

# The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1918.

"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.

## A SOLDIER AND A POET.

It has been said that the bravest souls are the most gentle. Sir Galahad whose heroic search for "The Holy Grail" is famed in literature and history is said to have possessed a diffidence of spirit that would cause him to blush in the presence of a village maiden; Chevalier Bayard, the hero of French chivalry, was as a stuttering school boy in the presence of the grand dames of his period, yet his deeds upon the battlefields of France will stand unparalleled even in comparison with the heroes of the present day.

Nelson, the immortal, England's mightiest sailor, was retiring in the ballroom and terrible on the quarter deck. Wellington was far from a gallant, yet, with the help of Blucher, he achieved Waterloo, and so it goes, to paraphrase an oft-quoted verse, "heroes in war, laggards in love."

The present war will furnish more than one instance where men whose nature has been gentle and manner retiring have proved themselves heroes upon the oft-fried bloody field. Canadian history will be replete with instances of these. Major John Lewis, for years editor of the Montreal Star and a lover of nature and of nature's handiwork, met a valiant death while leading his colleagues to battle on a gory European field. Lieut. Col. McCrae, the latest victim of this dread struggle, was a nature lover first, last, and all the time. He was a physician who went out boldly, as so many physicians have gone, to heal the scars of war rather than to engage the enemy in battle. Yet he sleeps, a soldier of the war, having given all that man may give for the honor and the liberty of his country.

It is given to but few of us to write our own epitaph, yet Lieut. Col. McCrae is one of these. In imperishable lines he has written across the scroll of fate a challenge to the patriotism and the manhood of the Canadian nation. His is the voice of the dead that may be heard above the crashing fields where poppies have grown in the summer sun and where the lark, lost in the blue void of heaven, chants his lowly unconscious of deadly strife below.

For it has fallen to the lot of Col. McCrae to immortalize in verse the dead who died in Empire cause. Possibly nothing that has been written in connection with the war will so thrill the heart of the nation as his lines "In Flanders Fields." These are inspiring days and so long as their memory remains green will Col. McCrae's immortal verse be quoted and recited around the fireside of the nation.

But the poet has joined the lark and in heaven's azure dome can we imagine him singing of the scene where "In Flanders fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place, and in the sky The larks still bravely singing fly, Scarce heard amidst the guns and how." We are the dead. Short days ago we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe, To you from falling hands we throw The Torch—be yours to hold it high; If ye break faith with us who die, We shall not sleep though poppies grow In Flanders fields."

The singer's voice is stilled, but the song lives on. Lieut. Col. McCrae died as he lived, a poet, a soldier, and, above all, a God-like man.

## DETERMINED PACIFISTS.

On Saturday last Kaiser William celebrated his 58th birthday and he did it by issuing to his soldiers an address praising them and proclaiming his love for peace. His only stipulation was that the enemies of Germany should keep off for his long enough to allow her to get a peace of her own preparation.

The Kaiser is a determined pacifist in theory. In every address he issues he proclaims that the war was forced upon Germany and that his own activities and those of his soldiers have been confined to a battle for peace.

Until the beginning of the war many people believed that the Kaiser was a desirous of peace. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he of multitudinous errors, once painted the monarch of Germany as a being whose sole desire was to establish the peace of the world on a firm foundation. Sir Wilfrid did not require much evidence to establish what he wanted to believe.

But Sir Wilfrid was not alone. There was Viscount Morley, whose "Recollections" were recently published. The

learned Viscount makes references to the German Emperor which are decidedly interesting at this time. The first refers to the year 1907 when the Kaiser visited England, and on that occasion Viscount Morley writes to Lord Minto, formerly Governor-General of Canada, but then in India, as follows:

"Nov. 22. The visit of the German Emperor has been a great event, and will much improve the chances of a little decent calm all over Europe. Even those who were most sceptical about any good coming of it, now admit that the result has been in every way advantageous. I saw much of him at Windsor, and was surprised at his gaiety, freedom, naturalness, geniality and good humor—evidently unaffected."

"About the Emperor's personality \* \* \* One impression—and in my eyes it is a golden impression—he appears to have left in the mind of everybody, namely that he does really desire and intend to have peace. You may laugh at this in view of the brand-new naval programme which the Germans have launched at a moment supremely inconvenient to H. M.'s Government."

