

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 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.

JAPAN'S NEW GOVERNMENT.

It is announced that the Emperor of Japan has called upon Marquis Saionji, former premier and leader of the Constitutional party, to form a government in succession to that headed by Field Marshal Count Terauchi, which recently resigned. Saionji has already borne a prominent part in making the history of the Eastern Empire and it is expected that his regime will be successful. At the same time there was no fault to be found with Terauchi, no reason to suppose that his fall was brought about by German influence or that the people of Japan were not in hearty accord with the new obligations to which he committed the nation as a member of the Entente.

Terauchi's overthrow was more directly due to the high price of food, chiefly rice, in Japan, and the prevalence of starvation rates of wages. His attitude toward the laborers who were practically starving was devoid of sympathy and he was even suspected of having profited by speculations in food stuffs, in combination with profiteers who cornered the supply of rice and thus extracted easy fortunes from the consumers. He was typically Prussian in his dealings with agitators for he belonged to the old regime in Japan which was as military, as reactionary, and as anti-Christian as it dared to be.

It was as Governor of Korea that Terauchi first attained international prominence. In 1912 it was announced that a plot had been discovered to murder the Governor, and this was followed by the arrest of native Christians. Their trial and their sufferings enlisted the sympathy of the whole Christian world, and this deepened to indignation when it was learned that many of them had been horribly tortured in order to bring "confessions" from them, while others confessed to escape the tortures. Though the plain intimation of the prosecution was that the plot was hatched by the Christians, the foreign missionaries were not accused, and when they sought permission to testify in behalf of their converts this right was denied. The trial resulted in a hundred Korean Christians being imprisoned for ten years. Like other incidents in Nippon's campaign to crush out all Korean opposition, the trial made an unpleasant impression abroad, and Count Terauchi was taken as a representative of all that was most progressive and humane in Japan. His military record, however, has been a good one, and he has been a staunch advocate of Japan's active participation in the present war. The Allies have no fault to find with him, and will be well satisfied if his successor is as loyal to the common cause as was Terauchi.

FOOD PRICE CONTROL IN BRITAIN

The demand of the British public for food at reasonable prices is too insistent for the Government to disregard, especially with a general election coming, says the Toronto Mail and Empire. When the price of wheat went soaring, owing to the shortage and the need of a \$2.20 price to producers on this continent, the Government decided to "venue bread." Setting a price of nine pence for a quarter loaf, it paid the excess in cost out of the Treasury. The annual outlay on this account now has reached about \$350,000,000, a tenth of the national revenue. The Food Controller has regulated prices in spite of all the adverse circumstances, and has managed to keep them no higher, on the average, than prices are in this food-producing country. Moreover, he has had to meet a strong demand that restaurant prices be made reasonable, as well as prices of food going into the home. He did not ignore that demand. He established National Kitchens and Restaurants. One of the London restaurants served 17,935 meals in the week of August 24, the average price of each meal being 13 cents—what Canadians have to pay for a sandwich. Even at that rate, the restaurant had a weekly profit of \$350, after allowing full charges for rent, management, renewals, interest on capital, and depreciation of 10 per cent. This success has encouraged the Food Controller to go on establishing National Restaurants in London and provincial cities, and the innovation promises to become permanent. The practical economy of the British food supply system should teach the Canadian public a lesson, for they have too long been victims of outrageous impositions in food prices in many lines, and not in the least in the restaurants.

THE INDIAN REFORM SCHEME.

Dealing with proposals for reforms in India the Montreal Gazette says: "Nothing, it appears, has so firmly won the confidence of men of modern

views towards the reform scheme than the cheap reprint of a report which the Government of India has been distributing among the interested public. The large number of persons who have thus been enabled to read the Government plans for themselves, instead of being dependent on distorted versions of them, have had an opportunity of judging the Government's intentions on their merits, and the result has been in many cases all that could be desired. This wide circulation of the report has rallied a good many, who were previously neutral, to an honest and hearty appreciation of the scheme, while others who have hostile views have begun to show signs of good will. This is said to be especially the case in Punjab and Sind, where influential organs of opinion have rendered valuable service to the cause by strong and well thought out arguments in its favor. Mr. Banerjee and others have been making vigorous efforts against the extremists, who have from the first been working to create and keep alive irreconcilable opposition to the scheme. Those who are laboring most persistently to wreck it are Mr. Tilak and Mr. Bhasani. They will do all in their power to dominate the special session of the impending Congress, and the danger is that men of moderate views, fearing a repetition of what took place at the last Congress at Calcutta, may either be led to absent themselves, or if they venture to face the enemy, may find themselves powerless.

