

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914.

"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.

THE GERMAN CHALLENGE.

The latest challenge to British might takes the form of a German raid on the coast towns of England, when, aided by a blanketing fog, several of the enemy's cruisers succeeded in getting through the cordon of British warships in the North Sea and conducted what, at this time, appears to be a rather successful expedition against the Eastern Coast of England. Fortunately the casualties so far reported are small and the damage done not very heavy.

It is also reported that two of the German vessels were sunk in the fighting, but owing to the severe censorship on news coming from the field of operations even this is not official. Until the Admiralty report is issued the nature of the fighting, as well as the exact details regarding the success or failure of the venture, must remain a matter of conjecture.

A feature of the situation which may have a temporary disquieting effect is the possibility that some of the German vessels succeeded in getting into the Atlantic, there to act as commerce destroyers or to carry on a raid on Canada. Against this possibility, however, looms the weight and power of the British fleet. British possessions, in that armada, vessels of superior fighting ability and greater speed than anything flying the German flag, and it may be taken for granted that with the protective system guarding the British trade ways German vessels cannot get far into the Atlantic before their movements become known to the British authorities. A quick pursuit and naval battle in mid-ocean, or off the North American coast, resulting, probably, as did Vice Admiral Sturdee's meeting with the Von Spee squadron off the coast of South America might then be expected.

The event of yesterday, however, tends to bring the horrors of war closer home. While the fighting was confined to the continent of Europe the British and Canadian people, while never indifferent, did not regard it as seriously as will be the case now that German shells have landed on English soil and taken toll of British non-combatants. That the German vessels would dare such a perilous enterprise shows plainly the desperate state to which the Kaiser's war-makers have been reduced.

Even though the attack on the English coast towns may represent but the frenzied attempt of an enemy who realizes his cause is lost, the challenge must be sternly met both on land and sea. There is no doubt that it will be, and that "the day" is at hand when Britain and Germany shall hurl the might of their fleets into battle for the mastery of the element which Britain has ever, and with cause, regarded as her own. There is no mistaking as to the result of that day; the British navy is the master of the seas, and master will remain so long as there remains a British hull to float a British gun or a British hand or mind to direct the operation.

It is well to regard events such as the raid of yesterday as things to be expected and prepared for, but which can in no way affect or postpone the triumph which must eventually come to the cause of justice.

THE "SPORTING" GERMANS

British and German war cartoons when displayed side by side cannot but impress by the different spirit displayed in their conception. British cartoons glow with patriotism and humor, but the German productions radiate a deep and unwavering hatred of the British Empire and all things pertaining to it. The British people harbor a deep distrust of the German war power, but for the average German citizen the dominant feeling is that of pity; pity for the condition which has kept him so long under the heel of the mistaken ideal of militarism. The compelling motive of the German official of high or low degree is aggression and love of conquest. Beside these all else is subordinated.

In commenting upon the German hatred of the British people and the absence of a corresponding sentiment on the part of Britain, Conan Doyle says that it has been characteristic of the British people to conduct their wars in a sporting spirit, and to be ready to shake hands when peace has been effected. The very generous British recognition of the captain of the Emden as a first-class fighting man, though, strictly speaking, he is a pirate, shows that this generous appreciation of an enemy's bravery is still strong with the British people.

"Of course," says the Toronto Mail

and Empire, "it is comparatively easy for the victor to be magnanimous. If we could recall wars in which the British were defeated we might be able to find instances where they refused to treat their conquerors with the same hearty appreciation, and it may be that the reason the British are so deeply hated by the Germans is that in Great Britain the Germans recognize the power that is destined to smash their armies and their navy, and to destroy their vast trade. While the war goes forward this German hatred does not amount to anything. It will win no German battles, or save no German ships. After the war, however, there will still be very many millions of German people in Germany and in other parts of the world. What effect upon British people will their hatred have? If it is persisted in it will become almost impossible for Germans and British to engage in any common undertaking. In the United States, especially, a most dangerous situation will be created; and Canada will not be free from it, especially if there should be a large German immigration to the Continent of North America in the next few years, caused by the crushing war taxes that the German people will have to bear for a generation and more to come. It is to be hoped that the German hatred of everything British is chiefly confined to the women, children and other non-combatants at home, and that the German soldiers at the front have learned not to hate, but to respect the representatives of the British Empire who are facing them, and that when they get home again after the war is over their influence will tend to counterbalance the womanish hatred with which Germany is burning."

