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The New Imperialism

By Rev. J. D. Freeman, M. A., D. D.
 (The British Weekly, Dec. 2.)

One has the uneasy consciousness that to label a thing as "new" may prejudice its reception. The word may be taken as a warning instead of a recommendation. Cautious folk remember how often the vaunted "new" thing has turned out to be but a revamped and varnished old thing. We do not care to be tricked by this sort of togethery. We resent the new masquerades of old impertinences. We ask for the reliability of things that have stood the test of time and have behind them the guarantee of age. If there is any new thing under the sun let others experiment with it. For ourselves, we shall "wait and see." Such is the inevitable conservatism which lurks in the mature mind. In spite of this tendency, however, there are new things which have found irresistible. Abating nothing of our loyalty to the old things, we are constantly waving welcome to a host of new things which come to us, with power to make us new. Sea and sun and soil are old; but upleaping wave and flashing sunbeam and blowing sea and clinging dewdrop are new creations to be greeted with a cheer. Humanity is old, but the babe is something "new to earth and sky," and we herald its advent as that of a new dawn.

The fact is that, in this world of ours, the new and the old merge into and inhere in one another. To separate sharply between them is to violate vital processes and quench the splendour of life. One realises this on a visit to some old orchard in the spring-time. The trees are old, but the blossoms are new. The trees are gnarled and twisted, rough and tough; the blossoms are soft and tender, fair and fragrant. Yet how they cling to one another, and how inter-dependent they are! They belong to one another. The life of the tree is in the blossom, and the life of the blossom is in the tree. The hope of each is bound up in the other. Tear them asunder, and you abort the bloom while you despoil the bough. By a miracle of nature, something grandly old and something graciously new meet together and are interfused in the sanctuary of the apple blossom's heart.

A similar relationship exists between this old Empire and what we term The New Imperialism. It is a case of tree and blossom. The tree is no longer young, its trunk is very old and its roots strike deep into the soil of the historic past. Certain roughnesses are discernible upon the trunk of this old Empire-tree. In spots it is unmistakably worm-eaten. Elsewhere it may be somewhat moss-grown. For all this it is a stalwart thing. The major branches of it have a long history of association with the world. Parspreading branches they reach out and touching all the boundaries of the world. Until recently gloomy prophets amongst us predicted the early collapse of the old tree under the pressure of its weight upon its weakness. But look at it to-day! For fifteen months it has withstood the titanic blows of unexampled warfare, and yet it stands straighter and stronger than ever. At the first shock of war it began to shed its exuberances, to shake off its parasitical growths, and to take fresh grip of the subsoil. Not only so, but its storm-time became its blossom-time. Battering itself upon its primal life sources it presently crowned itself with efflorescence. Over its whole far-spreading area it is now aglow with the white and crimson flowers of love-loyalty and self-sacrifice. It presents a great sight now as it burns with the fire of a holy passion—burns, but is not consumed.

One does not suggest that love of the Empire is a new thing. It is the hearts of British people, but we are surely beholding now an unprecedented manifestation of that love and one which has in it a new appreciation of the Empire's mission to world life, as well as a new regard for the ties that bind the Empire into unity. And this is The New Imperialism. It is a spirit that has taken fresh substance and shape before our eyes, and day by day grows more distinct and radiant. From amidst the bewildering obscurities of this darkly beclouded time it looms up before us an alluring vision. It throws an interpretive light upon the past and casts a guiding gleam into the future. British life today is a richer, fuller thing than it was before this war began. The St. Lawrence and the Ganges have been poured into the Thames. The New Imperialism is the supreme and all-commanding spirit of the hour. Today it is a dominating yet heartening presence in our councils at Westminster, while it marches with our armies and proves itself a victorious force upon our battlefields. The birthday of The New Imperialism is not to be registered with accuracy. But perhaps we may name its Baptismal Day. Was it not the day when Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, was invited to sit as a corresponding member with the Cabinet in Downing Street? On that day the National Government made itself sponsor to this wonderful new offspring of British sentiment and solidarity.

The honour of this sponsorship was well earned. At the outset of the war before Britain called the Empire answered. The Mother Land was writing out her message: "Come, my children, gather to me! Put your virile strength about me, joining your energies with mine for the vindication of our nation, name, and the protection of the liberties of mankind!" But ere the message had been transcribed the thrilling word arrived: "We are with you, Mother Britain, to our last man! We are one with you; one in ideal and interest, one in purpose and destiny. Make room for us, for we are on the way!"