Meanwhile, the Government of India has addressed an appeal to the Provincial Governments, inviting them to forward their views on the reforms not later than the 1st of November. At the same time they are asked to send in information as to a reasonable franchise, the resultant strength of the electorate and the size and number of constituencies that might be considered suitable. The Times of India, commenting on the resolution of the Bengal Provincial Conference, in which it was insisted that the reform scheme presented no approach to responsible government, says that the local machinery of the National Congress, in Bengal, at least, is in the hands of extremists. The Times of India then proceeds to consider the possible results of extremist agitation. It thinks it dangerous, while their movement succeeds, the status quo will continue, which would be bad for India, than that a new scheme will be offered at the dictation of agitators. The extremists, in adopting an attitude of unreasonable opposition, are likely to arouse such disgust in British democracy that, in its impatience, Indians may find their affairs summarily swept aside. In that case, the extremist leaders would have to bear the blame of postponing their country's advance to the very goal which they advocate. It is, however, to be hoped that the wise counsels of truly patriotic and moderate Indians will eventually prevail.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

One of the ablest soldiers the war has produced does not speak for himself, or about himself. He praises others, and is slow to censure. Sometimes his Government has failed to send him reinforcements when his need of them was sore, but he has not complained. In more than four years of war he has always been at the front, engaged with the most desperate fighting, often of the most desperate character. The wonder is that he has gone through the ordeal with a sound brain and strength apparently unimpaired. There have been three commanders of the French armies since mid-December, 1915, but only one commander of the British. Haig has reached about \$350,000,000, a tenth of the national revenue. The Food Controller has regulated prices in spite of all the adverse circumstances, and has managed to keep them no higher, on the average, than prices are in this food-producing country. Moreover, he has had to meet a strong demand that restaurant prices be made reasonable, as well as prices of food going into the home. He did not ignore that demand. He established National Kitchens and Restaurants. One of the London restaurants served 17,935 meals in the week of August 24, the average price of each meal being 13 cents—what Canadians have to pay for a sandwich. Even at that rate, the restaurant had a weekly profit of \$350, after allowing full charges for rent, management, renewals, interest on capital, and depreciation of 10 per cent. This success has encouraged the Food Controller to go on establishing National Restaurants in London and provincial cities, and the innovation promises to become permanent. The practical economy of the British food supply system should teach the Canadian public a lesson, for they have too long been victims of outrageous impositions in food prices in many lines, and not in the least in the restaurants.

For once D. Haig, so he signs his name, showed more emotion than was ever wrung from him before by success or failure. "We have passed through many dark days," he said in the address to his troops. "Please God, these never will return." This great soldier, for such he is, goes to a little Presbyterian Church behind the lines every Sunday morning, and when he speaks the name of God, which is seldom, lest his piety seem ostentatious, it is with reverence. One of those dark days was April 12 of the present year, when the British army was fighting for its life in the Ypres sector, where it had held so much, but always indomitably. Sir Douglas Haig then issued his "Back to the Wall" order of the day, in which he said with a simplicity with something of the sublime in it:

Many among us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support. There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retreat.

What has Sir Douglas Haig not done in his four years and more in France that an accomplished and intrepid soldier should do? With Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, his fellow corps commander, he more than once saved the British army on its retreat from Mons. His historian, Major Ernest W. Hamilton, says that one hundred Victoria

Crosses were earned on that glorious retreat for every one given. One-third of the expeditionary army sleep the long sleep in France. Smith-Dorrien, whose health broke down under the strain, and Haig, the man of iron, died with each other in fighting rear-guard actions until flesh and blood could endure no more. The escape of remnants of brigades bordered on the miraculous. "We shall have to hold on here for a while if we all die for it," said Haig on one desperate occasion. The British army was always holding on; every extraction from the German envelopment was like a forlorn hope. Smith-Dorrien, he of the eagle eye and massive jaw, was never himself again. Haig, who did not take life so tragically, lived through many dark days with gleams of glory.

The first Ypres was as touch-and-go as business as anything experienced in the retreat from Mons. The 7th Division, 12,000 strong when it left England, lost 538 officers out of 400, and 9,682 men. On the darkest day, when all seemed lost, down the Menin road galloped Sir Douglas Haig and his smart escort of the 17th Hussars, shells falling thick about them, to encourage the faltering troops—for no other reason, the general's place being behind the line. On another day—it was the day of the battle of the Somme, which he fought himself with Sir John French, who had given an order for the army to fall back, when a courier rode up to say that the German army was retreating. The enemy had thrown a Norfolk battalion into a breach in the enemy's line and turned the day of battle. So critical was all the Ypres fighting, so suddenly did shafts of success pierce the pall of defeat.

Haig was Sir John French's right arm, and when the veteran retired, the Government, in naming the Scotsman for supreme command, reflected the hope of the army. Upon the battle of the Somme, which he fought himself with Sir John French, who had given an order for the army to fall back, when a courier rode up to say that the German army was retreating. The enemy had thrown a Norfolk battalion into a breach in the enemy's line and turned the day of battle. So critical was all the Ypres fighting, so suddenly did shafts of success pierce the pall of defeat.

