

THE Charlottetown Guardian

Advertising Phone 132-3
Subscription Phone 132-2
News and Edit., Day Phone 133
News and Edit., Night Phone 132 & 133

Head Office at Charlottetown Branch Office at Summerside, Alberton, Souris and Montserrat.
London Office, Marconi House, Strand, W. C.

President A. A. Bartlett
Managing Editor J. R. Burnett

Friday, April 2nd, Good Friday, being a statutory public holiday, The Morning Guardian will not be issued on Saturday, April 3rd.

The Evening Guardian will not be issued on Friday, but will be published on Saturday as usual.
Advertisers please note these changes.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1915

NO FURTHER DIMINUTION

There will be no further diminution of the Province's representation in the Dominion House of Commons. That is settled by the decision of the Dominion Parliament.

The prospect was not any too reassuring. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his advisers have always urged the strict observance of the letter of the law, and turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of the Island that a gross injustice had been done by what was contended was a clerical error in the drafting of a clause in the Confederation agreement.

The Patriot yesterday sneers at the partial victory thus obtained, and remarks: "After all the delegations, representations, memorials, and the money that has been spent and the time and labour put forth, it seems pretty small on the part of the Borden Government to concede only four members to this province."

In thus belittling the concession obtained, the Patriot merely draws attention to the fact that it is Sir Wilfrid Laurier the Island has to thank for its failure to obtain the whole loaf, and had he his will we should not even have the half-loaf. What was his attitude on the subject when the matter was before the House? Let us quote his speech so that there may be no room for misunderstanding:

"My right hon. friend (Sir Robert Borden), in this bill has refrained from making one provision," said Sir Wilfrid, "the absence of which seems to be a weakness in the bill, and I cannot but think, a weakness on his part. He refused to determine whether or not the Island of Prince Edward is to lose a member. He left that blank and referred it to the Committee for determination. I have to represent to my right hon. friend that that is a matter upon which the Committee cannot have any jurisdiction; it is a matter on which this House has no jurisdiction. Parliament in this matter is not a free agent; the whole question is simply a question of arithmetic. . . . I have had in my day the same problem to deal with; but we had to come to the conclusion that we had no discretion in this matter—that Parliament must simply carry out the constitution as it stands. . . . I say in this matter jurisdiction is not with the Prime Minister, nor myself, nor the Committee, nor even Parliament; it is a matter of the law and the constitution; the provision of that constitution must be maintained whatever the consequence. . . . There for I regret that my right hon. friend has introduced in his bill a principle—no, I cannot call it a principle, but a vicious feature—which might land him in very serious difficulties were its necessary implications followed to their logical conclusions."

That is the attitude adopted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in February 1914, and it is to that attitude and to nothing else we have to attribute the fact that Prince Edward Island failed to obtain the restoration of its original representation. Had Sir Wilfrid obtained his way on the present occasion we would have been deprived of our justice counts for ought; it is "simply a question of arithmetic."

Notwithstanding this non possumus attitude, in spite of this opposition, Sir Robert Borden has been able to do the Island a measure of justice which everyone will appreciate. It is for the Patriot to find some decent excuse for Sir Wilfrid's opposition to our interests, and to direct its sneers to the quarter where they are all too richly deserved.

That the Island retains its representation against such tremendous opposition is something for which every self-respecting Islander has a right to feel proud, and we are sure, irrespective of politics, they will give credit to whom credit is due.

REASONING TOGETHER

The people of Summerside have for a number of years had a grievance, real or imaginary, against the Prince Edward Telephone Company. The matter in dispute was not particularly serious but had resulted in some dissatisfaction, and the Board of Trade at different times passed resolutions and suggested improvements which, however, resulted in no definite or permanent settlement. Last Friday evening the Board of Trade and the General

Manager of the Telephone Company, Mr. J. A. Winfield, held a conference. The matters in dispute were freely and amicably discussed and a settlement was practically concluded in which provision was made for a greatly improved service and an extension of the business. Each party openly admitted what each had known all along, that neither could do business satisfactorily without the goodwill and the hearty co-operation of the other. Each needed the other's help and on this candidly confessed foundation, a new agreement was concluded to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

The incident is mentioned here only to point out the moral that the good old advice given many hundreds of years ago, to "reason together" in case of misunderstanding, has stood and shall stand the test of ages.

We all have our grievances, or think we have. There are many things that, in our opinion, are not just as they ought to be and we fume and fret and even suffer under them. Some particular law does not suit us and we proceed to raise Cain about it instead of going to the law makers and "reasoning together" about the trouble and endeavoring to find a common ground upon which each party can take action for the good of all.

When things go wrong, and so many things have a habit of going that way, we proceed at once to blame someone when perhaps the whole trouble, or at least the greater part of it, lies at our own door. If we, before the fretting and the blaming become chronic, go to those whom we blame and "reason together" with them we shall find in the great majority of cases that a simple and mutually satisfactory solution of the difficulty is possible.

