THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

[...] Daily (founded 1887). $4.00 per year (Delivered) in advance; [...] (Mailed) in advance in Canada, and $3.50 for U. S. A. [...] Office at Charlottetown, Branch Office at Summerside, Alberton [...] and Montague.

President—Major A. A. Bartlett

[...] and Publisher: [...] Burnett.

Associate Editor D. K. Currie

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1919

A SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

[...]diers are returning home [...] and the warm welcome [...] each group on arrival [...] nothing else could the [...] and the gratitude of [...] or what has been done [...] "over there." But we [...] that there are those [...] return; that there [...] shared in the hard- [...] contributed with their [...]rious victory which [...] pride and gratitude [...] every soldier. [...] of those who sleep [...]sses in Flanders [...]ept forever sac- [...]ermitted to drop [...]id page written [...]ose who return [...] Canada and of [...] names will be [...] of our prov- [...] to this, there so it no [...] trust shall be at [...]tion, date a substantial monu- [...] erected to their memory [...] last through coming [...] a monument that shall be in [...] degree commensurate with [...] glorious record they made and [...] the gratitude of the province. Over five hundred of our Is- [...]'s sons gave their lives for the [...]ory which we have so recently [...]brated and which through [...]ure ages will be looked upon as [...] birth of a new era. The monu- [...]t to their memory must be no mean one. It must be representative of the whole province, of its continued mindfulness of the heroic valour of those who fell, of its continued sympathy with their parents, husbands, wives and children. It must be one that will stand as a witness to future ages that in the Great World War Prince Edward Island did its duty and paid the price.

The monument to our two Island soldiers who fell in the South African War is a worthy tribute to the memory of the first of our martyred patriots. It is one of our Island's historic features, the proud subject of picture and of story. The memorial to our five hundred sons must be larger and grander and such steps should be adopted at once as will make it essentially the tribute of the whole province. We would suggest the appoinment of a committee at an early date to so organize the province that every school district will have an opportunity to contribute, that every child as well as every man and woman may have a share in the memorial to our fallen sons.

This matter should be taken up at once, a competent and representative committee appointed to ascertain, first the amount of funds available, and second, to secure plans and agree upon the location and other details.

OUR SCHOOL PROBLEMS

Mr. Weston Anderson of Saskatchewan who is at present visit[...]er, Mr. John Ander[...] city, has many good [...] of the school system [...]hat western prov[...]ernment of Sask[...]dently building for [...] in its building is [...] attention to the [...] as well as to those [...] As is well known, [...]ountry sections of [...]ively young prov[...]ly populated and [...]tendance consequent[...] twenty pupils being [...]erage enrolement. The [...]chools are all built on [...] prepared by the provincial [...] of education and are models in every particular, the architecture, lighting, heating, furniture and equipment being uniform in the respective grades, the more expensive plants being prescribed for the more populous districts. In the district in which Mr. Anderson is located there are about twenty pupils enrolled; the teacher receives a salary of $900 a year. Of this salary the provincial government pays 13.1 per cent or $117.90, the rate payers in [...] district paying the balance. [...] Prince Edward Island a [...] salary is unknown in country schools and a comparative stranger in city schools. Where it occurs the government pays 71.1 per cent, or $639.90, the ratepayers paying the balance, $260.10. This is a notable difference but strangely, the people of Saskatchewan take pride in their schools, the districts vie with each other in the upkeep of the buildings and grounds and in the standing of their teachers. Direct payment for the schools has become a well established habit, the teacher is regarded as one worthy of a wage in keeping with that paid in other callings and the result is not only satisfactory at present but promises prosperity and advantage to the future of the province.

In Prince Edward Island the government pays 71.1 of the teacher's salary, the highest proportion paid by any provincial government in Canada. And yet our teachers are the poorest paid of any teachers in Canada, so poorly paid that although a very large percentage of the cost of educating them is borne by the province many of them take up the profession elsewhere and do their part in building up other provinces and other countries. Clearly we are not receiving an adequate return for our expenditure on education. Clearly also the time has arrived when a radical change is in order.

