

**TWO MORE
IRISH REBEL
LEADERS SHOT**

James Connolly and John McDermott Put to Death Yesterday.

LONG ACTIVE IN ANTI-BRITISH MOVEMENTS.

Connolly was Regarded by his Friends as Commandant General of the Irish Republican Army.

Dublin, May 12, via London, 6.15 p. m.—James Connolly and John McDermott were shot this morning for complicity in the rebellion.

The official headquarters' announcement, regarding the executions, is as follows:

"The trial of two prominent leaders of the rebellion whose names were appended to the proclamation issued by the so-called provisional government, namely, James Connolly and John McDermott, took place on May 9. The sentence of death was returned in each case, and the sentences were carried out this morning, after confirmation by the general commanding in chief."

John McDermott was known to Irishmen in the United States as one of the most brilliant orators in Ireland, and as one of the so-called inner circle of revolutionists active in the recent uprising. Authorities in this country on Irish affairs say that he was one of the original organizers of the Irish Volunteers in November, 1913, in Dublin.

At the outbreak of the war McDermott, comparatively a young man, was editor of Irish Freedom, a Dublin journal ardently opposed to recruiting among the Irish for the British army. This paper was one of those suppressed for its attitude on the subject.

McDermott, according to his friends in this country, made an anti-recruiting public speech and was arrested and sentenced to four months in jail. McDermott, who has never been in the United States, was a leading athlete in Ireland during his youth, participating in Gaelic games throughout the country. During a visit of Queen Mary to Dublin years ago, McDermott, his friends declare, was arrested during a disturbance and so roughly handled by the police that he was removed to a hospital, remaining there for some weeks and becoming permanently a cripple.

Leader of Irish Republican Army. James Connolly was styled by his associates commandant general of the Irish republican army. He was one of the seven signers of the proclamation issued by the insurgents at Dublin at the outbreak of the revolt.

Connolly was wounded in the fighting and was taken prisoner. His thigh bone was broken by a bullet. It was announced in London last week that he could not be placed on trial at the time on account of his wounds.

Praises Catholic Clergy. Dublin, May 12, via London.—The behavior of the Catholic clergy during the recent outbreaks was so courageous that General Maxwell, commander of the British forces, sent Archbishop Walsh a special letter of thanks, requesting him to give the names of priests who had displayed special gallantry.

Archbishop Walsh replied, expressing appreciation, but declining to give names as he said, "it would be indiscreet to praise the numerous cases."

Situation Brighter. London, May 12 (11.25 p. m.)—Premier Asquith's sudden resolve to go to Dublin, which was hailed by his supporters as a stroke of genius, has had the effect of assuaging political passions. Parliament does not meet Fridays, and the fact that there was no session today helped to bring about a day of calm, in strange contrast to yesterday's sensations.

It seems extremely probable that there will now be no more executions. Some regret was expressed today over the selection of Mr. Dillon to move the resolution in the House of Commons concerning the executions. Many of the strongest supporters of Ireland's cause advanced the belief that it would have been better had some less emotional Irish member been selected for that duty. The feeling prevails that everything possible ought now to be done to avoid inflicting public sentiment. The Manchester Guardian and the Nation contend that a commutation of these sentences

would have been not only clemency but policy.

Premier Asquith appears to have spent the day in Dublin seeing officials there and acquainting himself personally with the situation, and it is presumed that it may be two or three days before any radical decisions are adopted, although it is recognized on all sides that there is urgent need to re-establish an effective civil government in Ireland.

Much hope is expressed that something will come of the proposed approachment between John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson. Concerning this phase of the situation the editor of the Nation writes:

"This time Ireland will have to save herself. Let us all hope that Mr. Asquith has gone to Dublin to put an end to the castle government."

GLIMPSES OF RUSSIANS AS THEY REALLY ARE

Our various mental pictures of Russia's part in the war, says the Literary Digest, are sparse and untrustworthy. Most of them come from English or American correspondents, who know Russia slightly and the Russian people only superficially. Here are two glimpses given us by writers who are Russians themselves. Both are tales of adventures of great valor; the one of coldblooded bravery, the other of a sort of desperate courage more appealing to Westerners. They are presented by the publisher in the pages of a new publication called "The Russian Review," published by the Russian Review Publishing Company, 31 East Seventh street, New York city. He calls them "little pictures of individual valor," that prove "the possibility of converting immense masses of men into regulated fighting machines," and that remind us of the strange willingness of individual men to undergo suffering or risk death with utter selflessness, and with an unflinching fervor that no driving discipline could instill. One gathers that the Russian is inclined to pride himself on, or at least justify to himself, the disorganized nature of his military organization. That he has some excuse for this pride such results as these show. The first incident is a story appearing in the Russian press of an attack by a handful of Russian troops upon the quarters of the commander and staff of the Eighty-Second German Division, which were located far within supposedly impenetrable swamps, several miles behind the German lines, in the little town of Novoe. Forty men and young officer, aided by a few native guides, undertook the expedition. With infinite difficulty they made their way in, surprising and silently putting out of the way the German sentinels as they came to them. At length they reached the sleeping village, occupied solely by German soldiers. They were forty against hundreds. They must work fast, and without mercy, as we read:

