

# The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1915.

"We are fighting for a worthy purpose, and we shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved."—H. M. The King.  
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE EMPIRE—Every fighting unit we can send to the front means one step nearer peace.

## THE CAPTURE OF PRZEMYSL.

The fact that Austro-German armies have succeeded in recapturing Przemyśl, the great Galician fortress which capitulated to the Russians on March 22nd, after one of the greatest sieges in modern history, does not necessarily mean that the winter's work of the Muscovite armies has been undone. That the fortress has again passed into Austrian hands should be regarded merely as a temporary success, even though it marks the culmination of the drive undertaken by General Von Mackensen some six weeks ago.

Conditions now are vastly different than they were when the Russians won their success. Since March the pressure against the German and Austrian armies has more than doubled. In the western area they are fighting desperately to hold back the British and French armies; in the south an Italian army, large and powerful, is invading Austrian territory and has already progressed to a point where the Austrians must soon divert forces to meet it. The Serbian armies, reorganized, are threatening, and the Russian forces themselves are far from beaten.

Despatches indicate that the Russian retreat from Przemyśl was hurriedly made and possibly represents the nearest approach to a retreat which they have yet recorded. Also, the defenses of the fortress itself must have been greatly weakened in the last terrific pounding at the hands of the Czar's heavy artillery. Consequently, when the Austro-German hordes come to defend their prize they may find the task more difficult than before.

It is reasonable to expect increased activity in the western and southern areas of war, undertaken to cause the Germans to divert troops from Galicia and thus give the Russians better opportunity to regain the lost ground. From the commencement of the war the campaign on the eastern and western sides has been admirably fought. A German success over the Russians has always been followed by a more vigorous movement on the part of the British and French and vice versa. Now with Italy on the south to aid in the work of applying pressure it should not be long before the enemy is forced to retreat not only from Przemyśl but from the whole province of Austrian Galicia.

Russia has tasted temporary reverses before this and one of the wonderful qualities of the Russian army is its recuperative power. It is more than likely that the present instance will be put a repetition of the past and that the new occupants of Przemyśl will little more than get accustomed to their surroundings before they will be obliged to use all their power against the Bear at the City's Gates.

## MEN STILL NEEDED.

One feature of the recapture of Przemyśl by the Austro-German forces which should impress itself on every man of fighting age in New Brunswick is that the Allies have not yet mustered sufficiently large armies to prevent the enemy from scoring successes, and that each success by the Kaiser's men delays the ending of the war. On paper the Russian armies appeared large enough to account for all the men the enemy could send to the eastern fighting lines, but events of the war have shown that the Germans are still capable of putting up a very vigorous fight there without impairing their strength in other war areas.

It is true that Italy has not yet had time to make her power felt. There have been practically no clashes between the Italians and Austrians, and consequently the entry of the newest ally has not had much effect in relieving pressure on the Russian lines. But in the western area, where the troops of Great Britain and France are fighting the hardest sort of battles, the progress has been but slow. While it may be true that the whole German line is honeycombed and that once a weak spot is found, will collapse like a punctured bubble, yet we must not delude ourselves into the belief that the war has been discovered or that the end of the war is anywhere in sight. There is absolutely no occasion for

Germany's retreat. It would, perhaps, be a welcome relief to throw off the strain of our neutrality in view of the oft repeated declarations from Berlin that it is but a thin veneer for our hypocrisy, as this war does, as civilization nation can be of a neutral mind, and events are assuming such proportions that neutrality of act is becoming almost as difficult to maintain as neutrality of thought.

## Our Great Leaders.

(London Daily Mail.)

We are not a military nation, and therefore do not understand the difference between soldiers and soldiers. Sir John Cowans is a great soldier—one of the greatest soldiers in the world. It is to him we owe the superb arrangements for the feeding of our troops. Sir William Robertson, Sir John French's chief of staff, is a great soldier. To him is due the fine staff work of the British Army in France. Lord Kitchener is a great soldier. To him is due the idea of advertising for an army. Sir John French is a great soldier. We owe to Sir John French the leadership which has enabled a handful of men from the British Islands, the Dominions, and India, to hold back the mightiest army in the world, the remorseless hordes that have been preparing for this particular struggle for 44 years.

## So Much News.

(New York Times)

Never was there so much news in the world. It is an increasing problem. It is a problem first for the newspaper, to get all of the essential news in, and a problem then for the reader which of it to read in order that he may have some time remaining in which to perform his share of the day's work. If there were nothing else to do one could spend all of one's conscious time just reading the news. The quantity of it that can be put in to one issue of The New York Times is about 100,000 words. That is equal to a fullgrown book. For variety of interest, for color, for all of the qualities that go into the creation of human interest, no book could begin to match it.

## Blood That Went West Off.

(New York Herald)

Germany cannot conceive that this country regards her exploits in the submarine field as murderous piracy and mistakes the polite terms of the note of May 13 as merely a friendly interchange. Her hands are dripping with American blood and yet it is coolly proposed from Berlin that we shall talk about it as if it were a question of joint control of the Canadian Islands or the percentage of chemicals which we should allow in imported fertilizer.