The world is growing better. Let us not forget that. Those who differ from us in opinions and in methods are not wholly wrong. They too are, in their own way, striving for the general good, some of them short-sightedly, some of them with clearer vision and on a safe and surer road than that on which we are travelling. In reforming the world, in which we are all engaged—in our own opinion—let us rather take counsel with these other who are working towards the same end but by different methods, rather than antagonize them. Let us reason together. The world needs improving rather than reforming, and room for improvement is infinite. It will take us all our time to keep on improving it and the more we work together the greater will be the improvement.

In this Province today we are in the opening stages of improvement and development in material things; it will require our united efforts and where the aim is for the betterment of all, all should work towards the common goal. Where there are differences of opinion as to the methods upon which we can all pull together. We are in the midst of a campaign for moral and social reform; necessarily there will be differences of opinion as to methods; let us reason together knowing that all good men are engaged in the same work. We are in the midst of a war on the outcome of which the life of our country and of our Empire depends. Let us not dissipate our energies in digging for the shortcomings of others who do not see eye to eye with us; let us reason together and so finish the job creditably and so save our country.

MURDERERS AND PIRATES

The usual "wave of indignation" has swept and is still sweeping over the civilized world generally and of the British Empire particularly, over the wanton and inhuman murder of innocent men, women and children by Germans in the sinking of the steamers Falaba and Aquila, as told in our despatches yesterday morning.

The story is a repetition of similar ones told during the course of the war. The steamers were torpedoed without warning, men and women were struggling for life in the water, the German submarine circled through the mass of perishing lives and made no attempt at rescue; it is even said they jeered at the perishing ones and at their prayers for help. And even this is believable. Why not jeer? It would have been in keeping with the hellish hate that refused to stretch out a hand to the perishing. We shall no longer accuse the Germans of brutality; it were an insult to the brute creation.

Heretofore we had looked for this kind of warfare only among savages—and there only in lurid fiction, for even savages, in real life, have shown some consideration for their enemies when helpless.

Hitherto Great Britain has played the game fairly, manfully, honorably, and Britons the world over approved. When a German ship was sunk British boats were sent to the rescue of the drowning and the rescued were treated with as much kindness and consideration as were her own engaged in warfare with their fellow men. It was done in the ordinary course, without comment as it was the custom of all civilized nations. What shall we think of "cultured," "civilized," "Christianized" Germany? What will the world think of her?

The British public are demanding that sailors and officers of German submarines, when captured, be treated as pirates and murderers and hanged. This, according to the laws of all civilized nations, should be the treatment meted out to them. They have forfeited every claim to mercy. But there is another consideration. The Germans still have British prisoners in their hands and at now that nothing is too low for German cruelty and the it but to continue the war to the end, and to play the game fairly regardless of how it is played on the other side, divert the current of world history into new channels, Great Britain cannot afford to stain her escutcheon. The war is foundational as well as destructive and a good name in the new order of things will be worth the sacrifice.

SNEAKED IN

The Peking correspondent of The London Daily Mail states that Admiral von Hintze, the new German Minister to China, has just installed himself in the German Legation. Not only did he travel from Honolulu as the supercargo in the Scandinavian tramp steamer Christian Bors, but, like a thief in the night, he slunk up in a special train, as secretly as he was able, from Pukow to Tientsin; thence by ordinary passenger train to Peking. What an extraordinary debut for the accredited representative of Germany!

The correspondent adds: "If ever a diplomat was ridiculed it was Admiral von Hintz, Minister-Plenipotentiary and Envoy-Extraordinary from Kaiser Wilhelm to the Republic of China. The German Minister has committed the almost unpardonable offence of 'tossing face,' an offence which time never eradicates in China. To such a pass has the Kaiser's 'will-to-power,' and 'Germany-over-all' policy brought the proud German Empire in the greatest of Asiatic capitals."

NOTES

The woman who reads the "ads" takes a genuine pride in her ability to buy things TO THE BEST POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE. This means saying—but it also means SECURING THE THING YOU WANT, without any sacrifice of quality.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM CAPT. A. R. B. DUCK

A Kind Word for Y. M. C. A. Workers.

The following new way letter from Captain Duck will be found most interesting. Capt. Duck could tell of many more thrilling details but owing to the strict censorship this is impossible.

