

The St. John Standard

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M. V. MACKINNON, Managing Editor. ALFRED E. MCGINLEY, Editor.
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1918.

"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.

"CARRY ON!"

Today the Canadian people must decide whether they are willing to continue to serve the Empire until the Prussian culture has been shorn of its power to destroy and consume, or whether they will sever from the path of effort and sacrifice and allow others to do for them the things they should do for themselves.

Canadians at home are faced by many duties, many responsibilities. We are responsible for the men who have gone overseas to do for us what we are unable to do for ourselves, to fight for us, for our dear ones and our homes. It is our duty to see to it that those men receive all necessary support in the way of reinforcements, needed munitions and needed food.

It is our duty, too, to help the people of England and of France, the people of Belgium who have suffered through the over-running of their fair country by a barbarous foe. It is our duty to produce and conserve every pound of food that we can spare from our own tables in order that other tables, less well supplied, may at least contain something to fill the hungry mouths. Also it is our duty to bring to bear every effort of which we are capable to further the cause of Canada and the Empire in this time of serious crisis. This is the most important duty of all for it discharges it to the limit of our ability all other duties will be fulfilled with it.

Canada must "carry on." We have put our hand to the plough and ceased the furrow. There can be no cessation of effort now, that furrow must be ploughed to the end, until it stands straight and gleaming the testimony of a nation's determination. Our sons and brothers are carrying on in France, no matter how disagreeable or difficult the duty of the day may be. We at home must be worthy of them and of their sacrifice.

It is in such a spirit that Canadians must approach the task of today. Those who have not yet complied with the regulations regarding registration can delay no longer. A penalty is provided for failure to register but it should not be necessary to hold out the fear of punishment to get Canadians to do their duty. Already the work of registering is well under way, thousands of citizens having taken advantage of the opportunity afforded to discharge that duty early. Those who have not done so have one more day of grace. Registration offices will open at seven o'clock this morning and continue open until after ten o'clock tonight. Tonight should show every man and woman in New Brunswick, above the age of sixteen, duly recorded as national servants ready to do whatever is necessary to aid in the cause of world freedom.

ITALY'S GREAT WORK.

Yesterday marked the seventh day since the start of the Austrian drive in Northern Italy and it saw the force of the movement practically halted all along the one hundred mile front where the Italians, with the assistance of British and French troops, are facing the enemy. The fighting in Italy is peculiarly Italy's work for, although the other allies have sent assistance to Cadorna's gallant fighters, the burden of repelling the Austrian invaders fell practically with all its weight upon Italian shoulders.

The brilliant defence made by our Italian allies is a splendid tonic for the British, French and American soldiers fighting in France, for it must be admitted that there was more or less doubt as to what might happen when the Austrians launched their long expected drive. There was a general hope that the Italians would be able to prevail against it; there was an equally prevalent fear that the reverse might be the case and that Generalissimo Foch would be called upon to aid Italy by the despatch of divisions from the western front. The general hope was realized, the prevalent fear was not.

For seven days the Austrians have been battering their battalions to pieces against a stone wall defence and while the enemy legions have not yet ceased in their efforts to break down that wall their failure of the past week is so significant as to give hope that before long the Italians will counter-attack in a movement that may carry them a long way toward the elimination of Austria as a fighting force.

Conditions in Austria are bad. Civilians and many soldiers are without sufficient food. There is dissension and disaffection in the Austrian government which threatens to become more acute as time passes. If the Austrian movement against Italy had been attended by decisive success much of the discontent and war-weariness

might have been forgotten in the joy of victory but it is now evident that the drive will have no such result and the Austrian people must speedily learn, if they do not already know, that their crack troops, with which they expected to drive through to Venice have been seriously checked if not actually beaten.

A correspondent has said that this is a war of peoples rather than of professional armies and that the spirit of civilians behind the lines is a most important factor in determining final victory or defeat. The spirit of the Austrian people has had little to feed upon and it is not surprising that, famished and weary, they are heartily sick of a conflict which can only end in defeat and possible disaster.

