

## The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1916.

"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.

### REASONS FOR CONFIDENCE

An English writer, in the July Fort night, takes the ground that to date Germany has been more successful than the Allies in the prosecution of the world war. On the Russian front, he argues, the Germans have shown a force and dash entirely unexpected. On the Western front, in France and Flanders, the forces of the Kaiser are holding their own, although it was expected that long before this they would have been driven back over their own borders and our soldiers well on their way to Berlin.

The disposition of the average man will be to disagree with the rather gloomy tone of the English writer. Possibly there was, at first, too much optimism and an under-rating of the German power and resource. But that mistake has been rectified and today throughout the Empire, as well as among the people of the Allied nations, there is a realization of the magnitude of the task imposed on the world a year ago when the mad war lord of Prussia started to run amuck.

Let us suppose for the sake of argument that the most gloomy view of the situation is the correct one. Let us consider that, aside from a small portion of Alsace, Germany has lost no territory, while her forces both east and west are successfully putting their plans into operation. Let us admit that the result of the campaign against Warsaw will be the evacuation of that city and the driving of the Russian forces out of nearly all of Poland. Admitting these things, what is the basis upon which the Allies may still hope for victory?

The New York Post, which, since the outset of the war, has published many thoughtful and informative articles on the progress of the various armies, answers the question as well as it can be answered at this time. The Post says:

One reason may be seen in the attitude of the German government itself. It is unquestionably ready for peace. And it would accept a peace which, from the German point of view, would be on very reasonable terms. These, of course, have nowhere been formulated. Yet the intimations of their general nature have been too thick and too authoritative to admit of much doubt that if, for example, Germany could end the war tomorrow by going back to the status quo ante, she would jump at the chance. Now, what does this signify in a military sense? The inference is unavoidable that the Germans no longer think themselves able to impose their will upon Europe. Great and wonderful as has been their display of fighting power, they are not deceived by it into thinking that they can change the map of Europe at their pleasure. They know what a terrible price they have already paid. Moreover, the greater their exertion of military strength, the clearer the evidence of its real failure. This is not meant as a paradox. The whole German theory of the war was that it was to be short. By a series of swift and bloody strokes, Germany was quickly to garner the advantages of her long years of preparation. Paris was surely to be taken last September. By January, Germany was to be in a position to dictate peace. But here we are at the end of July, with the prospect of the war going over another winter. Germany may be invincible, but her plans of last year have broken down, and her rulers and her people know it.

"And if, from the fluctuating battlelines, west, north and south, we look to the large and steady elements of strength on the part of the Allies, we may well understand how they believe that time is fighting on their side, and that all they have to do is to set their teeth and see the thing through. First of all comes the great fact of their having absolute control of the sea. From it German commerce has been swept clean. The German navy for offensive purposes—excepting the submarines, and even they have been able barely to gnaw at the real seapower of England—is as if it did not exist. And this hammering of Germany, heightened by the spectacle of her colonies falling one after another, is likely to be even more severe and telling as the months go by. A nation whose whole industrial life has been for years shaped for overseas commerce cannot be cut off from the ocean indefinitely without receiving vital injuries. And the Dardanelles campaign is not to be thought of as an isolated venture. It is, in the first place,

one evidence more of what seapower means, and it is also a far-sighted movement which, if pushed to success, may prove far more important than any battle fought in Galicia or in France. With Constantinople captured, Russia free to come and go in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and all the Balkan states wheeling into line with the Allies, the German cause would have suffered a fatal blow. In that case, the Allies, too, would have their giant pincers, closing upon Germany from the North Sea and from the Bosphorus."

From the Post's calm and logical review of the situation it can be seen that a careful appraisal of the power of the armies confronting each other does not show the situation to be at all discouraging. The main German plan, that of a short bloody war by which she would stagger the world, has been frustrated and the outcome of the struggle now must be decided by the resources of the contending powers. And from this standpoint there is every evidence that the Allies will remain masters of their own destiny, that Prussian militarism will be forever crushed and that, in the making over of the map of Europe, it is the dictation of London, Paris, Petrograd and Rome that will prevail.

### USING SAILS AGAIN.

Is it to be back to the "wind-jammer" as a result of the war, or at least until the demand of the Empire has been satisfied? Those citizens who have observed conditions in the harbor of St. John during the past few weeks would be inclined to answer in the affirmative, for the fine old sailing vessels are to be seen here once more. Time was when St. John knew the sailing vessel, the old "square rigger," with a more intimate knowledge than most ports on this side of the Atlantic. In that period this old port boasted of the wooden tonnage owned here, and that same wooden tonnage, either in its construction or operation, laid the foundation of more than one local fortune.

