The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 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.

GREAT WORK BY RUSSIA.

Amazing is the word that best describes the Russian advance through Southeastern Galicia. Daily the progress of the Czar's troops is reckoned by miles, not by yards, as on the western front. Just now the Muscovites are closing a gigantic curve around Lemberg, in much the same manner that one would bring together the jaws of a pair of old-fashioned pincers. One jaw of the pincers threatening to squeeze Lemberg away from German possession is beyond Brody in the north, and the other at Stanislau in the south. Between these two points are the two gates of Lemberg, Halicz and Brzezany, now the subject of attack from Russian artillery. In this region the principal obstacle has been that presented by the rivers flowing southward into the Dneister—the Sereth, the Strypa and the Zlotl Lipa—but these appear now to have been successfully crossed. The Teutons are retreating, the taking of Stanislau having rendered their positions untenable. It cannot be long before Brusiloff's hosts are thundering at the gates of Lemberg, and it would not be surprising if there, as at Stanislau, the stronghold should be yielded without a fight. It is not dishonorable in war to yield ground before a superior force. But the moral effect of the taking by the Russians of Lemberg, the capital of all Galicia, would be immense. It would be regarded as portending a similar fate for Przemysl, and a renewal of the former incursion through the Carpathians into Hungary.

Unable to meet the overwhelming flood by means military, the Germans are now thinking of trying to meet it by means political. They are about to proclaim the independence of Poland, with a view to raising a Polish army for the "defense" of that country. But the manoeuvre comes too late. At the beginning of the war Czar Nicholas promised Poland autonomy under the Russian crown, which, if it were anything like that of Canada under the British crown, would have given the Poles practically everything they want. Kaiser Wilhelm did not match this by promising autonomy to the Poles of Posen, where the oppressed race has long been groaning under a worse than Russian tyranny. Between the two they have more to hope from Russian than German honor.

And so we are led to think there is about as much chance of Poland siding with the central empires against Russia as of Rumania taking a like fatuous course. "What shall we do for the Poles?" Napoleon the First used to say to his dog. Too long have German rulers regarded them with like indifference.

THE WESTERN CROPS.

Information published in this morning's issue of The Standard is to the effect that, despite the adverse reports, the western grain crops, taken as a whole, will be up to the average, though not as large as last year. In Manitoba the crop will be lower but it is expected that Alberta and Saskatchewan will do almost as well as formerly.

Last year's wheat crop of 376,000,000 bushels was a phenomenally large one and this year with a greater acreage will not reach that record. Still it will hardly be below the average and even if it should fall 100,000,000 bushels behind last year, which is the figure set in one of the most pessimistic reports, the farmers of the Canadian west are not likely to be hurt by adverse weather as the United States wheat-growers have been. Last year over the border the wheat yield was the phenomenal one of 1,000,000,000 bushels, the greatest on record. The Government crop report the other day estimated only 654,000,000 bushels for this year for Winter and Spring wheat combined. That is only 65 per cent. of the 1915 production. The violent advances in the wheat pit have begun the discounting of the new conditions, and in London the price of wheat, flour and bread begins to go up. As Canada would have out of 275,000,000 bushels about 175,000,000 for export, we would be in a position of great advantage, for the export surplus from a United States yield of 654,000,000 bushels would be practically nothing. The American farmer was a heavy competitor in the European market last year, having 300,000,000 bushels for export. The Canadian farmer will get the cream of that trade this year.

British crop reports have indicated a considerably increased yield of wheat at home, but this was at the sacrifice of other grains. Britain will have to buy more heavily than usual, for her own account and for France and Italy, whose women and children are tilling the land. It may be that the Canadian farmers' income from a lesser crop this year will be no smaller than it was from the larger yield of 1915.

GERMANY'S IRON INDUSTRIES.

Industrial development in these modern days depends upon the possession of iron, or at any rate upon the ability to acquire it easily in large quantities. This fact suggests a means by which Germany may be kept in order and compelled to respect the rights of the rest of mankind for the future, says an exchange, which goes on to point out that in 1913, the last year for which figures are available, the Germans extracted from their own soil 28,000,000 tons of iron ore, of which approximately 21,000,000 tons were obtained from the annexed province of Lorraine. She also got 7,000,000 tons from Luxemburg and imported from other countries 14,000,000 tons.

It is evident, therefore, that if Lorraine is taken away from her, as it will be, her home production will be reduced to 7,000,000 tons. It may be assumed also that after the war the affairs of Luxemburg will be so arranged as to remove her from the orbit of German influence.

The French may be relied upon to see that the Lorraine ore does not go to the enemies, to be manufactured into guns and ammunition. With this and the Luxemburg supply cut off, the Germans would find themselves seriously restricted. On top of this, there is nothing to prevent the victorious Allies from so amending international law as to strictly regulate the amount of raw iron which Germany would be allowed to import. Neutrals might grumble at first but they would soon find their advantage in keeping their raw material at home and developing their own industries.

Germany would thus be put in the position that she would have to cease the fabrication of munitions of war, or else largely abandon the other industries of which iron is the basis. She would have enough for one of these purposes but not for both. It would be for her to choose and under such circumstances there can be little doubt that she would come to the conclusion to employ her labor in the arts of peace.

