

# The Charlottetown Guardian

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THURSDAY AUGUST 8th, 1918

## RETURNED SOLDIERS

Just what started the row in Toronto has not yet been explained other than the brief reference in our despatches which stated that it was in retaliation for an alleged assault on one of their number. It is possible that the assault may have been committed; possible that it may have been deserved, for soldiers are human; possible also that it was a foundationless rumor circulated to make trouble. Whatever the cause was, the incident was a most regrettable one.

This was only one of somewhat similar incidents that have occurred in the past year or two, one of many that may occur in the near future—unless such precautions are taken as will prevent it.

The position of the returned soldier is a peculiar one. They, at least the great majority of them, have given up all for a cause, many of them have sacrificed health, limbs, life itself; many of them have grievances which, even with the best of intentions, the departments in charge cannot readily overlook. These grievances, where they exist, are magnified by mischief-makers and political demagogues whose sole aim in life appears to be to embitter the returned soldier or to find cause for complaint against a government or a minister or a department. Added to all this and much more that might be included, is the fact that in all cities many returned soldiers are thrown together with the discipline to which they had been accustomed for two or three years practically thrown off. They congregate in groups, the gang spirit is easily aroused and by no means easily quelled, and something happens, to be regretted by those who participated in it as well as by all who honor and love the soldiers for what they had done and sacrificed and suffered.

Clearly there is but one remedy for this, that is, sane, sober, level-headed leadership. It had been hoped that one or another of the soldiers' organizations would have afforded this leadership, but so far this has been realized only in part, and, we fear, not even in part where there are large numbers of soldiers.

This is a problem for Canada, a problem second only—if even second—to the winning of the war. We want our returned soldiers to win in civil life as they won on the blood-stained fields of France and Flanders; we want them to be to Canadian civil life what they were to the military life of the Empire; the saviours of situations, the steel wall against wrong and injustice. This they can be with the help and sympathy of our civilian population, and the civilian population owes it to them. If there are grievances the civilian population must help to remedy them; if there are demagogues and mischief-makers among the soldiers let there also be civilian missionaries, friends, helpers, among them.

The life of the returned soldier is too often a lonely one. Many of them are living, temporarily at least among strangers, and "down to Gehenna or up to the throne he travels the fastest who travels alone."

The returned soldiers are not saints, some of them are not even heroes, but any one of them who has lived in the mud of the trenches has done more for his country than any physically fit man of military age in Canada, who has not been to the front, no matter how much wealth he has accumulated or how patriotically he has talked. If the returned soldiers go wrong a large share of the blame will rest upon the civilians, and the risk is too great to let matters drift too long.

## ANOTHER HUN OUTRAGE

Yesterday's despatches recorded another Hun murder, the murder of women nurses and wounded and sick prisoners.

It is of little avail to point out to them that murders such as these are of no military value to them, that by each repeated murder they are only deepening, if possible, the stain that centuries will not efface from the German name. As well might we reason with the wild beasts of the jungle.

There is only one cure for Germanism, and that is extermination. There may be Germans who are innocent of these crimes,

who loathe them as other human beings loathe them, but even this is becoming doubtful. We have evidence to show that there has been rejoicing among the civilian population over crimes which have shocked civilization; evidence to prove that German women deliberately tortured wounded soldiers dying of thirst by bringing pitchers of water and pouring it on the ground before the eyes of those to whom this was unspeakable torture.

We have heretofore used these brutes as if they were human; we have refrained from dropping bombs on their cities; our nurses have cared for their wounded and dying. For these human mercies the German acknowledgment is to attack our hospitals, to sink, wherever they can our hospital ships loaded with nurses and wounded and sick soldiers. And we still talk of mercy. We are still lenient. We have airships capable of reaching Berlin, where all this hellishness is hatched and whence the orders for it are sent out to the murderers. Why do we not use them? A few tons of bombs dropped in German cities after every German outrage would do more to teach Germanism the only lesson it can understand than all the word curses that outraged humanity can heap upon them. This would be inhuman if Germanism showed any humanity. As it is we are dealing with brutes as if they were entitled to human treatment.

