

## The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1918.

## BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The result of the British elections is, in a word, the victory of "Win the War" over "Wait and See." While the success of Lloyd George, both personally and as leader of the coalition government, was anticipated by all, such a sweeping success as he has achieved is without precedent in the history of British politics, and is a further indication, if anything, of the kind were required, that the whole thought of the people of Britain is still directed toward those things which made for ultimate success in the world-wide struggle. It is not to be supposed that the Lloyd George landslide should be interpreted as an "unqualified endorsement of his policies with respect to home affairs, for there are many among his present supporters who are not heartily in accord with all of his announced proposals. But there are evidently few who are not prepared to back him to the limit in his attitude with respect to Germany in the Peace Conference, and in his settlements. Yet on the other hand, the labor party seems just as strongly inclined to distrust its interests to his leadership as to members of its own active party, for Lloyd George has won out in certain recognized labor constituencies, while at the same time many of the straight labor candidates who have met with success owe their election to their announced endorsement of his policies. Lloyd George is a better friend of labor than is labor itself, and the intelligent representatives of that party recognize that only by unqualified support of this leader may they hope to achieve the ends to which their efforts have tended. The Asquith, Grey, Haldane faction is eliminated, for though some of the members of the previous administration remain, they are few in numbers and greatly weakened in influence indicating clearly that the policy which left Britain entirely unprepared, and which seemingly was content to let chance govern, is not the policy demanded by the people.

Ireland suffers as a result of this contest, for the unexpected strength of the Sinn Féin group certainly means future trouble in the settlement of this perplexing question, while at the same time the refusal of Sinn Féin members to sit in Westminster will hamper any efforts which may be directed toward an amicable compromise. Britain's delegates to the Peace Conference will go there with the unqualified demand on the part of the people that Germany shall pay to the utmost for the war which she forced on the world, that those responsible for the struggle itself and those guilty of crime during the progress of the contest, shall be punished.

## LET'S HAVE ANOTHER.

Now that the Potato Inquiry is over and the Valley Railway business before the courts, pending the resignation of Mr. Currie, and while awaiting the return of money thrown away on Gloucester road, why not keep on the investigating business and conduct an inquiry into the conduct of Hon. W. R. Foster? This province has become so accustomed to investigations that the people will feel rather lonesome without one, and since certain members of the opposition have been given attention of late, it might be just as well to swing the searchlight in another direction. Mr. Foster, at the present time, is going about telling what he proposes to do for returned soldiers. Mr. Foster ought to be ashamed to look a returned soldier in the face. New Brunswick is a loyal province, generally speaking, and was prepared to do its share towards winning the war. It did much. It could have done more if there had been in this province any capable leadership by the persons who for the time being are in authority. But when the opportunity came, when the call was issued for every ounce of support that we could give to the Empire, Premier Foster held back. There was offered to him the greatest opportunity that could come to any man to associate himself with Union Government, but he refused to ally himself with that party, but utterly refused to declare his own position, and by his silence actually helped those who were opposed to aiding Britain. Now he goes about telling the returned soldiers what fellows they are and what splendid work they did—a word which refused to lift a finger or say a word when the time of recruiting was at hand, when everyone was called upon to do his share. Perhaps if the air is now sufficiently cleared of potatoes and other deals, we might find time for an investigation into Mr. Foster's conduct.

## TOO MUCH NOISE.

There are not very many towns of this size that would put up with the infernal din that goes on here all night. Surely no community was ever afflicted as is St. John by the Canadian Government Railway; and by the tug boats and other disturbers of the peace in the harbor. At all times of the night, and seemingly irrespective

of whether the noise is necessary or not, there are locomotives whistling apparently just for the fun of the thing, sometimes eight or ten of them going at the same time, and there are tugboats in the harbor that seem to carry on long drawn-out conversations in the Morse code for no other purpose than to use up steam. There are whistles and bells all night long, so that in some parts of the city sleep, according to the most hardened of townsmen, is almost out of the question. If there were any real reason for it, some excuse could be made, but when as many as eight or ten locomotives blow, not once, but two or three times, each within a space of a couple of minutes, and when this sort of thing is kept up hour after hour, it gets on the nerves. What we need here, in addition to the endless existing organizations, is a "Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Noises."

## A RAILWAY PROBLEM.

It is now explained from Ottawa that the slowness which marks the return of our soldiers from the front is not due to any scarcity of ships, for all necessary accommodation is offered by the Admiralty. It is not because the men cannot be released from duty more quickly than is being done, for they can be sent home just as rapidly as Canada wants them. It is not because this country cannot absorb more than twenty thousand a month without disturbance to the labor situation. It is, merely, that the Canadian railways are unable to handle more than the number now being brought. This belated explanation may be true. Possibly it is true, though there have been so many alleged explanations that one does not know what to believe. But if it is the case, then Canada has a transportation problem to which the minds of the ablest railway men should be directed at once. It seems ridiculous that with three transcontinental lines with their innumerable branches—over a thousand in all—this country is long and narrow—we cannot transport more than five thousand a week from the Atlantic coast to interior points. If, as stated, this is the sole reason for the slow demobilization, then the railway men should get their heads together at the earliest possible moment. The job is up to them, and the problem which is not such a great one after all can readily be solved. To the ordinary outsider it seems ridiculous that three lines are unable to carry more than five thousand passengers a week excess traffic.

