

The Charlottetown Guardian

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1917.

IMPORTANT TO STENOGRAPHERS.

In another part of this issue commences a valuable series of articles for the benefit of stenographers and typists. So many of our young people are now being trained as stenographers and typists the Guardian thought it would be well to obtain from a leading authority the best possible advice to help them in qualifying for their vocation. We were fortunate in securing the services of Miss Margaret B. Owen, the World's Champion Typist to write on what she did to win the World's Typewriting Championship three times in succession, the third time in October last at the rate of 137 words a minute—11 strokes a second—for an hour; all about the operation of typewriters, her way and what one must do to follow in her footsteps. When the series is completed our columns will have furnished our readers a thorough course in typewriting via "The Owen Idea."

These stories have never been written before and could not be told by anyone else. Miss Owen will write on how to obtain good positions, correct ideas of dress and deportment, care of the hands and eyes, the Owen method of fingering, practice work to increase speed, etc. She will personally answer all questions addressed to her in care of the Guardian. We fell sure our readers will appreciate these articles, and hope that they will result in much benefit to them.

CIVIC REPORTS

The report of the Health Officer, briefly summarized in our report of the annual meeting of the City Council should not only be read with interest but with a determination to carry out his recommendations. From the point of view of natural healthfulness Charlottetown has absolutely nothing to complain of. The Health Officer had the City water analyzed; it was pure—as all who use it have always believed it to be. Yet there were diseases which could only have been contracted from eating or drinking disease germs, notably typhoid. There were 34 cases of typhoid during the year of which five resulted in death. The doctor pointed out that most of these cases occurred in houses in which there is no sewerage. Most of them, the others were no doubt innocent victims of these. This is the crucial point. Why should a number of disease nests be permitted to exist in the City? Why should houses without sewerage be permitted to stand in the City to poison a neighborhood? "Citizens in the east end of the City are using water from the old pumps." And to a Councillor's question as to whether this water was wholesome, the doctor replied "Certainly not." Yet we are allowing these people not only to poison themselves but to spread disease throughout the City! There were many houses "unfit for habitation in the City," the Health Officer said. He also urged the appointment of a meat and milk inspector, condemned the keeping of hogs and foxes in the City. Now all these statements, recommendations and suggestions had been made before. The Health Officer year after year has told the same story, a story which lays upon the City Council responsibility for death and disease. Why should the City Council continue the expense of maintaining a Health Officer if his yearly recommendations are persistently ignored? The thing is simply a farce. Let the Council either act upon the Health Officer's recommendations, or discontinue the office. As it is now it is an inexcusable farce.

WATER COMMISSIONERS REPORT.

That the City is well and plentifully supplied with water is evident from the report of the Water and Sewerage Commission. Evidently the water is not all legitimately used. There is waste and probably the

waste is beyond the control of the Commissioners. This is a matter which depends almost exclusively on individual honesty, a matter in which the honest citizen is obliged to pay for the carelessness of his dishonest neighbor. Occasionally a discovery may be made, a tap may be found running all night or all day for that matter. Many perhaps are obliged to let their taps run in winter to prevent freezing, and it will be difficult to control it, until all our citizens become honest. It is satisfactory however to know that the water supply is adequate and that the sewers are sufficient for the City's requirements.

A MADDENED NATION

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned," wrote a poet of a past generation. The poet of the present can tell of even a greater fury, the fury of the baffled diplomats of Germany who set out to conquer the world, found themselves confronted by insurmountable obstacles, made overtures for peace and were told their overtures were not to be trusted, that "peace is impossible until there is reparation for the violated liberties and rights and recognition of the principle of nationality and free existence of small countries." Then the baffled rage broke loose and its expression is found in the German newspapers.

"None ought to be surprised at the action of the entente nations in refusing peace proposals," said the Lokal Anzeiger, "but it is surprising that ten men would have signed such a document, without any foundation, a frivolous, lying document constituting the last kernel of untruth. It may be the people of Germany will read hope of peace between the lines. However we consider it the sharpest refusal. It is impossible for the entente to say plainer that peace is not wanted and negotiations are not desired—and this without laying any weight upon our knowing our conditions."

Bernhard in the Vossische Zeitung, declared: "After this insulting refusal there is only one answer—energetic fighting until our cold steel forces the enemies' feverish temperature down to normal."

The editorial continued in an argument rebutting the allies' claims, particularly contending that Belgium had broken neutrality because that nation was the willing tool of England, and concluded with a sharp attack on the allies' ambitions with regard to Constantinople.