THE KAISER AND THE WAR.

It is surprising how frequently one heard the expression, during the recent illness of the German Emperor that if he were to die the war would be brought to a speedy termination. It is not easy to see the wisdom in such an opinion. There can be no doubt the war was desired by the Kaiser, but it is now a question whether it has not got beyond the point where it can be affected by him. Should the Kaiser die the war would be carried on by the Crown Prince and probably with more sagacity than his father has shown, for it is not likely that he has already reached the stage where he thinks he is more proficient in the art of war than his generals. Consequently with the Crown Prince in control of Germany's forces the struggle would be more likely to be waged by the men of experience and because of this might be prolonged rather than shortened by the Kaiser's death.

The hatred now so generally centered upon the Kaiser might be more widely distributed. When the war broke out he doubtless was responsible for the final word which plunged half the world into the most sanguinary conflict in all time, but now he is but as a piece of driftwood on the bosom of a rapidly flowing stream. Events in Germany have got beyond his control.

Second Spirit.

Once Pugsley ran a Grit convention, and made me his candidate, but there was plenty of dissension, and I'm very sad to state the voters at that election, in a very certain manner.

First Spirit.

Once Pugsley ran a Grit convention, and made me his candidate, but there was plenty of dissension, and I'm very sad to state the voters at that election, in a very certain manner.

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Robinson Redivivus.

The Dubious Drama of the Doleful Dumps.

(Second Spasm.)

The Leader Speaks.

And further 'emrich my reputation— There's The rub! Methinks I was a fatuous dub When I allowed that bunch of buccaners To halt me leader when the merest cub

Of an elector knows full well that I Can only be a figurehead again. Fain would I stand up like a man and try To drive these bosses from my path, but vain

The hope, I could not if I would. Their hold Upon the party is too strong for me To break, and I must bear the burden old As Sinbad bore the Old Man of the Sea.

Alas, from my shoulders I can never throw This crew that clings like any porous plaster; And bearing such a burden well I know My leadership will end in sad disaster.

Gladly stout Pugsley once I hailed as chief, But when he grew too Liberal and free With public funds, and brought us all to grief, We should have sacked him, as I now can see.

Our party once so grand and glorious Has fallen on degenerate days and dark, And all its leaders have become notorious. Save I, and I have been an easy mark.

Sweet William still is king and gets the goat Of Liberals, who should have greater sense, For skilled is he to gain the vagrant vote. Where money talks with forceful eloquence.

But how shall I beneath his banner fight With any will when I remember how He left me once within a hole so tight There was not room for e'en a party row.

Much less squirm through and save the party fortunes— Mephistopholes. Peace, peace! Or you'll become another Copp And go on talking till you talk the top Off your hat, and that would do no good.

Such sentiments become a leader true, But cut it out. They'll never do for you. (Chorus of choice spirits of defeated candidates heard without heralding the approach of the Master Wizard.)

Hail to the chief who in glory advances. The light of his presence the moon-light enhances. So majestic his port, and so noble his face, Him you would know for the chief of our race.

Greatly we admire him, Much do we desire him Back in office again, For he was always good To the hungry multitude Of Grit office seekers. Let us loudly, let us proudly now acclaim him!

And let us never think to blame him, Because since he's been master He's led us to disaster. Oh, let us hail him master, What though dire disaster Follow fast and ever faster.

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Little Benny's Note Book.

BY LEE PAPE.

Me and my cousin Artie found a old messenger boy hat in the street today, and we played messenger boy, taking turns being the messenger boy and different peopl for the messidges to be delivered to, like Lord Kitchinr her being, Pieces-dimlas skool 4 hours erlier today and morovir you got a mole awn yure chin. Wich she has.

