

# The Charlottetown Guardian

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FRIDAY MARCH 15th 1918

## PRICE FIXING AND FARMERS

Much has been said on the matter of fixing prices and much advice has been handed out to the Food Control Board on the subject. Mr. Thomson, Chairman of the Board said, not long since, that "the panacea of fixing prices has failed." He instanced the case of New York where the Food Control Board had fixed the price of milk. The result was that the State Administration had to take over the situation. In December Mr. Hoover himself had to grapple with it. Because, since September, when the price of milk was fixed, the farmers, finding the price did not pay, butchered 70,000 milk cows for beef. The result of that was that milk in New York City went to 20 and 21 cents a quart. "Fixing prices of milk in New York went by the Board," said Mr. Thomson, "fixing profits is another matter."

Fixing prices has not been attempted in Canada for the very good reason that unless the producer sees a fair profit in his work he will not produce. Good prices assured to the producer assures the maximum of production. The farmer is at present the only producer that counts. We are facing a world-shortage of food and the man who produces food is the man upon whom all eyes are fixed. To discourage him by cutting down his profits is simply to cut off the supply. He may be a patriot, may be thoroughly in earnest in his desire to help feed the world but he wants a reasonable profit—perhaps even an unreasonable profit but better that he should have the latter than that he should not produce food.

Where the trouble lies is with those who stand between the farmer and the ultimate consumer. Heretofore these have made more profit than they had a right to. This has been stopped as far as it could be got at and there is still more to be done. The "spread" between production and ultimate consumption is regulated under penalties that will control it.

Production of food is at present the one great problem before the world and especially before Canadians. A lot of rot has been talked about the farms having been stripped of their help by the Military Service Act. Everybody knows that this is not so, that any man who could show to the satisfaction of a tribunal of his peers that he was doing necessary work on a farm was exempted from military service; that if this tribunal made a mistake in not exempting him he could appeal to a judge of the Supreme Court. Not only has the Military Service Act not taken needed men off the farms, but it has driven men into farming who could find no other way of evading the service. These may or may not add their quota to the world's food supply but it is well known that the generous provision made in the Act for protecting the farmers has induced many to become farmers who had never any previous intention of doing so and who, moreover, may make but very poor farmers whatever they might have done as soldiers.

The scarcity of farm help in this province has been complained of for many years. Volunteers are now being called for and we feel sure that many will respond. It is up to the farmers to show whether they need help, by applying in time for it. Much of the help offered may be amateur and unskilled, but even amateur labour properly directed will tell and we have no doubt that every farmer who needs help and is willing to pay a fair wage for it will get it.

## SOLDIERS OF THE SOIL

A lady interested in the "Soldiers of the Soil" movement raises the objection that City children have no suitable boots or clothing to stand the wear of farm work and that when asked to volunteer for such service they should be provided, as other soldier have been, with a pair of rubber boots, a pair of military boots and a rubber coat—these to be loaned him as long as he remains a "soldier of the soil."

The difference between the military soldier and the soldier of the soil is that the former volunteers at a specified wage, including clothing and food; the latter volunteers to work for such a wage as he and the farmer can agree upon. If a boy finds on examining his wardrobe that he must provide himself with an extra suit of clothes or a pair of boots he must calculate accordingly in making his terms with the

farmer. It is not expected that any boy shall volunteer to do even this patriotic work at a financial loss. The majority of City boys will, we believe, find in soil soldiering an excellent opportunity to wear boots and clothing that had been discarded as unfit for school or street wear and in this there will be real economy as well as patriotism. Doubtless the want of such clothing will be a handicap to some, as city boots especially are not calculated to endure the "fierce fight that beats" upon the plowed field and the dewey or rain-sodden grass.

The "Soldier of the Soil" will volunteer for farm work, not so much to earn an honest wage—although that will be a consideration—but to do real patriotic work. The farmer who engages him will pay him according to his worth and will use him generously and kindly. If not the "soldier" can leave him without being guilty of desertion and liable to punishment, as is the case of the military soldier who has to "like it or lump it" and stick to it to the end.