The question upon which the whole matter hangs is the teacher's salary and how it is to be raised. Our present revenue will not permit of an increase direct from the government. If, then, the teachers' salaries are going to be increased to a figure that will enable our young men and young women to remain in the profession here after incurring the expense of qualifying themselves to teach, either the provincial revenue must be increased or the respective school districts must provide the increase by local taxation. The subject has been discussed academically for many years but the question has not yet been solved. The only expression of opinion given on the question, so far as we remember, was the unanimous adoption by the farmers at the recent convention in Charlottetown, of a resolution proposed by Rev. Dr. Gauthier that the government levy a special tax for the purpose.

It would be interesting to know whether this is the consensus of opinion among the ratepayers throughout the province.

Your Problems Solved

BY REV. T.S. LINSCOTT, D.D.

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Dr. Linscott, in this column will help you solve your heart problems religious, natural, social, financial, and every other anxious care that perplexes you. If a personal answer is required, enclose a five cent stamp. No names will be published; if you prefer, sign your initials only, or use a pseudonym.

[...]ACTING THE CROW[...]

[...] like this man," and after witnessing one of His miracles they said, "What manner of man is this that even the winds and the waves obey Him?

HELPING PEOPLE: James Jones asks, "How would you characterize a man who has nothing to comfort the sick, relieve the poor or help people in their troubles, notwithstanding that he is a leading church member?" It is hard to speak with sufficient restraint to characterize such a man. He is a follower of the devil and not of Jesus, he has a heart of stone, but not of flesh, he is cruel, he is a hypocrite and unless he changes, he will be one of those who will get the sur[...] their lives when they come [...] the Eternal City.

[...] Christ [...] quali[...] cannot [...] listen- [...] civility

"We have found for a fact "That the Want Ads act [...] medium of getting utility."

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January 21st, 1919
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THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BURNS

The following extracts are taken from a brilliant oration of Scotland's peerless national poet, delivered to one of the Caledonian societies in San Francisco some years ago by the most enthusiastic and patriotic Highlander, Hugh Fraser, who takes a leading part in Scottish affairs, and who is popularly known as the Grand Old Man of the Celtic remnant on the Pacific shores of California:

"There is a beautiful island in the Atlantic. Upon its great rivers fleets of ocean ride, and on the banks of all its streams the hawthorn blossoms and wild flowers grow. In the south the valleys and wild flowers grow. In the south the valleys are green with grass and luxuriant vegetation climbs the highest hilltops. In the north, where the kilted Highlanders dwell, the lovely heather in purple bloom and the higher mountain peaks are gilded by the rays of the sun. Once that wondrous land was called Caledonia—now it is Bonnie Scotland. It is peopled—and ever has been—by a hardy race of warriors and men—warriors who love liberty, and men who love God.

The poetry of the people, it is true, was pure as the breath of the morning, but was as cold as the moonbeams on the icefields of the Polar Zone. It had a soul, it is true, but it was not a living soul, touched by coals of fire from off the altar of eternal melody. But God works by providences. The time was not ripe for the great change. It came at last. Among the braes and near the banks of "Bonnie Doon" one hundred and fifty years ago, a child was born who was destined to leave the world of poetry and of song all alight, all afire, by the potent contact of his own spirit. In a low, thatched, humble cottage, rocked by the angry winds of a winter storm, the poet was born, known to fame and immortality as Robert Burns. The raging storms, out of which his spirit of poetry was born, like Venus out of the bosom of the sea, was prophetic of the tumultuous life he was to lead, and of he beneficent, eternal sunshine that was to gild his poetic memory. Genius loves lonely and sequestered spots, and Destiny delights to lift the children of obscurity to the highest pinnacle of earthly glory. From the boy child in the hut by "Auld Alloway's haunted kirk" an evangel was to grow who was to play upon heartstrings with a touch little less than divine, and to inspire the earth with strains of music that will forever thrill the human soul.

Robert Burns' education was limited. Murdoch, his old teacher, did what he could for him, lent him books that he studied while at the plough. Nature did the most for him. The boyhood of Burns was passed among the sounding aisles of the dim woods of Ayr, under the brightest of skies, and among the birds and the wild flowers, and within hearing of the manifold voices of the melancholy sea. His first volume of poems appeared before he was twenty-six, having the modest title of "Poems: Chiefly Scotch." Then we find him turning his land to various labors to keep himself and family—the plough and the sythe—and his leisure time was devoted to acquiring useful information.