KEEP THE BOYS CHEERFUL.

Over in the United States they have discovered a rational preventative from the effects of shell shock. Medical experts have learned that more than fifty per cent. of the victims can be cured. For this reason, however, it is necessary to place the sufferer in pleasant surroundings for from three to eight months and even then it is scarcely safe to send him back to the firing lines for a second collapse is almost certain to supervene. Even in cases of shell shock prevention is better than cure, and friends and relatives of the fighting men are in possession of the means of prevention.

One means of saving from shell shock is to keep the boys in the best of spirits. This is the message brought back to America by W. Frank Parsons, director general of the department of civilian relief of the Red Cross, who has just returned from France. Mr. Parsons declares that worry of any sort renders a soldier susceptible to shell shock, and he urges that everybody who writes to a soldier overseas should omit from the letter all that pertains to disagreeable topics and confine the messages to good news that will tend to put the recipient in a happier frame of mind. On this point he says: "Gloomy letters help to lose the war; don't write them." This is good advice. Keep the boys cheerful.

THE HEALTHY KAISER

(From the New York Times.)

Film and myth maker Karl Rosner sees his Kaiser "in radiant health, bronzed and bright-eyed." The telephone tells the imperial ears that a German battalion is across the Aisne. The fast-building "Gogolienians"—and where would the old Napoleon be when it is published?—is increased by an oracular, pompous "the victory is won, one of our great victories on which our future will rest." Does this everlasting pose and prattle of the Kaiser nag a little the nerves of "honest Michael"? What a picture this health and radiance of the Kaiser makes! By his act, as truly as if by his hand, millions of men are dead. Thousands are blind. Whole races have been almost exterminated after cruel suffering. Starvation is the normal lot of millions. Plagues, typhuses, a legion of diseases, have raged over the world. Millions of little children drop and die for want of the scantiest foods and remedies. Even in his own empire robust health has faded from the crowd. Europe and Asia are sick. The world is a hospital and a graveyard. And this poor strutting cabotin of a Kaiser is healthy as a horse and merry as a cricket. So death is healthy, slaying but unslain.

CIVILIAN DAYS

(Toronto Globe)

The difficulty in maintaining returned soldiers organizations, even while the war is in progress, makes it appear very unlikely that the enterprising politician of the future will be able to separate the "soldier vote" from that of other citizens and "round up" the veterans at the polls for his personal advancement. From a young Toronto artillery officer at the front comes this illuminating paragraph, taken from a letter to his mother: "We had a great discussion on the way from the guns tonight regarding Canadian politics after the war. After much talking and smashing around we came to the conclusion that when the war is over the big issue in Canada will be the tariff one. Hence the absurdity of the notion which some appear to have that a third—a soldiers' party—will come into existence and dominate the entire country. After all, we Canadians are civilians by training and inclination. We try to live up to the uniform we wear while we are in it, but our serious thoughts are

all directed towards the days after the war—civilian days."
"We Canadians are all civilians by training and inclination." That is a thought worth keeping a grip of in these days when a few ill-balanced scoundrels wish to destroy militarism in Europe by transferring the centre of the world's military power to the American continent.

HIS ANSWER IN BLOOD

"Canada," London.

Captain (Rev.) M. de la Taille, who as chaplain of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, was in close touch with the unit when it helped to stem the enemy onrush following the German offensive which began on March 21, tells the following incident which occurred at that time:
The chaplain was in attendance at an advanced dressing station when the wounded were being brought in. On the arrival of one such conveyance he asked the men if there were any Roman Catholic soldiers among their number needing his spiritual ministrations. One wounded cavalryman, badly wounded in the mouth by shrapnel, had his face swathed in bandages, and though it was seen that he was trying to speak, the nature of his words could not be ascertained. The chaplain reiterated his request, and the wounded man, with his finger as pen and his own blood as ink, wrote the word "Yes" on the side of the horse's snaffle. The chaplain then administered the Last Sacrament to the wounded soldier.

