

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 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.

WHY?

Frank B. Carvell, Member of Parliament for the County of Carleton, N. B., and George W. Kite, Member of Parliament for the County of Richmond, N. S., have made serious allegations against a responsible minister of the Canadian Government and responsible Canadian officials.

These allegations and comments upon them by the men named and the Liberal press have had the effect of defaming Canada and of arousing throughout the world a contempt and prejudice against this country.

Free and full investigation of the allegations made by Carvell and Kite has shown there was no corruption or dishonesty on the part of the Minister of the Canadian Government or the Canadian officials referred to.

Why should Frank B. Carvell, Member of Parliament for the County of Carleton, N. B., and George W. Kite, Member of Parliament for the County of Richmond, N. S., be permitted to remain in Canadian public life?

WAR COMMENT.

The London Times' military expert in France ventures the prediction that the war will end with the current year and bases that rather optimistic forecast upon the following factors:

"Continually growing numbers of men and quantities of munitions on the entente front; the extraordinary successes of the Russian armies; the arresting of the Austrian offensive in Trentino; the silencing of the German navy through the sea battle off Jutland; the exhaustion of the German reserves, as indicated by the calling up of seventeen-year-old youths, and the use of prisoners in German munition factories."

"The task before us," the correspondent adds, "remains a hard one, but conditions are favorable to us, and it only remains for generalship and hard fighting to take advantage of them."

Whether the Times correctly represents the situation is open to question but there can be no doubt that the news of the past two weeks has been the most encouraging that has come from the battle fronts for many months. The advantage is now strongly with the Allied troops and will continue with them especially as every day sees important additions to the fighting forces arrayed against the Hun. On the western front, the enemy has reached about the limit of his ability and, as the operation at Verdun has shown, his greatest force does not now equal that of the Allies.

The Russian advance continues to gather force and although German and Austrian armies are reported to be preparing for a determined stand on the Bug River in the hope of distracting attention from the vicinity of Lemberg, yet that effort cannot be prolonged and the probability is that the Czar's steam roller will press on and on to a territorial point beyond any yet reached.

Occupation of territory or the driving back of the enemy is, however, a matter of secondary importance compared with the losses inflicted upon his fighting forces. With the defending armies once conquered territorial gains will be easy and the outstanding feature of the whole Russian movement is that it has rendered of no fighting value fully 350,000 Austrian and German soldiers.

Also it is likely that the success of the Russian offensive has completely upset German plans. Germany, by an aggressive campaign at Verdun, thought to prevent any allied offensive in the west, and by the Austrian movement in the Trentino hoped to weaken the Italian forces to a degree where it would be possible to withdraw men to meet the Russian movement. But the Russians got under way first while the resistance of the Italians proved too strong to permit of large diversions to the Galician front. On the contrary, the Italians are now prosecuting an aggressive of their own sufficiently important to occupy all the Austrian soldiers left on that line.

Meanwhile, Verdun has not been taken and there is no indication of enemy success in that quarter. On the contrary the French soldiers are more confident now than they have been for months. In the west the offensive will pass from the Teutonic powers as it has already passed in the east and

WHY?

South. Soon Germany will be reduced to fighting on the defensive on all sides and while the shortening of her lines will give her an important temporary advantage yet there can be but one end. When the armies of the Allies engage in a concerted forward movement as it is now indicated they will do very soon, this, added to the tremendous economic pressure, may speedily bring the end. The Times' opinion may, after all, be more reasonable than first glance would indicate.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The Liberal newspapers in the Maritime Provinces have all expressed their views on the result of Tuesday's voting in Nova Scotia and, as would naturally be expected, they attempt to read into the victory of Hon. Mr. Murray's government a sign of popular disapproval of the Dominion administration.

After making due allowance for the exuberance of the Liberal press over what was an undeniable victory it still is very difficult to see just how they connect Dominion issues with a local election. The Halifax newspapers, during the campaign, did not contain a reference to Dominion matters except in the way of news reports from Ottawa and no newspaper attempt was made to draw campaign material from that source. After the battle the Liberals freely claimed that the result was not only a vote of confidence in the Murray government but an expression of censure of the Dominion administration as well. One paper in New Brunswick, and with little or no knowledge of political conditions in the sister province gravely tells us that the voters expressed their displeasure at the recent "shameful disclosures" at Ottawa and by their action indicated what will happen to the Dominion administration when it next appeals to the people.