Since Robert Burns, the inspired child of nature, the poet of humanity, the sweetest lyric writer of all time, closed his eyes to this world that he had enriched and made more beautiful for his having lived in it, and bade farewell to friends and foes, leaving his peace with these, his love with those, and was laid to rest under the heather blossoms of the dear old Scotland of his heart—from that day his hold on the human heart has been growing stronger, stronger, and has now become the permanent possession of mankind.

It needs not the anniversary of his birth to quicken in our souls the memory of his life and its splendid inspirations. We should as soon forget summer in the snow drifts, or winter morning in the darkness of the night or the mountains as they stand by the sea. It was but a brief season that he spent in nature; he saw but a little section of the great world; he never left Scotland, and at twenty-four he had not traveled beyond his market town. But did human eyes ever see further than his? Would Switzerland with its Alpine grandeur, or Italy with its frescoes and its ruins, or the dreamy splendors of the Orient, have given him a wider wisdom of beauty? Thank God he never did leave Scotland! She made him for her own service out of her own native material. She is the only country on the green earth that could have made him as he was. Had there never been a Scotland, there never would have been a Burns,, and until there is another Scotland we shall never look upon his like again. Thank God, he never was a traveller! That he never strayed away more than a day's journey from the straths and braes of old Coila. Had he done so and wandered away from nature, it might have been into an unreal world, and then, perchance, we never should have smelt the brown mold of the old familiar earth in his verses—the linnet would not have built its nest and sung it, songs there, the page would not be wet wi' morning dew. Burns was born at a time when his country had greatest need of him. She was full of poetry and had no poet to put her soul into rhythm.

The dumb beasts of the field had their truest friend when Burns came among them. His words of love and kindness to a "mouse," to poor "Malie" and a "wounded hare," have done more for their kind treatment than any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals that ever existed.

To the toil-worn man of Scotland and of all the world, Burns came with words of comfort and sympathy, and he told them that "Nature smiled as sweetly in the shepherd as the king," told them to hold up their heads and show the crown of manly sweat upon their brows. He stood up for himself as the representative of the great class of workingmen to which he belonged. He endured poverty and misery that the world, looking some day deeper into the chapter of human history, might see that virtue and greatness of soul are not driven from the chinky-walled cabin by want, and that the heavenly angels find hearts that are warm in the inglesides that are cold. He invested the very implements of labor with honor and beauty; his sweetest songs were sung as he held the plough, as if the very soil of Scotland was so full of music that his ploughshare had but to upturn the furrow to let loose a song like a bird in the air. He came to his country as a patriot, whose ambition it was, if he could do no more with his sword for Scotland than Burns with his pen. His war songs have more powder in them then her arsenals; more temper than the steel of her claymore. And by his sweet and tender songs he has wooed and won the heart of the world to Scotland side, and so he has put into her hands an enchanted weapon more potent in war than her embattled clans—the sympathy of love of humanity. With what a skilful hand he gathers material into his heart and turns them into song! As he rode one day along the lonely Glenken Moors, a storm came down from the mountains and burst in all its fury around him, as only a Scotch storm can do. All night he turned that storm into song, and when the morning's sun came it was not to the Scotland it had left the night before, but to Scotland richer by a "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," and so with Tom O'Shanter," he wrote it in a day, "the best single day's work," says Alex. Smith, "done for Scotland since Bruce fought Bannockburn."

What shall I say of his love of his God? Everywhere you will find in Burns' acknowledgment of his own helplessness and of God's power, of his own penitence and of God's mercy. He says that there were in his character two pillars that upheld him in his misfortunes and anguish—the pillar of courage and the pillar of religion. He looked his world square in the face with his courage and the other world with his religion, and it was he who said, "An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange for deity offended." Yet there have been creatures who have tried to pull these pillars down—pillars that he believed to be founded on eternal rock and round which with dying eyes he saw the living roses bloom; but the strength of Samson was wanting to their puny efforts. It was themselves that fell, and still these pillars stand, white and imperishable.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louson

THE PRIVILEGE OF TOIL

Just do things and don't talk about them. This is the great secret of success in all enterprises. Talk means discussion; discussion means irritation; irritation means opposition; and opposition means hindrance always, whether you are right or wrong.