"Our task was made easier by the fact that the village stretched out in a long line. . . . The work consisted in approaching a window of a hut, breaking the glass with the elbow, and then throwing the grenade inside. Ten seconds later, which is sufficient time for the man throwing the grenade to run to a safe distance, the grenade would explode with a terrific force, shattering everything inside and setting the building on fire. There was no escape for those caught inside the huts."

"The work began. From every direction came the sounds of explosions, and but a few minutes later the Germans were asleep, and they passed to the next world, never knowing what had sent them there. . . ."

"There was a light in one hut, and through the window we could see a group of five or six officers playing cards around a table. Evidently they had had their supper only a short while before, and were now passing a pleasant hour before retiring. They had come to Neal the day before, together with the staff of the Eighty-Second Division, whose presence in the village was a welcome surprise to us. The officers evidently thought themselves in perfect safety and were in fine spirits. Suddenly the glass of the window pane jingled to the floor, and several seconds later, a terrific explosion shook the place. Of the peaceful card-table scene nothing remained but the flaming hut."

The Germans were flooding everything. We're no time to fire. We're out down ten and twenty, and forty others are there already. The Germans are in the fort. We are still firing at those in the field. They're trying to break through the roof. Can't hear anything. . . . The Germans are piling rocks against our gun openings. We are still firing. Fire!

"The voice stopped short. The Germans were in full possession of the fort."

"A half-hour later, the officer reports again: "The Germans are hammering hard. The arches seem to hold out. Attacking us again. We've lots of ammunition. We are waiting for you."

"Another hour gone by. "Everything around is strewn with bodies of Germans. They are all mad. Throwing themselves into the street rats, and we shoot. Every shot tells."

"A little later, the voice speaks excitedly: "The Germans are flooding everything. We're no time to fire. We're out down ten and twenty, and forty others are there already. The Germans are in the fort. We are still firing at those in the field. They're trying to break through the roof. Can't hear anything. . . ."

"The voice stopped short. The Germans were in full possession of the fort."

"A half-hour later, the officer reports again: "The Germans are hammering hard. The arches seem to hold out. Attacking us again. We've lots of ammunition. We are waiting for you."

"Another hour gone by. "Everything around is strewn with bodies of Germans. They are all mad. Throwing themselves into the street rats, and we shoot. Every shot tells."

"A little later, the voice speaks excitedly: "The Germans are flooding everything. We're no time to fire. We're out down ten and twenty, and forty others are there already. The Germans are in the fort. We are still firing at those in the field. They're trying to break through the roof. Can't hear anything. . . ."

"The voice stopped short. The Germans were in full possession of the fort."

"A half-hour later, the officer reports again: "The Germans are hammering hard. The arches seem to hold out. Attacking us again. We've lots of ammunition. We are waiting for you."

"Another hour gone by. "Everything around is strewn with bodies of Germans. They are all mad. Throwing themselves into the street rats, and we shoot. Every shot tells."

"A little later, the voice speaks excitedly: "The Germans are flooding everything. We're no time to fire. We're out down ten and twenty, and forty others are there already. The Germans are in the fort. We are still firing at those in the field. They're trying to break through the roof. Can't hear anything. . . ."

"The voice stopped short. The Germans were in full possession of the fort."

loudly as he could. Only those can understand our feelings who have themselves passed through whole hours of such a November night in the circumstances in which we found ourselves. We did not bring back many prisoners; the risks were too great. But we did have the general and the commander of the battery with us. General von Tabernis was very gloomy. He did not have his cigarette; there was no time to look for it. When we offered him a cap, he sullenly refused it, tying a handkerchief about his head. We tried to put some question to him, but he answered abruptly:

"Why do you ask me? You know that I am a Prussian general and won't say anything." He walked along, silent and dignified. Only once did he break his silence, to ask about the fate of his chief of staff.

"I cut him down," said one of my soldiers, and bared his bloody sabre. "General von Tabernis looked at the soldier and at his sabre and then lowered his eyes. Every one was silent. "What was to be done? War is war."

