

The Charlottetown Guardian

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1917

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST

Next Saturday will be the fourth anniversary of a day that will be memorable forever in the history of Great Britain and of the world, the day on which we as Britons entered into what history will record as the world's greatest war. What has occurred during these three memorable years it is not our purpose to discuss at this time. The anniversary is to be fittingly celebrated throughout the British Empire, in the dominions where the tread of armies was heard only on their way to the battlefields; in the homes that have vacant chairs because of the war; in the battlefields where Britain's sons are fighting not for conquest or domination but for world freedom, for the rights of the weaker nations.

As intimated in yesterday's Guardian the day will be fittingly observed in Charlottetown. There will be a union service in the First Methodist Church beginning at 10 a.m. and closing at 10.45. This will be followed by a demonstration in Victoria Park in which the school children will participate, and at which addresses will be delivered by the Bishop, the Premier and other leading citizens.

In order that all may be able to take part in the demonstration the merchants have generously and patriotically decided to close their stores from 9.45 a. m. to one o'clock in the afternoon thus sacrificing the busiest hours of the day in commemoration of the most eventful day in the history of the world. To enable people in the rural sections of the province to take part, his Worship the Mayor has made arrangements with the railway for reduced fares from all parts of the province and it is expected that large numbers will avail themselves of the privilege of participating in the historic event.

We trust that all citizens will join heartily and enthusiastically in this demonstration, that the day may be made memorable by a united expression of British determination to see the thing through to the end, to a glorious and victorious end when liberty shall again be established and the tyranny and inhuman lust that brought this calamity upon the world shall be crushed into the dust. Let flags be flown from every housetop, let our people rejoice in the knowledge that they, at home, and theirs on the battlefields, are in the path of duty and that whatever betide, "behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow keeping watch about his own."

JUDGES' ACT AMENDMENT BILL

An important measure has just passed through Committee in the Senate and has been delayed in its further passage in order that the leader of the Senate, Sir James Lougheed, might have an opportunity of discussing with the government the amendments which are of a rather drastic character. The proposed changes are two-fold. Up to the year 1923 a judge might retire or be retired for inefficiency after serving for fifteen years and he was retired on two-thirds of his salary. It was found that some judges remained in office after they had ceased to be efficient, and with a view to remedying that condition of things an Act was passed providing that under certain circumstances the judges, after continuing in office, in one case for twenty years and in the other for twenty-five years, should be allowed to retire on full pay. The effect unfortunately has proved that the cure is worse than the disease,—that, whereas previously an occasional judge remained on the Bench when he should have retired and accepted a premium, since the passing of that Act almost every judge feels that it is his duty to his family and himself to remain on the Bench until he can retire on full pay, whether or not his mental or bodily vigor has been impaired. The proposed amendment repeals these sections of the 1903 Act, but it is construed that the repeal shall not affect the pension of any judge who has resigned or has been retired before the passing of this amending Act. As to the effect on the judges now on the Bench it is intended that they shall come under the new conditions as it is held they are like any other civil servants when they accept office and take the risk that the law may

be altered while they are in office. The point insisted on is that a two-thirds pension is ample for any judge to retire on after fifteen years' service and that there should be no special indulgence held out to an incompetent or inefficient judge to remain beyond that period on the Bench.

The second proposed alteration has reference to the discharge of their judicial duties by the judges. It forbids them accepting for fee or reward appointments as special commissioners and a report has to be made every year to the Minister of Justice regarding the due fulfilment of his duties by each judge. The two clauses read as follows:

"And every such judge shall in the month of December every year file a statement with the Minister of Justice that he has complied with terms of this section, or if not in what manner he has departed therefrom. No salary shall be paid to any judge failing to file such statement."

"No judge of any of the courts mentioned in Section 33 of the said Act who may be appointed by a competent authority, a member of any commission, or to any duty outside the usual judicial duties, shall receive any pay for such services, but may receive necessary living and travelling expenses."