France, 14th March, 1915. Dear Friend Louison:—Received your very welcome letter and cards today. Views are splendid. Well I have written several letters home lately describing work in the trenches and along the firing line as well as I could, so I think I will confine my efforts in this to what is most interesting. We are moving fast in this particular part and in the right direction too. Just on our right a gain of about three miles was made the other day and about 1000 Hunns gathered in. I am glad to be able to say that the Allies are at last starting to push the Germans back and have no doubt that by the time this reaches you you will have the news of several big German defeats. Well I tell you something of this country and what is happening. This part of France is perfectly level with roads running in all directions, thickly settled, with numerous villages and small towns. The towns are numerous cotton and linen factories. At present several of them are working around here weaving material for the French army. The houses here are nearly all built of brick with either tile or slate roofs. Those in the towns mostly tile, while in the farms and villages thatch is the principal roofing. Farming is confined to dairying and growing of flax, hops and sugar beets. In nearly every field you come to a big heap of beets are to be found piled in oblong piles covered with straw and clay. I saw a farmer opening one of these the other day and the beets were in perfect condition, fine large ones too, and very clean looking. The fields are not laid off like P. E. I. where we have fences, they have here a ditch about 3 feet wide and from 6 to 7 ft deep which at this time of the year is filled with very dirty looking water. Whether it rains or in summer or not I do not know. This is one of the things I've not ascertained (and what I have not ascertained is very little). I hope they do for they look to me splendid spots for hatching mosquitoes, and a summer campaign in a mosquito district would not be pleasant to say nothing of the sanitary side of the question.

Writing of this side of the game makes me long for the warm weather when I can move outside for I do not relish the farm houses as places to reside. To illustrate I'll describe as well as I can the house I am in at present. It was sent on ahead to arrange billets for the staff, also store room for Q. M. stores, billets for the pioneers, take the you may be sure I did not you can form an idea of what they are like. Just here I may say that one place without placing any of the boys as I would not ask anyone to the buildings or rather building is built about 6 feet from the wheel tracks of the road and consists of one building built in the form of a hollow square. On the right hand corner facing the road is the parlor, occupied with a home by your humble servant together with two brother officers. Following around the square from here comes the following—kitchen, threshing floor, pig sty, small horse stable, cow barn, chicken-coop, goat house, opening to road, pump. This brings you around to the front room again. The space in centre about 40x40 ft. is the rubbish pile, and at this time of year it is pretty well filled up. Oh, yes I forgot the horse bath which is a hole about 15 ft. long by 10 wide and 5 to 6 feet deep at back and sloping around and is full of water. Here they drive the horse in every day after work to wash the mud off. This bath is just outside our window, and when stirred up it has an unpleasant way of announcing its situation. Well, once we got our kits in we sent one of the orderlies to Q. M. stores for a tin of chloride of lime and used it lavishly around the yard, and bath, not even forgetting to wash out our room with a good strong solution of same. Next we posted a notice in front of bath: "No soldier or civilian is permitted to wash his boots or horse in this pool." The old farmer did not take kindly to it at first but military people get a way of convincing people that they are right, and still keep friendly with them. This is one thing I've learned since coming on this job. Well the outcome of this notice has

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR READERS OF THE GUARDIAN

Furnished by W. S. Louison.

A SONG OF HOPE.

When the frost binds the streamlet's flow,
And when the wintry sun is low;
When white is the plain
As the surges of the main,
There is green grass under the snow.
O winter of sadness and of woe;
Thou art come, but thou shalt go.
There are buds for the bowers,
And blossoms for the flowers,
And green grass under the snow.

Do the storms winds wildly blow?
The hours—are they dreary and slow?
O sad heart, wait,
Thou shalt see it soon, or late,
The green grass under the snow.
For the dark clouds are spanned by the bow,
And the skies have a brightening glow;
There is joy for the sorrow,
There is blessing for the morrow;
There is green grass under the snow.

been that Monsieur Bath has been very quiet and has not disturbed us very much in fact he looks quite pleasant with his edging of chloride and top shining with creosole. Our two Botmen cook our meals and this is one thing we have good. We buy very little to supplement our rations. One of the boys is a homesteader from Alberta and has batched it for quite a time. My friend with me served when a young man on board a liner as cook, and perhaps you did not know it but I am some cook myself, so you see we are pretty well off in this direction. Tonight we have soup (pea), Irish stew, baked potatoes, pan-cakes, bread, butter, fancy biscuits, tea, coffee, oranges, dates, of course you must remember this is Sunday. Well, so much for the country and its surroundings. The men for the most part sleep in the barn lofts where they are very comfortable. Now before closing I must say a word or two about the A. S. C. and supply departments for it is to them we are indebted to a large extent for faring so sumptuously every day. How they manage it is a mystery to me, but supplies are always on hand at the right time and place. Bread is baked by the A. S. C. here in France, they have a bakery in each large town right from Balongae. The bread comes here in large canvas bags; perfectly clean and good. It is not cooked just as much as one might like but if they find it too much it would break up in transit. Meat is shipped also wrapped up in canvas and look at it after it is unwrapped and cut up previous to being issued to the men reminds one of an Easter show in Charlottetown market. Real prize beef, in fact everything is of a very best quality and plenty of it. Never in the history of the British army have the men been fed and looked after like they are in this campaign. This makes me to be one of the big advantages with us this spring. Our Q. M. informs me that the size of the 10th Battalion is entirely different to what they started out with at Val Cartier, and you would believe it too when you look at the men. They are looking fine and healthy, square jawed and muscles that look hard and fit, their faces too have altered. The boyish look has disappeared from most and in its place a determined look has come. It's great to get around among a bunch when they don't know you are there and listen to the conversation.

