

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 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.

LIFE AFTER THE WAR.

While day by day the progress of the war supplies sufficient thought for the average man, yet there are others whose minds carry them far away past these days of storm into the calm beyond; and, once there, it is but natural that they should endeavor to tell us what are the characteristics of that age. Writers, who heretofore have been content to pose as interpreters of the present have suddenly become prophets of the future. Such have sought to answer the question, "will the world after the war be better or worse?" for among modern writers there is an all but unanimous agreement with the opinion of Edmund Burke that "war never leaves where it found a nation."

Quite recently there appeared an interesting symposium, in the pages of "The Bookman," of which the general theme was "Life and Literature—After the War," which was participated in by several well-known writers of English prose whose literary successes have fairly entitled them to a respectful hearing as interpreters of current events, if not as prophets, of the new era that will dawn with the cessation of hostilities. Among such are the well known names of May Sinclair, Charles Garvice, W. L. George, Stephen Phillips, Silas K. Hocking, and Sir James Yoxall, M. P. Of these Stephen Phillips is out and out pessimistic in his prognosis, declaring that "the war is a setback to idealism" and that the present program of the Germans indicates that the predominant force in the world is "evil rather than good."

Silas K. Hocking draws attention to the fact that "we have almost already a new standard of ethics" and that he complacently adds that "the old commands: thou shalt not kill, nor steal, nor covet, nor bear false witness; thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day and love your enemies and forgive those who have wronged you, we find not only inconvenient, but almost impossible."

He inclines to the opinion that as the great and prolonged wars of the past were followed by periods of social and political corruption, so the world is not likely to experience "a sweeter or gentler period" after this war.

May Sinclair strikes a more hopeful note and encourages the thought that the world cannot but be much improved as the result of the red rain by which it has been drenched.

In literature she tells us that "our young intellectuals are not going to be affected by the war, and the war, most certainly, is not going to be affected by them. It will simply leave them alone in their detachment; and there will be no second crop of them just yet. And it would be pretty safe to say that it will make short work of the brothers and sisters of the intellectuals, of the 'sensitists' in theory and on principle, of all the bloodless, attenuated, conscientious devotees of the 'primitive instincts.' I do not think that we are going to be interested any more in their erotics, or their sex problems, or, primarily, in sex at all; because of the enormous widening of our range of motives and instincts and emotions." Then she sums up her judgment in these rather striking words: "Most of us were ceasing to live with any intensity, to believe with any conviction incompatible with comfort, and to feel with any strength and sincerity. Reality—naked, shining, intense reality—more and not less of it, in, I believe, what we are going to get after the war."

Sir James Yoxall looks for good to arise out of the evil of the present conflict and concludes a rather heartening article with the words: "The nation as a whole, can surely never be again quite so dull and slow as in some respects it was before this great shaking up occurred; for also our past trivialities and frivolities are now seen by great numbers of us to be the petty and ineffectual things they really were."

THE ROYAL EDWARD DISASTER.

The torpedoing and sinking of the British transport Royal Edward, by a German submarine, in the Aegean Sea, is a deplorable incident of the war, but it cannot be charged against the enemy that her destruction was in contravention of any of the tenets of international law. The Royal Edward was engaged in carrying troops to the Dardanelles to fight against the Turks and Germans, and, therefore, legitimate prey for the enemy's underwater craft.

There will be sorrow and anger at the fate that sent her to the bottom, but her sinking cannot arouse the world-wide indignation which was manifested at the sinking of the Lusitania. The torpedoing of the Royal Edward was a fair act of war; the sinking of the Lusitania cold-blooded, indefensible murder.

Reports of the disaster already to hand are, necessarily, incomplete and, possibly, when fuller details are made known there may be an explanation as to how the enemy managed to catch the transport, whether she was conveyed by war vessels and other information of importance. The fact that she was the first to be destroyed of all the vessels engaged in the carriage of Empire troops, although hundreds of thousands of soldiers have been so transported, is a striking tribute to the efficiency of the British navy. The fighting ships of Britain have not only kept the sea lanes open and the great flow of commerce running unimpeded to and from the ports of the Empire and the Empire's allies, but they have also guaranteed the safety of soldiers in transit to such a degree that it was almost felt that nothing like the tragedy of Saturday last could occur.

One effect of the Royal Edward's fate should be to stimulate recruiting, for the blood of the brave men sent to eternity cries out for vengeance, and their compatriots of the Empire should not be dilatory in answering the call. The memory of the tragedy will not soon be effaced, but there is a certain grim satisfaction in the knowledge that eventually Germany will pay—and pay dearly.

PEACE TALK AN INFAMY.

To those well intentioned persons and organizations spending much individual and collective thought on the question of hostilities between the Entente Allies and their Teutonic foes we commend a course of reading of the London Daily Telegraph.

