

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 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.

LET US HAVE IT.

Canada's new Food Controller, in an address delivered yesterday before the University Club of Ottawa, declared that it would be an exceedingly difficult matter to introduce rationing in this country by the card system but he indicated that if conditions became worse it might eventually come to this. And why not? We in Canada have already become accustomed to the hardships of war. We know that certain things are regarded as absolutely necessary if we are to win in this struggle against Hun militarism. We are told that we must have meatless days, and wheatless days, and, perchance, we may come to heatless days, if the coal shortage continues, but to how many of us has this come directly home?

We are a democratic people; we pride ourselves upon our close affiliation to a co-partnership with the democratic institutions of Great Britain, yet how many of us have felt the privation of war to the same extent as our British forebears?

It has been said that a bomb judiciously dropped in St. John, or Halifax, or Montreal, might awaken us to the fact that we are directly concerned in this war and that we are an integral factor in the winning of Empire victories. That view may be exaggerated, but, for a minute, let us suppose that a bomb from a visiting German airship should find its way to the centre of King street, or the centre of Charlotte street on a busy afternoon. What would we do? Would there not be indignation meetings galore and more or less peremptory summonses upon those enthroned in power in city hall, or elsewhere, to show cause why our comfort had thus been disturbed?

We are all very ready to indicate the action we would take in a crisis such as that indicated, but do we realize that crises such as these are the daily portion of our brothers and cousins resident in London, or Liverpool, or Manchester? Do we think that, but for the protecting arm of the British navy, these things might come to us and that it might be our lot to awaken tomorrow morning to find razed churches, demolished institutions and homes laid in ruins, with dear ones dead or missing?

It is not a pretty picture but, is there any indication we may not experience it? If we did experience it would we realize to a greater extent than we now do the grim awfulness of the present struggle?

We have sons, brothers, husbands, daily facing the foe upon a field on which that foe has common vantage. Do we know what this means? Are we sufficiently awakened to the demands this war makes of us and upon us?

So far we have been called upon only to furnish a comparatively few men to the fighting lines, and but a small proportionate amount of sacrifice. Do we expect to go Scot free with this? Or is it a fact that when our Premier pledged that Canada was in the war to the last man and the last dollar our people meant what he said? To the last man and the last dollar meant also to the last ounce of our resources; we have not yet been drained to this.

Our Food Controller tells us that further sacrifices may be necessary. Why should they not be? Let us look at this matter squarely in the face. How many of us have known anything of war except as it offered to us an opportunity to accumulate more dollars than we had hitherto dreamed possible? We are at war. Let that suffice and let us cheerfully bear any sacrifice we are called upon to make with the full understanding that our inconveniences, considerable as they may appear to us, are but trivial compared to the hardships our boys in the trenches must undergo.

If card rationing in Canada is necessary let us have it. At best we will compare favorably with other nations equally interested in a successful termination of this great struggle. We have a Union Government at Ottawa pledged and supported by an overwhelming majority, to do whatever is necessary for Canada and the Empire to win this conflict. No matter what the call may be, Canadians who have lived in comfort up to the present time, should be able and willing to bear it.

If card rationing is necessary let us have it.

graph claims, are held in disrepute. To clean a neighbor's stable is the easiest thing imaginable; one can thus get rid of material that has proven objectionable to one or, as the Telegraph is fond of Scripture, it is much more easy to find the mote in thy brother's eye than the beam in thine own.

Suppose the provincial Liberal party should have a housecleaning? Where would it start? Would it be with Mr. George McAVITY, who participated in a harbor dredging raffle-off to the extent of thousands of dollars? Would it be with Mr. John E. Moore, one of the gentlemen who handled a portion of the corruption fund the Telegraph alleges Mr. Fleming collected? Would it be with gentlemen now high in the councils of the Foster party whom the Telegraph itself, at no very distant date, contended were unworthy of public confidence? Or would it be in the Telegraph's own hall?

