

# The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1916.

"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.

## GERMANY'S NEW MURDER GAME.

German submarines, perhaps only one, perhaps more than one, are at large on the Atlantic coast, and in the course of a few days have accounted for a considerable number of vessels. Some of the victims have been British, some neutral, and doubtless during the next few days other marine losses will be sustained, until such time as the destructive visitor meets the fate which has overtaken so many of her sister ships.

The success in Germany's campaign of piracy, which has attended the efforts of the U-53 has been very largely due to the element of surprise, always effective when a murderer breaks loose among a crowd of unsuspecting and defenseless people. It is no reflection on the British navy that one or two of these underwater craft—cruisers they literally are—have succeeded in slipping out into the Atlantic. It is no reflection on the British navy that in the first paroxysm of murder the German ships have, by striking suddenly and swiftly, brought down a few slow-going merchantmen. Nothing is easier than for a criminal to commit his crime even when surrounded by police, if he acts quickly. He is eventually caught, but the harm has been done. And nothing is easier than for a German submarine to find along the Atlantic coast ten or twenty victims out of the thousands which are continually passing and repassing.

The fact that these thousands are there at all is due solely to the efficiency of Britain's navy, and this efficiency is in no way dulled by the fact that British submarines are not sinking German and neutral ships and ordering non-combatants. If there were any German ships afloat, the British subs might find something to do along these lines, but since the declaration of war not one German merchantman has traversed a mile of open sea except when flying to harbor. It is true that many criminals violate the law for one of two reasons—notoriety or revenge. Often a man commits murder or other crime for the sake of the sensation he may create and for the personal prominence, even of the baser sort, which he may arouse. Others act out of revenge, feeling themselves opposed by honorable antagonists against whom they cannot gain any fair advantage. As with individuals so with nations. Germany by her various submarine campaigns has endeavored to make the name of Germany one to be feared, and has in the same effort attempted to strike hard at Britain in revenge for the latter's unyielding control of the seas.

This policy which Germany is now pursuing is contrary to international law and contrary to all principles of humanity. But Germany has long ago placed herself outside the pale. Britain, on the other hand, has never since the beginning of the war sunk a neutral vessel nor caused the death of a single non-combatant, and she still rules the seas. Despite the activities of one or two German submarines which will no doubt soon come to the end of the rope, the losses sustained in this piratical warfare have been comparatively small, and even the German chancellor, himself, has recently admitted: "Even should the war last for two years more our submarine campaign will have no appreciable effect on the receipt of food and munitions in England."

## WILHELM AND WOODROW.

The cabled story that Ambassador Gerard is on his way to Washington with a request from the Kaiser to President Wilson to open overtures for peace is undoubtedly an unauthorized report. Yet, if the Kaiser wants a friend in his coming hour of need, there is no one to whom he will more readily turn than to the president of the United States. That his warmest support is to be found in the American Republic has, to the utter disgust of the better thinking people there, been proven by the events of the past two years. The United States, in the words of Mr. Wilson, was too proud to fight Germany, when the Huns were murdering its citizens by the score. It is interesting to speculate as to whether an equal degree of pride would have been apparent had Britain instead of Germany been the

murderer. Certainly it is true that the better classes of the United States and the great body of the daily press are sympathetically disposed toward the Allies. But in the United States, which in its confusion of nationalities is a miniature Europe, the better classes unfortunately do not exercise a controlling influence on the foreign policy of the nation.

It is true indeed that President Wilson has succeeded in keeping his country out of war—many feel at the expense of national honor. It is equally true that he has enabled manufacturers to secure many millions of dollars—much of which was British money—so that despite the war the measure of prosperity now apparent in the United States is almost unprecedented. But it is equally true that, basing his complaints on insignificant matters naturally arising from the prosecution of a great struggle, he and his colleagues have carried their note-writing habit to Britain and have, possibly for political effect, succeeded in creating an impression among the more ignorant classes of the population, that Britain is acting toward the United States in a very high-handed manner.

These little worries from a group of professional politicians are not causing any loss of sleep on the part of Premier Asquith and his associates. They are fighting the battles of all who have reason to fear the effects of Prussian militarism—among which countries is the United States—and while diplomatically acknowledging these childish complaints framed and forwarded for political purposes—they will lessen not in the slightest degree the application of those conditions which they believe will aid in winning the war. Yet the fact that Germany, which has murdered hundreds of United States citizens, has blown up United States workshops, and has in every way misused to the detriment of the United States the opportunities enjoyed under diplomatic courtesy—the fact that Germany is still most favorably received and is treated as a friend while Britain is made the victim of petty annoyances, will tend toward the selection when the proper time comes, of a peace mediator as far away as possible from the United States.

