is lying
For we English daisies will watch o'er him.

RITA M. MOBBS
Wheatley River, P. E. I.

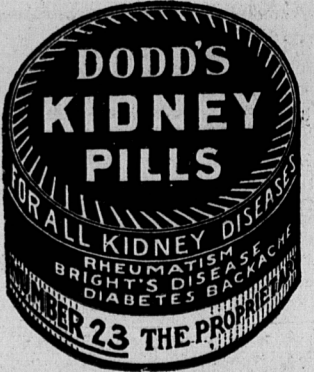
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