

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1914.

HOW LONG?

The Prime Minister of Great Britain, in the House of Commons, yesterday, struck a cheerful note when he expressed the opinion that the great war might end sooner than at first expected. It will be remembered that in the early days of the war, persons qualified to judge, stated their belief that the crushing of Prussian militarism would be a task involving at least three years of constant and costly effort. Now, after little more than three months fighting, it is expected that the end will not be so long delayed.

Even when one is fortified with absolute knowledge of the conditions and resources of the warring nations it is not easy to predict the duration of a conflict which, from every angle of comparison, has already set a new standard for the world. The Premier of Britain, Mr. Asquith, and the Secretary of State for War, Earl Kitchener, might be expected to have knowledge which would enable them to form an opinion more accurate than could be secured from any other source. At the outbreak of hostilities Earl Kitchener stated that the duration of the war would be in the vicinity of three years; Mr. Asquith now believes the end will come more quickly. This, in itself, must be regarded as decidedly encouraging. And it is evident that Great Britain does not intend to permit Germany to sue for peace until the task upon which the Allied nations are now engaged has been so thoroughly completed that it will never again require attention.

From the despatches purporting to reflect conditions as they exist in Europe today, it is possible for even a layman, to gather some slight idea of the terrible havoc this war has caused. We know how it is in France, Russia and in Britain, but information regarding Germany is limited. An occasional item telling of suffering in Berlin, of the enforced idleness of thousands of working people, of men, women and children already experiencing the pangs of poverty, and the knowledge that as yet the conflict has hardly started, cause one to reflect upon the more serious times in store for Germany after the battle lines have been pushed across the boundaries of that country and the German people are forced to taste of the horrors with which the heroic Belgians have already been overladen.

The conduct of the people of Belgium has drawn the admiration and the wonder of the world. They have fought heroically while their cities burned and their countryside was laid bare. They have seen women and children killed in the streets and their homes razed. Stolidly they have watched the fruits of centuries of honest work and peaceful effort swept away in a few brief hours. Will the people of Germany stand the ordeal as well? Is it not more likely to suppose that after their decimated armies have been forced back to their very homes, after their vaunted navy has been swept from the seas, and the noose of steel, encircling the unfortunate country has been tightened until it strangles national and commercial life, they will force the blood-trazed pervers who now direct their destinies to go down upon their knees and beg for succor from the processes of merited vengeance?

During three months of war every project attempted by the German army has been defeated. They sought triumphal entry to Paris; they are still 150 miles from their goal, but slightly less than the distance which separates the advance guard of the great Russian army from Berlin. They attempted to capture the French Channel ports, but are farther from accomplishing that purpose than they were three weeks ago. Their splendidly equipped armies have been riven and torn until now, we are told, men of the second and third reserves are in the front fighting line. Their navy is still in the Kiel Canal skulking from a test of strength with the pride of Britain, a test the result of which is known as well in Berlin as it is in London. On the eastern war front they are faced with a menace daily growing more terrible, and there is no prospect of relief.

And with it all the people of Germany, or, if not the people, at least those directing the campaign, go to their uneasy slumber each night with the knowledge that they are playing a losing game. The armies of Britain, France and Russia, already strong enough to prosecute the campaign to a successful issue, are being daily augmented from all quarters of the globe. In the spring, if the war should last that long, a British army of one million men, a completely equipped, perfectly trained fighting force of free men who have never learned the meaning of the word quit, will be in the field prepared to carry the struggle on

and on to the very gates of Berlin. During the winter months the Russian armies will be vastly increased and their advance, which has already brought terror to the German heart, will continue, more deadly, more menacing than ever.

In the light of all these things, the question is not how the Allies will progress, we know what their ultimate goal will be, but what will Germany do? How long will it be before the people of the German nation will realize that prolongation of the struggle will but increase the debt of blood that they must pay; how long before they will cry "enough," will cast from them the false doctrine of might, and, freed from the evil influence of the Kaiser and the war party, humbly ask permission of the world to set about the task of once more putting their national house in order? It is not wise to be over-optimistic but there is good reason to believe the day cannot be long delayed.

FIRING UNDER THE WHITE FLAG.