Evidently Lord Morley did not worry in the slightest about the fine brand new naval programme of the Germans, seeing that the Kaiser looked so peaceful. The British had stopped building battleships to please the Germans, and the Germans had responded by doubling their rate of building. But Morley did not worry. The Kaiser was making a fine impression.

Since the outbreak of the war many evidences have come to light that the Kaiser's peaceful temper was the temper of a tiger which sometimes does not happen to be hungry or annoyed, but which is always ready to start something and generally looking for a fight. Particularly noteworthy as regards Lord Morley's satisfaction, in 1907 is the fact revealed by Russian state papers recently published by the Bolsheviks that the Kaiser had a couple of years before been busy trying to get the Czar to cut loose from France or England or both, and join Germany in plans which inevitably meant war in Europe. This was the exchange of ideas which has become famous as the "Willy and Nicky" correspondence. The Kaiser was plotting spoils which meant war, and piling German money into battleships, but as long as he smiled and looked gay in London, he was alright to determined pacifists like Lord Morley.

Then, when war came, and Germany violated Belgium, Lord Morley left the British cabinet because he didn't approve of war. Determined pacifists are clearly of two supreme kinds. One kind, like the Kaiser, are megalomaniacs who love pacifism so much that they aim to cut the throats of every body else who will not accept their will without fighting. The other kind, like Lord Morley, will neither fight nor countenance the idea that anybody else is likely to fight.

## NEWS THIEVES EXPOSED.

Among the meanest classes of pilfering is that which deals with the stealing of news, yet in the history of newspapers there have been frequent instances where this practice has been exposed through the ingenuity of newspaper or press agencies which suspected their services were being used without payment, or that unscrupulous rivals were literally "stealing" their news. In most case these activities have suffered speedy exposure although, of course, there are exceptions to the rule. There is, for instance, the case of the Spanish-American war who was sleeping off a debauch, when a fellow correspondent of lower estate secured the exclusive story of the sinking of Cervera's fleet and cabled it to New York over his superior's signature. It is a regrettable incident in the history of journalism in America that the superior accepted the credit for the service he did not render and, later, was the guest of honor at a banquet tendered by New York newspapermen and received a substantial testimonial of ability which he did not earn. He was never publicly exposed although the late Richard Harding Davis used the incident without names for the plot of his story "The Derelict."

Generally, newspaper men are honest in their dealings with each other and with the world, and, possibly, because of this, the exposure of news thieves, when it comes, attracts not a little attention. These exposures are sometimes brought about in most ingenious fashion as to which an incident of the past will suffice.

A correspondent of a New York newspaper, also during the Spanish-American war stole from a competitor an item relating to one "Refugee W.

Thenuz," who told a marvellous tale of war deeds and preparations in Spanish-America. The story was widely circulated, only to be followed by the declaration of the competitor referred to that the letters in the name "Refugee W. Thenuz" it arranged, to start from the middle initial, and spelling back to the first name and then to the alleged surname would spell the significant sentence "We pilfer the News" or "we pilfer the news." The exposure was complete and it is doubtful if ever before or since in the newspaper history of America an unscrupulous publication was trapped into making an equally frank confession of its guilt.

To this question of news thieves added interest has been given recently by the statement that the International News Service, known to newspaper men as the Hearst service, has been exposed at the old game. The expose which concerns a recent despatch regarding disturbances in Austria is told of by the Toronto Mail and Empire as follows:

"Hearst's bureau for the collection of news, called the International News Service, was barred out of England because of the 'tapes' it distributed through the medium of hundreds of American papers that subscribed to it. The London correspondent of the bureau was by no means to blame for the starting character of the despatches dated 'London' that appeared in the Hearst papers. What matter the correspondent sent was distorted after it reached New York to conform to the pro-German, anti-British policy of the Hearst papers. For similar offences and for his slanderous campaign against Great Britain his papers were barred from most of the allied countries. Yet it was necessary, if he was to make any money out of his International News Service, that it should continue, apparently, to get European news. Failing that, it could not compete with other news-gathering agencies, particularly with the Associated Press. So Mr. Hearst employed the characteristic means of simply stealing the news of other services and peddling it to his subscribers as the fruit of international industry and enterprise."