When we come to the consideration of journalistic ethics that newspaper itself offers choice field for investigation. We do not pretend for a moment to discuss upon all the details of the deal by which its last change of ownership was effected; we will not presume to say that its present editor, who professes such a high regard for public morality, has been but an humble hireling during the many vicissitudes of the paper for which he now speaks, but we do submit that when the Telegraph was owned by the late Mr. John McCane, the same editor, Mr. McCree, was loud in his damning of the wicked Grits and his commendation of the praiseworthy Tories and since that newspaper passed to the control of Messrs. Moore, McAvity and Pugsley the same Mr. McCree has been drawing his pay every week to bless that which he once called cursed. The Telegraph today is the paid servant of the Foster party. The editor of the Telegraph is the paid servant of that newspaper, and must either do as his directors tell him or forfeit his bread and butter.

We regret to thus publicly draw attention to the plight of the Telegraph editor, but we leave it to him to answer this one simple question: Isn't it true?

A PROPHET OF 1831.

It is customary in writing of the German system and character as developed in recent years to tag it as Prussian. There is plenty of reason for this. Prussia having united, drilled and dragooned Germany to her present "efficiency" and madness. But the Prussian hammer had very malleable material to work on.

A paper by Prof. Will in the Toronto University Monthly takes up the forgotten prophecies made by the French writer, Edgar Quinet, in the 1830's of last century. Writing in 1831 he declared that Prussia was the coming leader of a new Germany. "It is in Prussia," he said, "that the old impartiality and political cosmopolitanism has given way to an irritable and passionate national spirit. It is in Prussia, that the popular party first made peace with the central power, and it is Prussia, intelligent, restless, enterprising, that is giving to Germany today that for which it is most greedy—action, real life, social initiative—and is more than satisfying her suddenly acquired taste for might and material power."

Thus he recognized so early the tendency that was to be consummated in 1871 with the elevation of the Prussian despot to be German kaiser. He saw the surrender in Prussia of the democratic party to the centralized despotism of the king so that Prussia might become the leader of a nationalist and aggressive Germany. "And," he goes on, "Germany is grateful to Prussia for showing that under her cloud of shadowy idealism she could forge if need be, as well as others, arms and trophies of bronze. Germany places herself under the dictation of a people not more enlightened than she, but more avid, more ardent, more exacting and better equipped for affairs." Quinet in 1831 saw Germany already willing by Prussia. Germany was realizing, expressing herself in Prussia. Don't blame Prussia particularly for it all. "If she were free to do so," said Quinet, "Germany would push Prussia on slowly and from behind to the assassination of the ancient realm of France."

As to the deterioration of German character in general about 1830 Quinet had something to say. "The country of faith and love has become the country of doubt and wrath. Idealism has ended in cynicism. Nothing is left but German erudition, the scientific formula, a submergence in materialism, a parvenu national vanity." Already in 1831 Quinet intuits the self-infestation of Germanism. "Its vanity has be-

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CLOUTIER, PEABODY & CO. MAKERS

come a profound passion, conscientious, religious, a worship of self, possessing all the features of fanaticism." That word "conscientious, religious," is acute enough. "I have considered what this mighty idea might be that Germany carried in her bosom for the renovation of the world and I have found it in Teutomania." Here is the right word already in 1831 for Kultur. And Quinet defines it as "the subjection of nature, the enslavement of humanity, the exploitation of the globe." It involves "a complete lack of sympathy of charity, and of humanity." That is how the good, kindly German character looked to Quinet in 1831. It was ripe for Prussian leadership. Quinet is amused by a Prof. Leo's "Manual of Universal History," which stated that "the Celtic race is always moved by bestial instincts, while we in Germany never act save under the influence of a holy thought." * * * Louis XVI. was justly punished by God because he did not shoot down the Constituent Assembly." Such was a holy, love-loving German view of the opening of the French Revolution. Only one thing more, thought Quinet, was necessary to make this megalomaniac, Prussia-led people, a menace to the whole world, and that was a democracy and the liberator of nations. Then "everything good in Germany will disappear in the confusion of good and ill, of justice and injustice, of the true and false." As Prof. Will says, "could anyone in 1814 have given a keener analysis of the soul of Germany" and of her menace to the civilized world? Prussia is the will of this soul.

A BIT OF FUN

STUMPED!

Maybelle—Suppose Bonaparte commanded the armies of France now—what would he do?
Sapley—I have no ideal. In fact, I hardly know what I would do myself.—Judge.

WANTED A POINTER.

