

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, APRIL 26, 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.

"BRAVO CANADIANS"

These words, forming as they did the laudatory headlines in one of the English newspapers on Saturday, regarding the praiseworthy exploit of the Canadian troops in what must be one of the outstanding acts of heroism in the Empire war, represent the feeling with which the whole British Empire today will greet the achievement of Canada.

The story is simply told. The French had retired and unavoidably left uncovered a portion of the British lines. Quick to take advantage the Germans charged. The Canadians were in that particular position and by the impact were swept back and away from their guns. In an instant the men from Canada made a counter-attack and succeeded in recapturing their guns and taking a number of German prisoners.

Advices from the front indicate that for two days the Canadians have borne the brunt of the German attack and have beaten back all attempts to break their lines. It is a critical situation for men who a year ago were busy doing their part in the development of the country along the peaceful lines of commerce and industry. They had no record of military service to look back on; they were, at the best, ordinary graduates from the ranks of Canada's citizen soldiery, the Canadian militia, but they knew their duty and they did it when the call came.

History has been and will be made before the war in which the Empire is engaged comes to a conclusion, but in nothing to come will a prouder record be inscribed to the credit of any portion of the Empire than has fallen this day to Canada, through the bravery of her sons. "Bravo Canadians."

A QUESTION FOR THE TELEGRAPH.

The Telegraph appears to be more than a little upset by the certainty that after the next election Hon. J. K. Flemming will be the representative of the joint counties of Carleton-Victoria, and Mr. F. B. Carvell, the loud-mouthed libeller of the Canadian soldiers, and the defamer of the British Field Marshal, will be retired to private life. With more than ordinary viciousness it demands to know what action Sir Robert Borden intends to take regarding Mr. Flemming's candidacy.

Why should Sir Robert take any action? Mr. Flemming is not a member of the Dominion Parliament, he is merely the candidate of the Conservatives of Carleton-Victoria and it is safe to say when he gets to Ottawa he will make a better record than Mr. Carvell who has represented Carleton. It may be remembered that in the nominating convention in Woodstock Mr. B. Frank Smith openly charged that Mr. Carvell stole his last election, a charge which, up to the present time, Mr. Carvell has taken no steps to refute.

If after all its own experience in political and journalistic crookedness, and no newspaper in the province has a record which, in this respect, can compare with it, the Telegraph desires to indulge in "spring cleaning," why not start in its own party? Why not ask Sir Wilfrid Laurier what he intends to do with the Honorable Frank Oliver, a gentleman who, while a Minister in the Laurier cabinet was guilty of permitting dealings in government lands to be carried on by his own officials, and who allowed the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with which he had official dealings, to put into the coffers of his newspaper, the Edmonton Bulletin, the sum of \$15,000?

After the Telegraph has purged the Liberal party of its everlasting record for graft and questionable transactions it will then be time enough to look to the party which Sir Robert Borden leads. The trouble with the Telegraph is, it realizes that Hon. J. K. Flemming is the gentleman who will write "finis" after the political career of the present member for Carleton county. That realization explains the recent editorial epigrams.

THE ASSESSMENT COMMISSION

Following the action of the Provincial Government in regard to St. John assessment matters, it is reasonable to suppose that the City Council will soon consider the matter of appointing a commission to enquire into the whole question of civic assessment and to frame a new act. Such a body should be selected with the greatest care and should include only men who can bring to the task before them an intimate knowledge not only of values but of conditions of life and work and of the earning power of the community.

It has been suggested that the Commissioners might resolve themselves into such a board. That, The Standard believes, would be a mistake. The men to frame St. John's new assessment law should be men outside of the council altogether and, as far as possible, the body should include representatives of both capital and labor. Only by such a body working in harmony and in the best interests of the whole community can the best results be obtained. Now that it has been decided to change the assessment law, the sole idea should be to produce a measure which to the greatest possible extent will deal fairly with all classes in the community. As it stands at present wage earners are taxed to the full extent of their earnings. In most cases also property valuations are fairly assessed, but it is a notorious fact that many residents of St. John escape very lightly when their assessment is estimated in comparison with their means.