The fallacy of such reasoning is easily shown by the case of Richmond, the constituency represented in the Federal Parliament by George W. Kite. In the 1911 election Richmond returned two Liberals by majorities of 342 and 316, respectively. In Tuesday's voting the county went Conservative, although Mr. Kite came from Ottawa and threw himself vigorously into the fight. If it strains the imagination to the point of political wind then Mr. Kite's chances in the next election are no better than Mr. Carvell's. Whatever questions may have influenced the Nova Scotia electorate it is quite clear that Dominion issues did not figure and consequently the violent efforts of the Liberal newspapers to use a purely local contest as a basis of comparison for the next Dominion campaign are so far fetched as to be utterly valueless. By their ridiculous course they will deceive none save those willing to be deceived.

SIR SAM HUGHES A MAN.

Unable to criticise successfully the actions of the Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, certain ill-natured Liberal newspapers have set for themselves the congenial task of crucifying him with his words, and consequently a close watch is being kept on every word Sir Sam may utter.

Sir Sam Hughes is honest and outspoken; his worst enemies cannot but admit that when he has anything to say he does not stop to coat it with a mixture of oil and sugar after the fashion of a certain slippery gentleman whose political record in this province, and in Canada at large, is decidedly unsavory. The Minister of Militia is too blunt to make a successful agent for gold bricks or "sawdust wharves." It has never been said that he left in any public position souvenirs behind him in the form of penniless memoranda representing "borrowings" from public funds. But it has been said, and will be said, that in an hour of national danger and peril he undertook a red-blooded man's job and filled it in a manner that won for him the complete approval of his King and country.

It may not be impossible to tax the Minister of Militia with the charge of speaking plainly the full-toned truth when a mincing lie might have better pleased his critics. But he is all man, and as such he is preferred to those fawning parasites who produce words of "honey and sweet oils" from lips of guile.

THE CARRIER'S TALE

The afternoon sun blazed down on the corrugated iron roof of my office in the heart of West Africa. I stepped outside to get a breath of air, and started across to the mud-and-thatch police huts, whitewashed prison, and many telegraph office which stood out clearly against the background of the tropical verdure beyond the station clearing. A tattered Union Jack waved over my bungalow to the right. What luck would it be for the telegraph office tonight? I cast my eyes over the usual gathering of petitioners who daily seek from me redress for innumerable grievances, real or craftily invented: turbaned chief, half-naked villagers, young girls and shrivelled hags, all claiming justice in the shadow of the old flag. Two youths in bright-colored cloths caught my eye. One of them held out a letter marked O. H. M. S. I read it and beckoned them to come into the office. "So you've come back from the great war in Cameroon," I said. "Tell me all about it."

At last I was to get my information so easily. The brains of these lads torn from their villages in the bush and hurled into the vortex of the struggle was a kaleidoscope of new impressions. Ships and the sea, railway and motor-car, the machinery of warfare and a country—all these things they had not even heard previously, and their language was without expression for any of them. By dint of patient questioning and encouragement I got from them a vague outline of their adventures and a conception of the effect of all they had experienced on their minds. Most likely the facts are jumbled and inaccurate, but this is the story of Nwoso, carrier 1475.

"We came back one night from our yam farm. The chief called us and handed us over to a Government messenger. I did not know where we were going to, but the chief and the messenger said that the white man had sent for us, and so we must go. After three days we reached the white-man's compound. Plenty of others had arrived from other villages far away. The white man wrote our names in a book, tied a brass number ticket round our necks, and gave each man a blanket and food. Then he told us that we were going to the great war to help the King's soldiers, who were going to the Germans coming to our country and burning it. We left and marched far into the bush. The Government police led the way, and allowed no man to stop behind. Men from other towns joined us as we passed on. We could not speak to them, as they did not understand us. A wire ran along the road we took. It was tide to iron sticks. The messenger said this was a white man's job for sending news. They had many wonderful things we do not understand. Then we crossed a great swamp, and suddenly came to a very large water such as I have never seen in our country. A big bridge ran into the middle of it, and at its end in the water lay a very large floating house of iron painted black and white and red. It smoked, and we feared it very much. Its long arms moved about with terrible noises, picking things up of the beach and lifting them into the air. We wanted to run away, but the police cursed us and drove us over the bridge on to the roof of the house. They called it a ship."

