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H. V. MacKINNON,
Managing Editor.

ALFRED E. McGINLEY,
Editor.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 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.

THE EMPIRE CALL

Recruiting for the 55th New Brunswick Battalion of Canadian Infantry was considerably stimulated last evening as the result of the rousing meeting held in the St. Andrews Rink. There was a large attendance and the addresses by officers, who, themselves, have volunteered for active service, proved most inspiring. There should be little need of meetings or speakers to tell the young men of New Brunswick their plain duty. Admitting that already this province has made splendid contributions to the ranks of the men fighting for the Empire that duty has not been fulfilled. As long as the need remains there should be men to answer the call. Possibly many young men, fit and able, have been deterred from offering their services by the thought that their absence on the battlefields of Europe might be prejudicial to their local interests or their future success. Such young men need ask themselves but one question, "what will be their prospects of future commercial success in Canada if the British Empire is overthrown?"

This war is to be a war of resources. If the decision could be reached by valor and courage alone the British soldiers would now be tenting in Berlin and consideration of peace terms would already be under way. But victory in the present world racking struggle will rest with the nation that can send the most armed men to the field and can supply the last transport wagon of ammunition.

Great Britain entered the war with the greatest navy in the world. The enemy has not had the courage to test the quality of that splendid array of fighting ships and as a result the great trade routes of the ocean are still free save for the maraudings of an occasional submarine. On land, the case was different. The British army, superlative in quality, was but a pipsmy compared to the swollen but thoroughly equipped and well trained forces which the Kaiser was able to turn loose to overrun Belgium and France. The one was the result of voluntary military service and the other of the conscriptive system which made every able bodied man in Germany a trained soldier whether he willed it or not.

It requires time for Britain to gather and train forces sufficiently strong to match them against the soldiers which, as the result of years of systematic and enormous expenditure, defied the world. The appeal for men was sent to the four quarters of the Empire and while the response was splendid yet there still is urgent need.

If the enormous advantage which conscription gave to Germany at the outset of this war is to be overcome it must be by the free and voluntary action of red-blooded men of Canada and the other parts of the Empire. The need exists, the appeal has been made. What is to be the answer of New Brunswick? Shall it be said that this loyal province, or this loyalist city stood faltering and undecided when the Empire's cause was in danger? The forefathers of the present men of St. John sacrificed home, comfort and luxury willingly on the altar of their loyalty. Are we less loyal than our fathers?

IN THE DARDANELLES.

The sinking of the British warship *Majestic* by German submarines in the Dardanelles, adds to the heavy toll the Allies are paying for the opening of the gates to the Black Sea. The great effect which the completed operation will have upon the war will, however, furnish ample return for the sacrifices now being made.

The land operations on the Gallipoli Peninsula are proceeding successfully, although with heavy losses. Yet there is consolation in the fact that while the Allies have lost many men, their loss is insignificant when compared to the toll of life taken from the soldiers of the Sultan.

It was realized when the operation against the Dardanelles was undertaken that the tortuous way could not be won without heavy losses, and there is nothing to indicate that the estimate set at the opening of the war has been exceeded or even reached. In comparison to the headway made in forcing what has always been

regarded as one of the most difficult of all fortified waterways the losses are not at all discouraging.

The *Majestic*, the latest vessel to feel the force of an enemy's torpedo, was the oldest of the ships engaged in the Dardanelles and her loss, while regrettable, is hardly serious, especially as all on board were saved. It will in no wise affect the operations, but will whet the appetite for vengeance and add to the reckoning which must be paid when the war is over.

THEY SHOULD REMEMBER.

Some Liberal newspapers are finding fault with the Government for what they claim is delay in sending men from this country to the Empire's battle lines. There has been no delay. When the word was received that Canadian assistance would be welcome, preparations were at once made for the equipment, mobilization and training of the first Canadian contingent. That contingent was organized, supplied and trained more quickly than even the most optimistic hoped for and today it is bravely bearing its share of the Imperial sacrifice.

The first contingent had not left England for the front before a second contingent was practically ready, and now many of these men are in the battle lines, while the remainder, trained to the minute and willing for the fray, are only awaiting the summons.

The third contingent is well under way and will be found ready when needed. And it will be so with the fourth, fifth and sixth, if they are required. No fault can be found either with the general response to the appeal or the speed and ability with which the responsible officials handled their share of the work.