These clauses elicited a good deal of discussion in committee, but ultimately were unanimously adopted. It remains to be seen whether the government will give its approval to the proposed changes. With the end of the parliament so near at hand it is questionable whether the government will find time to take up consideration of measure of such importance and pass it through the Commons where it would be sure to meet with considerable opposition.

LIBERALS AND THE GOVERNMENT

A meeting of Liberal win-the-war editors was held in Toronto Friday when among other things it was decided to support no candidate who did not stand squarely for compulsory military service. That is the policy of the Borden Government and the Conservative party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his supporters are diametrically opposed to this policy, and yet the Patriot said yesterday:

"There is no war party and no peace party in Canada. The nation heart and soul is in the struggle to stay to the end and Liberals must not allow themselves to be fooled into thinking that the defeat of the Borden Government would mean a letting up of our war efforts—a cowardly slinking from the field."

"Win-the-war Liberals" think differently and have boldly said so. Where stand the unswervingly conscriptionist Patriot? What would happen were Sir Wilfrid successful at the polls? He holds a solid Quebec now and he accords Mr. Graham the privilege of going out so he may come in with a sufficient force of conscriptionist Liberals to make a majority over the Government but not enough to make a majority over the anti-conscriptionist wing of the Liberal party. If Laurier comes in, conscription goes out. If Laurier comes in, he brings a referendum which means delay and perhaps defeat. In either event the boys we sent out to fight our battles will be left without reinforcements. Sir Wilfrid was very anxious to learn the percentage of casualties able to return to the trenches. Does he think it fair that every man over there should be sent back every time he recovers from wounds or sickness until he exhausts every chance of escape? Yet the Patriot says that the defeat of the Government would not mean a letting up of our war efforts!

RUSSIA

With all the unrest and worse that is be-deviling the Russian armies, Russia is by no means out of the war nor is she idle. A recent despatch from Rome says that the Austrians were about to launch a vast offensive against Italy, having withdrawn divisions from the Russian front for that purpose until "on certain parts of the Russian front the Austro-Germans keep only one division in a stretch 14 miles long." Probably that all-guarded front was in Galicia; at any rate, Brusiloff struck in Galicia so as to ward off the threatened blow from Italy and put Austria between two fires. If she does not hurry troops back from Istria and Trentino, Brusiloff will be on his way to Vienna before long, and yet if she does, Italy will strike again. Austria has become an anvil. This is the great service Kerensky and Brusiloff have rendered their allies. Germany can no longer hope to keep Russia idle with cock-and-bull peace proposals while stealthily withdrawing her armies from the Russian front to hurl them against the British, French and Italian allies.

PLEGGED IN THE BLOOD OF OUR SONS

HARRY LAUDER DISCUSSESMEN'S PROMISES—GRAVE AND GAY

(Illustrated London Herald.) Promises! We're always making promises. There are the lighter promises we have upon our tongues, and the stronger promises we show in our behavior. If you call a lad a promising boy, you mean that for praise; but you do not mean that he is free with his promises. He is not a promisee. What promises a lad makes to his father with a spanking just behind (I speak figuratively) or just hovering in the future! What promises a boy makes to his mother when he starts out in life! Promises. In how many a fragrant English lane, this Sunday evening, under the shade of an English oak, will a lover woo his lassie with soft words and wheedling promises! For ever and aye, runs the tale; eternal constancy, says the rascal; and the loveliest lassie believes him. And up you go, you walk Jock and Maggie in the bray. May we hear, listening to the birdies' song and the wild burn's warble. Tuned to the occasion, Jock proposes that they should set a wee while on this oozy knove, the better to hear the orchestra. They do so. His arm steals round her waist. Their young aces come unco nigh together. "A' ye, ye, Maggie," says Jock. "Do ye love me for ever?" "Ay, lassie," says Jock, "twice as long as that, and what's more," says he, getting reckless, "All marry ye." And then he twilights fa's so that the audience may not see their young lips meeting. Does he keep his word? Maybe yes! maybe no! But I tell ye I'm always very interested to read the reports of breach of promise proceedings.