Since the outbreak of the war the Telegraph has lost no opportunity of pleading that the present is no time for consideration of the Liberal party record on the matter of Naval Aid, and similar questions; that, with the Empire at war, there should be a general and complete observance of a political truce. This truce, apparently, has been regarded by the Telegraph as applying only to Dominion questions, for that newspaper has not ceased in its campaign of misrepresentation against the Lieutenant-Governor and the members of the Provincial Government. Yesterday morning, however, it fired from the protection of the white flag, and in an editorial purporting to deal with the success of the Australian cruiser Sydney in disposing of the Emden, worked a "boomer" for what it claimed was the Laurier Naval policy, in the following words: "It is a matter of great regret that Canada has not similar light and fast cruisers."

It is not necessary to tell Canadians, possessed of ordinary understanding, that Canada's lack of light, fast cruisers is not due to the fact that the Laurier policy did not prevail. If that policy had been carried into effect the yards in which it was proposed to build these cruisers would not have been half completed, and, judging from the many and varied pledges made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Pugsley, their location might not even have been decided upon. Sir Wilfrid declared Montreal was to get them, while Mr. Pugsley in well oiled tones announced that they were certainly coming to St. John. As a contribution to the naval defence of the Empire in this war the plan would have been utterly valueless. Had the Borden plan carried, however, there would now be in some part of the world three of the finest warships "that science could build or money could buy," operating under the Empire flag, and bearing testimony to the fact that the free will of the Canadian people had not been strangled by a body of political partisans.

The Telegraph has said that this is not the time for a discussion of the Naval Aid question, yet it does not hesitate to use the flag of truce for its own protection, while it persists in sniping at the Dominion Government and its policies.

The Standard has no wish to introduce the discussion of any matters likely to cause political controversy at a time when public attention might well be directed to other things, but if the Telegraph persists in the employment of "German methods," this newspaper will be obliged to deal with the Liberal record on Naval Aid, as circumstances may direct. And we imagine we possess the information and facilities to do it.

WILL NOT MODIFY EMBARGO ON WOOL FROM AUSTRALIA FOR PRESENT

Washington, Nov. 11.—Ambassador Page has reported from London that Great Britain, for the present, is unwilling to modify the embargo on the exportation of wool from Australia. Wool dealers, however, are hoping, through the State Department, to continue negotiations so as to enable them to participate in the auction sales soon to be held in Australia. The British government is understood to have replied to Ambassador Page that for the present the Mother Country would use all the wool raised in Australia, though when it became apparent that there would be a surplus, some arrangement might be made whereby American firms could obtain part of the product. The only condition under which they could get any wool, however, would be with guarantee that the product be used only in manufacturing goods contracted for by Great Britain.

War Nursery Rhymes

Oranges and Lemons.
(From the Westminster Gazette.)
"Punish the Huns!" say the Bells of Mons;
"Punish the Huns!" say the Bells of Liege;
"Avenge our slain!" say the Bells of Louvain;
"Slay William the German!" say the Bells of Termonde;
"Coward and mean!" say the Bells of Malines;
"O Brothers! Grant help!" say the Bells of Antwerp;
Here come the Allies, to put him to bed;
Is it the Crown off—or is it his head?
"Patience; be calm," say the Bells of Notre Dame;
"What's done shall be undone," say the Bells of London;
"The work must be thorough," say the Bells of Edinburgh;
"He'll cease from troubling!" say the Bells of Dublin;
"Full redress shall be had," say the Bells of Perograd;
"Yes, he must go!" says the Great Bell of Moscow.
Here are the Allies, to put him to bed;
Is it the Crown off—or is it his head?

There was a crooked boy,
And he fed on crooked tracts,
He found a crooked reason
For all his crooked acts.
He waged a crooked war,
And it gave him crooked joy,
Till we all sat together on that crooked boy!

Kitchener, Kitchener, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the King.
Kitchener, Kitchener, what did you do there?
I got him an Army from no-one-knows-where.

The man in his wilderness asked me:
How many Germans had got to Paris?
I answered him, and I don't think wrong,
As many as Russians had got to Boulogne.

Arrived: H. M. S. Good Hope.

Collingwood on the Sea of Glass,
Rolling up to the Jasper Walls,
Came about on the starboard tack,
Stood by the mizen halliard-falls,
Broke a signal to Hawke and Hood,
Both hull-down on the shining sea;
This was the fluttering word he sent:
"Cradock's anchoring, aft of me!"