To be able to do each day some useful work, no matter how humble, to be able to spend the hours in interesting fashion while contributing a little of the world's total of necessary and honest labor; to feel that one is a part of the the great world machine and is filling a little space in the honorable procession of those who earn their daily bread, to be able to contribute our mite to the world's happiness, even if it be at some small expense of labor and trouble and even pain to ourselves, is surely something to thank God for. And at the close of every day of toil the worker should be able to look up to heaven and, with honest and sincere heart thank God for the privilege of toil. One of the hardest and most heartrending tasks in the world is to be compelled to suspend work; to witne[...]ers going about their daily tasks [...] and success while [...] compulsory [...] never [...] scarcely [...]nd it, but those who have [...] thank [...]pleting [...]den to [...] a pun[...]

[...] in each [...] house worth $300 [...] The area of cultivation is subject to [...] case o rough, scrubby or stony an[...] may be substituted for cultivation conditions:—
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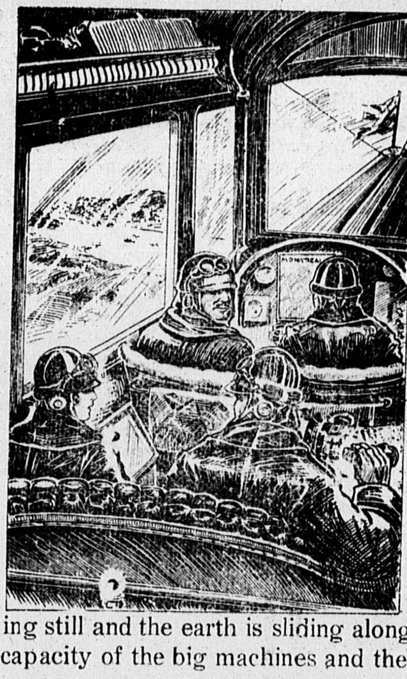

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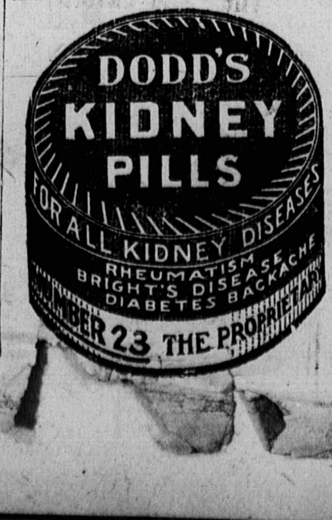
3640-1-28M2i.

PREMIER BORDEN PRESENT AT CONFERENCE

PARIS, Jan. 26—Canadian representatives at today's plenary conference will be Sir Robert Borden and Hon. C. H. Doherty. The most important item in the conference program for the day is a resolution dealing with the League of Nations which is a question to which Mr. Doherty has given special attention as a member of the British committee having the matter in charge. The British empire delegates have met twice during the week on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. At the first meeting Canada was represented by Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Doherty and at the second by Sir Robert Borden and Hon. A. L. Sifton.



"THE HABERDASHERY"

New Suits for the Returned Men

During the last week or so we received by express many of our new Spring Suits.

We had them rushed along so we would have snappy new suits to offer the returned men when they received their discharge.

We show lovely browns and brown and green mixtures, grey worsteds and grey mixed tweeds, also some very fine all wool indigo dye blue serges.

The styles are shown in either the regular three button sack the two button Cornell style or Norfolks.

Come to the Haberdashery if you want the best in clothing—the cut, style, fit and finish of the clothes we sell, will more than compare with anything tailored here, and the prices are low for the class of suits offered $25.00 $28.00, $30.00, $32.00, and 35.00, also some good overcoats left at $25.00, $30.00, $32.50, $35.00.

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NEW CAPS. While in see our new spring caps in rich tweeds, hundreds to select from at$1.50 up to $3.00

SHIRTS We want the returned mens to see the classy line of shirts we show, shirts altogether different from the ordinary $2.00, 2.25, 2,50, Silks shirts $5.00, also Ties, Sox, Belts, Collars, Suspenders, Sweaters, and all the smaller fixings right up-to-the minute and at most reasonable prices. Come and see us.

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