Never before had the world witnessed such an outburst of emotion in which the most vital forces of many loosely confederated races so instantly coalesced to work together for one great unselfish cause. "When England is at war, Canada is at war," thus spoke her Premier. And so said India and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa and Newfoundland and the British West Indies. It was no mere instinct of self-preservation nor any lust for military glory that moved the colonies to place their resources unreservedly at the disposal of the Motherland, but the inspiration of a moral passion, a high desire that she might be enabled to fulfil her bond to civilisation and maintain her dignity and honour among the nations of the world.

And this is the essence of The New Imperialism, viz., a veneration for the noblest traditions of the Empire, a reverence for its ideals, and a recognition of its responsibilities to the human race. The Imperialist, the true Imperialist, is a man who profoundly believes that this Empire stands for the highest and best things in world life; for international friendship and confidence; for the safeguarding of the liberties and rights of small states; for justice and mercy; for progressively remedial legislation; for the training of men in the power of self-government; in a word, for the Brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

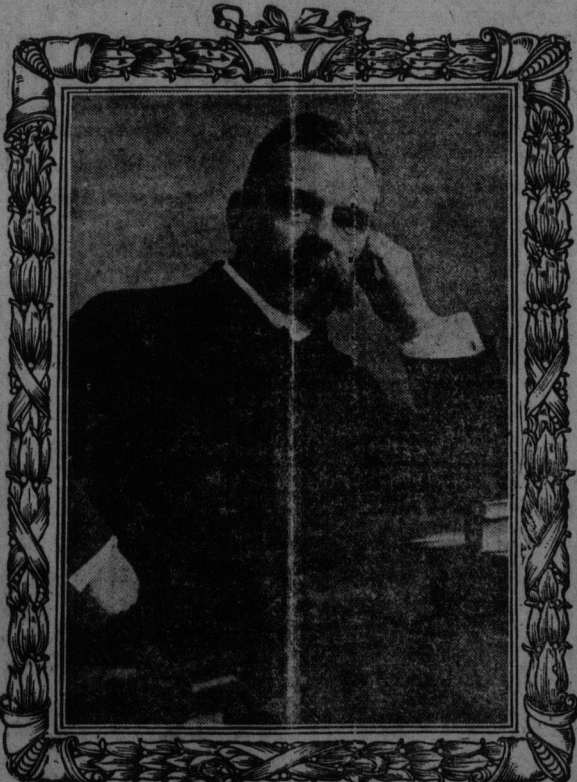
In days not far behind us the word Imperialism carried to many British minds a meaning far different from this. It was viewed with suspicion if not with abhorrence. It was regarded as synonymous with militarism, and was associated with jingoism. It was regarded as a defiant, irritating term, threatening to other nations and a menace to the world's peace. It was looked upon as cloaking a lust for conquest. Hence it was black-listed in the books of many gentle souls as the watchword of the swaggerer and the bully.

But surely that conception of the term has well-nigh passed away. At any rate, the time has come to rehabilitate the word and raise it to a place of honour. Nothing would now be gained by attempting to apportion responsibility for the former delinquent and degradation of this noble word. Let us rather rejoice that at last it has cleansed itself from stain and taint. The incense of domestic and colonial devotion has fumigated it; the flames of sacrificial sufferings have sanctified it.

III. Never again can Imperialism be made a class or party cry in England. Henceforth it must be, not a divisive, but a unifying symbol. It is the banner under which we must all henceforward march. We must all be Imperialists from now on, avowedly so, or declare ourselves recreant to our highest trusts, and unworthy of our history's brightest page. To cry down Imperialism now as though it were the consort of militarism would be the incorrigible stupidity if not unpardonable perverseness. During the last fifteen months The New Imperialism has stood forth to strike down militarism once for all, and to champion the cause of international truth-keeping, brotherhood and peace.

The New Empire was not established, primarily, by the might of the sword, nor has it been chiefly maintained by military force. Legitimate, peaceful, commendable human impulses gave it birth, and spiritual