Courage of a warmer sort is exemplified in the second story. It concerns "the brave ones' madness," as Gregory Petrov, the brilliant Russian war-correspondent, writes in an article that reads like a gallant little group of men held off a myriad of Germans, firing ceaselessly from the ruins of one of the Novogeorgievsk forts, during the siege of that fortress, until they were overwhelmed. These men are in a desperate situation to begin with, as we read:

"Several forts pass through the last hours of their life. All the fortifications are swept away; most of the guns are silent; the men are nowhere in sight. German infantry floods the plain. Columns of soldiers advance from the right and from the left. Their front seems impenetrable.

"In one of the forts, however, are still a few men. It is one limb of the stricken animal, with claws unsheathed, still throbbing with life. For these men there is a road of escape behind the fort, making their return to the fortress possible, but the 'brave ones' refuse to use it. They are waiting for a commanding officer to gather his men together and say:

"Boys, it's for you to say. If you speak the word, we'll all go back, though I'm for staying here. . . . Remember, if we stay, the chances are that not one of us will escape. Which shall it be?"

"Of course, we'll stay. What difference does it make? It's just the same in the fortress. . . . We'll stay and have our fun here."

"They bared their heads, made the sign of the cross, and kissed each other like brothers. The officer informed the fortress, through underground telephone, of the decision of his men. "We'll stay here until the last opening, and maybe you'll come and get us out."

"A few moments later, the struggle between this handful of men and several German columns began. The Germans, encircling the silent, never expected to find amid its ruins a handful of mad-men. The advancing columns were rolling on. Suddenly the ruins burst into life. Machine guns plashed their hail of lead, and a shell or two fell into the midst of the German columns."

"The Germans became furious. They rushed to the remains of the fort, and turned back, met by a living wall of lead and fire. The heavy German guns began their booming. . . . Clouds of dust and broken stone surrounded the fort, which still speaks its language of fire. The officer reports the operations to the fortress through the telephone:

"We are surrounded. Firing incessantly. They're all falling fast. They've turned back. They are hammering our covers with heavy guns. The Germans are beginning their attack. They're firing. We're moving them down. How are things with you? We are waiting for you."

"A half-hour later, the officer reports again: "The Germans are hammering hard. The arches seem to hold out. Attacking us again. We've lots of ammunition. We are waiting for you."

"Another hour gone by. "Everything around is strewn with bodies of Germans. They are all mad. Throwing themselves into the street rats, and we shoot. Every shot tells."

"A little later, the voice speaks excitedly: "The Germans are flooding everything. We're no time to fire. We're out down ten and twenty, and forty others are there already. The Germans are in the fort. We are still firing at those in the field. They're trying to break through the roof. Can't hear anything. . . ."

"The voice stopped short. The Germans were in full possession of the fort."

"A half-hour later, the officer reports again: "The Germans are hammering hard. The arches seem to hold out. Attacking us again. We've lots of ammunition. We are waiting for you."

"Another hour gone by. "Everything around is strewn with bodies of Germans. They are all mad. Throwing themselves into the street rats, and we shoot. Every shot tells."

"A little later, the voice speaks excitedly: "The Germans are flooding everything. We're no time to fire. We're out down ten and twenty, and forty others are there already. The Germans are in the fort. We are still firing at those in the field. They're trying to break through the roof. Can't hear anything. . . ."

"The voice stopped short. The Germans were in full possession of the fort."

"A half-hour later, the officer reports again: "The Germans are hammering hard. The arches seem to hold out. Attacking us again. We've lots of ammunition. We are waiting for you."

"Another hour gone by. "Everything around is strewn with bodies of Germans. They are all mad. Throwing themselves into the street rats, and we shoot. Every shot tells."

"A little later, the voice speaks excitedly: "The Germans are flooding everything. We're no time to fire. We're out down ten and twenty, and forty others are there already. The Germans are in the fort. We are still firing at those in the field. They're trying to break through the roof. Can't hear anything. . . ."

"The voice stopped short. The Germans were in full possession of the fort."



The Chandler Four-Passenger Roadster is by Long Odds the Hit of the Season

EVERYWHERE people are talking about it. They have been talking about it here for a month past. A great many have placed their orders. All agree that there is no other roadster model on the market to match it in comfort and grace and style of design.

meet your requirements. But this new Chandler roadster, seating four grown persons in comfort and with the top covering all, has struck the popular chord. It's just one more Chandler achievement.

And remember, all Chandler bodies are mounted on the famous Chandler chassis, featured by the exclusive Chandler motor, and free from any hint of experimentation or uncertain theory.

**Four-Passenger Roadster - - - \$1845
Seven-Passenger Touring Car - - 1845**
F. O. B. Cleveland

Demonstrating Cars of the different models will arrive about May 20th. You are invited to call and see these cars or 'phone for demonstration.

Notice to Dealers.—We have some good territory still open. Write or wire for dealers' proposition.

