

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 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.

J. L. DUVAL—A TRIBUTE.

Those who knew Major J. L. Duval, M. D., of West St. John must have been impressed by the modesty of his deportment and bearing on all occasions. He thought much but said little; not a man to boast of his accomplishments, and he had many—of his loyalty. He was just a virile, clear headed, clean souled young Canadian, esteemed in his profession, well regarded by his fellow citizens and loved by his friends.

But to his intimates was revealed something of the quiet courage of the man, the patriotic fervor with which, when the call came, he embraced the opportunity to "do his bit" for the Empire. To him it was a privilege rather than a duty, and gladly he accepted it. Unostentatiously, without parade or talk of sacrifice, he arranged his affairs, put his house in order, as it were, and with others of the Army Medical Corps went to Valcartier. There it was the privilege of the editor of The Standard to spend a pleasant hour as the guest of the West Side officer on the occasion of the Duke of Connaught's review of the Canadian Expeditionary Force—that force unique in history as the finest assemblage of free men ever gathered to fight for the freedom they esteemed.

Dr. Duval was a subordinate officer in the Army Medical Corps—a noble band of heroes going out under the Red Cross of mercy to heal rather than to wound, to succor rather than to slay. A competent officer, whose one thought seemed to be for the comfort and efficiency of his men, working with all his brilliant mentality to advance the mission on which he and his associates were bound. It is little wonder that his men learned to respect and his fellow officers to esteem him as one worthy.

One day the test. A duty of hazard had to be performed in the face of the enemy; lives were the stake and it was possible that one might die that his comrades might be saved. It was a case for volunteers and J. L. Duval was the first to offer. While so engaged the message came. A barbarous relentless foe, sparing none, had spied the Red Cross, the emblem of mercy, and centred their murderous engines of destruction on it. There were dead and wounded, and among them was J. L. Duval, seriously hit. Then followed his illness and apparent convalescence through all of which he faced fortune with the same quiet cheerfulness that had already endeared him to so many. Recovery was hoped for, but the hope was futile. It was ordained that his sacrifice should be supreme.

And in that English graveyard snowdrops and primroses will cling lovingly to the earth of one grave—the grave of a virile, clear headed, clean souled young Canadian. And in years to come strangers will gaze at the gravestone and wonder who and how. To them he and his story shall be unknown. But the name and fame of Major J. Lewis Duval, M. D., will linger long in the hearts and minds of his friends as one who saw his duty and flinched not but went out to his God clear eyed and unafraid.

GLASS HOUSES AND STONES

The valued Telegraph continues to devote much attention to what it is pleased to term the "Clarke-Baxter Government," and to indulge in more or less childish predictions as to what will happen when next that administration appeals to the people of this province. Just now the wisecrack of Canterbury street is engaged in the congenial occupation of drawing comparisons between the report of the Mathers Commission in Manitoba and that of the Dugal Commission in this province, and the fate of the Atkins party in the prairie province with what it holds to be in store for the New Brunswick Government.

Whether the people of this province will have the same measure of confidence in the Clarke Government that they displayed in the preceding administration, when forty-four supporters were returned out of a total of forty-eight seats, will be established when the opportunity of testing comes, and predictions now cannot change or influence the result. There is no doubt

that the Telegraph and Times are prepared to heap anathema upon that administration and all its works just as vigorously as they damned the Pugsley-Robinson plunderbund in 1908, when the editors of those newspapers received their pay from other hands. But the people of this province may not take as much stock in the Telegraph and Times today as they did seven years ago and, more important—it is a different class of government. In that the Telegraph and Times are unfortunate.

But their misfortune does not end there. They are also hard put to it for material from which to draw an honest parallel between the situation in Manitoba and in New Brunswick and, consequently, they devote their space and efforts to glib nothings and venomous misrepresentations which will not bear scrutiny and analysis. In the first place, the Clarke Government of New Brunswick did not have a Royal Commission forced upon them as was the case in Manitoba. Mr. Dugal made certain charges and asked that they should be investigated by a Committee of the House. With such a committee, as the Telegraph knows from experience, it would have been comparatively simple to rule out evidence unfavorable to the gentlemen against whom the charges were levelled, and thus the investigation would have been rendered abortive and of no value. This is the course the Pugsley-Robinson government would probably have employed but it did not meet the views of the present administration. They decided on a Royal Commission, where the evidence would be presented with the fullest publicity. This was not the act of men who had anything to hide and the Telegraph, venomous as it is, dare not say otherwise.