Newspapers which cry delay are not only ill advised but short sighted. They might go back to the situation existing in Canada at the time of the South African war when the reluctant Laurier said, "Not a man nor a gun shall go to South Africa," and, finally, only agreed to send the men after great pressure had been applied. And when he did send them it was not as the soldiers of Canada have gone forth to the present war. In the present case Canada pays the expenses. Laurier grudgingly "permitted" Canadian troops to go to Africa at Britain's expense. The contrast between the Laurier of 1899 and the Borden of 1915 is not to the advantage of Laurier and it appears to be poor tactics for the Grit press to invite attention to it.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his address before the Federated Liberal Clubs of Ontario the other day, declared he was a disciple of the British school of Liberalism. And then he went on to defend the Senate in killing measures passed by the representative body. Such a position does not agree with the principles laid down by such eminent British Liberals as Fox, John Bright, William Ewart Gladstone or Herbert H. Asquith. Between Laurier Liberalism and British Liberalism there is a "great gulf fixed."

The writers responsible for the wording of the German notes are unconscious humorists. The latest notification from Berlin is to Italy to the effect that Germany will consider it an unfriendly act if any German soldiers are killed while Italians are fighting against the Austrians. Those gentlemen may not have considered that for Germany to send soldiers against the Italians, if not actually an unfriendly act, was, at least, an evidence of peevishness.

And now the German newspapers are boiling over with hate for Italy and threats of what will happen to her after the war. As Italy has arrayed herself with a combination of powers far stronger than the Teutonic alliance can ever be she probably will not worry over the future.

Despatches from Italy state that all the men of the famous Medici family desire to go to the war. If the characteristics of their most notable ancestor have been transmitted to them they should be particularly at home where the fighting is done with poison bombs.

Italy continues to advance into Austrian territory but as yet there

has been no decisive clash with the Austrian forces. Almost any day is likely to see a real battle and then the Kaiser will realize just how heavy is the new arm opposed to him.

Offering her property as a home for convalescent New Brunswick soldiers is a quietly gift to be expected from a lady like Mrs. John H. Parks. There should be others to follow her splendid example.

She Would Be a Mason

By James C. Naughton in Vol. V. of the Scrap Book.

The funniest story I ever heard, The funniest thing that ever occurred, Is the story of Mrs. Mehtable Byrde, Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, is a Mason true, As good a Mason as any of you; He is tiler of Lodge Cerulean Blue, And tyles and delivers the summons due.

And she wanted to be a Mason too—Tis ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed him round, this inquisitive wife, And nabbled and teased him half out of his life; So to terminate this unhalloved strife He consented at last to admit her. And first, to disguise her from bonnet to shoon, This ridiculous lady agreed to put on His breech—Ah! forgive me, I meant pantaloons; And miraculously did they fit her.

The lodge was at work on the Master's degree; The light was ablaze on the letter G; High soared the pillars J. and B.; The officers sat like Solomon wise; The brimstone burned amid horrid cries;

The coat roamed wildly through the room, The candidate begged them to let him go home, And the devil himself stood up in the east.

As proud as an alderman at a feast, When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh, horrible sounds! oh, horrible sight!

Can it be that Masons take delight In spending thus the hours of night? Ah! could their wives and daughters know The unutterable things they say and do Their feminine hearts would burst with woe.

But this is not all my story. For those Masons joined in a hideous ring,

The candidate howled like anything, And thus in tones of death they sing ("The candidate's name was Morey"): "Blood to drink and bones to crack, Skulls to smash and lives to take, Hearts to crush and souls to burn—Give old Morey another turn, And make him all grim and sorry."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde, Unable to speak a single word; She staggered and fell in the nearest chair.

On the left of the junior warden there, And scarcely noticed, so loud the crows, That the chair was made of human bones.

Of human bones! on grinning skulls That ghastly throne of horror rolls—Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore!

Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore! His scalp across the top was flung, His teeth around the arms were strung—Never in all romance was known Such uses made of human bone.

That brimstone gleamed in lurid flame, Just like a place we will not name; Good angels, that inquiring came From blissful courts, looked on with shame

And fearful melancholy, Again they dance, but twice as bad They jump and sing like demons mad! The tune is "Hunkey Dorey"— "Blood to drink and bones to crack, Skulls to smash and lives to take."

Then came a pause—a pair of paws Reached through the floor, up sliding doors, And grabbed the unhappy candidate! How can I without tears relate The lost and ruined Morey's fate?

She saw him sink in a fiery hole, And heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!" While roars of fiendish laughter roll And down the yells for mercy!

That ridiculous woman could stand no more—She fainted and fell on the checkered floor, 'Midst all the diabolical roar.