Here, in his ship of battle grey,
Here with his crew all smart and trim,
Burly bo'suns and engineers
And the jollies saluting him,
Collingwood, on the "Sovereign's" deck,
Saw the ship on the golden swell,
Saw to his Flag-Lieutenant, "Sir,
We are only a cockle-shell."

"Man the rig! I must go aboard,
Such a ship for the Sea of Glass!
Look, the ensign is floating still,
(But, it's oh for the sailor's lass!)
We are done with the Westward Trades,
Done with the long Pacific swell,
Done with the gales of Hatteras,
England called, and we served her well."

Cradock stands on his shattered deck,
While the spirit in silken smalls
Mounts the ladder and takes his hand,
Here, in sight of the Jasper Walls,
Collingwood, on the Sea of Glass,
Nelson, Jervis and gallant Blake,
Greet the Admiral, Ship and Crew
Which could die for Old England's sake.

The First Snow.

The fall of snow for a short time yesterday afternoon whitened the pavements and appeared to hold out a sign of what we may expect later.

HAD DYSPEPSIA

So Bad Could Not Take a Drink of Water Without Suffering.

Dyspepsia is one of the most difficult diseases of the stomach there is to cure. You eat too much. Drink too much. Use too much tobacco. You make the stomach work overtime. You make it perform more than it should be called on to do. The natural result is that it is going to rebel against the amount of work put on it. It is only a matter of a short time before dyspepsia follows.

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Burdock Blood Bitters is an old and well tried remedy but on account of the many substitutes we would ask you to make sure that our name appears on both the label and wrapper as this preparation is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Why Don't You Try BUTTERNUT Bread? Most Folks Prefer It

Little Benny's Note Book.

BY LEE PAPE.

Sum man with a pencil behind his ear and a little book in his hand rang our front door bell this afternoon and asked for Miss Potts, meaning my sister Gladis, being the man that kums evry muth to kullekt the muny for sumthing Gladis bawt awn installmints wum time, and I went up to tell Gladis and she was in her room reading with a kimoner awn, and I sed, Gladis thares a man downstares wum to see you.

My goodniss, wat an hour for enybuddy to kum halling, who is it, sed Gladis.

I dont no wat his naim is. I sed. Wich I didnt, and Gladis sed, Well, wat dux he look like.

Hes a thin man with a little black mustash and brown shoes, I sed. My goodniss, I bet its Tom Andross, O mersey, wat dux he want to kum around at this time of day for, sed Gladis, well, I suppose ill bawt to get dressed and go down and see him, maybe he wants to ask me about thester tickits of sumthing, awl rite, Benny, tell him ill be down in a few minits.

Wich I went down and told the installmint kullektor, and he went in the parlor and sat down and I went in and sat down looking at him, and Gladis didnt kum down and the man pulled out his watch and looked at it, saying, I wish she wood hurry up, I got about 60 more calls to make yet this afternoon.

I think shes getting dressed to kum down, I sed.

Well for the lov of Preet, she dont need to get awl dressed up about it, this is no social call, sed the man. And we both kepp awn setting there looking at each ubir and aftir a lawne wile Gladis calm down, saying, Did you think I was nevvr kuming, wy for hevins sakes, its ony the installmint kullektor.

Who did you think it was, King George? sed the installmint man.

Wich Gladis looked around for me, wich I was reetching for my cap awn the hall rack by that time, and I kwiek went out and closed up the jampt wate I coud see throo the parlor windo, and the installmint man was riting sumthing in his littel book with his pencil, and Gladis was standing there awl dressed up in her noo bloo dress.

Major Grey expresses himself as much pleased with both the number and the quality of the men offering from here. He will go to St. Andrews, St. George and Grand Manan.

THIRTY ENROLLED AT ST. STEPHEN

Special to The Standard.
St. Stephen, N. B., Nov. 11.—Major Grey, recruiting officer for this district, has been here for two days and has already sent one squad of men to St. John, with another to follow tomorrow and others a day or two later.

Over thirty will be enrolled here, and two-thirds of them are men of the quality of the men offering from here.

He will go to St. Andrews, St. George and Grand Manan.

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