After the days of wooden shipbuilding had passed for ever, when propulsion by steam came to be preferred to the old-fashioned method of utilizing Heaven's breezes, when St. John commenced to hold ambitions of winter port prominence and dreamed her dreams in terms of passenger lines, quick mail runs and mammoth cargo carriers, when the grain elevators and the Sand Point wharves materialized the old "wind jammer" neared the end of her career as a first class cargo boat. Finally, and not so long ago either, it came to be that the sight of a "square rigger" in St. John harbor was sufficiently a novelty to call for comment in the newspapers.

During the past few weeks, however, conditions have changed; steam tonnage has not come to St. John, and there is known to be a great shortage of steamers, a fact which, coupled with high freight rates, may cause inconvenience to shippers of lumber. On the other hand there has been a notable increase in the number of square rigged sailing vessels coming to this port. And St. John is not alone in this regard. The shortage in ocean tonnage caused by the requisition of so many liners by the British Admiralty for use as troop ships and in the national service, has resulted in many a fine old sailing ship being rediscovered and placed in the trade routes.

Referring to this development the Montreal Herald of recent date said: "The re-appearance of these vessels is emphasizing the remarkable cheapness with which they can be run. One sailing vessel recently in the port of Montreal had auxiliary engines to supply power in calm weather and for hoisting and lowering the sails. Her crew consisted of seven men! Yet she carried a remarkably large cargo, and one day made over two hundred knots. Steamship men scorn the idea that the re-discovery of the sailing ship may mean more than a passing reappearance of them on the Atlantic lanes. But the men who run the sailing ships equipped with auxiliary power declare that this style of ship would appear in great numbers if ship designers would only give attention to their construction on modern scientific lines."

It is not likely that St. John will

ever return to the position she once occupied as the home port of wooden ships, but the exigence of war may cause them to be used for many months. In the meantime it is rather pleasant to have in the harbor the white winged reminders of a glory that has passed.

### Sir Sandford Fleming (July 23, 1915.)

Down by the sea, he loved so well, he lies,  
This great old Scotch-Canadian;  
Death at last  
Leads him to loftier efforts from our skies,  
All life's great projects, her stern duties past.

Song, in sad accents, chants his deathless fame,  
This rugged Scotsman, whose whole life was told;  
Wrestling with New-World problems, his great name  
Unsurpassed, unsullied, 'mid the mad turmoil.

Our great Road-builder, greatest of his time,  
Who marked by the stars, those paths of shining steel,  
And, biding our land in one in every clime,  
Made possible our mighty Commonwealth.

Few of our titans had their whole, long life  
So linked to all our progress as this man;  
Who rose to greater dreams about our strife,  
In one vast link, Imperial thoughts to span.

No grimmest barriers ever daunted him,  
This firm Ulysses of these later days;  
High peaks of efforts his mind's wings did skim,  
Challenging life's Cyclops through its haze.

Keeping his mind forever on the true, the plain,  
The simple, of men's larger needs;  
Forever greater with his life he grew,  
Marking our national milestones by his deeds.

Though deep engrossed in life's material schemes,  
Of railways, cables, planet-spheres in flight;  
No post-mind had truer, loftier dreams,  
No sweeter, gentler soul e'er walked this earth.

To those who knew him, loved him, he was one,  
Ever for peace and kindness, and those deeds  
That bind men to their fellows 'neath the sun,  
Larger than hate and our dividing creeds.

Scorer of ostentation and that pride,  
That marks proud soul in hut or hall;  
He loved simplicity and his own fire-side,  
Nature's gentleman, courteous unto all.

No truer knight his Monarch ever made  
(On such 'tis meet that kindly honors fall),  
Than this old Scot, whose being,  
Sheathed as in blade, was ever at his King's and Empire's call.

Tis lives of such men justify this earth,  
'Mid all its falseness, evil, dread and drear,  
God grant him rest; this great soul, who from birth  
To age and death, lived life's simplicity.

—WILFRED CAMPBELL.

### Kitchener's Coming Hour!

(By A. G. Hales, in John Bull, London.)