"The next morning the ship roared loudly like some great elephant, and then began to tremble and move. I hid under my blanket; when I dared to look out the ship had moved on to the middle of the water. As we went on the water became wider and wider. You soon could not see trees any more. A cold wind began to blow. A great fog seized us. All said, 'We shall never see our country again.' Then the ship began to rock. You soon saw nothing but water. Our heads began to turn as though we were poisoned. No man could eat. Night came. Strange lights burned on the ship inside bottles. My heart was bitterly sad."

"Next morning you could see land again and great mountains. We reached a creek where there were plenty of other ships and a big town. I cannot tell you its name. We were sent on to a small ship and taken to land. From there we walked out to a big camp in the bush. After seven days we were given heavy loads to carry. There were biscuits inside them. Soldiers went in front, and then the carriers followed into the bush far, very far."

"One day shooting began in front. The white man told us to lie down and wait. The big guns came up and roared over the hills, and plenty of small ones helped. They fired cartridges like a string of beads as fast as a man can beat a drum. We lay and listened. The Germans fired, and then at last they ran away, but our second lieutenant was killed and the white sergeant major badly wounded. Next day we came to a large town full of soldiers. I fell down in the market-place and lay for a long time under a tree. A white man had me carried to a house where there were other sick carriers. We were given medicine and food and water. My side hurt and I could not breathe. Ahomere here had stomach complaint. I do not know how long it was that we stayed there. The white doctor said we must be sent home. When we could walk about I saw canoes on wheels that ran about by themselves and carried loads and made strange noises, but not so loud as a ship. The white man's life is very strong. They also had a great road there built of two very long pieces of big iron. Great boxes ran on the iron. The front box was black and screamed terribly. We ran away from it at first, till we saw that it did not follow us and that it harmed no one."

"At last they put us into one of these boxes, and it started off. It shook us terribly, and ran along past things we never saw before. Nothing could stop it, but sometimes it did halt and the white man gave it water to drink. A fire burnt inside it. The

Little Benny's Note Book

There's a empty house in the next block which nobody lives in, and me and Pude Simkins and Skinny Martin started to wawk past it, and who was setting on the steps eating a sandwich but a man with a nootie on, but no collar, and he had a big long mustash brushed rite up strate in the air funny as anything.

O, look at his mustash, and Pude Simkins. With we all stopped and started to do, and the man looked at us standing there looking at him, being sumthing to look at, all rite, and the man ate the rest of his sandwich and got up and started to wawk down the street, me and Pude and Skinny following him a little ways in back.

How woud you like to have a mustash like that, heh fellow? sed Pude. I gess he uses the ends of it for shaving brushes, I sed.

Maybe he hangs his hat and coat on it wen he cant find hooks eny-ware else, sed Skinny.

And the man looked around at us about 3 times as if he thawt we was following him, wich we was, and then he quick turned around the corner. Maybe he dont like to be followed, I sed.

He awt to be ust to it with that mustash, sed Skinny.

I bet sometimes he has more than 100 peepil following him, sed Pude. Wich just then we got to the corner and started to tern around it, and who jumped out at us but the man with the mustash, looking farse as enything and saying sumthing fast in a forin langwidge, and me and Pude and Skinny terned around and ran up the street till we got to the next corner and then we stopped because there wasnt enybody running after us, and we had a argewment about wat langwidge he had chased us in, me saying Terkish and Pude saying African and Skinny saying Latin.

same night we came to a place where will reward the labors of the sowers of the bloody seed. Westphalian steel and coal, Berlin machinery, and Viennese furniture, Bavarian beer and leather, Wurtemberg's chemical products, books from Leipzig, and sugar from Magdeburg will in future repositively, drift on the bosom of the beautiful fast-flowing stream towards the Far East without one foreign spying eye being able even to count the innumerable vessels.

