

The Charlottetown Guardian

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FRIDAY AUGUST 2nd, 1918

"REMEMBRANCE DAY"

As already intimated, Monday, August 5th, will be observed throughout the British Empire as Remembrance Day, in commemoration of the day (August 4th which falls on Sunday) on which Great Britain declared war on Germany. In this province the day will be fittingly observed in Charlottetown by a demonstration on Queen Square and continuing, as stated in the program already published, on the grounds of the Convalescent Home. On Sunday, the actual anniversary, suitable services will no doubt be held in many of the churches throughout the province. In this city a union service will be held in Zion Church under direction of the Ministerial Association.

"Remembrance Day!" There is much to remember. Four years at war, and the end in sight only through further bloodshed, through further trial, through further endurance. On Monday we are not celebrating the fact that we entered upon a great war, we are commemorating the day on which we found it necessary to take up arms in defence of weaker nations, to take up arms in the cause of humanity and right and righteousness. We are not only commemorating that day, but resolving anew that we shall continue the war until right has triumphed, "until," as declared at the outset, "Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

To commemorate the inception of the undertaking and to renew the resolution to carry it through to a finish is the program for Monday. We need this commemoration, this renewal of resolve. We are becoming accustomed to war conditions, to war's horrors and sacrifices, so much so that our early enthusiasm is waning. Many of us are becoming war-weary; we had built up false hopes as to the duration of the war, had paid too much heed to the over-optimistic prophets, and in many cases weariness has taken the place of hope. We must not forget what we are fighting for, what our sons have died and are dying for; it is for the freedom of the world from Prussian militarism, from tyranny which threatened to engulf it and to curse civilization through ages to come. It is that we may not forget, that we may not become weary in well-doing, that we may not begrudge further sacrifices if they be needed, that Remembrance Day is to be observed and we trust the whole province will observe it fittingly either in the churches on the 4th or in public demonstration on the 5th.

There are a few, we regret to know, who have failed to realize what the war means not only to humanity but to themselves individually; a few who are blinded by selfishness, a few mentally distorted by partizanship. These need reminding and warning; the war can be won only by united effort; there is no room today for the disloyal or the disgruntled. Let all unite heartily in commemorating the day; unite in the determination to carry the business through to a lasting and glorious peace.

THE BRITISH MUNITIONS TROUBLE

The strike of munitions workers in England is not an ordinary industrial dispute in which workers demand certain considerations in the way of improved wages or working conditions. It is an effort to defeat a policy adopted by the state for defence against a national danger.

Restrictions have had to be placed on nearly everything in the interest of the prosecution of the war. Capital has been restricted in its earnings and operations. In the Old Country, producers and dealers are restricted as to the selling prices of their products. The general public is restricted on all sides. The strikers at Coventry and Birmingham declare that labor alone shall be free from restrictions, that

no matter who else may be made to conform to the exigencies of the war the workers shall be at liberty to exploit the war to their own special advantage.

In peace time capital was permitted, as a general thing, to earn what it could, and labor was free to seek the highest wage obtainable. So far in Great Britain labor has had the same freedom during the war, but of late it has been exercising this freedom to such an extent as to seriously interfere with war production, jumping about from one employer to another in an effort to force up already high wages. This has left a surplus of workers in some trades and a deficiency in others. So the British Government has been forced to take a hand in the matter. It has assumed power to distribute skilled labor in accordance with war requirements. It has placed what is called an embargo on labor, preventing it from jumping from one employment to another in search of higher wages, and has adopted a policy of standardizing wages.

The necessity for this course was shown by the Government in a statement the other day to workers threatening to strike. It said:—

"The Ministry cannot carry on the supply of munitions to the troops without the embargo in cases where its need has been shown and without reasonable power to distribute labor according to vital war needs."