I no, I sed, I'll send a telegram to my sister Gladdis and you can wear the hat and deliver it at our house. O, awl rite, sed Artie. And I rote awn a peoce of papir, Meet me by the fire plug, I am yure soul mate.

You bettir put it in a envelope, sed Artie. Wich I did, going in the house and getting wun and riteing awn it. Miss Gladdis Potts, and Artie took it and put the note in it and put awn the messenger boy hat and rang our frunt door bell, and I opened the door, saying, did you ring this bell.

Wats the naim, sed Artie. Potts, I sed. Thats rite, sed Artie. And he handed me the envelope, and I looked at it and sed, Im not Miss Potts, Im Mr. Potts, you hold the envelope and keep yure hat awn and Ill call her. Wich I did, going up to the top of the stairs and yelling, Gladdis, Gladdis, theres a messingir boy heer with a telegram for you.

My goodness, well wy dont you bring it up to me, sed Gladdis. I gess he wants you to size for it, I sed. And Gladdis calm running down awl excited, and it was so dark out in the vesterbule ware Artie was that she thawt he was a rec. messingir boy awn akkount of his messingir boy hat kumng down ovir his eers, and she took the envelope and went back to the end of the hall ware it was lighter, saying, Meet me by the fire plug, I am yure soul mate, well for merseys sakes wats this. And she calm and opened the frunt door so she cood see the riteing bettir, making the vesterbule so lite enybody cood see it was Artie insted of a messingir boy, and she made a grab for him and Artie dodged undir her arm and ran out of the frunt door and I kwick ran in the parlor and jumped out of the window to the payment, and Gladdis was standing at the frunt door mad as anything, and Artie sed, Eny anser, lady! and then we both ran down the street and around the corer luffing like anything as if it was a grate joak awn Gladdis, wich it was.

A Handsome Calendar. One of the prettiest wall calendars of the year is that of the St. John Business College now being sent out to patrons of this well known institute. It bears a striking representation of Edwin Lamasure's splendid painting "The Old Familiar Road" and is a gem of its kind.

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Shower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. It is a new, powerful, free, Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto.

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19 King Street

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"I intend finishing my course at your college at the first opportunity. "I may say that since the first of the year I have had \$100 per month salary, so I have no hard feelings toward you or your college." Students can enter at any time.

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For the Festal Board.

BUTTERNUT Sweet and Nut-like — Light and even—Pure and Wholesome.

Was Covered With Boils.

Could Not Get Rid of Them Until She Used

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The best blood cleansing remedy on the market to-day is Burdock Blood Bitters. All we ask you is to try it and be convinced. Thousands have used it during the past forty years, and have nothing but praise for its curative powers.

Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Plantagenet, Ont., writes: "I am one woman who cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters. I was covered with boils, and could not get rid of them. I was advised by a friend to try B.B.B. which I did, and I can truthfully say that it completely cured me. I have never had a sign of a boil since."

See that our name appears on both the label and wrapper as there are many imitations placed on the market which are said to be "just as good."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured solely by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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The Diamond imparts the real Christmas spirit—its beauty will never grow less, its value will increase year after year. As a Gift it is most appropriate. Our judgment of many years in buying Diamonds is your assurance of good value. Our Christmas display of Diamonds and Diamond Jewelry is of great interest. We would be pleased indeed to have you inspect our showing. Goods selected now will be reserved for later delivery if desired.
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ENTREE DISHES
Oval, Plain, 9 and 10. \$7.00 to \$9.00
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MACA...



"KI..."

OBITU...

Mrs. Elizab... The death took p... yesterday mornin... Kelly, widow of Joh... residence, 405 Union... ceased is survived by... Blanche Kelly, and... F. Kelly, both living... A. Kelly, the well k...

ROYAL EA...
IN BUYI... YEAST CA... BE CAREFUL... SPECIFI...
DECLINE SUBS...