1864 AND 1915.

The following from the Toronto News is worthy of careful perusal:

During the darkest hours of the American Civil War, Abraham Lincoln addressed his nagging critics in these impressive words: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin, to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. Would you shake the cable or keep shouting to him, 'Blondin! stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south? No; you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an enormous weight. Untold treasures are in their hands; they are doing the best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence and we will get you across." These stinging sentences of rebuke should be taken home today by all those violent partisans and partisan writers who have denied the Borden Government credit for its immense achievements in face of an unprecedented crisis, and who have not ceased day or night to impugn the motives of the ministers, to exaggerate departmental irregularities and to play low politics at the expense of the national and imperial welfare.

And before the war commenced the German authorities held the opinion that at the first sound of strife Canada would fall away from the Empire like ripe fruit from the parent tree.

Speaking of Hon. J. K. Flemming's candidature in Carleton-Victoria, the Fredericton Gleaner says, "the worst that can be said is that he winked the other eye while a campaign fund was in process of collection." The evidence against Hon. Frank Oliver, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Minister of the Interior, is much more direct than that.

Just let us look at that "boot scandal" and the subsequent actions of the Grit opposition with the eye of common sense. If the Liberals really believed the boots were bad, would Sir Wilfrid Laurier have exerted all his power to defeat the proposal to give the vote to the soldiers wearing those boots? It hardly seems reasonable.

In one St. John family the shadow of the war falls very heavy today. Rudolph McKell, of the late Rev. LaB. McKell, for years rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Fairville, has succumbed to injuries received on the field of battle. He is the first St. John man to fall in the

present conflict but his name and memory will live as one prepared to make the supreme sacrifice in a cause he deemed right. To his family will go the sincere sympathy and condolences of the community.

The silly Telegraph and the sillier Times have devoted no little space during the past few weeks to statements to the effect that a bill to provide a superannuation allowance for Police Magistrate Ritchie has been receiving the attention of the Provincial Government. The Standard is in a position to state on the best authority that nothing of the sort has been suggested or considered and that the City Council has sent no request for any such legislation.

It is a mournful list The Standard publishes this morning of Canadians who have given either life or limb on the altar of their country. The heavy casualties in the Canadian contingent should prove a stimulus to recruiting all over the Dominion. Hitherto Canada has fought because it was the fight of the Empire, the fight of right and liberty against wrong and tyranny. In future, however, the arm of the Canadian soldier will be steered by the knowledge that he fights to avenge his brothers and friends who have gone before.

Canadian soldiers today have placed Canada in the Empire limelight. It should not be forgotten that many of the men of the First Contingent, who held the line against repeated German attacks and thereby won the admiration of the British Empire, are graduates of the Canadian militia and that it was the Canadian militia of which Mr. Carvell spoke when he said "ALL YOU GET IN THE MILITIA OF CANADA IS THAT YOU TEACH ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. OF THE MEN OF CANADA HOW TO GET DRUNK." It would be more than interesting to know if Mr. Carvell holds the same opinion today.

Bravest Deeds At The Front.

How The Enemy Trench Was Blown Up.

(London Daily Mail)
The following narrative is written by a motor-car driver at the front, whose thrilling letters home appeared in "The Daily Mail" last November.

I was seated in a cafe with four French drivers and interpreters, and each of us spoke of the bravest deed he had witnessed in the war. The following are the narratives of a French interpreter and a Belgian driver:—

It was decided by engineers that a hole which had been used by an officer as an artillery observation post would be an ideal spot to connect up mines which had been tunnelled right under the whole first line of enemy trenches. These were to be discharged at a certain moment and immediately followed by a bayonet attack.

The interpreter was ordered to accompany as escort the officer who was to take the despatches to the observation-hole, 200 yards from the German trenches. As flares were being used it meant certain death to venture out.

The despatch-bearing officer was brought down when within a few yards of his destination. The observation officer, aware of his mission, saw him fall, and realizing he must be the bearer of important orders, tried to reach him. He was immediately seen by the Germans and fell back in the hole riddled with bullets.

Suddenly the German flares were extinguished, and my friend the interpreter instantly realized that the Germans suspected there was something important on, and no doubt meant to try to get the papers lying there between the trenches. "Being now dark and there not being so much risk," to use his own words, I decided to chance my luck, so telling an N. C. O. to give orders not to fire should I return, I made my way in what I thought was the direction in which the two bodies had fallen, for there was now no telephone wire to guide me.