The hour is pregnant with great news. It will not be long before our land will ring from coast to coast with a splendid story of triumph and daring, and men will bare their heads and thank God for giving us the grim granite man who sits like a sphinx at the head of our armies, and works night and day with locked mouth, for his country's salvation. I have searched the pages of history, and searched in vain, for a case parallel to his. Day in and day out a gigantic press organization attacks him, seeking to nullify his almost superhuman efforts. A close spirit behind the attacks may be one of mistaken patriotism—I hope it is so. Let the gods judge. But the hour of his vindication is near at hand; his triumph will be so immense, so overwhelming, that we shall be able to pity those who sought his ruin; their humiliation will be utter and complete. They have tried to "draw" the great field-marshal and make him show his hand, though by so doing he would have to place his cards face upwards on the table for the German War Council to see and understand. They jeered at his soldierly qualities, as a hundred years ago a foe jeered at Wellington, calling the Iron Duke a "Sepoy General," forgetting that nearly every great military reputation the world is cognizant of was made, or solidified, in the East. Knowing what I do know, I can write today more in pity than in anger concerning Lord Kitchener's enemies within the gate; they are going to drink of the cup of derision which the British people will fill to the brim, and they will have to drain it to the dregs, whilst a wondering world shouts his name to the quivering skies. There are no sands in Britain deep enough for them to hide their heads in when he makes his move and plays his hand. The thing I know I have known for some little time past—as the editor of the Journal has known it for a longer time. Let Britain possess her soul in patience—the world's greatest soldier has not

## Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

Pop and ma was getting ready to go out after supper yesterday, and pop sed, Oaths and mallydickahins, I forgot to tell you thars a button awf my cote, and I can't go out with a button awf my cote, can I, I wood be pointed at with jeers and laffin.

If you werent such a helpless mortil you coud sew it awf for yurself wile I fished getting ready, sed ma.

Nobody eivr called me a helpiliss mortil without beeing shurn up before the world, sed Pop, bring awf yure needil and thred and ill sewn it awf so tite that it will still be thars lawf awf the cote itself has bin forgotin.

Benny, get yure fathir my sewing basket, sed ma. Wich I did, and pop took a needil and a spool of thred about 5 yards lawf and started to try to thred the needil. Helpiliss mortil, heh, we will see about that.

And he kep on trying to thred the needil and the moar he tried to, put the thred in the moor it stayed out.

Confownd it, sumthin's the mattir with the eye of this needil, it must have astigmatism or sumthin', sed pop.

And he kep awf trying without beeing abel to do it, and awf a wile he sed, if at first you dont succeed, fale, fale agen, likewise, dont give up the ship. And he got down awf the floor awf his back and held the needil in frunt of his face and tried to thred it that way, and the thred went evryware but in the needil.

Cant you do it, pop, I sed.

Serently I can, dont you see me, come heer and hold this needil for me, hold it with both hands so I cant dodge agen, sed pop. And I held the needil and pop tried to put the thred in, and it still woodnt go in, and pop sed, Well, if this is the needil the camel had to go throo the eye of, no wundir the poor beest got humps awf his back. Wich jest then ma calm in, saying, Well, have you got that button awf.

Thars jest wun thing thats holdin me back, this needil seems to have sum grudge agenst this thred, sed pop.

Give it to me, sed ma. And she took the needil and thred and did it the verry first time.

No wundir, aftir I spent 10 minits brakeing the ground for you, sed pop. And ma sewed awf the button and her and pop went out.

been sleeping; he did not need people of untrained intelligence to teach him a soldier's duties; he may not have secured the kind of shells to meet their views, but it will be found he has ready to his hand all that will be required to satisfy the German soldiers and their leaders.

TRAINED MEN HANGING BACK.  
(Toronto World.)  
There has been a good deal of private comment and correspondence appearing in some of the newspapers about men who fail to go to the front after having had years of training at the expense of their country. It cannot be said that such men should be immune from criticism when the effect of their remaining at home is considered on other men who might go but for the bad example set. Those men who have enjoyed for years the training intended to make them fit for just such emergencies as the present, when they hang back have a potent influence in restraining others who might have gone but for the want of an inspiring lead. This particularly is true of officers who for no particular reason stay at home while their former colleagues are doing service at the front.

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Police Court.

Edward McDonough, arrested Tuesday night by Special Patrolman Barrett on a vagrancy charge, was yesterday fined \$50 or three months in jail and six months in jail without a fine. Richard Kelly, of Woodland, Me., was given a like sentence for a

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