## YESTERDAY'S ELECTION.

The Recall was successful. Yesterday's voting resulted in the defeat of Commissioner McLellan, and Commissioner Hilyard, and the election by large majorities of John Thornton and John B. Jones. The two new commissioners have long been residents of this city, and are favorably known. Their success is due to excellent organization on the part of their friends, and the utter indifference by those who might have cast their ballots for the commissioners. A triumph over every expectation. The total vote was not much more than one-half of the possible, showing that very little interest was taken by either party.

## WHAT THEY SAY

Foch's Great Masterstroke. London Daily Mail—The history of war may be searched in vain for such a defeat as has overtaken the Germans. Never in the immediate past has any combatant stood in the position of the Allies, who have been able to dictate what terms of peace they liked. Neither Napoleon nor Moltke ever achieved such a triumph.

Toll for the Brave. London Daily Chronicle—Today and tomorrow will witness thanksgiving services which will touch with solemnity our joy in widest commonality of spirit. "Would it be possible to give some tangible sign of our gratitude to those who have given their lives to secure the peace for which we are expressing thanks? If not today or tomorrow, why could we not set apart a later day on which all the flags could fly at half-mast at noon for a fixed time in honor of the Graves of Glory?"

Reforms on Paper. Yorkshire Post—We are unable to see that the advent of a "reformed" Germany has produced any noticeable amelioration of the lot of prisoners. The "New Fatherland" is no better than the old and the Allies, in dealing the present German authorities that no provisions will be accepted for the returning drift of Allied prisoners with no exceptions for travelling to civilization, have recognized effectively that there is little to choose between Herr Ebert, the "People's Commissary," and Herr Ebert, the "Imperial Chancellor," or any of his predecessors in that office.

A Tremendous Task. London Daily News—This, then, is the task before the country today—to erect, within the next year, three or four times as many houses as are usually erected annually, and houses of a much better type and much better laid out than in the past. The bulk of them must be built by local authorities, who are as a rule unaccustomed to building on a large scale—though, of course, they will employ contractors—and they must be built during a time of exceptional difficulty in obtaining the requisite materials. I do not want to minimize the formidable difficulties

which lie before us, but I believe that they can all be overcome.

Politics or Rest for Currie? Vancouver Province—General Sir Arthur Currie is mentioned in dispatches as liable to be offered the leadership of the Liberal party in Canada. It is not likely that he has been consulted as to his present political views. If he were he would probably say that his outlook for the time is altogether military. Should Sir Arthur Currie enter political life after the war, those qualities which he has exhibited in military command would give promise of success. As we have said before, Sir Arthur Currie deserves grateful recognition from the Canadian people. When he returns from Europe he will be entitled to many things—including a rest.

Spending Money Wisely. Melbourne Argus—The expenditure on the war itself has been all wasted so far as the government is concerned; but that will not be the case with the expenditure on reconstruction. For a large proportion of the money the government will possess valuable assets, such as land and houses, the cost of which will be gradually repaid. In so far as the expenditure assists the development of the country and spreads a prosperous population over the land it will be more than repaid in both direct and indirect ways. Because of the opportunity given to thousands to improve upon their pre-war conditions by commencing an independent life, with opportunities for thrift and with new hope, the war may prove to have been a general blessing.

Woman vs. Bolshevism. New York Tribune—About the most striking feature of women as they take their place in political life is an innate and natural antipathy to Bolshevism. The Battalion of Death set the example by fighting Lenin and Trotsky. Mrs. Bryshkovskaya, "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," refused to follow the red flag when it became stained with the new tyranny of the Bolsheviks. In England the leaders of the women's movement displayed great patriotism and a vision. They abandoned their fight for the vote promptly and transferred all their great ability and influence to the organization of the nation against the German. Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter fought vigorously the whole pacifist-Bolshevik movement in all its forms.

By Christian Standards. Minneapolis News—There is already available a system of principles and standards which is neither experimental nor a novelty and which has time and again been demonstrated as an adequate basis for the correct settlement of problems such as these times present. That system is the Christian religion; not a part of it but the whole of it. Relations between nations and individuals are not permanent, but they are in accordance with the principles laid down in the Bible. There is in that book a complete answer to every present day problem. Peace talk up to date has been too much of politics and opportunism, and too little of Christianity. More than anything else today the world needs a Christian peace; no other kind will avail.

