

The Charlottetown Guardian

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LIP LOYALTY

"I am in this war to the end," declared Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the House of Commons, and his brave words were cheered by the whole House by Conservatives and Liberals alike.

Canadians have not forgotten what occurred during the South African War when, immediately after the declaration of war all the overseas dominions tumbled over each other with offers of assistance—except Canada.

Here were two definite reasons given for the fact that we have not offered a Canadian contingent to the Home authorities: (1) That the Militia could not be sent because Canada was not menaced; (2) that the government could not send contingents to Africa without summoning parliament.

Sir Wilfrid's attitude in the present crisis is no new thing. It is consistent with his life-long policy of separatism and non-participation in Imperial concerns.

FROM AUSTRALIA TO P.E.I.

A correspondent writes us that he was very much interested in an editorial in Saturday's issue in regard to Australia and the referendum. He is a school teacher and has been in correspondence with another school teacher in Australia—one of the leading teachers in New South Wales.

"About a thousand of our teachers have volunteered for active service abroad, so that means that a great deal more of the work is falling on the women teachers, who are all responding nobly. We Australian women feel that we could do a great deal more if we were properly organized.

"We all follow the doings of the Canadians very eagerly and are delighted at the great work they are doing. The taking of Vimy Ridge is one of the episodes that will live for all time. I think your Island has done nobly. God grant that this awful war will soon be over."

THE ACADIANS

Let Canadians of British stock respectfully salute the Acadians. No class of people in this country have been more ready to fight and die for the Empire and its cause than the men of French origin who live in Nova Scotia and Northern New Brunswick.

How explain this attitude of the Acadian as contrasted with his French-Canadian brother in Quebec? It is said by Quebec apologists that one reason for that province's failure to recruit is that her people have no European ties, that they have been in this country for 200 years.

How then explain the difference? How explain it, when for upwards of forty years the dominant figure in Quebec, and indeed in Canada, has been a French-Canadian, professing devotion to British institutions and ideals?—Ottawa Evening Journal

NOTES

A war-time election is a crime but it would be a greater crime to permit those who precipitated it to carry out their purpose of climbing to office by it.

Sir Edward Carson is the first British Government leader to confirm the reports that the late Russian regime calculated treachery to the Allies. That being so, the revolution was perhaps a military gain, as well as political.

The British troops have again won back the village of St Julien, a place and a name that will be sacred to Canadians forever. It was there that our soldiers, in that first terrible gas attack, held the line against hosts of the Hun, and "saved the day" for Calais.

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HOW MAJOR PROWSE'S BOYS WON ARMY TUG-OF-WAR CHAMPIONSHIP

A correspondent of the Charlottetown Guardian with the 98th Battery gives a graphic account of the series of rounds in the tug of war competition at the front which resulted in victory for the 98th after a hard tussle with the 8th Siege Battery.

"Never before Sir, have I intruded upon the privacy of your editorial sanctum. But, this morning, Sunday morning, too, but that's just the same as any other morning over here. As I have a time on my hands, I am going to tell of a little incident affecting the stress and strain, and take every field of France. Oh no, it wasn't with bayonets, bombs, or shells, it was on the field of Sport and, as the story of the mouse runs, "Thereby hangs a tale."

The higher Command realize the effect upon the men of the unceasing two "Island Batteries," he erstwhile 98th and the 8th. On June 25th these two met in deadly combat on a means to give them a change, anything to make them forget. One idea is a Rest Camp to which men are sent at intervals. Another is by encouraging sport and of course the "Tug-of-War" figured prominently. A series of "pulls" was arranged and as the 98th had a reputation of "Never Beaten" from the time it pulled the team of the Labor Union in Charlottetown, pulled all-comers crossing the Atlantic and likewise at Horsham, a team was naturally entered. Without any practice we won the first pull, then the second and by so doing, won the championship of the Artillery Group. Then came the pull between the champions of the various Groups for the Corps Championship. After two pulls we were champions of the Corps. One of those pulls lasted nine minutes and the endurance of our men saved the day. They came "home" with honorable scars upon them in the shape of skinned arms etc. By this time we were getting interested and practised regularly. Then came the great day of June 25th when the Champions of the four Army Corps were to pull to decide the Army Championship. And what should we find out but that the 8th were the Champions of one Corps. In the semi-finals we had to pull against them. It was Greek meeting Greek. We tossed for choice of ends—the 8th won, and they knew how to select the good end. The pull began. Our men slipped and could not make any impression on the hard ground. They were losing. It was a once-all over pull. Six of our men were over the line. It was looking desperate. But Major Prowse, D. S. O., once more evinced his powers of leadership. After Lieut. Hooper's departure to England he took charge of the team himself. Just when everything looked like defeat he went to every man and encouraged him to hold, hold and they held. Presently they gave a heave. The 8th began to come our way. We were winning. We shouted lustily. Inch by inch, foot by foot, slowly but surely we were gaining the day. Again our endurance had won. But the 8th were "good stuff" and worthy opponents. Rather strange that thus two P. E. I. Batteries should meet behind the line. "Somewhere n France".

Two hours later we had to pull with the winners of the pull between the other two Corps. It was something like Caesar. "Veni, vidi, vici" or better, "Veni, traxi, vici." We were the champions of the Heavy Artillery of the Army to which we belonged. The prize was a beautiful Silver Cup, suitably engraved and a silver medal to each competitor.

