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H. V. MacKINNON, Managing Editor.
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ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1914.

"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 HAPPY WARRIOR."

That splendid poem by Wordsworth, entitled "The Happy Warrior," all but forgotten in the days of peace, has taken on a new significance and received a new appreciation in these days of war.

"That man whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward persevering to the last."

"This is the happy warrior; this is he,
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

There are thousands of the sons of the Empire to whom these words are applicable, yet, perhaps, they find their fullest exemplification in the life of that splendid soldier, and magnificent man, the late Lord Roberts. The events of his life are well known, and the pathetic circumstances of his death have been published. As Kipling has said: "he passed in the very battlements of the war that he had described."

While to other men there may have been as keen an appreciation of the value of the Empire to the world, there were probably but few whose eyes saw as clearly as did his the awful dangers with which the Empire was beset. He was no lover of war for its own sake; this man who had seen streams of blood flow for scores of years in India, Afghanistan and Africa, knew but too well how near akin were blood and tears. Yet, notwithstanding his vivid realization of the sorrows of the battlefield, and his horror of war, it was his voice which, but a few years ago, proclaimed to England in clear and certain tones that she must prepare for battle, prepare to vindicate by might of arms, against the most powerful forces the world had ever known, her right to maintain inviolate her national life.

Others in our nation were deceived by the honeyed words of the Kaiser—Roberts, never for one moment; his message to the nation, like that of Judas Maccabeus of old, was "Arm, arm ye brave, a noble cause, the cause of heaven your zeal demands in defence of your nation's religion and laws." But so successful had proved the plans of the Kaiser to deceive the British nation with his hypocritical pretense of peace that when Lord Roberts sounded the tocsin and summoned the nation to arms he was not taken seriously by our fellow subjects both in England and in these Dominions over the seas. They sneeringly said of him that he was an old man in his dotage, that he would die without the smell of powder and that his alarms were unfounded. Like the Liberals in Canada they refused to believe there was "an emergency."

Months slipped away, and the storm, whose first indication his experienced eye had discerned on the far away horizon, gathered in darkening clouds and broke in all its fury, deluging Europe in blood. The Germans alone have lost one million men and still the hungry guns like famished wolves make the night hideous with their roar.

Never was Roberts mistaken. Patiently that grand old man bore with his critics. He could say of them "they know not what they do." True, they should have known, they should have seen, but they had been so busy making money, extending trade, cultivating art, creating literature, and, in the very temples of God, preaching "Other-Worldly" sermons, that they had neither eyes nor ears for the approaching storm, the cataclysm that should come in a night. Then the battle broke; the Germans were on the march; Great Britain, before she realized it, was forced into the greatest war of her history; and Britain's army, where was it?

Fortunate it was that, at that moment of national consternation, Kitchener sensed the situation and demanded more troops, but where were they to come from? Roberts, who, years ago, at Lucknow, had raised from the roof of his mess-house the flag of the 2nd Punjab Infantry to show to Outram and Havelock the location of the British soldiers, it was he whose slight straight form appeared again this time up and down the length and breadth of England, where, by voice and pen, he summoned the youth of the nation to the colors and regiment after regiment of young men from Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Australia, India and South Africa made ready response. The cry is still for more. We are told that not nearly enough have enlisted. Here in New Brunswick the call

for men to make up a regiment which will go into battle under the proud name of this province is meeting but slow compliance. The splendid meeting of last night in Carleton, like that other great meeting recently held in the Imperial, and the gathering throughout the province, will undoubtedly prove a stimulus but the stimulus should not be necessary. Our young men should not require to be urged or talked to; the fact of the Empire need should be sufficient argument to secure their services.

Let the death of Lord Roberts, England's greatest soldier, be the signal for the enlistment of hundreds of New Brunswickers, than whom there are no better fighting men in the world. Let the flag that dropped from the dead hand of the hero of Kandahar be seized by Canada and proudly carried at the head of the invincible soldiers of this Dominion and the late Lord Roberts until Kaiserism and all that it implies has been smashed beyond repair, until the Empire's need is satisfied, and the Empire's victory won.