THE RYAN VERDICT.

The most interesting portion of the verdict of the jury which investigated the death, in the General Public Hospital, of James Ryan, is that which deals with the necessity of providing for the establishment of a thoroughly up-to-date institution for the care of the sick, not alone of St. John City and County but of the entire Province of New Brunswick, for that is the function which the St. John hospital has practically performed for many years.

Some years ago complaints were made concerning conditions in the hospital and, as the result of the evidence then adduced before a commission of inquiry appointed by the Provincial Government, and the finding of that commission, a vast improvement was made. That the hospital at the present time is not up to the standard required for a municipality of the size of St. John is not due to lack of care or interest on the part of those in charge, but is rather because the demands upon the hospital have grown more rapidly than its ability to meet them and, as a consequence, there is occasionally a serious condition of overcrowding and at all times a lack of items of equipment regarded by physicians and surgeons as most important.

By resolution, recently adopted by the municipal council, it was decided to build a modern power house for the hospital. This structure will also provide additional accommodation for patients and it should be the first of several additions until the institution is brought to the standard of efficiency which its importance demands.

In the consideration of hospital affairs there should be every disposition to pay due attention to the desirability of economy of the public funds but at the same time there will be many to ask in what direction public money can be spent more wisely than in the provision of the very best facilities for the care of the sick. The verdict in the Ryan case opens the way for the Municipal Council and the Provincial Government to carefully consider the whole hospital question.

While Hon. P. G. Mahoney was Minister of Public Works in the New Brunswick Government, he was, to judge from the statements of the rabid and unprincipled opposition press, a criminal of the worst sort. Now that he has resigned, the same newspapers find that, after all, he is a pretty decent sort of citizen. That is fairly illustrative of the high ideal of consistency marking the opposition newspapers of today.

It is noticeable that in all his recent addresses to his troops the Kaiser has laid stress upon the allegation that "England started the war." The German Emperor knows his statement is not true, but that does not phase him. What does worry him is that no matter how the war was started, England is going to end it and on her own terms.

A LADY OF THE LAMP

The Gay Heroism of the French Poilu.

(London Chronicle)

No Englishwoman can have seen so much of the French soldier, right at the front, as Miss Grace Ellison, whose name is familiar in authorship and travel. She has, ever since the war began, been the guiding spirit of a little corps of English nurses that has done beautiful service behind the French lines. This has enabled Miss Ellison to see the French soldier intimately, alike in his hour of battle and in his hour of suffering, and she scarcely knows in which he is at his greatest. She is in London just now, seeking "sinews of war" for her French Flag Nursing Corps, as it is called, for it works under the authority of the French War Office.

"All our nurses who have come into contact with the French soldier," she says, "just love him. He is a dear, uncomplaining, unselfish and most courageous pet. When he is on the battlefield he fights like a lion, and when he is in the hospital he is mother's little boy, and will be to the end of his days. How his affection goes out to his mother in his moments of stress! When he is dying he calls for her, and he is happy if only he can die in her arms. Perhaps it is this love for the French mother on the part of the son, which explains his gratitude to the nurse, who, in a field hospital, takes the place of that mother. He brings her flowers or does any pretty service that will please her. One of our nurses happened casually to say that she liked cats. What was her surprise when her patients, those of them who were active enough to get about, proceeded to collect cats and bring them to her. She said it was so sweet to see them opening the door of her ward and quietly putting in a cat, preferably a black cat, as that meant luck. So full is the French soldier of gratitude towards his nurse that often he cannot express it, and this is the most touching sight of all. An Arab who could not write, wished to let a nurse who was unwell know how he sympathised with her, and what do you think he did? He got friends to send her a sheet of paper with his tears on it."

Contented With Little.

The gaiety of the French soldier in hospital, as on the march or in the trench, is a thing which has always struck Miss Ellison. "A mutile," she said, "will sit a whole afternoon listening to the gramophone and applauding with his crutch. A very little contents him, and a little more makes him happy. Our English sisters have taught him a game that he lives dearly—'Chenkinschup,' which is nothing more serious than 'Jenkins Says Hands Up.' Alas! the mutile often has only one hand to hold up; nevertheless, he keeps merry and bright."

A sad part of the war to Miss Ellison has been that many French soldiers are cut off from their families in the invaded districts. These men she and her nurses "adopt," as far as they can; in other words, they supplement their pay of 2 1-2d. a day by sending them useful little things and by writing to them. Even there the unselfishness of the French poilu flames out, because he will write and ask that a comrade be adopted instead of himself—a comrade who "is so much more worthy of interest."