Despite the fact that the fate and the future of the British Empire depends upon the successful prosecution of the conflict against the power of Prussian militarism, there are to be found even in Great Britain many earnest people who are bending their mental energies to the solution of the problem of early peace. To these the Telegraph applies itself as follows:

"The one supreme virtue at this hour is fortitude. It is not merely foolishness to talk peace; it is an infamy. Peace, concluded now, would mean the blatant triumph of Force, and we might as well pull down St. Paul's and erect on the site a temple to the Prussian Moloch. Let us quote the golden words of Burke on this subject: 'War never leaves where it found a nation. It is never to be entered into without a mature deliberation. When so taken up, it is not to be abandoned without reason as valid, as fully and as extensively considered. Peace may be made as unadvisedly as war. Nothing is so rash as fear; and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, while they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly.' For Great Britain and her Allies this is a war for Right, Liberty and Freedom, and the sentences of Burke might well be written up round the Cabinet room if there were need. But there is none. The King and his Ministers have a resolution of steel. So have the people."

The hard common sense of the London newspaper's attitude will be at once apparent. War has its horrors and its sacrifices, but they must not blind the British people to the main issue. When peace can be made with honor it will be very welcome, but there can be no honorable peace, no matter what the terms, until the Allies have accomplished the task in which they have engaged. Germany must be subdued—no matter what the cost.

For Canadian Prisoners

The Women's Canadian Club fund for the Canadian prisoners in Germany has received the following sums, sent to Mrs. R. O'Brien: Previously acknowledged, \$101; Mrs. J. K. Schofield, \$2; Mrs. John Keefe, \$2; Bessie H. Farmer, \$1.

Red Coat or Khaki?

London, Canada. Although many of them have volunteered, only a few of the men of the Royal North-West Mounted Police (whose motto is "Maintien le Droit") have been allowed to go to the front.

Why go so fast, my gallant steed? This is no blood-stained deed? We charge not at your utmost speed. Death's Head Hussar, or Uhlan vain; Not mine the joy of striking blow For Canada in freedom's cause; I ride to meet another foe, The breaker of the country's laws.

The way is long, so save your pace Until the horse-thief we shall see, Then, Jemmy, all your sinews brace While I urge on with hand and knee. You need no whip, my bonny horse. A word from me, and you will stretch Your splendid neck, and gather force Each moment till we reach the wretch.

He made his way an hour past Beside this lonely railway track; Ere nightfall I should have him fast, Although he stole no common hack. What have we here? A missing rail! No time to hunt for rider now. Back, Jemmy! We must stop the mail. Here is some German tap! I vow.

A shot! the bullet whistles past. Another! Ah! they hurt me then. Thank God we're near the box at last. Now, Jem, to balk the alien. Though "ours" in Flanders may not scout, Nor saber Hun in open fight, Not only can we win without, But from within "maintain the right." G. J. S.

Changing War Songs

Does the fact that "Tipperary" is losing favor as the marching song of the British army indicate that there is a change in the British spirit? The New York Sun thinks it does, and an interesting article declares that "Men of Harlech," the fine old Welsh song, is being substituted for the more frivolous product of the London music halls. When the war broke out British troops marched through London with the lilting "Tipperary" on their lips and The Sun compares this evidence of light heartedness with the fact that the Germans meanwhile were sweeping to battle to the thunderous chorus of "Die Wacht am Rhein" or the martial swing of "Deutschland über Alles."

One year of war has changed the tune. The "Tipperary" spirit has departed with the months and instead the British soldiers have a new song. It is not a new song with the Welsh who have sung it for generations. The British are singing it in the trenches. It is chosen to stir the fire of patriotism at recruiting meetings all over England. It is "Men of Harlech."

Here are the words of the old Welsh battle hymn:
Men of Harlech! In the hollow,
Do ye hear like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow
Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the camp of Saxon footmen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
Death is glory now.

Loose the folds asunder,
Flare we conquer under!
The placid sky, now bright on high
Shall launch its bolts in thunder;
Onward, 'tis our country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us,
Honor's self we proudly heads us!
Freedom! God and Right!

Rocky steep, and passes narrow,
Flash with spear and flight of arrow;
Who would think of pain or sorrow?
They shall find the ground
Let the earth dead foemen cover,
Fate of friend, of wife, or lover,
Trembles on a blow.

Strands of life are given,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And merry shrieks to Heaven,
Men of Harlech, young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story,
Strike for home, for life, or glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

Does the change from "Tipperary" to "Men of Harlech" mark the awakening of the British lion?