The editor of the Lokal Anzeiger on being asked what Germany would do, flashed back: "Hold out. It is insanity for Europe to bleed to death—but the Allies refuse peace. Only one reply can come and that from our armies. Let Hindenburg answer."

It is this maddened Germany that we are now up against, a nation that had lost its soul, a nation robbed of its soul by men who substituted human might for God Almighty, who in insane arrogance believed they could wade through slaughter to world dominance. And now they are facing a world in arms, a world whose contempt they have brought upon themselves, a world which still recognizes that right is greater than might and that will fight to the last drop of its blood that right may triumph.

In their rage they will leave nothing undone that baffled devilishness can suggest or ingenuity devise. They still have resources and they have the effectiveness of desperation. Against these we have to contend and in order that the contention shall be short, sharp and decisive every available man and every available resource of our country should be requisitioned. It is for this that recruits are being called for, that war funds are being solicited. It is to bring about the end of the horrible nightmare of sorrow and loss that every man with red blood in his veins should offer his services in whatever capacity he may be most needed, whether on the battlefield, on the farm, in munition factories or elsewhere. Some of the slackers who should be at the front are sheltering themselves in munition factories; others are doing work that older men or women could do equally well, but they cannot hide from themselves or others the fact that they are slackers.

Surely the efforts now being put forth to fill the reinforcement drafts and to man the navy will within the next few weeks bring out all our remaining men, leaving only those who are content to be classed as less than men.

NATIONAL SERVICE

To the Men of Prince Edward Island.

For the first time in our history an appeal is being made to the manhood of this Province to place their human energy at the disposal of the state for war purposes. A grave situation must be faced seriously. Hitherto during the course of this frightful conflict we have been content to let other men do most of the fighting, and to let other parts of the Empire pay most of the bills. The call from the front is insistent for men, and more men, and now that call comes to us stronger than ever before to give our man power and other available resources to "National Service."

We all know that the British Empire and its Allies are quite equal to the task before them, but what we do not appear to realize is the urgent need of mobilizing our men and material in order to strike such a blow as will effectively proclaim our strength to the whole world—the only way of securing a permanent peace.

The National Service Board of Canada has been charged with the duty of making a complete enrolment of the male population between the age of sixteen and sixty-five. For this purpose the present week has been specially named as "National Service Week," during which cards will be placed in your hands on which you are required to give such information as will enable the country's position in relation to this great struggle to be accurately judged. You are asked to give this information voluntarily, to fill out the answers to ALL questions on the card correctly, and to return it promptly. This is the duty of every man NOW. In performing this duty you do not take upon yourself any further obligation. There is no more law to compel any man to serve his

country after filling in this card than there was before. It is simply a stock taking, such as all good business men practice at this season of the year. But bear in mind that the nation which has always given one hundred per cent protection to our lives and property, free of all cost to us, should be entitled to have both man power and material resources placed at her service in the hour of need. National service does not necessarily mean active service overseas; though that is the highest form it can take at this time. Food and ammunition for the men at the front is just as essential as the men themselves. Consequently a man may "do his bit," just as effectively at home as he could by going to the front. The whole national service idea is that men and women shall volunteer to serve the state in whatever capacity their services may be valuable in this emergency.

The appeal is now urgently made to every man regarding the National Service enrolment as outlined above. Let Prince Edward Island's Province be such as will regard to it. Don't allow any consideration whatever to prevent you from having your card duly completed and returned this week, and don't fail to offer for service of some sort when making the return. Thus will your immediate duty to the nation be most acceptably performed.

If by any chance your card should not reach you, see or write your nearest postmaster who will supply you.

J. A. McDONALD, Director National Service for P. E. Island.

3822-1-3M11.

HISTORIC PLACES IN ENGLAND

The following letter was written by Mr. Thomas Perry to his little daughter. Mr. Perry is a member of the 165th Band now in England.

The editorial continued in an argument rebutting the allies' claims, particularly contending that Belgium had broken neutrality because that nation was the willing tool of England, and concluded with a sharp attack on the allies' ambitions with regard to Constantinople.

Dear Lilly—Just received your letter this morning, and was more than glad to hear from you. You are well, as well as for myself I am in great health. It's been foggy here for two weeks, scarcely any frost, and just a light sprinkling of snow. Today is very fine, the sun is shining and everything looks nice outside. You were showing some of the cards I sent home and the man said Folkestone was the place where Caesar landed. There is a camping ground about two miles from Folkestone called Caesar's Camp. The people say that is the spot where his army camped. A big hill overlooks the camp, and is called Caesar's Hill; you can see for miles around it. Another place I saw when we were in Shorncliffe is the castle called Saltwood Castle. This is the place where the knights met and plotted the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Thomas A. Becket. It is pretty much in ruins now. Another place nearby is where William the Conqueror landed. This is near the town of Hythe, and on a hill and below the hill is where the battle of Hastings was fought. I visited all these places. In Hythe there is a building called the Crypt, in which there are thousands of skulls, said to have been picked up in the remains of soldiers who fell in the battles fought around there.