## JAPAN AND THE WAR

There is considerable speculation at present as to the part Japan purposes taking in connection with the Russian situation. For some weeks past there has been much discussion and, without any official foundation, the idea has grown that an early invasion of Russia had been decided upon. No such decision has been arrived at. Russia is still virtually an ally of the Entente although out of the war. She has not officially made terms with Germany for the simple reason that her government has not been recognized by the other powers. The de facto government at present holding sway there represents only a part, perhaps a very small part of Russia, so that any invasion of Russia by the Japanese would be directed against the enemies of Russia and of the Allies. As a matter of fact the only action intended by Japan and yet to be sanctioned by the Allies was to protect the military stores in Vladivostok. It will be remembered that Great Britain advanced large sums to Russia to purchase munitions. These munitions were being imported into Russia from the east and large quantities of them were held up in transit at Vladivostok on the Gulf of Korea, an arm of the Sea of Japan. To prevent seizure of these by the Germans was the object of the negotiations with Japan and while the matter is still in abeyance it is more than probable that the Japs will at least prevent any seizure of these valuable stores by the Huns.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the services already rendered to the Allies by the Japanese. The Paris Journal of recent date publishes an interesting interview with Baron Kato, former Japanese Ambassador in London. Baron Kato declared that Europe had little real idea of the services rendered to the cause of the Allies in the Far East by the Japanese fleet. "Our warships," said the Baron, "were continually active in the waters before Vladivostok, around Chile and around Australia. We convoyed the transports which brought over the Australian troops."

"It might have been hoped that we should be represented also in the naval attack on the Dardanelles, but our experience at Tsingtau had convinced us that bombardment from the sea cannot result decisively unless accompanied by action on land. Baron Kato, in conclusion, expressed his great satisfaction at seeing the relations between Japan and Russia becoming closer every day, and declared that Japan in her alliance with Great Britain had carried out, and would continue to carry out, all her obligations.

## THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

If a cinema film is ever produced showing the first of General Allenby's army marching into Jerusalem, it will have to show, if it is truthful, the figure of a scared, soot-smudged cook carrying a "dixie" of cocoa. The story appears in a letter written home by an officer in a London regiment which The Manchester Guardian reproduces. "Early in the morning of Sunday," he says, "our officers' cook and another man set out from our camel lines with a dixie of hot cocoa for the officers. We knew he was coming, and as we had nothing hot for forty-eight hours we were not very pleased when he became very much overdue. Some hours later he did arrive—but very much scared. He had lost his way, and marching through our lines had entered the outskirts of Jerusalem. Thus the first Englishman to reach Jerusalem was an unshaven, soot-smudged cook," and so on. There is humor, as the writer remarks, even in war. It might be added that it is certainly not lost on either officers or men,

## A WINTER PILGRIMAGE TO ALLAWAY

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE  
PTE F. WALKER

Five minutes now and we shall be there! Through my brain a hundred silly airs are running; even the hard rumbling wheels beneath us seem beating out some sort of rhyme. For the first time I glance round at my fellow travellers, farmers, they appear, by the great muscular hands and the solid tanned faces. Now and then they throw curious eyes at me. I wonder do they notice my flushed face and nervous manner? Perhaps it is only my unfamiliar cap-badge that is attracting them.

At last! The train has stopped, we climb down and manoeuvre through the crowds along the platform. Ere I have quitted the station I catch sight of the welcoming bronze statue on the little square. Now what was it my Glasgow friend said? "Just gang the way his finger is pointing, laddie, and ye'll no miss it!" And sure enough the arm is outstretched, pointing away towards the curving elbow of the road.

I stand a minute on the corner and take my bearings. The 'auld toon' shows many signs of hale and frisky life; 'honest men and bonnie lassies' are hurrying by from all directions; a growled tram is rattling along the middle of the street. Trans! Shade of the immortal tam, what impious touch is this! We will let the ungainly thing roll itself out of sight, and then—on to the goal!

A merry couple are walking ahead of me, talking and laughing loudly. They seem very much at home. Envious mortals, they LIVE here, no doubt! I am nearing it now, and growing momentarily more feverish with excitement—and yet my feet lag! I am suddenly possessed of a horrible misgiving—what if it has vanished in the night through a fire, or something! This fear spins me around the fast bend in the ever-narrowing road and here it is in front of me, the white walls and the funny little thatched roof snuggling up cozily against the high-way!