I found myself on the edge of the hole, so I got in and began feeling my way around. Stumbling over the body of the dead officer, I again began groping, but my heart seemed to stop beating, as I heard whispering going on in German just overhead. I quietly lay full length, a tremor running through me as my face rested alongside the dead body of my officer, and that dead officer saved my life. The German who had just entered trod on my hand with the great hobnails in his boot, and the pain made me involuntarily pull my hand away. He must have felt the action, for he instantly made a plunge with a sword or bayonet, and although it entered the dead body lying beside me it seemed to go through me too.

The German was now speaking to his friends outside, and this gave me the opportunity to turn slightly and run my hand along the wire; the junction was within two inches of where I had first touched it, and feeling a cross-over switch I at once pushed it over. There that's all I know, for it turned out there was a mine quite close to the hole I was in, and when I came round I was in an old church at— which had been turned into a hospital. You have already read about the attack, and there is my souvenir of the event. As he concluded he pat the French military medal which now adorns his breast.

After congratulating him I remarked

Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE

Me and pop was wawking beam from a wawk today, and a man came up with a beak of shoelaces and things, being a skinkie man with a green necktie always smiling as if he was happy about sumthing without knowing wat.

Good day, sir, se dthe man.

Greetings, sed pop.

Its a funny thing, sed the man, but wood you bleeve it, I can hardly get a sole to take any shoelaces today, they give me the munny for them and awl then they wont take any, sed the man, because wun lady gave me five cents this morning and she took a pare, and I sed, You got anuthir pare, you do, lady, there two pares for five, and she sed, But I only wunt wun pare, and I sed, Well wunt you take the uthir pare, and she sed No, and she didnt; can you beet that, misir?

I cant even equal it, sed pop.

Then there was a fello and a gerithis afternoon, sed the man, the gerl sed, Wy dont you give the poor man sumthing, and the fello sed, Sure, Ill give him sumthing, and he came back anr gave me three cents and I tried my best to make him take a pare of shoelaces, but he jest woudnt listen to me, that was a funny wun, wasent it?

Yes, that was laffabil, sed pop.

But thats the way it goes, sed the man, noboddy seems to want to take any shoelaces, how about you, misir, do you need any shoelaces?

No, sed pop, but I shoold be glad if you woud asksept these few pennies wich have bin making a hideous noise in my pocket awl day. And he gave the man sed, Well now youll take a pare of shoelaces, wunt you.

No, I ware butrin shoos, sed pop, and the man looked, saying, Well darn if you dont, well can you beet that, well how about taking a box of matches. Im not aloud to carry them awn akount of insurance, sed pop. And me and him kepp awn wawking and the man kepp awn standing there, saying, Well, theres anuthir wun that dont wunt anything, this sertyen had bin a funny day.

ed that surely the incident must be one of the bravest and most remarkable in the whole war, but a Belgian driver declared an act he had personally witnessed best it. You can judge for yourself. I repeat his words as far as I can remember them:

I was on an ammunition column running between Antwerp and the surrounding trenches, but they loaded my lorry up too heavy, and running on a very bad "pavy" road, it broke the axle, so we pushed her into the road side, and carrying as much ammunition as possible, made our way to the trenches. Well, there were three lines of trenches, with a communication trench between each, and just as I arrived they had dropped back to the second owing to the enemy having found the accurate range of the first. Between the two trenches lay scores of our poor fellows who were laid low by rifle fire in the retreat, many hoping to get back as all could not reach the communication trench. One poor chap was making his way to us on his hands and knees, falling exhausted at every two or three paces, and an officer quite close to me, unable to stand it any longer, stripped of his kit and made a dash for the wounded man, who had again dropped after an heroic struggle to continue.

He reached him, too, and slung him on to his back like a baby, then started back. Well, as he ran he must have felt a bullet enter the man behind him, for he stopped, twisted the body round, then clasped both arms round the waist, so that now he was running with the body in front of

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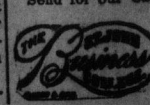
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