

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MAY 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 REASON FOR AN ELECTION

The illuminating and patriotic address delivered in Montreal yesterday by Hon. Robert Rogers, which The Standard publishes in full this morning, merits the careful perusal and thought of every Canadian no matter what his political preferences. It is a fair statement of conditions in Ottawa as they have been practically since the Borden Government was elected to power and had to contend with an unfavorable majority in the Senate of Canada.

Particularly should Mr. Rogers' remarks be carefully read and digested by those who fail to realize the anomalous position of a Government hindered and hampered at every turn by a hostile Senatorial majority made up of one-time Liberal partisans who owe their present positions to the fact that in days gone by they were of service to the party of Laurier and are now enjoying their reward. No one will deny that, during his term of office as Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier had, under the Canadian constitution, the right to fill the Upper Chamber with his political friends. While the Liberal government was in power the Senate was in harmony with it and servilely seconded all its schemes no matter whether or not they were in the best interests of the country. But the people of Canada tired of Laurier rule on the 21st day of September, 1911, and, in the place of the wearer of the sadly bedraggled "white plume," elected to the treasury benches a Conservative Government in the hope and belief that they would govern the country and that the voice of the people as expressed at the polls would prevail.

In selecting the men to administer the affairs of this country the Canadian people exercised freedom of thought and action, principles which underlie the whole system of election by ballot and popular government. The minute the men elected by the people are prevented from governing in accordance with the wishes of the people the whole system of popular government falls. History teaches us that, in other days, men bled and died in defence of the principle that the wish of the people must find expression through the people's representatives. Because of the domination of the Liberal Senate that principle does not prevail at Ottawa now and instead of Canadian affairs being administered by the party and the men to whom the electors entrusted that duty, the real rulers are the aged political pensioners who blink in luxuriant ease in the Red Chamber and bestir themselves only in response to the croak of the Laurier finger or the crack of the Grit party whip.

Such a situation should be intolerable to all Canadians who like to pride themselves on the freedom they enjoy as subjects of the British crown. Before their will, as expressed by the supporters of the Borden Government in the House of Commons can find its way into the legislation of the country the Liberal majority in the Senate must be considered and when that majority chooses to regard the whim of its leader as of more consequence than the wish of the people, it is the Liberal leader who will be obeyed and the people have no recourse.

Summed up the situation is briefly that the Liberal majority in the Senate has a strangle hold on the administration of Canadian affairs. So long as that hold remains unbroken the best efforts of the popular branch of the Canadian Parliament cannot avail. In the present crisis it is most vital to the well being of Canada that the Government of the day should receive enthusiastic support in the measures they deem it necessary to take for the successful prosecution of Canada's duty to the Empire. The Liberal opposition in the House of Commons has opposed Government measures and has even gone so far as to move a want of confidence vote against a proposal intended to procure funds for the successful carrying on of Canada's portion of the Empire's business. The same spirit of partisan hostility may manifest itself again, and while the Senate is politically Liberal the opposition have it in their power to thwart the wishes of the people as expressed by the Government.

Such a situation would be control,

not by a duly elected Government, but by an opposition, and an opposition composed of supporters of a man and a party in whom the people of Canada have already decided they had no confidence. In other days this condition of affairs might well have led to a revolution; by modern methods the remedy lies in an appeal to the ballot, and if Sir Robert Borden should choose to apply that remedy who is there to call his action unpatriotic? Would it not be more unpatriotic, more un-British, to shirk the challenge, to ignore the gauntlet in the ring? The Conservative Government has endured three years of misrepresentation, partisan opposition and unfair, unjust, and unbusinesslike Senatorial domination. If the Prime Minister, in whose Government the people of this country have every confidence, should decide that the time has come to put an end to an intolerable situation and secure from the men who placed him in power a mandate to continue his glorious efforts for the welfare of Canada and of the Empire, his course will commend itself to all to whom loyalty means something more than mere adherence to a political party.

ETCHINGS OF THE EMPIRE.