Barns' Cottage! What a thrill the words carry with them! Whas hislens of green shady banks and running streams and singing birds! And how many musing millions have tramped it here from all corners of the world, to come, to go, and to treasure up forever in their lives the brief hour, like the memory of some beautiful dream! And when they are old and feeble they will sit by the fire and tramp it over with the curious listening children, and they in time

## DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. LOUSON

### HARRY LAUDER'S SACRIFICE

In Everybody's Magazine, Harry Lauder has a message for "the fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers of America." It ends with these words: "We are making a new world. Let the failures of the past be our great example for the future rejuvenation."

"We must not leave a stone unturned to put this right. The world is on fire, and our soldiers are the firemen who are called upon to put the fire out. We must not leave a smouldering spark. The hellish blaze of vandalism, murder, plunder, must be stamped black out."

"When you get to France, and put it out, do not leave a wee bit of red smouldering. Put it out clean. You are going to light up civilization. You boys are the lamp lighters of the world. You are going to light it up as never before, and let me tell you it will be very beautiful for your children to be able to say, 'My dad lit that lamp.'"

"Never mind the peace cranks. I have been to the front, and that's where the fighting is done. They never talk about peace there. Nobody there says, 'When are we going to have peace?' At the front they say, 'When are we going to have the next push.'"

"They said to me: 'Harry, if you hear anybody talking about peace, when you get home, swipe their feet from under them.' The brawny, tawny hand of Great Britain is ready for you, boys, I was in London when the first contingent of American doctors and nurses came in, and I tell you we gave them a reception. We are all in the great melting-pot together, and we are going to emerge a stronger and better civilization."

The patriotism which has led Harry Lauder to put his entire fortune of several millions into the British war loan, and which keeps him at work for the benefit of the soldiers in camp both here and in Europe, is inspired by this twofold faith:

will come and see and go away conquered!

And yet the couple ahead of me are still laughing and talking. They have passed it by without one glance! How could they do it! Has custom so drugged their souls that they feel not! I should not care to live long enough ever to pass by the little shrine without hearing in my heart the song of morning!

And now I am at the gate of the care-taker's lodge. The place looks deserted, but a sharp pull at the bell cord brings that respected personage on the run.

Visitors, he explains, are few at this time of year. He seems both surprised and pleased to see a Canadian, but speaks little. After pointing to the open door of the cottage, and inviting me to repair to his house to inspect the relics when I am ready, he leaves me, and I enter, bare-headed and alone.

Now indeed should come crowding all the flowery pictures, all the sweet music, that had charmed me afar! But not! I feel almost a sense of dreariness.

The room is poorly lighted, and I can just determine the forms of the crumpled furniture, the picture frames, and the cheerless 'gingle-nook.'

They all look so pathetic—so like the toys in a little doll-house that have been treasured up through long long sad years by a fond mother, who muses over the joy that has departed, never to return!

I am relieved to get out in the fresher air again.

This care-taker, now, is a rare one—a man in a thousand. He asks no questions, mumbles no tedious quotations.

He says nothing, but leads me to the bright cheery little museum, where my eye is at once attracted to the "grand exhibit"—the Kilmarnock, latest edition. This faded volume is one of the old veterans of the First Contingent. It fetched a thousand pounds, he tells me, at an auction sale. One thousand pounds! And Burns couldn't persuade the publisher to venture on a second edition. It might not sell at three shillings! What a grim joke has old father Time played on that miserable printer, and the world too, for that matter! For they were all so content to let him paddle his own stormy way through folly and penury, while they watched and criticised! If he grew too despairing or remorseful he might crown himself in the mire, or go home and hang himself to the bed-post, as the fit seized him!

And now he is gone, and they scramble the hoarded sheikels for the scraps he has left behind!

Upon a pedestal of its own in the centre of the room stands

"The big ha-bible, ause his father's pride."

It is now the heirloom of a very proud nation.

Many more things there are of fascinating interest—old prints and engravings, books from his library, letters to 'Clarendon', manuscript verses, etc., etc., but the winter afternoon is already 'wearin' late. So, bidding a reluctant farewell to the grey-haired 'Guardian Angel', I depart.