A BIT OF VERSE

A Bird Sang Over The Battlefield

Over the wreck of the swaying fight—
Over the place where the death-note booms,
A bird in the azure world of light,
Over the scene of a thousand dooms,
And the evil shrine of the gods of hate
Carols of love to his simple mate.

Carols of love, as the feathered swain
Sang in Maytime dawn of yore,
'Ere the men of a nation turned to Cain
And lost trod love in the mire of war—
Carols of love in the shell-battered sky—
Warbles of joy, with the shambles night!

Yet, how true are his God-sent powers!
True to himself and his part in life,
Proving to man in the reddest hours
The truths that throb through the
Minstrel of war, your peaceful lay.
Must blend with victor's song some day!

—Trevor, in Lloyd's Weekly.

A BIT OF FUN

Suitable

Bix—I want to sweep the cobwebs from my brain.
Dix—I would suggest a vacuum cleaner.

Cured Him

"I've cured my husband's insomnia."
"How did you do it?"
"I pretended I was ill and had the doctor prescribe medicine which Henry was to give me every half-hour all night long."

Putting up a Kick

Recruiting Officer: We can't accept you, your feet are in bad shape.
Applicant:—What the deuce!
Must think a soldier fights like a mule.

Sarcasm

Citizen:—Unless I am mistaken, you are the party I gave ten cents to yesterday.
Beggar:—I am, sir. Did you think a dime would make a new man of me?

Had to Hurry

"Harold, dear, put up your book now and go to bed," said his mother.
"But, mama, I've got to finish this story tonight: 'I simply must.'"
"Why so, dear?"
"Cause I'll be nine tomorrow, and you see it says this book is 'For children of 6 to 8 years.'"

Thoroughly Acclimated

"Here's one evidence that the melting pot really melts."
"What now?"
"A Russian gentleman sojourning in our midst is pleading Dementia Americana."—Kansas City Journal.

BERMUDA POTATOES

Washington, June 21.—It is reported here that Bermuda has forbidden exports of potatoes as a measure to ensure the food supply of her people. A maximum retail price of three cents a pound for potatoes and a minimum price of \$2.75 a barrel of approximately 160 pounds, for sale in quantities, have been fixed.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH HER HEART

Would Wake Up Smothering

The terrible smothering and choking up sensations and sinking spells, the feelings of dizziness and faintness that come over those whose heart and nerves are deranged causes the greatest distress of both mind and body.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills give prompt relief and effect a complete cure in cases of such severity. Mr. A. M. Powell, Norval Station, Ont., writes "I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered five years with my heart and nerves, but the last two years I have suffered terribly. If I went to bed I would wake up as if I were smothering. I did not get one night's sleep out of seven. I got so very weak that the doctor was called in, and he said it was my heart, and that I must take great care of myself. I saw your advertisement in your Almanac for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and said I would try them. I have only taken two boxes of them and I feel a new woman. I will recommend them to anyone afflicted with heart trouble."

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Little Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAPE.

Me and Puda Simkins was walking along, and we came to a man's legs sticking out from underneath of a little automobile, on account of him being under there fixing it, and I whispered to Puda, Hay, Puda, you don't you squeeze the horn and see if he says anything?

Why don't you? Puda whispered back. I got it, I did, the horn making such a fearsome noise you wouldn't of expected it from a horn on a little automobile, and the man underneath didn't say anything and his legs kept on sticking out, and Puda reached out and squeezed the horn, and the man yelled from underneath the automobile, Hay, hay, don't do that, I'll sell you the hole blame car for 50 cents, but don't do that.

And he kept on hammering something underneath the car, and I sed to Puda, have you got 50 cents, that's a bargain, all right. No, I only got 4 cents, sed Puda.

I got 3, that's 7, but I guess he no use offering him 7, I sed. Which we didn't offer it to him, jest standing there looking at his legs, and pritty soon pop came up the street on his way home, and I sed G, pop, you're jest in time, heers a man wants to sell this automobile for 50 cents.