If journalistic opinion in France and Britain is any indication of the sentiments of the people, President Wilson or his successor, Mr. Hughes, will be chosen to act as go-between only after the rulers of every other neutral nation on earth have declined the honor. If Ambassador Gerard is carrying such a message from the Kaiser as the cables intimate, he will serve his Prussian friend better by delivering the message to Villa.

## IT IS TO LAUGH.

The Telegraph seizes upon the exploit of the U-53 to make out a case for what is termed "A Canadian navy of light fast ships, such as the Laurier government proposed to have."

Truly the Telegraph is amusing in its vagaries. Most Canadians—with the exception of the few who absorb their knowledge of political events from the Telegraph's columns—will remember that the Laurier navy never got further than the suggestion stage, and the suggestions were particularly varied.

In his naval ideas Laurier vacillated from two light, cruisers to whole fleet units and was equally uncertain as to their disposition. The Atlantic, he contended, could be looked after and protected by the British navy; the Canadian ships—after passing through the various stages of suggestion, adoption, calling for tenders for the yards in which they were to be built, awarding of contracts for such yards and, finally, through all the phases of construction, equipment and arming of the ships themselves—were to be placed on the Pacific. In that salubrious location they could be used against Japanese sampans or Chinese junks but would be of absolutely no value for protection against German submarine activity on the Atlantic.

The Laurier "light navy" was never intended to fight. It existed only in its promoter's mind and he took good care that it never escaped. Sir Wilfrid lost his real opportunity to aid the Empire when he strangled Sir Robert Borden's proposal for "three of the largest and finest ships of war that science could build or money could buy."

## THE STEEL RIBBED LINE

Life Behind and On the Front  
In France.

(Daily Express.)

I do not think it is possible to convey in one or a dozen or more articles the sensations which one gathers from a sojourn with the fighting forces of France. It is a great privilege to have been permitted to visit position after position, command after command, and to have talked with the men to whom the Republic has entrusted its life.

Rubbing shoulders, literally, with the common soldier in the wonderful trenches all along the steel-ribbed line gives one an altogether new point of view. The Soul of France is there, a bright flame, illuminating the waste, the gruesome, appalling wreckage of war, conferring thereon a strange, fascinating beauty which must be felt there and then. No picture, no human art can carry this entrancing sensation beyond the trenches. The Soul of France is an indestructible thing, it pervades the battle line and transforms the battling men.

Nobility of Soul.

The thing that impressed me again and again at different points was the kindness, the generosity, the lack of envy shown by all ranks. "That is one of our boys," said a lieutenant to me in English, pointing to another of the same rank who had won the Legion of Honor for conspicuous gallantry. It was said with a tone of pride and even joyousness, a sense of the honor for the "brav" belonged to the regiment, and the regiment had so distinguished itself that it had been decorated by General Joffre on the field. Where all were brave it was indeed a distinction to be superlatively so.

At an aviation camp I saw fifty young aviators crowded round a handsome subaltern, the very picture of a storied hero, who had that day accomplished a courageous and successful flight. They cheered him and applauded him and shook his hands—all so simply delighted with his success that it made one feel proud of being a wounded soldier limp along a communication trench, leaning as well as he could on the arm of a comrade. It was not a wide trench, and they could not easily walk side by side. Also it was raining hard. The wounded man had crumpled his coat over the shoulders of his comrade. We met them at a widening in the trench. The colonel of the regiment was with me, showing me his local points of interest.

"Wounded, Jean?" asked the colonel. "Oui, mon colonel," was Jean's answer, as he attempted to straighten himself. "But not badly, I hope. I shall come back."

He spoke slowly and in an undertone, obviously in pain, but his eyes glowed and his fine face betrayed his anxiety not to be left out of it. "Good boy," said the colonel, patting him on the cheek. "May God give you strength and recovery to do it!" "Oui, mon colonel!"

There was the Soul of France soaring far above such trifles as German bullets or minor wounds.

"Father" of His Men.

And ten minutes later, down below in the road, secure from the enemy's observation, where a fellow-visitor of mine was presenting cigarettes to the men, chatting and smiling, the colonel, walking straight into the crowd of steel-helmeted poilus, slapped one of them vigorously on the back with the cry—

"Youascal! Always in the middle of the road whenever there is anything to be had for nothing!"