British workers might have some reason to protest if they were suffering under war conditions. But they are not. The workers of the Old Country have profited more from the war than any other class of citizens. Wages have risen faster than the earnings of any other class, faster than the cost of living, and the cost of food has at the same time been kept down by the subsidizing of importations and distributions. The Government is spending hundreds of millions of dollars of public funds in reducing the cost of food. The workers benefit most from this, because the taxes are derived more from other classes. Before the war when wages were low labor would have welcomed a standardization of wages. Now, when wages are high British munitions workers do not hesitate to endanger the safety of the country in an attempt to get all they can out of the war.

Unduly inflated wages for the laborers must come out of the pockets of the rest of the people who are already paying all they can afford for the carrying on of the war. The desire of the strikers to be free to extract more from their fellow citizens when they are already well off and when their attitude interferes with the prosecution of the common cause savors very strongly of Bolshevism.

TURK AND THE HUN

The news that Germany and the Ottoman empire have severed relations may portend a series of important events, including Turkey's withdrawal from the war. Her withdrawal would be of little immediate assistance to the Allies in France, probably for the reason that Turkey has little sting left and has been pretty well shorn in the Asiatic east.

Turkey and Turkish institutions have been heavily financed by Germany for years and it may be that a shutting off of the golden flow towards the Bosphorus, combined with the advent of a new sultan, said to be favorable to the Allies, has something to do with the strained situation between the country of the Moslems and the Hun.

Just four years ago there were stirring events occurring in Eastern Europe, and although there has been little interest of late in affairs there, it is possible the withdrawal of Turkey from the Central Alliance, if it has already occurred, may be nothing more than the beginning of the end and would afford the Hun an additional excuse to make peace.

NOTES

Many Canadians wondered why the German masses should have been deceived by the success of the first German offensives into thinking the war almost won. After several big defeats the Allies' first victory leads some Canadians to think a revolution is due in Germany immediately, and the end of the war. Let our optimism be sane and cautious.

Do the Allies trust the judgment of Generals Foch and Petain? France has produced many of the greatest soldiers in history, but none who has brought about better results from his operations than Joffre or his successors. Foch's great stroke is a feather in the cap of Lloyd George, who, in the face of bitter opposition from many British army leaders, carried through his policy of having a French generalissimo.

AN ISLANDER IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL

The following extracts are from a letter written some time ago to Miss Tena Salmond of Bonshaw, by her brother Private Neil Salmond, who enlisted in April 1916, in Regina, and was attached to the 68th Battalion going into the trenches in July 1916. "I am in a Marquet tent, No 2 Ward, in a place called Camelet, about two miles from the coast. After being in bed about two weeks with bronchitis, I am much better. Of course this is not a Canadian Hospital. We get bacon for breakfast; chicken and pudding for dinner, so we consider that very good out here."

This letter was written some time ago, and Pte. Salmond has been back in the trenches, and through some heavy fighting since. He is a son of the late William Salmond of Bonshaw and grandson of the late Capt. John Salmond who commanded some of the largest sailing ships, coming into the port of Charlottetown from the old country in those days. He was born in England and crossed the Atlantic Ocean 35 times. His brother was Robert Salmond who was Master Commander of the iron paddle troopship Birkenhead of 1400 tons, which sailed on Jan. 7th, 1862 from the coast of Cork, bound for the Cape of Good Hope with detachments from the depots of ten regiments all under Lieut. Seton of the 74th Highlanders. The Birkenhead made a fair passage out, and reached Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope on the 23rd of February, when Capt. Salmond was ordered to proceed eastward, and land the troops at Algoa Bay, and Buffil River.

They sailed again about 6 o'clock on the evening of the 25th shortly before 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th when all who were not on duty were sleeping below.

The leadsman got soundings in 12 or 13 fathoms ere he had time to get another cast of the lead, the ship was suddenly arrested in her course and had struck on a sunken rock and of the 631 on board 438 were drowned, only 193 were saved. Not a woman or a child was lost.

Capt. John Salmond also had a first cousin in the British Navy—Admiral Sir Nowell Salmond who died some five years ago.