NEW PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND

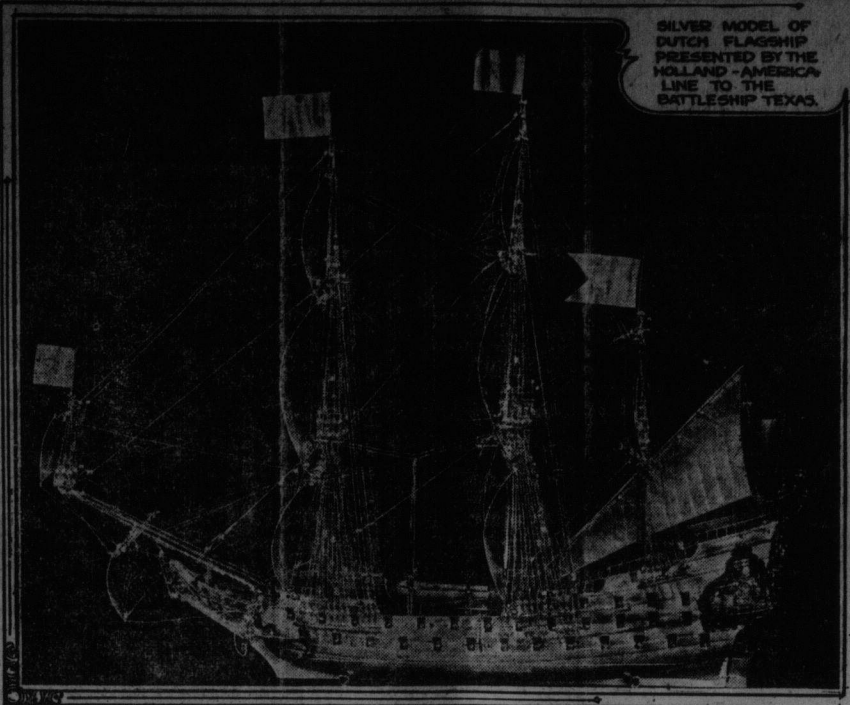


MR. CAMILLE DECOPPET

Mr. Camille de Coppet, who is the new President of Switzerland, is a lawyer by profession and statesman and orator of repute. Before his election to the Presidency he was Vice President of the republic and head of the Military Department. He was born at Susevaz, near Yverdon, Canton of Vaud, on June 4, 1862, and started his political career in 1880, when he was elected a member of the National Council. In 1900 he became a member of the Council of States and in 1906 he advanced to the presidency of that body for the year 1907. With his election to the Federal Council in 1912 he attained the highest political degree which a Swiss statesman can look for, culminating as it does, in the Vice Presidency and Presidency of the confederation.

The powers of this functionary, though he is for the time being the highest dignitary in the land, do not, however, exceed those of his six colleagues. He wears no insignia of office and holds no public receptions. The conventional status of the Swiss President's office is democracy in the true sense of the word.

SILVER MODEL OF DE RUYTER'S MAN-OF-WAR GIVEN TO UNITED STATES WAR SHIP TEXAS FOR RYNDAM RESCUE



A model of the Zeven Provinciën, the man-of-war of Admiral de Ruyter, with which he swept the seas clear of the enemies of the Netherlands two centuries ago, was presented to the United States battle ship Texas by the directors of the Holland-America Steamship Company. The model, in solid silver and four feet high, is the gift of the company as a token of appreciation for the gallant conduct of the officers and crew of the Texas on May 26, when the Ryndam, of the Holland-America line, was in collision with the Joseph Cuno, of the Cuno Importing Company, near Nantucket Lightship. Both the Texas and the South Carolina, which had been taking part in the Atlantic fleet's manoeuvres, hastened to the rescue in response to the Ryndam's wireless call for help. All the passengers and some of the crew of the Ryndam were transferred aboard the battle ship. A similar model will be presented to the South

bonds have held it together. With her unique and splendid insular position in the centre of the world, wooded by the ends of the earth, Britain from the first was marked for Empire. Lying the "blue water" and at home upon its bosom, the Briton early gave himself to voyages of discovery, to exploratory expeditions, to commerce and to colonisation. Apt to teach and nurse and guide the weak, patient and persevering in the art of training subject peoples for self-government, knowing how to restrain, correct, suggest or yield an occasion called, Britain has won from her dependent realms a love that verges upon worship. Colonial loyalty amounts almost to a religion. This crown of love the Empire wears today with pride and gratitude. The recognition of this oneness of ideal and destiny among all the branches of the Empire-tree, along with the passion to fulfil its possibilities of blessing to mankind—this is The New Imperialism.

WHEN TIRED, ALL USED UP, THINK WELL OF THE CAUSE.

You're discouraged and played out scarcely enough energy to think, and less to work on. The reason? You are run down, blood is thin, nerves are like Indian rubber, not like steel as they ought to be. Use Ferrozone and the tired feeling will go—it can't stay because rich nutritious blood and the bodily vigor Ferrozone makes, crowds out out weakness of every kind. Use Ferrozone and you'll feel like a fighting king—full of energy—filled up with ambition—ever ready to work. Ne strengthening tonic so potent. Ne sleep not a day longer. All dealers sell Ferrozone in 50c. boxes.

FUNERALS.