A burst of loud laughter from a hundred bearded soldiers. The "ascal" laughed back. "Oui, mon colonel," and saluted. These were the same men who a week before had followed this very colonel through the hell fire of Douaumont and driven the Germans off in disorder. There was in this little incident no sign of lax discipline. The colonel of a French regiment is father and mother of his soldiers. They are his children. To him "ascal" "mon colonel" represents France and France to him represents everything. His attitude on the war is simple enough. He sees his beloved country invaded by the Boche, from whose former assault France had borne a gaping wound for nearly half a century. No wonder Jean aches more in his heart than in his wounded leg.

There are all along the front miles upon miles of desolation. Where the invaders' guns have not wrecked the villages and driven their inhabitants into exile the heavy footprint of War

## Little Benny's Note Book

I wanted to remember I still had part of my homework to do this morning, so last night before I went to bed I turned a chair upside down and then I saw I didn't notice it in the morning, so I got out of bed again and turned another one upside down, thinking I saw to notice one of them, anyhow, and in the middle of the night something woke me up and it was pop standing there in the dark in his piddamers saying, Consume it to blazes, wat the doose is the matter with that chair, my toe, owch, good nite.

Wats the matter, pop? I sed.  
Plenty's the matter, sed pop, I came in heer intending to do you a favor by shutting your window so the rain wotd come in, and bang my foot agensat a confounded chare that youve left sprawling all over the place.

I put it that way so I'd remember sumthing in the morning, I sed.  
Very thawtful of you, very thawtful, sed pop, well, suppose I mite as well close the window, as long as thats wat I came in for. And he started to keep on going tord the window, and all of a sudden there was a noise like sumbody falling over sumthing, and pop sed, Holy jumping slambangs, wat in the name of haydeez do you call this?

I put them both that way so if I didnt see one I'd be sure to see the other one, I sed.

And so if I didnt fall over one I'd be sure to fall over the other one. I suppose, sed pop, well I fell over them both so I hope your satisfied, conformed it all, you dont deserve to have your window shut and hanged if I'll shut it. And he put the chair strate and waked out so mad he forgot about the first chair and banged his foot agensat it agen, and he put that one strate slamming it down hard as anything, and I wook up in the morning and the chairs was both standing natural, but I remembered about my homework anyway.

is seen in the uncultivated, weed-covered fields, those same fields which summer after summer yielded so much to the wealth of France and the contentment of her people. No waving corn now in the war zone behind the guns; just mile after mile of trench-ribbed, tunnel-intersected land, covered with rank grasses and pitted, as if the earth had taken some fell disease, with shell craters. Here a village, roofless, with occasional bare beams, shattered walls, and now and then a house still habitable for soldiers at rest, with agricultural implements, deserted in the thistles. There a windmill standing brokenly on guard over a long wide strip of wooden crosses stuck in the ground, with endless wire-made wreaths and rude inscriptions to indicate the last resting-place of men who long ago gave up their lives for their France. And through it all the dull sound of the guns, incessant, insistent, overpowering to the mind of the newcomer.

The guns seem to go on forever. They haunt you as they go to bed at night in the country inn behind the lines. They greet you sullenly in the morning and remind you that another day of carnage has begun in the great struggle for world-mastery. The sound indoors is as if every door in the house were being slammed; first upstairs, then downstairs, and then one louder than the rest, as if the door of the next room had been shut in anger.

In the woods of Argonne the sound of the guns is different. They come as a giant crack. Over Verdun it is again different. A tramcar seems to be travelling in the air and bursts suddenly without an echo. The soldiers have their pet names for them, just as their English comrades have theirs, and they are just as infrequent to them. Outside Verdun I noticed a number of soldiers at work mending road which had been ploughed up rather needlessly by an invading shell. Overhead came a rumbling, whirling shell of the Jack Johnson type. Alongside the road in a field marched a small group of German prisoners, nineteen or twenty detected, spectacled, footsore boys from Hanover and Detmold and Dresden and Stuttgart, speculating, no doubt, on the fate in store for them as prisoners, and wondering if their own folk at home will long mourn them for dead. Overland, too, a great French battle-

R. D. B.

## EBBETS WILL RETIRE.

After receiving congratulations over Brooklyn's victory, Pres. Chas. H. Ebbets announced that he was ready to retire from baseball whenever a purchaser for his club appeared "with the price."

Pres. Ebbets has been connected with the Brooklyn club for 34 years as secretary and president. He said that as he is 56 years old he has earned a rest and desired to retire. He asserted that the McKeever interests in the club also were for sale. Ebbets said his ambition to win another pennant has been realized and that he is ready to transfer Brooklyn to other hands.

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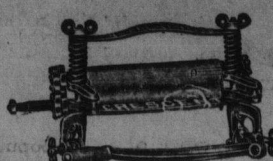
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