The sun is low, and the shadows of the trees are merging in one another, as I stand at last over the nine columns of the stately Grecian-chiseled Monument, and feed my eyes upon a scene as familiar to fond fancy as the sandy shores of my own Island home across the sea. Every landmark is a friend, and every bush, even, seems to lend an indispensable touch to the picture.

Almost beneath my feet Doon, is 'pouring a' his floods' between high sloping banks that are still green and fair, and abrawling on under the heavy rugged arm of the 'auld brig', which spans the stream some fifty yards away.

The dying sun is copper red on the house-tops of Ayr, far in the distance. Turning to the left, I see the gloomy front of 'Alloways haunted pile' glowering at me, as ghostly and forbidding as of yore.

And as I gaze and gaze the sky seems to darken, the air becomes charged with some invisible power, mysterious and sinister, the trees take to themselves awesome shapes, thunder is heard afar, and night falls, heavy and sudden, like a black curtain.

Rain descends in the arms of a fierce roaring wind, which carries it apace and huris it ground-waves with the crash of a thousand drumbeats. 'The doubling storm roars through the woods. The lightnings flash frae pole to pole. Near and more near the thunders roll.'

Suddenly, in one awful blast of light I see tearing along the narrow splashy road from the kirk like the very Devil himself, the forms of a mad-gal-

loping steed and a pale, wild-eyed rider. On they come! They are swallowed now in the night, and yet again another flash reveals them!

A horrible array of old lags are behind, speeding through the air on straddled broom-sticks, their teeth gnashing in rage and their long snaky hair trailing like the tails of comets in the wind.

On, on towards the doon they race! The 'hellish legion' is gaining steadily, inch by inch, and one burly like is already stretching out her arm in anticipation of the catch.

Now do thy speedy utmost Meg! And win the keystone o' the brig! There at them thou thy tail may ton—

A running stream they dare na cross.

Another, and another blinding flash, and all is still. The thunder dies down to the gentle rustle of the quiet trees. The wind and rain have vanished as mysteriously as they came. The black curtain lifts and shows again the bearded eye of the sun, blinking over the horizon.

I am conscious of strangely familiar sounds near me. Some one is saying something about a war. What war? Dear me, yes of course, the war, to be sure! I had forgotten. Well, well! Let us get back to it, then, and finish it and forget it for good, that we may return to our dreams again! which are so much more real, perhaps, than life.

## HUNTING SUBMARINES WITH DEPTH BOMBS

Of all the agencies employed to battle with the submarine the destroyer has proved the most effective, and one of the handiest tools of the destroyer is the depth bomb. Many U-boats have fallen victim of the bomb, and many more, please God, will be destroyed as the days go by. Of course, the destroyer has other weapons which the submarine fears—her speed and flexibility, which make her a most difficult target for a torpedo, and which also enable her to ram a submarine that comes incautiously to the surface, as well as her deadly guns and her picked gunners. But these perils the submersible can avoid by diving under water. Once there she is comparatively safe, or was until the depth bombs were employed against her. Now it may be confidently said that if a destroyer can locate a submarine's position under water she can be destroyed almost as certainly as though she were on the surface and a four-inch gun trained on her. It matters not how deep the sub may sink, or even if she is resting on the floor of the ocean. The depth bomb will follow her down and destroy her.

### A Rapidly Improved Weapon

For some years before the war experiments were made with various explosives to be used as a weapon against submarines, but so far as is known, no decisive results were achieved. In the past three years, however, great progress has been made with this weapon. At a certain range its havoc is as deadly as that of a bursting shell. What the effective range of a depth bomb is has not been announced, but it is said that if the bomb explodes within 50 feet of a submarine, either above it, below it, or on any side it will certainly finish the sub. The bombs are carried on the decks of the destroyers and other submarine-hunting craft, and when a sub is sighted and dives the destroyer makes at full speed for the spot. Then it remains for the judgment of the commander to calculate whether the U-boat has continued the course it was holding, when it disappeared, or what turning it may have made as the waters closed over it. He has also to calculate at what depth the submarine is to be found. Having made these calculations, he tries to put his vessel on the course the U-boat is following and get a hundred yards or so ahead of it.