In a certain case where the charge was the theft of a watch the evidence was conflicting. As the jury retired the judge observed that he would be glad to help in adjusting any difficulties that might present themselves to the minds of the jury. Eleven jurors filed out of the box. The one who remained wore an expression of extreme perplexity. Observing his hesitation, the judge said:
"Would you like to ask me a question?"
"Yes, your honor," replied the juror, eagerly. "I'd be very glad if you'd tell me whether the prisoner really stole the watch."—The Green Bag.

ROCKING FOR TIME.

A Richmond dandy called upon an old friend who had received him in a rocking chair. The visitor at once observed not only that his host did not rise but that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way, similar to that of a person suffering from colic.
"You ain't sick, is you, Harrison?" asked the caller, anxiously.
"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.
"A moment's silence during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure.
"Den," continued Mose, "why in goodness does you rock yo'self data-ways all de time?"
Harrison paused not in his oscillations as he explained:
"Yo' know dat good-for-nothin' Bill Betts? Well, he done sold me a silver watch for five dollars, an' ef I stops movin' like dis, dat watch don't go."—Exchange.

SUFFERED WITH NERVES COULD NOT KEEP QUIET.

Diseases of the nervous system are very common. All the organs of the body may be sound while the nerve centres may be affected. Many women become run down and worn out by household duties never ending, and sooner or later find themselves with their nerves shattered, and the heart action weakened.

On the first sign of any weakness of either the heart or nerves, flagging energy, or physical breakdown, do not wait until your case becomes hopeless. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will at once quieten the shaking nerves, strengthen the weak heart and build up the entire system.
Mrs. F. Bailey, 221 Earl St., Kingston, Ont., writes: "I was suffering very much with my nerves, so much so that I could not keep myself quiet at all. I was recommended to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills so I bought three boxes and I must say I have derived much benefit from them, so much so that my friends have all noticed the change in me."
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Little Benny's Note Book

Me and Puds Shimkins saw a hole pile of newspapers setting on the pavement next to a well, just setting there, Puds saying, Gosh, we can sell them, I wonder if they belong to anybody speeshl.
Well lets us stand here till we count 100, and if nobody claims them by that time we can take them and it wont be stealing, I seed. Wich we did, counting the first 90 pritty slow and the last 10 pritty fast, and then Puds took half of the papers and I took half and we started to walk along yelling, Papers, papers, heer you are, get your evening papers. Keeping it up a while without anybody buying any, and then Puds sed, I know wats the matter, we awt to yell sumthing speeshl. And he yelled, Exter, exter, 40 German submarines explode on perffas.
Exter, exter, read about 60 babies jumping out of a 10 story window, I yelled.
Heer you are, get your exter all about the runaway airyplane with President Wilson and the Kaiser in it, yelled Puds.
Big spy discovered with 2 tons of dynamite in his back pocket, exter, exter, I yelled.
Wich jest then a old lady and a old gentleman came up, the old lady saying, Wats are these boys making sutch a racket about, lets buy a paper and see.
Ill buy mine from this boy and you buy yours from that one, sed the old gentleman. Being a old gentleman with little white whiskers on each side of his face but nowars elts, and he bawt a paper from me and the old lady bawt a paper from Puds. Being a pritty fat old lady with glasses on her nose and a kind expression on the rest of her face, wich as soon as she looked at her paper she sed, Wy, this is yestiddays paper, this is a swindil.
This is a swindil, wares a offiser? sed the old gentleman.
Wares a offiser? sed the old lady. And me and Puds quick dropped the money and the rest of the papers and ran like the dickins.
Proving if you jest depend on things you find youll probably never be a millionaire.

delph, Lt. Wilfred Richardson and a few others.
Mrs. William Osborne is entertaining the officers and staff of K. unit Military Hospital Commission on Friday evening of this week.
Major Osborne spent two days in St. John this week.
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McLellan went to St. John on Tuesday morning and on Thursday were in St. Stephen, returning home Friday night.
The Ladies Aid of the returned soldiers at their rooms on Queen street. A musical programme was carried out after which refreshments were served, and the whole evening was a most entertaining one. Among those taking part were: Mrs. Montgomery, who sang some old Scotch songs, and was heartily applauded. Mrs. Nell MacCunn sang Laddie in Khaki and was obliged to respond to several encores.
Mrs. F. B. Edgewood and Mrs. Arthur Tweedie contributed piano solos, and Sergeant Nolan, who possesses a very rich voice sang Mother McCree, and Mr. Cooper entertained the boys, which needless to say, were well received.
Miss Lynda contributed to the evening's entertainment by reciting pretty little sketches, which were bright and amusing.
This is the second entertainment of this kind, and the ladies hope each month to entertain the boys who come safely home in some agreeable manner.
On Friday evening of this week, they are giving a supper to the Ontario men who are stationed here at their quarters in the Exhibition building. Afterward a musical programme is arranged for.