There is an old church quite near our camp in Shorncliffe. It is very old, but still in use. The people say Napoleon was kept there before he was taken to St. Helena. I am glad you are doing well in school. I hope you spend a very pleasant Christmas. We are going to have a big dinner here for 'Christ' mas. Father Pius and Rev. Mr. Taylor have the job of getting it up. They have a big load of holly for decorations, and we expect a swell affair. I will tell you about it later on.

I wish I could be with you for Xmas, but that is impossible, but I feel that this war will be over before

next summer. So good-bye, dear, and good luck. I hope you have a Merry New Year, with love and kisses. From your old DADDY

SCOTTISH PEOPLE WELCOME ISLAND BOYS

Mrs. Leonard McDonald of Indian River has received the following letter from her brother Archibald L. McLellan, son of Mrs. Archibald L. McLellan, Indian River.

Edinburgh, Scotland, December 18, 1916. My dear sister—Well, I got a pass at last, and I am now in Edinburgh. We got here on Saturday morning. I never had such a good time. The people here will do as much for us as if they always knew us. It is more home-like than any place I have been yet.

We intended to spend the last two days of our pass in London, but we may not leave here till we have to meet a woman who read "Anne of Green Gables." She thought the Island must be a great place and is going to the Island some time if she can.

The people talk with a broad Scotch accent, so it is rather hard to understand them. I was to Holyrood Palace this afternoon, saw the bed of Mary Queen of Scots slept in, and the place where David Rizzio was killed. There are old chairs that were in use in that day. I could never write all they told us about it. But I'll tell you all when I get home. Hall, Queen Mary's rooms, St. Margaret's Chapel and the old prison. We were to the top of Sir Walter Scott's monument, and carved our names there. It is about 300 feet high, from there one can see all over the city. We are staying in a place quite near the Castle. The old wall, which was built after the battle of Flodden, is still to be seen.

I wouldn't have missed seeing this place for anything. You may get over here some time and see it for yourself. I will write again when I get back to the camp. Love to all at home. Your loving brother WALTER A. Coy., 165th Battalion.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson.

FAMILY JARS

We hear a great deal about nagging wives, but aggravating husbands are much worse, and there are more of them.

It is a shame it should be so, but how many husbands there are who have quite a pleasing manner towards strangers and those outside their own family, but who are most unwell, sometimes cruel, in the treatment of wife, children, and servants at home.

These men grumble at the cooking of the dinner, and find fault with the appearance of the poor wife.

Then there is the husband who keeps all the money in his own hands. He never gives his wife any sum, fixed or otherwise, for housekeeping, or even for her own clothing, or that of the children.

He pays the bills himself and always grudgingly, however small. Jars of selfishness and sloth. How Jars of selfishness and sloth. How Jars of worry of them both! Jars of disrespect and lies, jars of sorrows, jars of sighs, jars of Jars of money, jars of debts, jars of politics and bets. Jars of warfare, jars of hate; jars of Jars of early and late. But joyful hopefulness, and health make for comfort, fame and credit.

Typewriter Speed Secrets

Mistress of the Keys

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MACHINE SING AT THE RATE OF ELEVEN STROKES A SECOND OR 137 PERFECT WORDS A MINUTE—A PANDORA BOX OF GOOD ADVICE TO THE FRATERNITY OF FLYING FINGERS.

Yes, it must be that the bluebird has at last perched upon my typewriter, for I am very happy. I feel I have reached the goal of my ambitions. I mean this opportunity to talk to the greatest of audiences through the greatest of mediums—the newspaper. So I am going to do the very best I can and am sure I will tell you some things that will help you in your work. Not one will come from a text book, for each was developed from experience gained on the road toward World's Championship honors.

I have always felt that I was selfishly holding within myself all my typewriter knowledge, and wished I could gather you all around me, hundreds of thousands though you may be, and impart to you lots and lots of things that for years have been clamoring for utterance. Finally a good fairy whispered that I should heed the editorial lion in his sanctum. And I did. That's the reason I must transcribe the well known fable and, like a little mouse, give thanks to the editors who have made all this possible.