NEW BRUNSWICK MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Phone Main 40. R. de F. DAVIS, Manager
146-154 Charlotte Street, - St. John, N. B.
Distributors for Maritime Provinces.
CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

W. F. McLean Claims this Would Prove Solution of Present Railway Problem in Canada.

SUSSEX.

MARRIED.

DIED.

URES PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS

A SUFFERER FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE FOR TWO YEARS.

Hatheway Property

Prudential Trust Co. Ltd.

SUSSEX.

MARRIED.

DIED.

PERSONAL.

W. F. McLean Claims this Would Prove Solution of Present Railway Problem in Canada.

A SUFFERER FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE FOR TWO YEARS.

Hatheway Property

MARRIED.

DIED.

PERSONAL.

THE STANDARD "TRAVEL CLUB"
This coupon is good for one vote if presented at The Standard office before May 22. Place to the credit of
Name.....
Address.....

ST. JOHN AGA RECORD

Figures for Imperial Ship

Entire Season Shipped Another Evidence

St. John is again the front runner for the month of April, 1916, to the forefront of the Hon. Mason, minister of marine and fisheries, who had the new berths and prepared for business last fall. Nearly all of this business has been done at the new wharves on the sheds were built last fall, record which St. John has been to make this winter, and the number of steamers handled was possible by the equipping of wharves with sheds. The figures for the month of April of shipment Imperial account and for the entire season as furnished by Hon. Mr. Hayslow:

	Tons	Tons
West St.	9516	1915
John ..	96,127	23,218
Halifax ..	31,767	12,089
	176,854	35,307

There were also 35 launches launched from Halifax during the month of April, 1916.

Shipments on Imperial account various Canadian ports to U. S. French ports, for December, January, February, March and April, 1916, compared with same period 1915:

	1915-16	1914-15
West St.		
John ..	417,160	87,211
Halifax ..	262,954	26,605
Vancouver	9,810
	689,724	113,816
Also 87 launches from F	1915-16.	

INTERNATIONAL L NOT APPLICABLE TO AIRSHIP

No Regulation to Cover Norwegian Gov't leases Crew of Zeppelin.

Berlin, May 12—by wireless to St. John.—"According to a despatch Christiania," says the Overseas Agency today, "six men of the Zeppelin L-20 have been returned in view of the lack of international regulations regarding airships. The Norwegian government had to follow the law governing wrecked crews of belligerent ships. In accordance with the provision six men from the Zeppelin had been rescued by private means."

The Zeppelin L-20 was blown on the west coast of Norway on March 3 and wrecked against the mountains. Despatches the day after stated that all the sixteen comprising the crew were returned and interned by the Norwegian authorities. The airship, when wrecked, supposed to have been returning on an attack on the east coast of Iceland and Scotland.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

Royal.

W. A. Craven, Montreal; W. J. haim, Halifax; J. C. Howard, B. H. Lindsay, Halifax; W. J. Montreal; Robert Kerr, Toronto; H. Smith, Halifax; T. Field, B. H. H. R. Hamilton, Montreal; Lake, Toronto; Capt A. D. Ottawa; Geo O. Scott, Boston; Morrison, Fredericton; D. R. Worcester, Mass.; W. Geo. Ker, Montreal; Luke S. Morrison, L. C. B. A Perkins, Fredericton; Joseph H. Hall, Sherbrooke; Quebec; W. M. Crilly, Moncton; W. A. Chatham, N. B.; B. F. Malby, Geo. P. Williamson, Newcastle; B. M. man, New York.

Dufferin.

W. R. Chastley, Cumberland; Frank Eberall, Toronto; W. N. bell, Toronto; S. Abraham, Mo. Leuit Lehallan, Moncton; L. C. sereau, Chatham; J. Nickerson, ton; Joseph Nolan, Norton; A. tony, Fredericton; Allan W. Porton; Capt H. P. Davis, Chatham; Kenty, Toronto; W. J. Armstrong, treal; M. Breston, Gall, Ont.; Irish, Toronto; J. A. Reid, L. Ont.; R. L. Miles, New Mills, L. ris, Toronto; Leuit West, P. aland; H. S. Weston, Boston; G. lins, Sussex; Misses Morsereau ham; J. H. Kent, Bathurst, N. E. Tritts, Salisbury; F. G. Hinkley, got; B. B. Dakin, Montreal; Rich, Montreal; Leuit Love, Ch. W. P. Hoar, Montreal; E. J. G. Ottawa; Joe Page, Montreal; L. estis, A. Eveleigh, F. J. Brewster, sex; J. H. Wolf, Montreal; C. G. Toronto; G. L. Spear, Bangor.

Victoria Hotel.

George B. Jones, Apohaquit; Brewer and wife, Fredericton; Furton, Montreal; Mrs. F. Naught, Chatham; Mrs. R. H. An. St. John, N. B.; H. C. Hinkley, angue; James M. Johnston, Can