A BIT OF VERSE

THOSE MAIDS OF YESTERDAY.
A. P. H. in Funch.
Where are the maids that used to lay my table
And cook my meals and (sometimes) scrub the floor?
Flourie and Maud and Emily and Mabel,
All are gone to prosecute the War;
In reeking vaults and mountain dells
They tend their sheep and fill their shells,
While my wife answers all the bells
And no one shines my Sam Browne any more.
Where is Elizabeth, whose eyes were so bright?
How like a home her hospital must be,
Winnie's a "Waac," and bound to be a Sergeant,
Judging from how she dominated
(Only I hope she never stoops
To talk like that to lady troops);
And Maud, who dropped so many soups—
What does she do with bombs and T. N. T.?
Our car stands starving in the dusty garage,
But Mabel drives a whacking Limousine;
And when they sprinkle us with bits of barrage,
We know that much of it was made by Jean;
Our income slowly disappears,
While they get more than Brigadier.
No wonder now the agent sneers—
"You can't get girls to come to Turnham Green."

Do they look back and hope that we are happy?
With no one left to fuss about our food;
And when some foreman is extremely snappy
Recall with tears my courtlier attitude?
Rather, I ween, with mirthful hoots,
They think of Master cleaning boots,
And thank their stars, the little brutes,
They have no more the yoke of household hood.
And what will happen when the Bosch goes under,
And all these women fling their rifles?
Will the dear maids come back to us,
I wonder?
Shall I be able to afford their pay?
And will they want Muntion rates?
Ah! who can read the ruthless Fates?
Meanwhile we wash the dirty plates
And do our utmost as willingly as they.

FREDERICTON

Fredericton, Feb. 3.—The Monday Jerry Club met this week with Mrs. Sterling, Brunswick street. Just three tables were kept going and Mrs. Robert Miller was the lucky winner of the dainty prize. The Misses Barry assisted Miss Sterling at the tea hour.
Last Friday evening Miss Eileen Keenan entertained a number of her young friends at an enjoyable outing party. The guests returned to Miss Keenan's about eleven o'clock, where a tempting supper had been provided for them.
A "poverty dance" which was held at the Palms last Friday evening was certainly a decided success. There were about forty couples present and some of the costumes were most unique.
Miss Christine Colwell received special comment on her costume.
The Junior Chapter of the I.O.D.E. are giving a large benefit bridge this week at the home of Judge and Mrs. Barry, which promises to be a bright and successful entertainment.
Miss Norah Thompson was hostess at a skating party on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Marion Bate of Newcastle, who is the guest of Miss Wilkinson, Springhill.
After the skating party returned to Miss Thompson's where refreshments were served and afterward dancing was enjoyed to the music of the Victoria.
Among those present were: Rev. Mr. Bate, Miss Bate, Miss Constance Randolph, Miss Margaret Hall, Miss Helen Richardson, Mr. Robin Ran-

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had To Take Sleeping Powders To Get Any Rest.
St. Catharines, Ont., Feb. 4.—Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system. When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and faint and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.
This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.
Mrs. Geo. E. Elise, 46 Davidson street, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in the newspapers and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not get talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

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NOTICE

On February 1st we ch method of business and for CASH. All telephone must be C. O. D.

Smith's Fish M

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OBITUARY

George T. Willis The death took place day morning, of Mr. George at his home, 51 Sewell str ing an illness of a week was fifty-five years of age, uly was engaged in business sels street. He was a n Exmouth street Methodist and is survived by his wife daughters, Mrs. Walter Per and Miss Helena L. C. M. G. Lewiston, Me. The funeral held on Wednesday.

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GILL

It w ev