Promises! There's some folk that think in making promises they clear a debt—instead of incurring a liability. The road to hell is paved with promises, and every paving-stone is broken. And in the cracks grow rank weeds that cause the upward struggler many a stumble—though the downward passage goes gaily enough. I mind when I was twenty years younger than I am today, and my joy was a wee lad of five or six, that was going on a tour. And as the whole household was helping me to pack, and toddling John was getting up the things I did not want for the tour, he says to me, "Father, will you bring me a present with you when you come home?" And I promised.

"Well, I thought of my promise many a time on my tour. But, thinks it'll no do to buy the present now, or maybe I'll break it, and I did not want to send it by post, for I wanted a hand to the lad myself. I've seen to, thinks I, I'll just wait till the last week. Well, the last week was at Newcastle, and you know what last weeks are like. I was so busy with my Scotch and Northern Country friends, so me off I clean forgot my promise. I remembered coming up the street for home, but, of course, the hops were all shut.

When I got in the house the little ad was in bed, but when I went upstairs to look at him he wakened. "Father," says he, "have you got my present?" "No, John," says I, feeling very much ashamed, "I was awfully busy in Newcastle, and when I came home the shops were all shut." John looks at me quietly, and says, "You should not have promised," and then he turns to the wall and draws the sheet over his head. He would never let us see him greet, but I could hear his wee sobs under the bedclothes.

You should not have promised. You should not have promised. Why will we ever promise what we do not resolve to perform?

Promises! There's enough promises made every day to keep us in pie-rust till the next harvest. I suppose

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louson, BETWEEN OURSELVES.

We have not passed this way before and depend upon it strange experiences are bound to take place in most of our lives. The great war, the high cost of living and the uncertainty of all things human finds very many at what one might term "Wits end Corner" about now. How to make a stated income meet increased expenses, is a serious problem to solve for the most of us. Surely it is comforting for right living people to realize that God has promised to supply all we need, not all we want but what we need. "Man's impotency is God's opportunity," let us therefore trust Him for the future, and do the best we can with our lot in life. God would not have us think about tomorrow.

As of some cloud that lies before our anxious eyes, And fills our hearts with dread of coming sorrow. How can we tell? The sun may shine more brightly Than it has shone before;— More good than ill for those who view it rightly. And he, whose hand is always wisely guiding, Can only give his best. To those who wait and rest— Through all life's need in his great love confiding. (By Edith Divall)

the word was invented, because it begins with a "p." It's another name for "perhaps"—only not so honest. You know the fellow that sweats promises at every pore, and wipes them away as soon as he's left you! He borrows a fever—to be returned faithfully next Saturday, or when the pig is killed, or when that dead-certain cheque comes to hand. And he goes away with the fever in his pocket, his tongue in his cheek, and no intention of ever meeting you again. To make a promise you do not intend to keep is highway robbery—minus the manhood of open battery. But, of course, we cannot live without promises. Every night we make certain promises of the morrow, just as, every 1st of January, we make certain promises for the coming year. If they are true promises—promises to yourself, a better name for them is "resolve."

I might be promising tonight that tomorrow I would do a bit of fishing or shooting or what not—but that would be in normal and not in war-times. Now it becomes us to think war-ally.

The whole of our commercial system is built up on promises. We call it "credit," and the credit of Britain is very good. That is why, after three years of war, the world is still so ready to lend her money.

But Britain has made other promises—promises she means with all her heart to fulfil. We have each of us made that promise—just as solemnly as the soldier has promised to serve his country to the death. We have pledged our word, and we have mortgaged the blood of our sons.