"Thus, a few days ago, his service distributed a story from London reporting a revolt in Austria, in which the following sentence occurred: 'Petrograd advices stated that the news of the revolution had been given out there by M. Nelotsky, under-foreign secretary.' The fact following the publication of this item by the subscribers to the International News Service the Associated Press explained that it was a 'fake' invented by the latter for the purpose of proving that Hearst stole its news. There was no such person as 'M. Nelotsky.' The name, as a matter of fact, is 'stolen' spelled backward and with 'ky' added to give it a sort of Bolshevik flavor. The Hearst papers being prohibited from circulating in Canada, we are unable to say what explanation of the theft and exposure they can make. Their inability to put forward any sort of excuse will not prevent them from repeating the offence whenever the opportunity arises. The Associated Press some time ago turned over to the courts a mass of evidence to prove that Hearst stole A. P. news. Not in the history of journalism has a more unscrupulous, unprincipled, dangerous demagogue owned a newspaper than William Randolph Hearst."

**GRENFELL ON THE DRINK HABIT.**

No man who has spent his life in the services of his fellow is more respected on both sides of the Atlantic than Dr. Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, who on several occasions has visited St. John and has many warm friends here. Dr. Grenfell has earned the right to speak with authority on such a matter as the drink evil. Unlike the standpoint of its effect on morals and upon the physical man, Dr. Grenfell can express an expert opinion. In a recent letter to the London Times the veteran medical missionary, who has been taking part in the appeal to the American people which resulted in subscriptions of \$52,000,000 for Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers of the United States at home and abroad, says:

"Several times the conversation has in my presence turned on the subject of the remarkable—indeed, almost absolute—freedom from drunkenness and the small amount of immorality among the soldiers here, and then comes always the turn to it which brings a flush of shame, I confess, to my cheeks, as an Englishman, when a clean American officer turns round and says, 'Ah, but they will get all the alcohol they want, and the danger that comes with it, as soon as they get to England and to France.' The question today is one of deeds, not words; of facts, not opinions. When is our beloved Motherland going to believe the facts—that ruling out the temptation of drink by closing down on the sale of liquors of an intoxicating nature as beverages is of vital importance? For over thirty years I have lived, sir, among seafaring men in fishing vessels on both sides of the Atlantic, and in many winters in the bitter cold of the northeastern coast of America, and as a medical man, capable of observing facts, I know the individual is far better able to withstand hardship, and is far fitter without any of it, and also that prohibition of its sale has been of immense value."

"Can you not find space to express the opinion of an Englishman who loves England as his life, and who is hurt every time he has

## Little Benny's Note Book

The Park Ave. News.

Weather. Colder 'jest you think its going to be warmer, and vice versa.

Sports. Lew Davis was at Puds Simkins house last Saturday night, and it started to pour rain and Lew Davis stayed all night, and in the morning him and Puds Simkins had a flaque eating contest at breakfast, which after Puds had ate 12 his mother wouldn't give him any more, giving Lew Davis 2 more on account of him being a guest, making him win on a foul.

Leroy Shooter in a Asaidint. While jumping hitching posts and fire plugs on his way to school last Thursday morning, Leroy Shooter fell down and hurt his leg so bad he went home and asked his mother if she thawt any bones was broke, which none was, and his mother gave him a kxuse note for Miss Kitty and he didnt get to school till the Asaidinty lesun was half way throo. Wich the next day Sid Hunt tried it, falling 3 times before, he cood make a mark on his leg, and his mother gave him a kxuse note and he didnt come in school till almost recess time with it, Miss Kitty making him stay an hour after school and saying the next time anybody tried it they woody stay 2 hours.

Pome by Skinny Martin.

The Bird on the Telegraph Wire.

The little bird on the telegraph wire  
 Cheerily sets and swings  
 It dont give a darn if the wire busts or not,  
 And neither wood I if I had wings.