WHO I AM—HOW I LOOK. Of course you want to know something about my record—how old I am, how I look and where I live. Well, three times I have held the International Championship for typing. If I had a vote, I would have cast my second ballot this year in Passaic, N.J. Could say, I suppose, that I am willowy and blue of eye, but confidentially I am of medium size, my eyes are blue and I am of medium build. I am not a burn or tittan, but just red. And I'm proud of it, for they tell me that the first woman to adorn a seat in Congress is similarly blessed. And right here let me give you a little word of advice. Cut these articles out and keep them, for, based on "The Owen Idea," they will contain a complete course in typewriting. I'll start by giving my girl friends a little advice about how to look and act in a business office. I don't think a long discussion about deportment is really necessary. The business woman of today must be "nice," for it is she not the right hand of the statesman, and the steady influence of the business world! So I say, "Girls, as we pass along, new finger exercises and tricks of the profession. The office as well as in the home." Get down to simple lines and colors in skirts, cultivate tailor-made waists, but, if unbecoming, wear those slightly open at the throat.

HOW TO HOLD YOUR HANDS. Now, if you have been taught to place your hands on a level with the second row of keys, forget it. Make your hands assume a position slant downward with the keys, dropping the wrists naturally. At this point you should also know how to insert the paper in the machine, and, even though I expect to give detailed instructions later, I will tell you now how this should be done. Holding the paper in the center of the left edge, between the thumb and second finger of the left hand, let it fall between the paper rest and the feed rolls of the typewriter. At the time you do this, your other hand must be on the right hand platen knob or twirler. As the paper touches the feed rolls, give the knob a quick twirl. This will bring the paper to the line of writing on the sheet.

ALL READY FOR WORK. There now, we have arrived at the correct position at the typewriter and learned the proper method for inserting the paper. The next lesson will be on "How to Strike the Key" and "Perfect Rhythm." Then we will enter the field of the expert, picking up, as we pass along, new finger exercises and tricks of the profession. MARGARET B. OWEN. Copyrighted 1916 by Margaret B. Owen. All rights reserved.

ROADMASTER'S PATRIOTIC FUND

A Start Made—Who Follows in the Trail? In response to several appeals, Mr. A. W. Bruce, Red Point, has opened a Roadmasters Patriotic Fund. The idea being that every Roadmaster contribute \$2.50 to the Fund. The money may be sent to Mr. A. W. Bruce, to Mr. H. W. Binning, Bank of Nova Scotia, or to the Editor of the Guardian and it will be acknowledged in the columns of the Guardian. Andrew Mooney, Little Harbour \$2.50 S. S. Robertson, Kingsborough \$2.50 A. A. Bruce, Red Point 2.50 Robert Wares, Wheatley River \$2.50 Archie Bowles, Murray River \$2.50 Layton McCabe, Alexandra \$2.50

RUBBERS RUBBERS

The Best Kinds—Men's 90c and \$1.00 closed sides \$1.25 Ladies 70c and 75c Boys' 75c Girls 55c Child's 45c and 50c Ladies' Overshoes \$2.00 and 2.50 Men's Overshoes \$1.75 to 3.25 Men's Lumbermans (Leather Tops) made by the Vacuum process Great wearers.

GOFF BROS.

In England

60 per cent of all profits earned by individuals and firms since the war are surrendered to the state. Income tax runs as high as 41 1-2 per cent

In This Country

We hardly realize there is a war raging, yet we are vitally interested whether we fully comprehend it or not, Our men are fighting Our men are dying Their families must be provided for.

Shall the wives and children of Canadian Soldiers suffer for want of Food, Clothing or Shelter: while their husbands and fathers are fighting our battles? The Patriotic Fund says No. Give till you feel it.

Next week and the week following are Patriotic weeks in Charlotte town.

We must either FIGHT or PAY

Silver Foxes Bring More Money In New York Than anywhere else on earth. If you have Silver Foxes on hand—few or many—get in touch with a firm of reliable Silver Fox specialists— who know values— who can be depended on for prompt, honest returns and whose clients are able and willing to pay fancy prices for the choicest skins or the highest average prices for average grades— For instance— M. F. Pfaelzer & Co., Silver Fox Specialists— 115 W. 29th St., New York. Important Notice

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In England 60 per cent of all profits earned by individuals and firms since the war are surrendered to the state. Income tax runs as high as 41 1-2 per cent In This Country We hardly realize there is a war raging, yet we are vitally interested whether we fully comprehend it or not, Our men are fighting Our men are dying Their families must be provided for. Shall the wives and children of Canadian Soldiers suffer for want of Food, Clothing or Shelter: while their husbands and fathers are fighting our battles? The Patriotic Fund says No. Give till you feel it. Next week and the week following are Patriotic weeks in Charlotte town. We must either FIGHT or PAY