Another cousin of Pte. Salmond is the youngest Major-General to lead Britains air war against Germany, as such Major-General John Matland Salmond, who is only 36 years of age, succeeds Sir David Henderson. Major-General Salmond whose new post carries with it a seat on the army council has the D. S. O.

He is a soldiers son, his father being general Sir William Salmond, and a member of a well known "County" family which for generations back has been producing notable fighters on land and sea alike.

Pte. Salmond has one brother Wellington and one sister Tena both living at Bonshaw.

Also one cousin Mrs. Alexander Cameron who is also a grand daughter of the late Capt. John Salmond, is living in Charlottetown. Her eldest son, John E. Cameron is foreman of the boiler shop at the P. E. Island Railway and an inventor of no mean order.

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Lousen

THE MAN WHO TRIED

(By Wilson Gregory)

The man who wins in the fight for fame,
 Who wins in the war for gold,
 The welkin rings with his lauded name
 Wherever his deeds are told:
 Not mine to jeer when I hear him hailed,
 I honor his courage stout—
 But what of the fellow who tried and failed,
 The fellow who's "down and out"?

Shall naught be said for the man who tried
 The goal of his hopes to gain?
 Who faced the battle with patient pride
 And fought though the fight was vain?
 Whose spirit in one weak moment quailed,
 Who fell at the last redoubt—
 Ah, many a hero heart has failed,
 So here's to the "down and out!"

The man who wins—oh, honor him well,
 And give him the praise that's due;
 But don't forget the other who fell
 Ere ever his dreams came true.
 Yes, honor the man whose will prevailed,
 Who baffled despair and doubt—
 But give one thought to the man who failed,
 The fellow who's "down and out!"

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A. E. TOOMBS

177 QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

BY REV. T.S. LINGSCOTT, D. D.
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Dr. Lingscott 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.

SWEET SLEEP:—"Insomnia" wants to know, "What cure is there for sleeplessness?" This is a question more for a medical man than for one who only prescribes for the maladies of the soul. I advise you to consult your family physician. If your sleeplessness is caused by worry or anxiety, I can give you a remedy which is a perfect cure. Cultivate the companionship of the Christ, exercise faith in God, and your mental troubles will be things of the past. Christ is a cure for worry doubt and anxious care.

TOO SENSITIVE:—"A Friend" states, "I appear to be snubbed by the members of my church, what is the best thing for me to do?" It is quite possible that you are the victim of suspicion and that no person does snub you, if, however, what you say

is actually so, it is possible that there are those who think you are not worthy of friendly recognition. I advise you to take stock of yourself and see whether my surmise is founded on fact. If you are living right, and have the approval of your conscience, you may safely disregard the way people treat you.

DO THE DEAD KNOW?

An exceptional amount of interest is being taken in Lady Sybil Grant's poem, "The Unseen Presence," which appeared in the Poetry Review, says the Scots' Pictorial, and obviously was inspired by the death of the poetess's brother, Captain Neil Primrose, in Palestine. The possibility of getting into touch with the dead is one that enormously interests many of those who have lost loved ones in the war, and it was evident in Lady Sybil's mind when she wrote:—

"But, if your spirit stays,
 Though hid from us behind a veil,
 And walks beside us through the days
 Can we entirely fail,
 If, when we choose,
 We still can seek a sure retreat,
 A garden where our spirits meet."

WHAT HE SAID

Two evenly-matched colored teams, each of which had won a game arranged to play off the tie, but failed

to agree on one of their own people as umpire. After a good deal of wrangling they asked for a volunteer from the grand stand. There was no response for some time, but finally a courageous white man of small stature offered to fill the breach and took up his position. The initial batter was a husky six-foot coal-black slugger, and as the first sphere hit the catcher's gloves the umpire remarked "One strike."

The batter glowered, but said nothing.

"Two!" The batter turned round, heaved his shoulders, and roared, "Two—two what?"

"Too high," responded the owner of the voice.