That Commission, after enjoying a latitude even beyond that of most courts of law, found that not one dollar had been taken from the treasury of the province of New Brunswick, and that not one man who sits in the present government had any part in or knowledge of irregular transactions. Thus the two points on which the Telegraph claims similarity between Manitoba and New Brunswick fall completely to the ground.

The Government of New Brunswick did not wait to be forced to appoint a Royal Commission.

Not one member of the present Government of this province was connected with the finding of that Commission.

As to the Telegraph's predictions, their truth or falsity will be proven when the proper time comes and they can then be dealt with. At present it is sufficient to say that the "Clarke-Baxter Government," and every member of it, will be prepared to go to the people on the Government's record since assuming office and on the personal and public record of every man in it. Can the Telegraph say as much for the members of its own party?

But while the Telegraph is applying the rule of parallel and contending that Premier Clarke's Government should be judged by irregularities of the past, though not one member of the present Government was found to have knowledge of those transactions, let it apply even a fairer standard of comparison to the men it today lauds as political and public idols and see how they emerge from the testing. Let it, in this day of world disturbance, judge Sir Wilfrid Laurier by the notorious fact that he and the members of the Liberal party behind him—including Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Carvell, in whose political fate the Telegraph has cause to feel real concern—must shoulder the responsibility for having failed to make proper provision for Canada's participation in the matter of Empire defence. After the miserable display of partisanship rather than patriotism on the occasion of the naval debate the Liberal party did not even have the grace to change its leader and today the Telegraph is asking the loyal young manhood of Canada to support the man who, having remained inactive himself, refused to allow another to extend to the motherland the aid for which she asked.

Let the Telegraph also judge Mr.

Pugsley, not by the able speeches he has made or the flow of honeyed promises with which he is wont to annoy the people at election time, but by the sordid ugliness of the sawdust wharf scandal. Let it judge him by the sum of money improperly abstracted from the provincial funds which he left as a debt behind him and only paid after the Government once headed by him had been overthrown at the polls. Or he might be measured by the sinkhole of corruption he left behind him in the Central Railway—a mess which former governments did not dare to investigate and whose rottenness was only revealed after the Hazen Government came to power and applied the probe. Let the Telegraph judge its own idols by these things and then defend them if it can. Or, as an alternative course, let the Telegraph's editor memorize that trite old proverb, "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones" and keep his mouth shut and his pen engaged on less dangerous topics.

King Albert as Reporter

(Exchange.)

Many people know of King Albert's love of literature, but few are aware that some time ago his desire for knowledge prompted him to become a newspaper correspondent. When Prince of the Belgians he put aside his title for a plain incognito and traveled through France, Austria, Great Britain, America and Scandinavia as a press reporter. In this way the democratic Prince was able to study the commercial advantages of other countries, thus broadening his views as well as educating his mind. In order that he should not be recognized during his expeditions, King Albert grew a beard, wore glasses and trimmed his hair in a new way. His disguise was so effective that many of his countrymen to whom he was a familiar figure passed him without recognition in the various towns he visited.

The royal reporter seriously worked at the profession he adopted. In America he was employed by a Minneapolis newspaper at a salary of £3 a week. The King's employers were quite unaware of his identity. While serving on a Brooklyn newspaper King Albert endeavored to obtain entry into a house where a murder had taken place. He was stopped by a policeman, who demanded his card. The blue-blooded reporter did not happen to have one, so the representative of the law roundly ordered him off. A rival reporter who noticed the incident afterward went up to the policeman and said, "Do you know that man you were speaking to was Albert, Prince of the Belgians?" "Well," answered the unflinching policeman, "Mr. Prince should have shown his card, for I've never heard of that paper."

In his reporting days King Albert volunteered to write on any subject connected with sport. As an all-round athlete he was especially qualified as an authority on outdoor games. He can box, fence, shoot and swim. There are few subjects on which King Albert could not write a good article. He has a knowledge of metallurgy, mining, shipbuilding, motor cars, and aviation. Undoubtedly the hero of Belgium would have made his mark in the newspaper world had he not succeeded to the throne.