There never was a period when public opinion in this country was so strong nor a time when it was under better control. The sense of a great wrong which is general has been greatly intensified by the opera bouffe tone in the note from Berlin.

## Time to Pray.

(Saskatoon Phoenix)

"When may we begin to pray for peace?" asked a clergyman of Dr. Eliot. If we may be permitted to answer we say—After the allies reach Berlin.

## Our Northland

Have you ever seen our Northland, Ye weary business folk? Who toil all day in cities With health and spirit broke?

Oh! hie ye to our Northland And bring the baby, too, She'll go to bed at sunset And rise up with the dew.

Oh, see our lovely Northland, And taste its fragrant breeze, And mingled with its sweetness, Find your troubled heart at ease.

Climb on our lofty mountains, Nor mind a bit the strain, The smoothest road to happiness Is seldom on the plain.

We have no peer in beauty, We have no hills to hide, Come hie ye to our Northland, Vast as the ocean wide.

And seek ye on her bosom Some cool congenial spot, Encircled with our hills, And meek forget-me-not.

And here serenely meditate In pensive mood or gay, Nor feel the long hours lingering, Though home be far away.

No equal has our Northland In all the Southern seas, Our simple homes are paradise Beneath our maple trees.

—W. McMillan.

## Jewels and Junk.

The Bite in the Bight. As rose the misty sun, Our men the North Sea scanned, And each rejoicing gun Welcomed a foe at hand. And thundering its delight, Opened its mouth outright, And bit them in the Bight, The Bight of Heligoland.

You can't always tell; many a man who, in his youth, was taught courtesy and kindness has lived to become a brakeman.

## Encouraging.

Mother (to little boy)—"Oh, don't be tiresome and keep on asking impossible questions, Percy." Old Gentleman (slightly hard of hearing)—"Don't scold him, madam. I think, if I may say so, that it is a duty to help children when they are trying to acquire knowledge—what is it you want to know, little son?" Little Man—"Why do dogs have tails?"

## Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

Pop was shaving his face fast in the bathroom this morning, and he called to me, Ben, mother, in late and I half to go out to the factory this morning, do you think you could trust yourself to look up the train for me, you'll find a local time tab in my desk.

But dear, you no about me and time tab, sed ma. Yes, I no sure the worst in the world, but you cant make any mistake take this time, sed pop, theres jest wun line of figures and they dont even have the Sunday skedule awn that card, if you make a mistake this time it will amount to genius.

Awl rite, in that case, sed ma. And she went into pops room and after a wile she called in, Ive got the time tab.

Thats a fine start, sed pop.

Sum of the numbrs are in lite tipe and sum are in hevvy tipe, hows that, sed ma.

The lite tipe is morning trane and the hevvy tipe is afternoon trane, I forgot to menshin that, now that youve got that strate theres absolutely not wun chance in a millyn for you to make a mistake, sed pop.

The first lite tipe trane you can take is the 8:33, sed ma.

For the luv of Mike, the wat, sed pop.

The 8:33, sed ma.

Wy, I nevver herd of sutch a trane, there cant be eny sutch trane, sed pop.

I dont care, sed ma, thats wat it ses plane as day awn this card marked, Skedule for north bound trane on and after January the first, 1912.

1912, yee gods, it has amounted to genius, sed pop, wat awn erth pizessed you to pick up that old yellow time tab wen the pop wun is staring rite at you, sed pop. And he ran in with his face awl kuyvred with laithr and looked for himself.

## Her Inning.

Giri Shopper—"Why did you make that poor salesman pull down all that stuff and then not buy anything?"

Second Ditto—"Why, the mean fellow was in a car yesterday and never offered me his seat, though I looked right at him; so I just decided I would get even."

A boastful fellow once said: "I have talked with many wise men, hence I am wise." The philosopher answered him gently, "And I have associated with many rich men yet I am not rich."

## Help! Help!

The Germans have Przemyśl taken, And the Muscovites severely shaken, But they'll find to their ruin, That they haven't whipped Bruin, And in that day Berlin will awaken.

## Identified.

The class had just been enjoying a strenuous course in classic mythology and as the result of the final examination the teacher expected to find some real gems of classic lore.

In answer to the question, "Who was Cyclops?" one paper read as follows: "Cyclops was the man who wrote the encyclopedia."

In street railway parlance the Golden Ball corner has gone to Potts.

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## Extra Hazardous.

British insurance men have placed aviation in the extra hazardous class of occupations. Which means the danger it entails is something akin to the risk faced by the young man who dares to wear white trousers when filling a fountain pen.

The news that checked alike have gone out of style will be welcomed by short women—And also by short husbands.

The Trouble With Mary. Mary had a little lamb A lobster and some prunes A glass of milk, some apple pie, Then cheese and macaroons, It made the naughty waiters grin To see her order so, And when they carried Mary out Her face was white as snow.

What if the Germans have recaptured Przemyśl? We never could spell it any how.

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