What then, you ask me, did befall Mehtable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—She had dreamed she'd been in the Mason's hall.

Current Comments

"WITHIN THE LAW."

(From the Chicago Herald.)

Just a word as to the "armament" and the "cargo" of the *Lusitania*. The owners deny, the British government denies, that the vessel was an armed warship. These denials are borne out—officially—by the act of the United States government in allowing the ship to depart from New York harbor.

Our government, in issuing clearance papers to the *Lusitania*, certified that she left our shores with a clean slate insofar as international law was concerned. Germany had rights regarding ship and cargo, to capture,

Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

I was getting dressed to go to school this morning and I tied awn something and I looked to see wat it was and hear a tack had went rite up into the heel of my shoo as if sumboddy had poundid it in with a hammr, and jest then ma called up stares, Benny arent you dressed yet.

I tred awn a tack and it went rite in my heel, I called back.

Wat did you do, tred awn a wat, sed ma.

A tack, I sed, and it went awl the way up in my heel.

My goodniss, is it bleedin sed ma.

No mam, I sed. Wich how cood the heel of a shoo bleed.

Goodniss grawhiss, youll have blood poison, put sum peroxide awn it, do you no ware the peroxide bottil is, sed ma.

No mam, I sed.

Well, I'll kum up and do it for you, grate heavens, wy cant you be carefill ware yure stepping, sed ma.

And I heed her start to kum up stares and I sed, Nervir mind, ma, its awl rite, it aint bleedin or anything.

Thats the worst kind, wen they dont bleed, sed ma. And she caim in my room with the peroxide bottil, saying, Lets look at it, wy youve got yure shoos awn, take yure shoo awl immedidly.

But O, ma, I sed.

Dont anger, take it awl immedidly, sed ma.

Wich I did and my stocking to, and ma looked at my heel and thare wasent any holes in it or anything, and she sed, Benny Potts, wats the meaning of this, didnt you tell me you tred awn a tack and it went in yure heel.

Yes mam, heer it is in the heel, I sed. And I showed her the bottim of my shoo with the tack still sticking in it.

So, sed ma. And she took the shoo and gave me a ferear krack with it rite awn the bare toz.

Owteh, I sed.

Well, you had an owteh kuming to you, sed ma.

Wich maybe I did.

confiscate or destroy. She went beyond those rights.

The *Lusitania* sailed "within the law." The United States government so certified and guaranteed. Does any American take the word of a foreign government against the word of his own?

POTSDAM LIARS.

London Daily Express—The object of what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones would call "The Activities of Ananias" is very easy to understand. It is necessary to hearten the German people, and to persuade neutral countries that Germany cannot be defeated. The great argument used by the Potsdam party in Italy is that the German Empire is invincible, and that to join its enemies is to be crushed. The advance against the Russians was entirely political in its aim. It was intended to impress the Italian people and, at the eleventh hour, to ensure the continuance of their neutrality. The actual success attained was not sufficient for the purpose. Hence the employment of Ananias.

A WARFARE OF SAVAGES.

London Daily Telegraph—Every day seems to add to the appalling indictment which humanity has to frame against men who do more fiendish things than are recorded of the barbarians of the Middle Ages. Reckless cruelty on the sea is equalled and surpassed by diabolical crimes on land. Poison, murder, piracy, inhuman trickery, infamous lying—everything comes handy to these violators of truces and solemn engagements, these desecrat-

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PERSONAL.

Harold Spear, Gordon Green, Coleman Jordan, students at Mount Allison University, home yesterday from Sackville. Major Weyman, Lieut. R. A. of D. Company, 55th Battalion. Regt. Serg. Ford came to the today on the C. P. R. to attend a meeting in the St. A. rink last night.

L. A. Dugan, M. L. A., of Edm was in the city yesterday.

Capt. D. F. Pidgeon of the D. Ammunition Column, Fredericton in St. John yesterday at

Mr. Justice Barry and Mr. McKeown arrived in the city Fredericton yesterday morning.

Chief Clerk of the Dominion returned to St. John yesterday.

W. S. Fisher, of this city, is real co-operating with the com for the purchase of military

Lieut. Fred Foley, 55th Battalion in the city.

P. J. Vernet of Bathurst at the city yesterday to see his

son of Mr. Vernet, arrived yesterday in his way home from college in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. R. 28 Dorchester street, announce

engagement of their niece, Marcelle, to Charles Campbell Dun

city, the wedding to take place

Halifax Recorder: Mrs. Ke

ming, who goes to England, N

Nan Grant, daughter of Col

Mrs. Grant. She came from

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