Constantine of Greece

(Springfield Republican.)

For personal as well as constitutional reasons King Constantine of Greece is endeavoring to maintain the strictest neutrality in this great war, in spite of the clamor of the populace in favor of intervention on behalf of the Allies. His Majesty has ties of relationship with the Allies as well as with Germany, for his wife, who was Princess Sophie of Prussia, is at the same time a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and a sister of the Kaiser. King Constantine, on the other hand, is a first cousin both of King George and of the Czar, being a nephew of respective mothers, Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, who were sisters of King George of Greece. King Constantine's father, who was assassinated two years ago.

King Constantine met his wife and fell in love with the pretty Princess Sophie when he was being educated and trained at a German military school. His affection was reciprocated and, although the father of the young lady, the hapless Emperor Frederick III., died before the engagement of the lovers could be announced, the course of their affection ran smoothly and they were married about a year after the death of the Emperor at Athens.

His sister, however, never forgave the Kaiser for seducing from the Lutheran faith and joining the Greek church, to which the royal family of Greece belongs. For many years brother and sister did not meet, and it was only on the death of her mother, the Empress Frederick, to whom the quarrel was a source of deepest grief, that a reconciliation between them took place; but even then it lacked sincerity.

A clever and gifted woman, Princess Sophie has been of the greatest help to her husband. That she has the courage of her convictions is strikingly illustrated by the fact that during the war which Greece fought with Turkey in the latter years of the last century she was the only member of the royal family who had the courage to say that it was bound to end in disaster and she was the only person who urged King George, her father-in-law, to conclude peace.

Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

I had a sent today, and I was passing a place where there was a chewing gum slot machine out in front of it, and I thawt, G, I gess I'll get a peecce of chewing gum and chew it.

And I startid to put the sent in the hole marked loorish, and then I startid to put it in the hole marked pepsin, and then I reely put it in the hole marked speermint, and then I pushed the thing away in and wated for the chewing gum to come out, wich it dident do.

Heck, it must be broak, I thawt. And I tried to push the thing in asen, and it woodent go in, and then I started to hit the chewing gum masheen awn the sides and kick the bottom of it with my nee to see if anything wood happin, wich the only thing that happenes was a man without any coat awn calm running out of the stoar, saying, Hay, hay, wats the big ideer.

This thing wont werk, I sed.

Well thats no reasin for recking it in frunt of its own hoam, sed the man, how youd like to be asawtled and battired jest because yo dont werk, did you put a sent in it.

Yes sir, and I pushed the speermint thing, I sed.

Well, awt rite, heer comes the red cross ambulants, sed the man. And he shoob the chewing gum masheen and put a sent in the speermint hole and pushed the thing and wat came out but a peecce of chewing gum.

There you are, eery dux it, sed the man. And he went back in the stoar and I took the paper awf of the chewing gum and ate the chewing gum and throo the paper away, and pritty soon I passed another place, and I thawt, G, now I no a way to get chewing gum. And I startid to hit the masheen and kick it with my nee and pritty soon a red heddid man cam out of the looking mad and saying, Say, wat do you think you are, a submarine.

This thing wont werk, I sed. Wich it woodent, only I hoped he woodent ask me if I put a sent in.

Wont it, sed the man.

No sir, I sed, and the man sed, Did you put a sent in.

No sir, I sed. And I turned around and ran like the dickens.

before his army had been entirely annihilated.

King Constantine is as popular with his subjects as was his father. Not a little of the affection which exists between His Majesty and the people of Greece is due to his bonhomie and the manner in which he at all times mixes with his people. Travel is a passion with King Constantine and he has tramped incognito through many of the countries of Europe.

The brand of poor eyesight is easy to see—and it's never pleasant to look at. Frowning, squinting, wrinkling the forehead when reading or focusing the eyes are the brand of defective vision.

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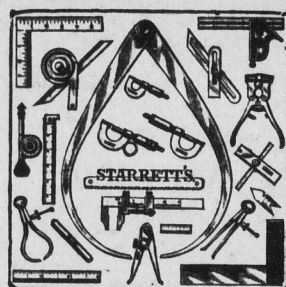
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