For some years past, both in Europe and America, among the arm-chair artists who frequent literary clubs and other centers of wisdom there has almost invariably appeared a certain type of the genus homo whose specialty has been the self-imposed task of making etchings of the British Empire by which the characteristic traits of that Empire have appeared in lines of more or less strength and beauty, or the reverse, according to the disposition and information of the literary artist in whose hand the etching-needle happened to have been held or, to the quality of the acid bath into which he plunged his engraving.

The "Great War Book," recently published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for the Daily Chronicle, London, affords the reader some idea of the diligence which has characterized certain well-known writers and thinkers in Germany in this respect. To many of these German scholars the writer declares it is due that "Young Germany has grown up to believe that we, the English, are not only the enemy, but are a dead nation blocking the way of German aspirations with our corpse," and he further assures us that this is the result of the representations given of England by such men as Nietzsche, the great German historian Treitschke, and thinkers and writers of the same school, such as Kuno Fischer and Clausewitz, who have poured rivers of contempt upon everything English.

One of the best known of these German literary artists has sketched the following lines as descriptive of the English type and the English mind: "They are a fundamentally mediocre species . . . ponderous, conscience-stricken, herding animals . . . the English mechanical stultification of the world . . . Shakespeare, that marvellous Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of Aeschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation . . . the absurd muddle-headed Carlyle . . . herd of drunks and rakes . . . the plebeianism of modern ideas is England's work of invention." To this same German writer John Stuart Mill was simply a blockhead, while the philosophy of Herbert Spencer was that of a "tea-grocer."

Not less biting was the acid bath into which the Great Prussian Professor of History, Treitschke, dipped his etching of England and the English. Thanks to him, as has been said, for three or four decades throughout Germany, England has been described as the great robber-state which has possessed itself of one-fifth of the habitable globe by theft and we have the testimony of Treitschke's great English admirer, J. A. Cramb, that this conception gradually permeated all classes, making itself apparent now in action, now in poem, now in a work of history or economics, now in a lecture hall at Bonn, or Heidelberg, or Berlin, now in a political speech. Time and again by voice and pen the supposed weakness and speedy decadence of England and the Empire have been

proclaimed throughout Germany. It has seemed utterly impossible for the academicians of that nation to understand that any nation, which permitted its diverse peoples to develop according to their genius and after their type, could prove other than as a rope of sand in the day of testing.

It was thus then that the Empire was sketched time and again by these German masters of the etching art, and to affirm that, throughout the world, both East and West, their etchings were not taken seriously by a number of people with whom, perhaps, the wish was father to the thought, would scarcely be in accord with the revelations of these past months.

Strong nations like strong personalities are never without their enemies and there is no reason to assert that this evidence of Britain's greatness has been denied her. Even at times upon this side of the ocean, have such testimonies to the Empire's might been found. Perhaps by nothing else have the hopes of the enemies of England been more rudely shattered than by the revelations of this present war. Those national characteristics which were by hosts of them thought, not only to reveal her essential weakness, but, also, to surely effect her certain undoing in the time of attack; those national characteristics, which—to say the least of it—were nothing less than an inscrutable Imperial mystery—all these have now appeared to have contained within them the most powerful secrets of Imperial cohesion and might.

And hence it is that the demonstration of Imperial unity and striking force which the Empire has recently afforded—has automatically consigned to the world's waste basket many of these sketches of our enemies to the utter discrediting of their authors—while new artists have come forward with portraits developed upon truer lines, lines by which it is made to appear that the surest sign of a nation's strength and guarantee of her permanence is to be found, not, as has too frequently been supposed, in the uniformity of her external organization, but in the justice of her laws, the freedom of her institutions, and the greatness of her soul.

MONCTON'S CHEERS IMPRESSED NURSES

Interesting description of Railway Town's early morning reception to Canadian nurses bound overseas.

The following interesting letter was received in the city yesterday from Miss E. F. Bradley of Montreal, one of the nursing sisters now at Halifax ready to proceed to the front with a large number of others to care for the wounded soldiers. Miss Bradley says her party left Quebec at nine o'clock on Friday morning last on a special troop train from the west and consisted of four cars of soldiers, and five cars of nurses and officers. They picked up some at Montreal who came from Ottawa, and then eleven nurses, including herself, at Quebec. The rest of the nurses will assemble at Halifax and there will be ninety-three altogether going across the ocean.