The funeral of William Crockett took place yesterday afternoon from his late residence, 38 High street. Services were conducted by Rev. J. H. A. Anderson, interment being at Fern-

hill.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Wales took place on Sunday afternoon from her late residence, 20 Southwark St. Services were conducted by Rev. T. J. Dolanstad and interment was at Fernhill. A large number of floral tributes

were sent by friends.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary McIntyre took place from Fitzpatrick's undertaking rooms on Saturday morning to the Cathedral for high mass or requiem, Rev. M. P. Holand being celebrant, assisted by Rev. Dr. Bourgeois as deacon and Rev. M. O'Brien as sub-deacon. Interment was in the new Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Miss Louisa Cotter took place from the residence of her parents, 88 St. James street, yesterday afternoon to St. James' church, where services were conducted by Rev. H. A. Oddy. Interment was in Fernhill.

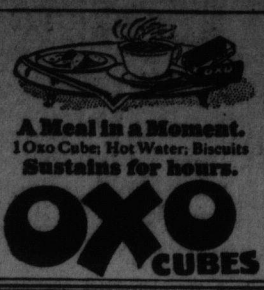
The funeral of Patrick Murphy took place on Saturday afternoon from the Mater Haecordiae Home, Sydney St. Rev. Dr. Bourgeois read the burial prayers. Interment took place in Holy Cross cemetery, Sand Cove.

CURES CATARRH, BRONCHITIS BY SWIFT CERTAIN METHOD.

Thousands of drug fiends have been started on their downward course through catarrh snuffs containing some habit forming stuff—use a sensible treatment like Catarrhozone. It heals and soothes, brings relief at once, cures thoroughly. In bronchitis and throat trouble no doctor can do better than prescribe Catarrhozone. Try it—see what wonders it works—what power it possesses. Different from the old way—you inhale Catarrhozone. Get the dollar outfit which includes the inhaler and is guaranteed. Smaller size 50c. Sample size, 25c., at all dealers.

For Free Kindergartens.

A pantry sale was held on Saturday afternoon in the Dufferin sample room, King Square, in aid of the Free Kindergartens. The proceedings were in charge of Loyalist Chapter, I.O.D.E., with the following committee: Mrs. H. C. Schofield, Mrs. L. V. Barker, Mrs. E. Turnbull, Mrs. T. E. Ryder, Miss Nettie Bridges and Miss Mary MacLaren. The amount realized has not yet been announced.



CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND.

Single—Thos. Bell, \$1.
 Monthly—W. C. Allison, \$15; M. Watt, \$1; Hon. J. D. Hasen, \$75; R. H. Dochill, \$10; Frank S. White, \$10; Chief Justice McLeod, \$40; W. A. Ewing, \$5; Jas. McFarland, \$5; R. C. Walker, \$2; Mrs. Barclay Robinson, \$2; Miss E. C. Lee, \$1.
 In yesterday's list N. Morrison should have been A. Morrison, I. N. Johnston should have been J. A. Johnston, G. E. Anderson should have been G. R. Andrews.

Quality, not fashion made this reputation

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 At all good wine merchants, cafes, etc.
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For God

The Story of the Struggle

For King

From out the firing line, from battle-fronts on every field, from trench and march, from each point—on land and sea—of the mighty conflict for freedom and fair-play, 'gainst tyranny and oppression of barbarism, comes, in detail, The Story of the Struggle, gathered constantly by men who watch the battle and flashed o'er leased wires, with forecasts of the future by military experts, to the Telegraphic News Department of THE ST. JOHN STANDARD which, through letters from the front and thrilling tales of action, gleaned from returned heroes by its own local staff, with special reference to OUR OWN LADS FIGHTING OVERSEAS, gives to its readers, the last word of the "Fighting Right", to the moment of going to press.

But the most is yet to come; the spring bids fair to show the hardest fighting, to bring with it the crisis and the laurel crown, to hasten the day when will be crushed, forever, the Prussian military spirit, when justice and mercy—live and let live—will hold their glorious sway.

To give most to the reading public The Standard shares neither effort nor expense to gather, accurately, every detail of the War in Europe, and it is A DUTY YOU OWE YOURSELF and the members of your household to take advantage of THIS SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER:

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The Standard also gives, among DAILY SPECIAL FEATURES, News from the Front; Canadian and Maritime Province Military Happenings; Local and Provincial News; Sporting Page, also Finance and Commerce. On Saturday the Social Whirl; the Women's Page; The Fashions; Uncle Dick and the Kiddies; Boy Scouts, and Other Live and Interesting Sections.

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