In the village where the 10th sleep when not on duty in the trenches (it is only about 1000 yards from the German trenches) they have a large school house fitted up as reading and recreation room. The other night I strolled in to have a look around. I would think you were a thousand miles from the trenches, instead of so many yards. Marks of shell effects everywhere, the pieces of shrapnel under your boots as you walked through the yard, but inside all was jolly and merry. A large black board at one end of the room bore the following, printed in large type with chalk, right across the top was: "Junior Carlton Hotel," then down the board the following: "In God we trust, Canadians must pay! Make yourself at home, break the china, don't put your feet on the table, we like it." Members of the fighting 10th are requested to leave their pets outside. "When you are short of kit remember the Canadian resourcefulness." "Customers requiring eggs will please place their orders at least two hours ahead so that the hens may be notified." "Don't argue, shoot, it makes less noise." "In event of a disagreement guests are not to throw the china at each other. Rifles and ammunition will be found next door." These with some others will show you that the spirit of fun is still in the boys. I think we have as good a battalion as there is in the force. They are mostly boys from the West but on inquiry you find they originally came from the East or the old country. Today I watched one fellow cleaning his horse. He had him trained to lie down, and it was funny to see him sitting on the grass beside the horse's brushes away and the horse seemed to be enjoying it too. Now I want to say a word or two about another department or rather part of this great mass and that is the Y. M. C. A. You know perhaps that I was not a member of this institution nor took much interest in it while in Charlottetown out if ever I get back this is one thing I'm going to do that is identify myself with those four letters that have done so much for everybody here. As you are probably aware chaplains were not allowed to come with each battalion here, only one being allowed with each Brigade. Well I'm glad to say Y. M. C. A. man was sent along. This fellow has a platoon and accompanies the men in the trenches, etc. I tell you he sure has an influence over the boys for they know him to be what he professes. He is a fine, steady looking fellow and a favorite of all from the Colonel down to the junior private. He is a platoon commander in the 10th Battalion. Then the way those fellows worked for the boys from the time we landed in Val Cartier right up to the present has to say the least been remarkable. I happened to see in the Patriot I received today that your Charlottetown Y. M. C. A. was asking for funds to carry on their work. Well take it from me they want tell the people at home to remember that the Y. M. C. A. is looking after their boys out here and to shell out good and plentiful for them. I don't like giving advice but I know you will not take this in that way. Well I think I'll close now. Up to about an hour ago the day was very quiet but a terrific artillery fire has been going on since. Something up I guess, perhaps another advance ordered on our left as that is where the firing is taking place. Well next time I'll switch off on what takes place at the front between time I wrote you last. Thanks very much for your nice letter and views.

I remain your friend,
A. R. B. DUCK.
10th Battalion
2nd Infantry Bde.
1st Canadian Division,
British Expeditionary Force
France.

Millinery Opening Continues Today Thursday, and Easter Saturday



It's A Long Way To Tipperary

but not a long time 'till Easter, so just call at Patons and secure that new pair of Gloves to complete the New Costume. Perrin's guaranteed Gloves in Black, White, Grey and Tan at \$1.65 a pair. Also Perrin's Gloves in the above shades at \$1.25 a pair.
Grey, Brown and Black Suede at \$1.50 to \$1.95.
Dogskin Gloves at 85c. and \$1.25.
And last, but not least, White Chamolais washable Gloves at \$1.25.

Just In Time For Easter

By express per S. S. Minto yesterday, all that is good and new in Ladies' Suits, Waists, Wash Goods, Dresses and Easter Neckwear and Gloves. Do your Easter shopping at PATONS.

The New Spring Coatings

During Easter week probably the finest showing of Checks east of Montreal, in all the latest sizes. These are good values, because they escaped the War Tax.

THE NEW GADES VELVETEENS in all the leading shades for 1915.

PATONS

"The Haberdashery"



Easter Tie Sale

Of American Noveltyties Including Palm Beach Battleship greys and all the newest ideas for this season.
75 cent values for 50 cents

See our Windows Henderson & Cudmore

Sunnyside



The Gillette ---a Superior Safety Razor

Have you ever experienced the joy of a Gillette Shave, or do you realize the time you save. No honing, no stropping just lather and shave—that's all.

Fennell & Chandler

Victoria Row