Ware? sed pop. Underneath, I sed. Or are those his legs? sed pop, and I sed, Yes sir, tell him you'll buy it, you don't you pop?

Well, I don't like to butt in on nobody else's bargain, but if you'll arrange the details, I'll advance you the 50 cents, sed pop. And I leened down and looked under the automobile, saying, I'll buy it for 50 cents, mister, my farther's heer and he says he will give me the money. 350 dollars I'd buy a locomotive, come on, Benny, you can tell him he can have it for 350 dollars with a extra tire thrown in and cheap at double the price, sed the man. And he came out from underneath the car and started to dust himself off, which he needed it, and pop sed, If I had 350 dollars I'd buy a locomotive, come on, Benny, supply must be red dy. And me and him started to go home, me saying, G, pop, its too bad you didn't get there before he got it fixed, ain't it?

O well, lifes full of disappointments, sed pop. And we kept on wawking home to supper.

Last One Out.

"I am waiting for my wife," explained the man who stood outside the church.

"Same here," replied the man who had just arrived and was starting to light a cigar.

"You won't have time to finish your cigar, will you?" inquired the man who stood outside the church.

"I should say I will!" replied the man who had just arrived.

"Haden't you better stand where you won't be apt to miss her in the crowd?" suggested the other man.

"Not me," replied the new arrival. "I can just stand any old place. There is no danger of missing my wife. It is a very simple matter for me. All I have to do is to brag the last woman out. I've been married twelve years now and I have taken her home from many different churches of many different denominations on different occasions, and never once in all these years has she failed to be the last woman out of the church. That's her now in the big white hat."

"Ah! She isn't the last one out this time. This is once she fooled you!" "No, she hasn't fooled me yet. The first time she did that she did fool me a little, but that was a long time ago. I expect it now and in fact count on it. You see, she's gone back to work. She's a little better now, but she always does that three or four times. This is only go back No. 1. It will be a long time yet before she's out for good."

"She just happened to remember that she had forgotten her purse," surmised the man who stood outside.

"Possibly," agreed the other, "but it is more likely that she just happened to remember that she wanted to ask somebody about something, or she had forgotten to tell some committee something, and so she said like that will take rather longer for its consummation than the mere recovering of a purse. But it doesn't matter what she went back for. It will be sufficient to detain her until the last dog's hung. Anybody who stays in that church any longer than she does will stay there all night because she only beats the bolt by an eyelash. The janitor is always very particular not to bolt the door until he sees my wife outside."

At last, with the man who stood outside the church stepped forward and accosted a beautiful lady as she emerged from the church.

"Say, girl, around a while," he said to the beautiful lady. "I want to see who'll be the last woman out."

"They did so and the very last mortal to leave the church was joined and escorted by the man who had arrived last upon the scene."

London, June 21.—British casualties reported during the week ended today aggregated 36,620. The losses were divided as follows:—Killed or died of wounds—Officers, 235; men 4,247.

At night to bed," said his mother. "But, mama, I've got to finish this story tonight: 'I simply must.'"
"Why so, dear?"
"Cause I'll be nine tomorrow, and you see it says this book is 'For children of 6 to 8 years.'"

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Brain Fag

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You cannot leave for a long rest in the country, and it is therefore necessary that you have assistance where you are. Help awaits you in the form of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great restorative feeds the nerves back to health and vigor. It restores the energy and vitality that is necessary to success and the healthful enjoyment of life.

Aching Feet
Tired Limbs
Shuffling Gait
Turned Ankles
Rheumatism
Irritability
Tired All Over
Feeling

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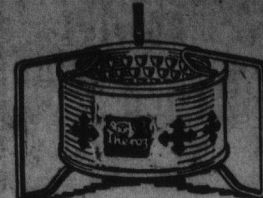
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THEROZ Blue Flame Stove



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Size of stove is 2 1/2 in. diameter. The arms fold up, making it compact enough to even carry in your pocket.

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