Military News. Complany B had target practice last Saturday afternoon in the back alley, firing marblis at a yello cat running along the top of fences. Loutenant Ed Wernick wood of hit it if the cat had-ent of dented in a cowardly manner, and the marblis pountsed up and broak Miss Winkels back setting room window, Complany B immeditly retreating rapidly.

to listen to the facts of wasted food and degraded manhood, and wasted efficiency just because we won't tackle the strangling liquor traffic as we do the Huns—namely, by force?"

There are still some men here and there who believe that they can stand a little better under alcoholic stimulus than otherwise. They should pay heed to what Dr. Grenfell says after thirty years spent in association with fishermen who day in and day out are confronted by greater hardships and more imminent perils than any other of the world's workers.

## A BIT OF VERSE

**DRILLIN'.**

Somehow you're always on the go,  
 A-drillin';  
 You drop your rifle on your toe,  
 A-drillin';

The captain keeps yellin' "He!"  
 It's ten to one you're out of step,  
 And still, you're always full of pep,  
 A-drillin'.

You march the worst in your platoon,  
 A-drillin';  
 You always shift your gun too soon,  
 A-drillin';

And then, behind you, some poor mut  
 Lifts up his voice—"Guide's right,  
 You nut!"  
 They yell at you to press your butt,  
 A-drillin'.

They hawl you out until you're sore  
 A-drillin';  
 You "port" your gun on number four  
 A-drillin';

You pivot when you're number three,  
 And hope the captain didn't see,  
 You're mostly where you shouldn't be  
 A-drillin'.

We're all as bad, so what's the odds  
 In drillin';  
 Then go your way in right by squads  
 A-drillin';

And some fine day before we're thro'  
 You'll find you'll be a captain, too,  
 So show 'em up as they did you,  
 A-drillin'.

—Harvard Lampoon.

## A BIT OF FUN

**CALLER FREDERICK AN ASS.**

Some years before the war the German Crown Prince got a very neat calldown from Miss Bernice Willard, a Philadelphia girl. It was during the Emperor's regatta, and the two mentioned were sitting with others on the deck of a yacht. A whiff of smoke from the prince's cigarette blowing in to the young lady's face, a lieutenant remarked: "Smoke withers flowers."

"It is no flower," said the prince jocularly. "It is a thistle."

Miss Willard raised her eyes a trifle. "That case," she said, "I had better retire or I shall be devoured."

The party saw the point, and the prince was disappointed.

**TOO MUCH TO ENDURE.**

"I saw Reggie yesterday," said one chorus girl to a second row girl when they met on Broadway, "and he's all broken up over your turning him down." "I don't care," came the nasal reply. "He can die if he wants to, I ain't going into no matrimonial venture with an alienation enemy, or whatever you call it. I warned Reggie that I'd put the skids to him because he was afraid to enlist, so to win over he gives me a mash bag. And what do you suppose I find printed on the inside of the elasp? German silver. Can you beat it?"

**TROUBLE AHEAD.**

"Jack is awfully annoying at times. He made me so angry today that I picked up a book—"

"What! You surely didn't throw it at him?"

"Oh, no; I remembered in time that we weren't married yet."

**USELESS TROUBLE.**

"Why don't you clean that dirty deck?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I understood you to say it might be swept by heavy seas."—Baltimore American.

**UGHT TO BE.**

"Is her husband tender?"

"He ought to be."

"He keeps him in hot water."—Kansas City Journal.

**REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.**

Transfers in real estate have been recorded as follows:

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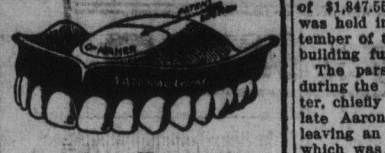
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 186 Erin Street.

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## 61ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE EXMOUTH STREET CHURCH

Special Services All Day Tomorrow—Rev. R. T. Roe, of Halifax the Preacher—History of the Church Since 1857—List of Pastors in Charge Since 1855.

Tomorrow the Exmouth street Methodist church will celebrate its sixty-first anniversary. Rev. H. T. Roe, of Halifax, will speak both morning and evening, and will be one of the speakers at the special anniversary session of the Sunday school in the afternoon.

This church has been a centre of much religious activity since its erection in 1857, and for many years previous to that date the district had been organized for religious work. In 1855 the conference appointed the Rev. Charles Stewart, his appointment being looked upon as the opening of a new circuit in the section