The train of nurses and soldiers arrived at Moncton at four o'clock Saturday morning, and despite that early hour, there was a great throng of people at the station, also a brass band which played selections, such as "Oh Canada," "Annie Laurie" and several others. The nurses were in their berths when the train arrived at the station, but were soon awakened by the music, the cheering and singing of the people. A great many of the nurses wrapped themselves up in their great coats and went out on the platform where they were heartily greeted by the crowd. Most of the nurses in Miss Bradley's party are from the west and they say that Moncton was the most patriotic city they had passed so far, because though no person was joining the train at that place, they got a great reception.

The Moncton people said it was usual for them to meet all troop trains and had the train arrived in the day

WHEN YOU WASH YOUR HAIR DON'T USE SOAP

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle. The best thing to use is just plain mulled coconut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

Me and pop and my noo Alfreale puppy dawg Spourt was setting out awn the frunt steps today, and a big awtomobeel cam up and stoped in frunt of the house, and a man got out of it carrying anuthir Alfreale puppy dawg looking so much like Spourt you mite of thawt it was his bruthir, wich it was.

Good afternoon, sed the man, I was told that this is ware the man lves who hawt the bruthir of my pup Jimmy Valentime, and I jest stoped to make sure that the fello wasent lying wen he assured me he sold me the best pup of the littir.

How do you do, Im sorry you cam out of yure way to be disser-pointed, sed pop.

Well, if that dawg there is my dawgs bruthir, Im not disserpointed, sed the man. And he put his dawg down awn the pavement and Spourt ran down the steps and they started to wawk eround etch uthr as if they didnt no they was bruthirs.

Enbuddy with half an eye can see Jimmy Valentime is the bettir dawg, sed the man.

Yes, if he ony had half an eye he mite be icused for seeing anything, sed pop.

Wy, theres no comparison between the 2 dawgs, sed the man.

I agree with you there, sed pop. Wich jest then Spourt and the uthr dawg startid to jump eround and show there teeth and bite etch uthr awn the neck as if it didnt make eny difrents to them weathir they was bruthirs or not.

Wy, look at my dawgs faze, and then look at yures, sed the man.

Thats wat Ive bin doing, ony I was to considir of menshin it, sed pop.

Do you meen to say that you wood dare to compare yure dawgs eers with my dawgs eers, sed the man.

No indeed, I woodent menshin them in the salm breth, sed pop.

I can see jest about how much you no about Alfreales, sed the man. And jest then Spourt and the uthr dawg startid to fite like eny-thing, rolling eround awn the pavement and awl, the man saying, Go it, Jimmy Valentime, eet him up, and pop saying, That a boy, Spourt, that a boy, show him whoss the best Alfreale, that a boy.

Wich he mite of did ony awl of a suddin ma opened the parier window, saying, My grayhairs, you men arent axully allowing thoss littel dawgs to fite, are you.

Upon my word, I bleeve they reely are fiteing, sed pop. And he went and picked Spourt up and the man picked his dawg up and got back in the awtomobeel with him, saying, Of course, I undirstand the way you feal about it, its ony natcherl wen a man sees a bettir dawg than his own. And he startid to make the awtomobeel go away, pop calling aftr him, Im sorry you were disserpointed.

time they would have had three brass bands present. Moncton is certainly full of patriotism, and as the train pulled out of the depot on its way to Halifax the crowd cheered and the band played "Oh Canada."

The nurses in the party rank as Lieutenants and are known as nursing sisters, C. A. M. C. C. E. F., the letters meaning, Canadian Army Medical Corps, Canadian Expeditionary Force. Miss Bradley is a sister of Mrs. A. E. McGinley of this city and has many friends here.

Last Allan Liner.

The sailing of the Allan line steamer Herperian on the 30th was the last departure of this line of steamers from this port this season. Yesterday

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