These German outrages are leading perilously near to the time when leniency and mercy will have ceased to be a virtue, when in place of these vengeance and uncontrollable wrath may shape themselves into the slogan "Death to all Germans." There is a terrible day of reckoning awaiting the Germans, when the fathers and brothers of murdered women and of sick and wounded soldiers cross the Rhine. Who can say what shape the wrath of these will assume when marching through conquered German territory? Who can blame them if it assumes, even approximately, the terrorism of the Huns themselves?

## THE TUSSOCK MOTH

The tussock moth, which unfortunately is a native of these eastern provinces, and has not escaped this province, is like many other pests, very common here this season. Mr. S. H. Payne, Entomologist, who has been here for some weeks investigating the various pests, informs us that he has found many orchards badly infested. He has made a number of reports to the Department, forwarding specimens and photographs of the pest and its work.

At intervals of from ten to seven years, most orchards in Canada are visited by the Tussock Moth. From one week to ten days after the blossoms fall the young larvae emerge from the egg and begin to feed on the leaves. After feeding for two weeks on the leaves the jaws become strong enough so that they can attack the fruit. From that time until they pupate, or from early July until mid-August, the larvae feed on the fruit rather than on the leaves of the apple. In 1907, 1911 and 1916-17 the Tussock Moth was the most serious pest in many of the orchards of the Maritime Provinces, damaging, in some cases as high as 50 per cent. of the fruit. The injury to the fruit is somewhat similar to that inflicted by the Fruit Worms, but instead of a round deep bite into the fruit, the injury by Tussock caterpillars usually takes the form of long, narrow, shallow, irregular channels, which do not heal over as smoothly as Fruit Worm injury, but rather with a thick, brown, corky scab.

For the control of outbreaks of Tussock Moth in orchards, the department recommends for the spray immediately after the blossom, or the Codlin Moth spray, either of the following:—

First choice.—Standard paste lead arsenate 12 to 15 pounds to 100 gallons of water, and no fungicide; the lead arsenate at this strength is an efficient fungicide.

Second choice.—Sodium sulphide (soluble sulphur 3 to 3 1-2 pounds, Sulfoxide, 2-2 1-2 quarts, Spru sulphur 3 pounds; arsenate of lime, 1 1-4 pounds (in serious outbreaks 1 1-2 to 2 pounds); hydrated or water-slaked lime, 20 to 25 pounds; water, 100 gallons.

Third choice.—Lime-sulphur, 1.006 sp. gr. or two gallons commercial concentrate to 100 gallons water. Arsenate of lime 1 1-2 pounds (and in serious outbreaks, 2 lbs.) to 100 gallons. (In applying lime-sulphur to the third spray, do not wet the under side of the leaves, apply the spray to the upper side.)

## NOTES

To face death at command, recklessly, is the final glorious act of the civilian become a soldier. To face life courageously under any handicapping disability is the obligation imposed upon the soldier returning to civil life.

# CHANGE IN ADOPTION OF WAR PRISONERS

### This Province Asked to Support 75 Prisoners at \$200 a Year Each.

A change has been made in regard to supporting prisoners of war. By this change P. E. Island is now asked to support 75 prisoners at \$200 a year each.

Rev. Canon Simpson, Charlottetown, in connection with this change, has sent out the following circular: To the Prince Edward Island Adopters of Canadian Prisoners of War.

Dear Friends:— You will see by the accompanying circular that an important change has been made in the method of supporting our prisoners of war.

While we may regret that this is necessary, it can easily be seen that the present system of partial adoption has become so unwieldy as to be quite unworkable.

Each Province is now asked to provide for its own prisoners.

Prince Edward Island has been remarkably fortunate in the small number of its men who have been captured.

Some of these have been repatriated, some interned in Holland or Switzerland, and those in the Imperial Service are looked after by the British authorities, so at present we have only nine men to be supported. But many men who enlisted failed to register their Province, or their next-of-kin. A number of such are now in captivity and are entirely friendless.

The Head Office of the Prisoners of War Fund has appealed to our P. E. I. Branch to provide for these (seventy in all).

I have promised to do my best to raise the necessary funds for this purpose, and this can easily be done if the present contributors will continue their subscriptions.

Our present income for adoptions at \$4.86 each, is over \$1200.00 per month, or over \$15,000.00 per year. Seventy-five men at \$200.00 per year each will cost \$15,000.00.