And in this glorious English spring weather it is impossible not to hope for a glorious fulfilment. Sitting here at my window writing these lines, I seem to feel the sun hot upon green Scottish hills, with the black-cock screaming about them. And I know the meaning of the word "Spring," and feel the spur of it in my blood. Spring! It makes me want to loup a mile. Spring! The word was given to us that in our desolate winter we might remember the sure promise of the seasons. The mounting of the sap, the lark in the fresh, free air—Spring!

And this May has given its own promise—the promise of sure fulfilment. I heard a wee tale the other day that thrilled me. Behind the new British lines, on ground that once lay between the hostile armies, a British correspondent, picking his way among the terrible debris of trench and cottage and orchard and thinking of the great harm wrought by war, noticed a dash of color looking up at him. It was a solitary flower, a wild-flower—the promise of Spring—and from his mind's eye all that desolation vanished and he saw nothing but bonnie wild flowers and fields of waving corn.

Perhaps on my boy's grave a few stray flowers are already blooming, pushing their shy, brave heads out of the sacred earth. Perhaps on your boy's grave, poor mother, on your poor father, the flowers of promise already bloom. But unless we do our part that promise, so far as this earth is concerned, is a mockery. For although the flowers of nature may bloom behind the German lines, the flowers of the soul are trampled in the mire. In those fields of France we have sown a terrible seed for a glorious harvest.

The promise is there. Let that promise be our resolve. HARRY LAUDER

IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN

RECOGNIZED AT LAST

A writer in the Ottawa Citizen, of recent date, gives a description of the publicity campaign looking to more effective war service by the Canadian people, that is being carried on by the National Service Board. He notes in particular the close attention that is being paid to the potential ability of the women to assist in the battle against Germany. From the newspaper advertising she notes these days, says this writer, woman is reminded of how even in casual shopping she may contact her business so as to place the maximum pressure against the enemy. From hospital nursing and knitting comforts, woman has graduated into a place in the effective fighting lines of the nation. This writer puts it as follows: "That these vital facts are engaging the attention of the Government of Canada is apparent from a series of appeals now being published in the daily newspapers. These announcements form part of a comprehensive publicity campaign which has been undertaken by the National Service Board and, while they are not addressed exclusively to women, they are largely of that character."

It is pointed out that this publicity campaign is designed to reach to all parts of Canada, on method of reaching the public having been overlooked. Even billboards are used in the larger centres. Shortly the National Service Board will issue a pamphlet on economy and thrift in the preparation and use of food, of which over 1,500,000 copies are being prepared.—B-21, 1968-7-1MELH.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE TORONTO A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS CANADA FULL ACADEMIC COURSE, PREP. PREPARATORY TO HONOUR MATRICULATION. MUSIC—ART—HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—PHYSICAL EDUCATION—GAMES—SWIMMING Mrs. GEORGE DICKSON, President Miss J. E. MACDONALD, Principal SCHOOL REOPENS SEPT. 12th. Calendar sent on application

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Nicholson & Messervy 183-7-27MEL Wedding Presents We have just received a nice line of Silver Plated Ware which we would be pleased to show. See our new Pyrex Casseroles. W. N. Tanton Jeweler

Ford Automobiles No need for us to write large ads for the FORD, she is the Standard Motor Car of the World; no use for knockers to advance flimsy faults, they are only helping to advertise the Ford Motor as each year has seen Ford Cars increase in demand by the thousands, because under almost every conceivable condition the Car has proved itself Superior. It has sold on its record for dependable, economical service for pleasure or for business. The Ford Car is the Car for you. The Ford Car is made in Canada by Canadian Workmen in the largest Factory in the British Empire.

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FOOTWEAR FOOTWEAR 25 Per Cent Reduction A window full of samples of Ladie's fancy slippers and pumps also a job lot of girl's low shoes sizes 2 1-2, 3, 3 1-2 worth about \$3.00 now \$1.50. GOFF BROS