## A BIT OF VERSE

A Hymn of Peace. Our enemies have fallen and the sword Of lust and tyranny is beaten down. Joyful, the nations shout with one accord And eager hands entwined the victor's crown. Lord, grant that in this hour we may be still In everything obedient to Thy will. The night was long and dark, and hard the way But never yet by craven fears distressed. We kept our living faith, undimmed And triumph over every selfish aim. A triumph over every selfish aim. Lord God of Hosts, that bidst the conflict cease, Grant us that we be worthy of Thy peace! —Touchstone in London Daily Mail.

WHAT IS LIFE? (By Miss Sarah Brock.) "What is Life?" I asked of a wondrous child, As he chased a butterfly; And his laugh gushed out all joyous and wild. As the insect flitted by, "What is Life?" I asked, "Oh, tell me, His echoes rang merrily, 'Life is Play!'" "What is Life?" I asked of the maiden fair, And I watched her glowing cheek, As the blushes deepened and softened there. And the dimples played "hide and seek." "What is Life?" Can you tell me its fullest measure? She smilingly answered, "Life is Pleasure!" "What is Life?" I asked of a soldier brave, As he grasped the hilt of his sword, As he planted his foot on a foeman's grave. And looked "creation's lord," "What is Life?" I queried, "Oh, tell me, His brow grew bright as he answered, Ris brow grew bright as he answered,

## Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

We was up to dizzert at supper last nite, and pop took a big envelope out of his pocket, as if he jest happened to think of sumthing, saying, By the way, fokes, I had some more pictures taken the other day, and I brast home a proof of wat I considered the best one. And he took it out of the envelope, looking like a picture of a man trying to look serious and forgetting how, and ma took it and looked at it, saying, My goodness, you look as if you had jest lost your best friend and all your money. I mife of known you wouldnt see its fine points, let Gladdis have a look at it, sed pop. Wich my sister Gladdis took it and looked at it holding it away out far with her hed on one side, saying, It wouldnt be so bad if it didnt make you look as if sumbody was sticking a pin in you sumware. Yes, and an orth quake wouldnt be so bad if it didnt muss up the nayerhood, sed pop, thats a good picture and if you cant appreciate it the loss is all yours, wy, any child could tell thats a splendid pickturo, heer, Benny, take a look at this and give me your candied opinion. And he handed it to me and I looked at it a long wile, pop saying, Wat are you doing, trying to memorize it? G, pop, it looks as if youre trying to remember sumthing and cant remember wat, I sed. Give me that, sed pop. Wich I didnt haft to, on account of him snatching it rite out of my hand, and he tore it all up, saying, Now I wont order any, thats wat I'll do, and in the years to come if my grandchildren want to see a picture of their grandfather, they'll haft to suffer for the sins of others. And after supper he wouldnt go to the movies with me and Ma and Gladdis, wich he didnt miss nitch.

"Glory!" "What is Life?" I asked a mother proud, As she bent o'er her babe asleep, With a low, hushed tone, jest a thought aloud. Might waken its slumber deep. Her smile turned grave, though wondrous in beauty, As she made reply, "Life? Life is Duty!"

I turned to the father, who stood near by, And gazed on his wife with pride; Then a tear of joy shown bright in his eye. For the treasure that lay at her side; I listened well for the tale that should come. "My life?" he cried, "My life is Home!"

"What is Life?" I asked the statesman grand, The idol of the hour; The fate of a nation was in his hand; His word was the breath of power. He, sickening, turned from the world's cares, "Tis a bubble!" he cried, "Tis emptiness!"

I turned and asked my inner heart, What story it could unfold; It bounded quick in its pulse's start, And with record it unrolled. I read on the page, "Love, Hope, Joy, Strife— What thing would make it—such is Life."

## A BIT OF FUN

With The Minstrels. "Say, Mistah Bones, what am de three most uncertain things in de world?" "Ah dunno, Mistah Tambo. What am de three most uncertain things in de world?" "A woman, an' two other women."

Fate. The moving van moves on, and, having moved, Departs along a highway torn and grooved. You seek your new abode; the hours go by. The moving van, alas! has not arrived.

As Usual. Lawyer—I wish to inform you that your wife has filed a bill for divorce. Banker—Oh, of course; it's nothing but bills, bills, bills. How much is this one?

A Difference of Opinion. A man in a western town was hurt in a railroad accident and, after being confined to his home for several weeks, he appeared on the street, walking with the aid of crutches. "Hello, old fellow!" greeted an acquaintance, pushing up to shake his hand. "I am certainly glad to see you around again." "Thank you," responded the injured one. "I am glad to be around again." "I see you are hanging fast to your crutches," observed the acquaintance. "Can't you do without them?" "My doctor says I can't," answered the injured person, "but my lawyer says I can't."

Same Old Trouble. Dolly—He promised to send back my lock of hair, but he hasn't done it yet. Molly—That's the way with those

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