This, of course, would require a re-organization of the present adoptions, and I propose to arrange it somewhat as follows:—

There are at least twelve adoptions in Bedouque and its vicinity. They would now entirely support three prisoners. The Methodist Church, Charlottetown, would, in the same way, have three full adoptions. Summerside churches, Red Cross and Daughters.

## DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. B. Louisa

### THE TELEPHONE GIRL

("Socrates" in Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

In the classic mythology there were supposed to be nymphs that lived in trees; gracious, slender goddesses who laid cool hands on the brows of fainting warriors, and all that sort of thing. Hamadryads, they called them. But we wouldn't give a snap for those frailties compared to the magic and un-failing voices that live just inside our telephone instrument.

If we were a great poet we'd like to sing the praise of some of those phone-dryads in the way it ought to be done. Boy, page Mr. Kipling!

The courtesy and efficiency with which the telephone girl performs her harassing task are beyond praise. Her wits are like lightning. And no politeness pays so well as politeness in her ear. There are few thrills more pleasant than when some clear little voice at the switchboard (you don't even think she knew your name) says: "Good morning, Mr. Socrates; how are you this morning?"

Those girls have problems of their own, and yet they never seem to go wool-gathering. They are the gracious fairies of our business life. They are accurate, prompt and divinely helpful. We hope to heaven they get husbands that are half good enough for them. But we doubt it.

It's extraordinary the way those nymphs remember voices. A voice is an intangible and a disconnected kind of thing (quite often disconnected, but not always the girl's fault); yet they seem to carry it in their fluffy little heads. There's an operator in New York, once at an office we used to call up very often. She got to know our voice, which seems to us very like any one else's. Nowadays we don't call that office more than once in three or four months. But she knows us instantly. "Good morning, Mr. Socrates" she says, "when did you get to town?"

Has modern civilization invented anything half so richly compounded of the divine and the human as the telephone girl?

of the Empire; two, Souris; two, Alberton; two, St. Paul's, Charlottetown; two, St. Peter's; two, and so on. This would give each prisoner a large number of people interested in him, and who would write to him. You are also asked to still correspond with your present adoptions, as the men appreciate the interest and sympathy shown by such letters.

So far our Province has done nobly in the support of unfortunate prisoners, setting a splendid example to the other provinces.

I am confident you will continue this good work, so that not only the Islanders may be provided for by us, but also that those others, who are not only prisoners, but are homeless and friendless as well, may feel cheered by the realization that we are doing all we can to help them in their captivity.

Will you therefore continue your present subscription? If so, you will be notified as soon as possible, the name and address of the new prisoner whom you help to support.

If you cannot do this, please inform me at your earliest convenience, so that we may know at once what funds we can rely on.

Our Province has here a grand op-

(Continued from page two)

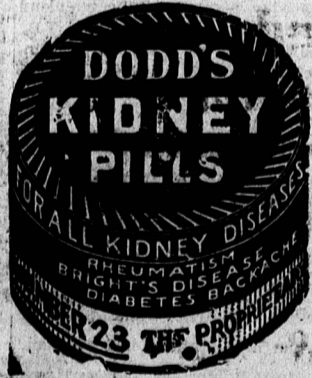
## YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

BY REV. T. S. LINSOTT, D. D. (All rights reserved)

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 initial only; or use a pseudonym.

"ECONOMY" inquires: "Why is it that I cannot make my income accomplish as much as that of my neighbor?" For one of two reasons and perhaps for both, that you do not exercise the same skill in buying or use the same wisdom in using. Another reason may be that you are not as economical as your neighbor. It may be also you do not cook your food as carefully, or that you eat more, or that you dress more extravagantly. It looks as if your neighbor is a better all round housekeeper and you will do well to take a leaf out of her book.

VARIETY IN FOOD:—"A Careful Eater" asks: "What is the best kind of diet?" I do not pretend to be a dietician, nor can I speak with authority on this question. My own policy is to observe the effect that various foods have on me and diet myself accordingly. I used to eat three meat meals a day, but that made my blood too rich so that I was troubled with sleeplessness. It cost me about \$250.00 to find out why I could not sleep. I began to eat two meals a day and took meat at one of them. I reduced my weight 17 pounds and began to sleep like a baby.



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for

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Charlottetown