"Maybe," said Miss Ellison, "the most beneficent thing in the war, humanly speaking, is the working side by side, of the men and women of the two nations, France and England. All those years I have known France, as it were, at a party; now I see her at once greatly heroic and greatly martyred, and I am moved to love her more than ever. The French people are proud, and perhaps they are insular if our work conveys my meaning, in that they greatly love their own land. To give a thing is good; to give it tactfully, as well as with the heart, is still better. We used, possibly, as a nation, to be a little awkward, to seem to have an air of superiority, although it was only a clumsy bashfulness. Now the French and ourselves are getting to know that each has qualities which supplement and strengthen those of the other, that we can learn from each other, and so learning, make a very remarkable combination. This is manifest when Englishwomen and Frenchwomen come to work together in the hospitals, for the Frenchwoman has a quick intelligence, while the Englishwoman has solid tenacity. Might I say, as Scottish-born myself, that a Scotchwoman with a little French spice is a very fine woman indeed in a field hospital, or anywhere else?"

Knowledge Is Strength.

Perhaps the same influences of human union are showing themselves as between the Grand Armies of France and England, certainly Miss Ellison thinks so. She says there is now a much better comprehension of each other by French and English fighting men than there was at the beginning. Then, perhaps, a young English officer, keen to be at the Germans, could scarcely be expected to strike the right note with the gentlemen who often make the French file as well as the rank. During one of her journeys at the front, Miss Ellison saw a famous French novelist in a flour barrel. He had lost the sight of one eye and half the sight of another, and he had been made baker to the regiment.

Miss Ellison dwells on the religious wave which is noticeable in France as a result of the war, and perhaps in some measure as the result of the fine, direct part which the priest-soldier has played in it. She pictures him as doing his "bit" in the fighting line, or scrubbing the floors of a hospital, and then attending to the souls of those who are going to God, by celebrating Mass. For the brotherhood which exists between the French officer and his men she has an equal admiration, simply it is a sacred union. This is very different from the relationship of the German officer and his men, as she instanced by an experience of her own. She found a wounded German officer fuming in a little French hospital because he had been put in the same ward as his men. It was the best that could be done for him, but he was angry and showed it. Another German officer who was to be exchanged, had to stay at one of the advance hospitals and was bemoaning his fate. A spirited little Irish nurse said: "What are you grumbling at? Our men are not cared for as you are." He, thinking her French, answered: "Your men are all right; it's the English we hate and ill-treat."

These gleanings from Miss Ellison tell how deep she has been in the red thread of war, what Christian work at the front her French Flag Nursing Corps, with its certificated English nurses, has done. As a permanent result, she and her friends have begun to organize a training hospital in Paris on English lines. It is to be called the Edith Cavell Hospital, after the great lady of the lamp who lost her life in Brussels. Will you not support so fine a two-fold cause and help the wounded of our glorious Allies by sending something, great or small, to Mrs. Bedford Fenwick—a well-known name—the hon. treasurer of the French Flag Nursing Corps, at 431 Oxford street, London, W.?

JAMES MILNE.

Little Benny's Note Book

My cuzzin Sue came erround today, being a nuisants, coming up and kissing me wen she came and me having to stand there and leeve her do it on account of ma being there, and then I kepp on making a bridge out of my Yung Engineers Outfit Number 2, Sue standing there watching me a wile, and then she sed, Ill help you, tell me what to do and Ill help you.

You jest watch, a gerl cant bild a bridge, I sed.

Thats all you know, sed Sue, are you going to let me help you?

No, I sed.

Then Ill nock it down, sed Sue.

Dont you touch this, I bin werking all morning doing this, I sed.

Are you going to let me help you? sed Sue.

No, I sed, and Sue sed, All rite. And she pulled one of the pillers away and one corner of the bridge fell down, and I yelled, Gol darn you. And I stamped on her foot fearse and she grabbed a hold of my hair and pulled it all her mite and jest then ma came in with her hat on all reddy to go out, saying, Benny, Sue, arent you ashamed.

Its his fault, sed Sue.

Its her fault, I sed. Wich it was, and Sue sed, Ill forgive him, Ant Pawleen, lets kiss and make up, Benny.

Now izent that sweet, sed ma.

No it aint, Ill make up but I wont kiss her agen, I sed, and ma sed, Wy, Benny, a persin mite think it was a punishmint to kiss your little cuzzin.

It is, I sed.

Are you going to kiss and make up, sed Sue.

O, all rite, I sed. And I let her kiss me agen and ma went out and I started to bild the bridge agen and wat did Sue do but pull another piller away and anuther corner of the bridge fell down, and Sue started to run erround the table with me after her, Sue saying, Kiss and make up agen, kiss and make up agen.

Kick and make up agen, you meen, I sed. And I kepp on chasing her erround the table and we nocked the hole bridge down bumping into it, and Sue ran downstares and out in the street and home, and I went back and bilt a fort, a bridge being to hard enyway.

When Director Charles Brabin handed Marc McDermott a copy of the Franklin Coates story on which this pair are now busily engaged, and told him he was to play a dual role, McDermott commenced to laugh very heartily. This was very puzzling to Brabin as the Coates story is a strong, intense and serious drama, so he questioned the Vitagraph star.

"Well," said McDermott, "The last time I appeared in a dual role, an old lady wrote and told me she liked the man who played my brother much better than myself."

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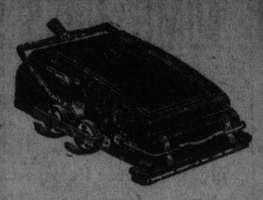

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