### Dropping the Bombs

It is then that a depth bomb is hoisted overboard, and as the destroyer continues on her way perhaps half a dozen of these weapons are lowered into the sea. The bomb consists of a stout steel casing which holds from 200 to 300 pounds of TNT, the most powerful of known explosives. By an ingenious mechanism which is set by the turn of a finger, the bomb is timed to explode at a certain depth under water. The pressure of the water at given depths is a constant factor, and the bomb will explode within a few inches of the depth for which

they are timed. It is not, of course the fragments of the steel case that are expected to damage the submarine; it is the pressure of the water. Among the many beauties, or eccentricities of water is its absolute refusal to be compressed. So far as an explosion in the water is concerned it is as though the explosion occurred at an equal depth in the earth. Tremendous pressure is instantaneously exerted in all directions, the tendency, of course, being stronger in the direction of the surface. The effect upon a submarine close enough is that of a battering ram. The vessel is stayed in as a terrific wave might stare in a vessel on the surface.

### Submarine a Delicate Craft

Even if the submarine is far enough away to avoid the most deadly force of the explosive, her delicate machinery is very apt to be damaged. A comparatively small concussion, for instance, is often quite enough to throw her whole lighting service out of gear, and unless she chooses to come to the surface she must remain in darkness. A single leak in the hull of a submarine is a most dangerous, if not a fatal accident, for as soon as the sea water comes into contact with the electrolyte in the batteries it produces the deadly chlorine gas, and it would be only a moment before the crew would be asphyxiated or drowned. There are half a dozen other serious accidents that might be caused to a submarine even if she were not immediately destroyed by the explosion of the TNT. It is plain that a destroyer or two or three of them hunting a submarine with depth bombs, stand a very good chance of putting her out of commission. The surface vessels, which continue to manoeuvre at full speed in the course of the operation are immune from any of the effects of the explosion.

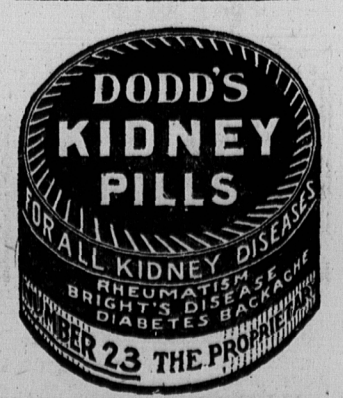
### Used by Aeroplanes, Too

Curiously enough one of the most vital parts of the depth bomb, or at least of the bomb used by American destroyers, was the by-product of an invention designed to solve the problem of perpetual motion. This was a spring, composed of a broad spiral of sheet metal which, when exposed to the sun was expected to expand and wind a clock. The clock has not yet been put upon the market, but the spring, the invention of an employee of the United States Weather Bureau, proved so useful that a considerable factory in the Southern States is devoted to its manufacture. It is this spring, adapted to its new purpose, which fires the charge of TNT when a certain hydrostatic pressure is applied to it. The bombs dropped from aeroplanes upon submarines are also depth bombs, though probably not so powerful as those employed by the destroyer. This is counteracted by the greater accuracy with which they can be placed.

## DISEASE GERMS FOUND IN HIS ROOM

### Austrian Chemist Under Arrest,

NEW YORK, March 13.—Raiding the room of Theodore Erdos, an Austrian, in the Bellevue Medical College, where he is employed as a chemist, detectives last night discovered several vials containing disease germs. Army intelligence officers were notified immediately. Erdos is detained on a charge of grand larceny in connection with the theft of a powerful microscope. Erdos warned the detectives to be careful with the vials. He told them they contained germs of measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other diseases. The police say that in his capacity as a chemist he had no right to keep these germs. Erdos said he was born in Austria, and had been in this country thirteen years. He denied he had the germs for any criminal purpose.



## Boots for Growing Girls Selling Cheap

Patent and Gun Metal Button Boot at \$1.85  
Also a Gun Metal Laced High Cut with low heel for Growing Girls or Women  
sizes 2 1-2 to 7 at \$3.50.

## GOFF BROS