The team was as follows: Anchor man—Eddie Robertson, 6 ft 4—"Lond Eider" we call him. Thomas McTavish, o Belfast. George Compton from Montague way.

Irvy McKenzie—St. Peter's. Irvy can stick to the rope with the next fellow. He's used to it. He's been a fisherman.

Fred Holmes from Esquimaux, who knows the science of tug-of-war to a nicety. Angus Murchison, another square shouldered Scotchman from Belfast. Burt Stewart from Southport.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson.

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face, Coming home from the daily race, Bringing little of gold or fame, To show how well he has played the game; But glad in his heart that his own rejoices, To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four, One of ten million men or more, Pleading along in the daily strife, Bearing the whips and the 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, Telling, striving from day to day, Facing whatever may come his way, Silent whenever the harsh condemn, And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives 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.

"He's a terror for his size. John Collins, who perhaps labored more than anyone else for the efficiency of the team. He was always "there with the goods." Bart Miar who took Compton's place in the last two pulls. Like McKenzie, another old fisherman and puts heart and soul into whatever he goes into. We were a happy bunch going home, and proud of our team, proud of our Major and the way he led his boys so well on the field of sport, just as he leads them so ably in the greater game of war. Yours in High Explosive Shrapnel. I. H. O.

WHY HENDERSON WENT TO PARIS

LONDON.—A crowded House of Commons was excited today by rumors that the Cabinet had been considering the resignation of Arthur Henderson, member of the War Council, which it was said, had already been tendered. Viscount Duncannon, Unionist for Dover, moved the adjournment of the House for the purpose of calling up the question whether the Government was acting constitutionally and in the national interest in permitting Mr. Henderson to accompany a pacifist mission, including James Ramsay MacDonald, and George James Ward, both members of Parliament, to Paris. Mr. Bonar Law had affirmed to Parliament that Mr. Henderson was acting only in his capacity as secretary of the Labor party, but asked Viscount Duncannon, since when could a minister doff his ministerial responsibility with his hat? The Government must have taken consent, because it could have withheld the passports.

Viscount Duncannon demanded an explicit statement and declared that if Mr. Henderson had committed himself to a conference with the Germans the Government must ask him to resign. In a personal statement to the House Mr. Henderson denied that he had gone to France to discuss the war situation, or that the mission intended, as alleged, to proceed to Italy. He regretted that judgment had not been postponed until he had been heard.

This is what really happened, according to the minister: When he returned from Russia he heard that the United Socialist Party of France, representing a majority of the Socialists, and including members of the French Government, had invited Russian delegates to hasten to Paris to examine a new invitation to an international conference, and suggesting accompanying them to discuss the proposal, and take the opportunity to talk over the proposed international socialistic conference. He assumed that there were no objections to the latter conference, which had the Government's approval. Their visit was for the purpose of examining the invitation, extended weeks ago by the Dutch Socialist committee, presided over by H. Branting, whose pro-al opinion had never been disguised. The invitation was also signed by representatives of the workmen's and soldiers' group, and authorized by the most representative conference held in Russia since the revolution. He wanted to impress upon the House, whether they liked it or not, that it was decided to hold this conference.

SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM ENGLAND

The following letter has been received by Mrs. Hector Campbell, Rollo Bay West from her son Herbert (Bert) now training in England.

Dear Mother and Father:—Just got back from Scotland this morning. I was up there for six days and I sure had the time of my life. I don't think I have ever been in a place I liked as well as Edinburgh. The first four days I was there I was taking in the sights, which were well worth spending some time looking at. I will just name a few of them. Royal Scottish Academy, which shows the statues and paintings of all the great men and women of the World, including the statue of Edith Cavell, the English nurse, murdered by the Germans, while helping the English prisoners to escape. The statue of Sir Walter Scott also saw the vault in which Sir Walter Scott's mother lies. Then we went up to Carleton Terrace Gardens where Lord Nelson's monument stands. It is grand. We were right up to the top of it. It is 110 feet high. You go up by a winding stairs. We were some tired when we got to the top of it for we had to climb 170 steps. We had a great view of the City from the top. We had a guide with us so you see we got all the information we possibly could and that was no little. Right across the water a few hundred yards is the Island where Mary, Queen of Scots was imprisoned. It is also a very pretty place. Then we came to the Waterloo Memorial built to the honor of the Scottish Soldiers. The holly tree planted the day of the Diamond Jubilee. Carleton Hill is 320 feet above the sea level. The fort is over five hundred years old. I tell you what the walls are beginning to look pretty old. Edinburgh Castle is on a high mountain and is a lovely sight. We were invited out to a garden party at the Royal Regent and Carleton Terrace Gardens. I was gotten up for the wounded soldiers by the rich people of Edinburgh, so we happened to be lucky enough to get a bit to it and say it was the best day's fun I ever

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MAJOR GAULT PROMOTED

LONDON.—Major Arthur Hamilton Gault, of Montreal, has been gazetted to the Imperial staff as an aide de camp. Major Gault, after raising and equipping the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and fighting with them in France and Flanders for upwards of two years, being three times wounded, has been out of action for nearly a year. As a result of wounds received in his last battle he lost a leg.

The following appointments have also been gazetted: Lieut.-Col. H. M. Dyer attached to headquarters brigade as commander. Lieut.-Col. A. C. Macdonnell, to be temporary major-general.

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