THE WAR SITUATION

Reports from the eastern fighting front indicate that the most decisive battle of the war is approaching conclusion with advantage settling strongly in the direction of the Russian forces. When finished it is likely the Russians will have more than regained the positions from which they retreated a week ago. The Russian power has proven one of the surprises of the war. The original German plan of campaign was to strike a swift and sudden blow at the French army, and then double back across country in time to meet Russia. Russia frustrated this by developing a speed in mobilization of which no observer deemed her capable. Russian troops advanced as quickly as did the Germans, and while their progress lacked the spectacular features of the German march on Paris it was, none the less so effective that Germany was forced to send immense forces of men to meet it. In the meantime the Allies in France had gathered strength and turned the German advance into a defeat, eventually forcing the Kaiser's men back to the positions they now occupy, and where, practically, a continuous battle has been waging almost for two months.

While the Allies were holding Germany in the western area, Russia recovered from the first check, and gradually worked an immense army into and through Galicia and East Prussia to within 150 to 180 miles of Berlin. A week ago this line was forced to retire fifty miles or more, and the Germans again crossed the border into Poland and, in one or two instances, into Russian territory. This advance has been checked and converted into a retreat and the great Russian victory of yesterday and Monday, in the region between the Vistula and Warthe Rivers, mark the first step in a third and, what is believed will be, the most powerful advance movement Russia has yet undertaken.

Weather conditions on the eastern front completely favor the Czar's men. The roads are frozen, snow covers the ground for miles, and the temperature is steadily falling. In the Russo-Japanese war the Russians, though poorly equipped, inadequately provisioned and clothed, proved excellent winter fighters and the work they then did under adverse circumstances, and opposed to a foe vastly superior in equipment and organization, they are likely to more than duplicate now when facing an army smaller, no better organized or equipped and with inferior "fighting courage," if the term may be applied.

The men in the Kaiser's armies are fighting because they are forced to fight. From their youth up they have learned nothing else. They know nothing of the merit of the quarrel in which they are engaged, but only realize that orders have issued from the Prussian military junta to fight, and they are carrying those orders out; the fruits of victory, the dishonor of defeat, mean little or nothing to them; they are mechanical soldiers, directed by a superior mind which they follow and obey without question. With Russia, and the other Allies the case is different. They recognize that the combat is for freedom, that victory will mean the removal forever of the burden of militarism made necessary by the aggression and ambition of Prussia. To the Russian soldier this is almost a holy war; never was Russia so absolutely united as now in the face of common danger and a common foe.

It is said that the people of Petrograd, Moscow, Cronstadt and other

great cities of the Russian Empire, are prepared to sacrifice everything for the soldiers and all political differences have vanished. With such a spirit the Russian advance cannot be checked or hindered except for a day or two. With Britain, France, Belgium, Japan, Serbia and Montenegro, Russia must move on and on to the achievement of glorious victory. And on every day Britain and France can hold the Germans in check on the western line, Russia's mighty hosts are brought that much nearer to Berlin and victorious peace. It will not be a brief struggle. Germany will not yield until completely crushed, but that she will be crushed there can not now be a shadow of doubt.

LAURIER AND THE KAISER.

Great newspapers were graciously pleased to publish long accounts of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at a recruiting meeting held a few weeks ago in Montreal when, addressing a French-Canadian audience, he told them that the war in which Great Britain was engaged was a war against the power of Prussian militarism, a conflict of right against wrong, against the German ambition to dominate the world. This statement from the Grail leader marked a complete change in his attitude toward Germany and the Empire. He had changed his mind, but it required a terrible upheaval before the scales fell from his eyes.

The Prussian cult of war against which Laurier now inveighs did not grow up in a night. It has been manifest to the world for years; it was shown when the Prussians captured Bavaria and Wurtemberg, humbled Austria and, lastly, after one of the briefest wars in history, laid fair France bleeding and helpless at their feet. It has been evident to all save the partisan blind in more recent years; the Delcasse incident, the episode at Agadir, the threat to Russia and, lastly, the declaration of the British Government that an emergency existed which Britain must strain her nerves to meet, all pointed to Prussia and to Prussia alone. Yet the Canadian Grits, as represented by Laurier, refused to be convinced, refused to see what was already apparent to the world.

While the religion of war was being fed by every professor in every university in Germany, while the Kaiser's army of spies were active in Britain, in Europe, and in Canada, seeking information which would be beneficial to Germany in the war in which she was now engaged, while the German gun factories and armament plants were preparing against the war on England, while the German officers were blatantly and boastfully toasting "the day," here is what Sir Wilfrid Laurier, peerless leader of patriotic Gritism, was saying about the Kaiser:

"THERE IS ONE FACT IN THE SITUATION WHICH I THINK SHOWS THAT THERE IS NO INTENTION ON THE PART OF GERMANY TO ATTACK ENGLAND AND THAT FACT IS THE GERMAN EMPEROR. THE GERMAN EMPEROR IS UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE GREAT MEN OF THE PRESENT AGE. BY CHARACTER, BY MORAL FORCE, BY MORAL FIBRE, HE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF WONDERFULLY ENDOWED. HIS PATIENT INFLUENCE WAS ALWAYS DIRECTED TOWARDS PEACE."