This Scotch gentleman, son of John Haig, of Lamorie, in Fife, who commands 2,000,000 British and Colonial troops, is in the prime of life at 57, "tall, lithe, well knit," a consummate horseman, full of complexion, blue eyes, in manner gracious, reserved but kindly. "I have rarely seen a masculine face so handsome and yet so strong," says one who tried to interview him. He shuns publicity. An industrious student of the profession of arms, it is said that he never commanded a larger body of men than a regiment in battle before the great war. The influence of the genial Duke of Cambridge secured him a commission after he had been rejected for defective eyesight. Sir Douglas promoted him from drowning in the Modder River in the Boer war. "Lucky" Haig has always been called. He predicted the German advance in a blue, blue to Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood years ago. He has refused a peerage, but is a Knight of the Order of the Thistle. He has owed much to his aristocratic connections, but infinitely more to the virtues of his race and to inherent soldierly qualities. He has a keen sense of humor. He is never visibly angry. Born in the purple and a favorite at court and in Mayfair, he is a "soldier's soldier." There are many Haigs on the British Army List, but only Sir Douglas, Modder, Modder, indifferent to fame, he will be reckoned among the great commanders of the greatest war in history.—New York Times.

A BIT OF VERSE

HOME FOLKS.

Home folks!—well, that air name to me
 Sounds like the same as poetry—
 That is, of poetry is Jis
 As sweet as I've heard tell it is.

Home folks—they're Jis the same as kin—
 All bring up same as we have bin,
 With not no perperer sense
 Of their oncomen consequence.

They've been no school, but not to git
 The habit fastened on yit,
 So as to ever interfere
 With other work 'at's waitin' here.

Home folks he crops to plant and plough,
 Er lives in town and keeps a cow;
 But whether country jakes er town,
 They know when eggs is up er down.

La, can't you spot em—when you meet
 Em anywhere—in field er street?
 And can't you see their faces bright,
 As circus-day heaves into sight?

And can't you hear their "Howdy!" clear
 As a brook's chuckle to the ear,
 And allus find their laughing eyes
 As fresh and clear as morning skies?

And can't you—when they're gone away
 Jis feel 'em shakin' hands all day?
 And feel, too, you've been higher raised
 By sech a meetin'—God be praised!

Oh! Home folks! you're the best of all
 'At ranges this terrestial ball,
 But north er south, er east er west,
 It's home is where you'er at, your best—

It's home—it's home your faces shine
 In—under your own gin and vine—
 Your family and your neighbors
 "But" and the latch string hangin' out.

Home folks—at home I know o' one
 Old feller now at hain got none
 Invisite him he may hold back
 Some—

But you invite him and he'll come.
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

Little Benny's Note Book

By LEE PAPE.

Pop was in the sitting room smoking and thinking, and I was sitting at the table writing, and I said, Do you know what I'm writing, pop? Wait a minute, Benny, I'm writing a story called There's No Place Like Home. Do you want me to read it to you, pop?

Well, I don't feel any overpowering craving, but as long as I'm here I'll promise to stay, and pop, and I started to read it to him, being as follows:

There's No Place Like Home. Wunt there was a boy named Boldy Tweezers, and he got tired of staying home was nothing keep on happening, and he thawt, G, I bieve I'll run away and see the world. Wich he put on his cap and did, and he distiged himself a base of potatoes and got throwed into the bottom of a ship, and the ship hadn't hardly got to the middle of the ocean wen a Germin submarine hit it with a tarpedo and it went down without saying a word, and Boldy Tweezers was east on a desert island were he dident have anything to eat for 3 weeks except empty shells, and not even money of them on account of every time he went out to look for some, wild beasts and cannibals started to chase him. And the empty shells started to hert his digestion like anything, so one day he started to swim home, thinking he mite catch up with a ship and get a ride the rest of the way. And he was chased by wales and sharks and swordfish till he became exhausted and went down and drowned, thinking, G, there's serten no place like home. The end.

Thats not the worst story ever telled, by a long shot, and pop, there must of bin sevral worse than that as the moral is excellent. Yes sir, I sed. And jest then I herd the fellows wiseling outside and I sed, G, theres the fellows wiseling for me.

But of course, now that you realize the superior attractions of home, I mite catch up with a ship and get a ride the rest of the way. And he was chased by wales and sharks and swordfish till he became exhausted and went down and drowned, thinking, G, there's serten no place like home. The end.

A BIT OF FUN

Unprofitable Fishing. "I'll never take a girl fishing with me again." "Why not?" "Not that one, anyhow. She spent the day fishing for compliments."

Especially Among the Farmerettes. "The summer borders say they don't get enough to eat," remarked Mrs. Cornucopse.

"That doesn't bother me," rejoined her husband. "But if you see any signs of discontent among the farm hands let me know right off."—Washington Star.

Couldn't Say.

The children of the neighborhood had been greatly interested by the news of the arrival of a baby at the Newcomes.

"One of them, meeting little Jonathan Newcome carrying some milk very carefully, asked: "What is you new brother's name?" "He haven't found out yet," replied Jonathan. "He can't talk!"

Security.

"Did you find that forgetful friend of ours the book he asked for?" "Yes, but I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."

And Chickens Must Be Reaped. "Wild outs," said the twisted moralist, "always come home to roost."

Chole of Voices.

"Here comes that Miss Gabbins. I think I'll have Norah say I'm out." "Won't the still, small voice reproach you?" "Yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."

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