KELLY STILL OBJECTS TO TELLING WHAT HE KNOWS

Winnipeg, Aug. 17.—The attempt of Thomas Kelly, contractor, to secure an injunction to restrain the Royal Commission, which investigated the parliament buildings, from calling him before it as a witness, will now be carried to the Privy Council. The Manitoba Court of Appeal today unanimously granted his counsel right to appeal to the Privy Council from their judgment, which confirmed the decision of the lower court dismissing Kelly's appeal action.

CLIFTON

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Wetmore came from Renforth in Clifton in the yacht "Bunty" and took a large party of friends for a sail up the river on Friday.

Mrs. Beverley C. Lyon, of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. F. A. Wetmore, has returned to St. John to visit her daughter, Mrs. Percy Byles. Miss Lucy Matthews has returned home after having spent a week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Manks, St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. Flewelling,

Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

Ma went out for a little while this afternoon, saying, Benny, I'll be back in 15 minutes; if a lady comes for me ask her if she would mind going in the parlor and waiting.

Yes mam, I sed. And ma went out and pritty soon the door bell rang and who was it but a lady, beeing a big lady with a littel red nose and a empty basket awa her arm, saying, Is yure mothr in, littel boy.

No mam, but wood you mind going in the parlor and waiting, I sed. Not at awl, sed the lady. And she went in the parlor and sat down awn the sofa and put her empty basket alawside of her, and I sat thare liking at her and pritty soon the bell rang agen and who was it but anuthir lady. Wares yure mamma, boy, she sed. Beeing a littel lady with a basket full of stuff to sell awn her arm.

Shes out, but wood you mind going in the parlor and waiting, I sed. Nothing wood please me moar, sed the lady. And she went in the parlor and sat down in a chare and put her basket full of stuff in her lap and looked at the big lady, and pritty soon she sed, I sippose yure wun of these peepil that go around with empty basgits to work awn peepils simpathys.

Is that so, sed the big lady, well, I sippose yure wun of these peepil that go around with basgits full of shoo laces and things and expect peepil to give you munny without taking anything out of yure baskit, and I want to tell you that ois moar honorabl to go around with a empty baskit for peepil to put things in than with a full baskit that you want let anybody take anything out of.

Ill mash yure face in, you big jolly fish, sed the littel lady. Ill set awn you and thare wont be nothing left but a graze spot, you littel shrimp, sed the big lady. Wich jest then the bell rang agen and it was ma, saying, Well, did a lady come, and I sed, Yes mam, 2 of them.

2, goodniss, sed ma. And she went in the parlor and the big lady was jest saying to the littel lady, Shut yure trap, you sawed awf hamfred down littel pickel, and the littel lady was saying to the big lady, Aw, go lay a egg, you big outgrown bunny.

Heer, wats the meaning of this, cleer out of heer at wunts, both you, sed ma. Wich the 2 ladys did, trying to tell ma they was invited and ma not lissenning to them, and affir they had went ma sed, Wat do you meen by allowing those perdins in the house.

They both asked for you and thare both ladys, I sed. O shut up, sed ma. Wich I did.

(Perry's Point), were the guests on Thursday of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wetmore.

Lieut. C. T. Wetmore returned from Halifax on Monday. Miss Celia Wetmore is spending the remainder of her holidays with her brother, C. T. Wetmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wetmore have returned to their home in Springfield, Mass.

The Dorcas meeting W. A. was held on Thursday at the home of Mrs. D. P. Wetmore.

PROPERTY TRANSFERS RECENTLY RECORDED

St. John County

J. R. Campbell to Annie, wife of G. H. Laskie, \$1, property on Celebration street.

Kings County

W. G. Chamberlain to Margaret T. Chamberlain, \$1, property at Studholm.

A. W. Cosman to Brunswick Price, \$15, property at Springfield.

G. E. Holder to Chas. Saunders, \$1, property at Kingston.

W. L. Nutter to G. W. Price, \$1, property at Greenwick.

Richard Wagner to J. W. Wagner, \$1, property at Westfield.

J. F. Yeomans to H. E. Yeomans, \$1, property at Hampton.

Ladies' Cravenette Button Boots, \$5.00 and \$4.00 grades \$3.00.

Ladies' Patent and Dull Calf Pumps \$5.00, \$4.50 and \$4.00 grades \$3.50.

Mens Box Calf Laced Boots, any pair of "Surpass" Shoes in our store, \$5.00, \$4.50, \$4.00 and \$3.50 grades \$3.00.

Mens Dull Calf \$3.50 and \$3.00 Boots \$2.50 and \$2.00.

Childrens Tan Duck, Rubber Sole Shoes with leather innersoles, 70c, grade, sizes 4 to 10, \$1.00, 90c, grade, sizes 11 to 2 \$1.00.

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The First Week In September

Is the beginning of our busy season, but you had better not wait till then. Our classes have been continued all summer, and you can enter at any time. Catalogue containing tuition rates and courses of study mailed to any address.

S. Kerr, Principal

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