This statement was made by Sir Wilfrid two years ago in the Canadian House of Commons, and while the sentiments here expressed were passing from his lips he had, on his desk, the Admiralty's memorandum respecting Germany's colossal preparations for the present war.

Was his blindness real or affected? Laurier can take the choice, but before the bar of Canadian opinion to-day he stands convicted either of craven dishonesty or hopeless ignorance. To plead ignorance is to forsake the truth, for he was told of the danger which confronted the Empire in 1907; he was told it again in 1909, in clear and unmistakable tones it was pointed out to him in 1911 but he would not heed. He saw Germany's expenditure on her navy mount by leaps and bounds from \$20,000,000 in 1891 to \$111,000,000 in 1913. He saw the German war machine grow with mighty strides, and he saw the peace loving Asquith Government (a Liberal administration) strive with might and main to meet the crisis. Yet he was blind.

Sir Wilfrid cannot plead ignorance. As a presumed statesman it was his duty to know and he did know. And yet with a full knowledge of Canada's danger what did Laurier do to meet it? To a frank request, for aid in 1907 he gave a point blank refusal. In answer to a national demand to do something in 1909 he gave, a year later, a puny scheme of useless ships

Little Benny's Note Book.

BY LEE PAPE.

Pop calm down today and was hanging up his hat awn the hall rack, and ma sed, Wilfrid, I payed half a doller express charges awn that package that came for you today.
 Aw, rite, lile of my pocketbook, a s soon as I hang up my hat you shell have it back agin, sed pop, you have no objection to my hanging up my hat first, have you.
 Serteny not, dont be silly, sed ma, I jest happened to think of it, thats aw.
 To think is to aekt, sed pop, you think and I aekt, heers the half, but wate a minit, I dont remembr ording anything to be delivered to me by express, wat was it.
 My, you sertenly are the forgetfll thing, sed ma, jest think a minit and youll remembr, im sure.
 An express package for me, lets see, sed pop, no, darn if I remembr a thin about it, darn if I do.
 Well, give me the half a doller express charges that I payed the man and then maybe youll remembr, sed ma.
 I dont see how thats going to help any, sed pop, but heers the half, that seems to be the important thing in yure Napoleon lile mind. And he gave ma a half a doller and ma sed, Now dont you remembr wat you had sent up.
 I dont remembr as much as I did befor, sed pop, for the luv of Peet enliten me and relieve this horribil suspens.
 Cant you guess, sed ma, and pop sed, Confownd it, no, hay, you dont mean to tell me you can possibly mean to insinuate that yure making me pay the express charges awn that hat yure sistr sent to you from the kyptry and wich I was kind enuff to go a mile out of my way to have shipped up from the stayshin for you yestidday.
 Serteny, thats it, sed ma.
 Good nite, holy smoaks, for the luv of mud, thats the limit, sed pop.
 Hee hee, sed ma.

which would not have been ready now had it been carried into effect. And, finally, in 1912-13, when the Borden Government was striving might and main to do something effective he stood in the way and blocked every proposal, giving us instead of his aid the eulogy of the Kaiser already quoted.

Now he awakens to a realization that the Prussian must be crushed. He is right, but it is equally as true that he and his disloyal partisan followers have made the task more difficult than it would have been had Canada

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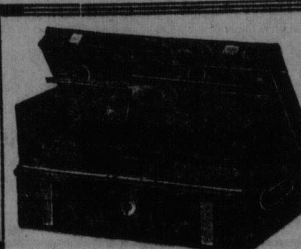
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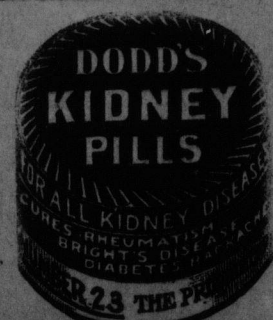
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The death of M a well known bol at noon Tuesday, resident of the N was much esteem two sons and a M Mr. John O'Don Contingent at Sa Mr. Frank O'Don sister is Mrs. M