The sons of the soldiers who today battle with blood and iron for the freedom of the road for the Central Powers may yet dig the canal which shall unite the Pontifical Sea with the Euphrates. And on that day gruesome barbarous nation-throttling England will have reached the end of her might.

If that catastrophe does not happen until the "Lokalanzeiger's" dream is fulfilled we may indeed sleep quietly in our beds.

Some Canal.

Hope tells a fluttering tale through the congenial medium of the Berlin "Lokalanzeiger"—a tale of a grand canal stretching across Europe and Asia, and carrying German produce to the bazaars of Bombay and Delhi.

Despite all the sacrifices we have already endured, despite all those yet to come, we may breathe freely when we gaze into the future. Before us a great and therefore costly task looms, the construction of the Rhine-Danube canal is constructed and the Rivers Elbe, Moldau, Oder, and Vistula are joined to the formidable artery of the Central Powers, fruit the most glorious

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To the girl or boy who succeeds in finding the best solutions to the greatest number of the riddles, I shall award either a beautiful Bracelet or a Meccano Set, as the case may be. The sender of the next best will receive a splendid Story Book.

Write out your solutions clearly, and send in all entries so that they reach this office not later than June 28th, accompanied by the usual coupon correctly filled in and addressed to

UNCLE DICK,
THE STANDARD,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

In the event of a tie, neatness of writing will be taken into consideration, and Uncle Dick's decision is final.

Here are the riddles:

1. What key is the hardest to turn?

2. Why is a rich cake like the sea?

3. Why doesn't a joke last as long as a church bell?

4. Why do haversacks resemble handcuffs?

5. Why are you better looking than a carpenter?

6. What makes an elephant's head different from every other head?

7. What is the difference between a frightened child and a shipwrecked sailor?

8. Why are blacksmiths more discontented than other workmen?

9. What timber should be used for castles in the air?

10. What is the difference between a photographer and the mooses?

STANDARD COMPETITION.
For Boys and Girls

Full Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Birthday.....

WHY NOT WIN A CAMERA?

To the Active Member of the Children's Corner, of The Standard who succeeds in getting the largest number of other kiddies to join the Corner by June 30th, will be awarded a splendid Camera, complete with one film.

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June Phases of the Moon:

First Quarter .. 8th 7h 59m. p.m.

Full Moon .. 15th 6h 42m. p.m.

Last Quarter .. 22nd 6h 16m. a.m.

New Moon .. 30th 6h 45m. a.m.

(The time given is Atlantic Standard, one hour slower than present local time.)

23 Fri 4.42 8.10 5.43 18.16 12.06

24 Sat 4.42 8.10 6.44 19.16 0.38 13.08

25 Sun 4.42 8.11 7.46 20.13 1.42 14.11

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Thursday, June 2, 1916.

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FOREIGN PORTS.

Boston, June 20—Old: Str. Glen-

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Sid June 20: Schs Maple Leaf, St

John, N. B.; Lucille, Shules, N. S.; Ida

M, River Hobart, N. S.; Catherine, Le-

ban; Catherine, Bangor; BB Hard-

wick, Plymouth, N. S.; Edna Vaughan,

Shubert, Sandy Point and Liverpool,

N. S.; James L. Maloy, Southwest Har-

bor, Crescent, Matfield, N. S.; Emma

Noel, N. S.; C. B. Clark, Stockton, Me.

Porter, Port Wade, N. S.; Nevis,

St. John, N. B.; Str. John, N. B.

City Island, June 20—Bound south:

Sch. Leah K. Stetson, St. John, N. B.

via Bridgeport, for Port Reading.

Rockland, Me, June 20—Arrd: Schs

Carrie A. Bucknam, Bangor for New

York; Charles H. Kline, Roberts Har-

bor for do; John J. Perry, Boston.

Sid June 20: Schs Marie Saunders,

Providence; Charlie and Willie, Bos-

ton; Emma S. Briggs, New York.

Vineyard Haven, June 20—Arrd and

Sid: Str. St. Paul Mulgrave, N. S. for

New York.