

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 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.

HONOR IN PUBLIC SERVICE.

It has been a favorite game of the more reckless Liberal journals to toy with the names of members of the Dominion Government from the Prime Minister down through all the ranks of the cabinet. Such newspapers accept as true a story that Sir Robert Borden is to retire to become Canadian High Commissioner in London, with accompanying elevation to the peerage, and they have busied themselves in selecting a successor for him. The Toronto Star gives currency to a rumor that Sir Thomas White is to become premier and comments as follows: "We can understand why Borden wants to get out, but why does White want to get in? Why look for trouble?"

While the suggestion is absurd, yet the Ottawa Free Press (Liberal) has an excellent answer to the last part of the Star's sneering comment "Why look for trouble?" The Free Press proceeds in this manner:

"Why did he give up a well-paid and less troublesome position with a financial corporation? And, by the same token, why do men like Gen. Bertram give up nice comfortable jobs, earned by hard work in earlier years, to slave fourteen hours a day on shell committees without pay but with all kinds of abuse?"

"Why? Because, thank heaven, there is still some public spirit; because public service is still regarded by some men as an honorable duty; because the making of money is not regarded by all men as the one standard of success."

"We venture to say that, if Sir Thomas White becomes prime minister, it will be just because attaching to that office there is trouble which he is ambitious and vigorous enough to think he can tackle successfully."

The making of money is not the standard by which all men judge their success. Neither is the avoidance of stress and difficulty their one purpose in life. If it were how would Canada have borne her fair share of the fighting in France and Flanders? Is not the fact that 400,000 Canadians have surrendered civil occupations and donned khaki to engage in a campaign they believe to be right sufficient evidence that to the men of the north there are things more to be desired than material success or a life of ease and luxury?

Of course the Liberal newspapers which engage in the congenial task of disposing of the members of the Borden Government have no facts on which to base their predictions. Nor has the Toronto Star any ground for its foolish question. Such wild assertions have come to be regarded as quite the correct thing in Liberal political journalism and the papers supporting Laurier have been filled with them. They have never wearied of using the bludgeon or the sand bag on the members of the Government. Nothing the Government has done has suited them, every thing the Government has not done should, in their eyes, have been given first attention. Their criticism far from being helpful has been purposely "shonest and usually unpatriotic and about all they have achieved by it is to keep alive in this country during the period of war a very violent spirit of partisanship. Despite them and their methods, however, the people realize that the men at the head of affairs in Canada are men, any one of whom could have more ease and much greater emolument in private life. But they are sufficiently old fashioned to believe that there is honor in public service well performed.

AGAIN ROUMANIA.

The revival of the report that Roumania is about to enter the war on the side of the Allies will arouse little interest, except as it may be taken as convincing proof that the Allies are certainly winning. A year or six months ago Roumanian assistance would have been eagerly sought. Just now she is welcome if she cares to join in the game of Hunting the Hun, but she is no longer to be regarded as a necessity.

The attitude of Bucharest in this matter of war does not come from high motives but from the desire to get the greatest amount of spoil at the lowest possible cost, and if it is certain now that she has decided to come in it is good evidence that she regards the time as ripe for such

action, and fears that delay may be dangerous.

WAR COMMENT.

The despatches of yesterday told of additional successes on the western front and a considerable advance on the part of the Russians who now control the roads toward Lemberg. There can be no doubt of the appreciable change in German confidence which will be worked if the Allies, through the remaining weeks of the summer and fall, can continue their offensives on a scale at all like that attained in July. For months the German people have endured a limited table and a falling income because at the same time they have been fed on reports of German victories and led to believe that in the end they would be abundantly repaid for any privations of the present. With the Kaiser's armies daily giving ground the tales of German successes cannot continue and soon the civilian population of Germany must learn the truth through the columns of the newspapers they are permitted to read. Then they will change their opinions as to the outcome of the war and it is very doubtful if they will complacently put up with restrictions which, while there was a hope of winning, they regarded as necessary means to a glorious end.

Russia is now smashing her way through to Lemberg and with this the situation in the latter days of July it may well be that September or October may see the Russian armies beyond Warsaw and steadily advancing. The British and French are winning in their areas of conflict and it may not be too much to expect that before snow flies they will be clearing their way through the supposedly impregnable German lines until the Rhine is in sight. Some of these days an allied army of 600,000 or more men moving out from Salonika may by Thanksgiving be nearing Sofia, while the Grand Duke with reinforced armies may be well on his way to Constantinople. These possibilities may seem too rosy to be possible of fulfillment but it should not be forgotten that this has been the summer of Allied achievement and no one may safely predict where it will land them. Even if the progress is less rapid, it is enough, for sooner or later the German defiance is bound to break down before so formidable a foe.

SIR WILFRID'S NEXT.

To the prayerful consideration of the Telegraph and Times, which have found inspiration and comfort in the editorial columns of the Chatham World, we submit the following from the issue of "Commodore" Stewart's paper of July 26th:

"A forward policy of national legislation, meeting national needs both for the present and for the reconstruction period after the war, is to be undertaken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. If Sir Wilfrid makes as ruinous a job of it as he did of his railway policy, it will be bad for Canadians. His useless Grand Trunk Pacific and Transcontinental have cost the country about \$500,000,000 to date, and this amount will be swelled by annual deficits in running expenses for a generation to come."

As our contemporaries have previously remarked, "This is the view of a sane man."

It is reported that German prisoners interned in Western Canada have refused to work unless they are paid union wages. These gentlemen are presuming upon the good nature of the Canadian people. Prisoners in Germany would be shot without hesitation if they refused to obey orders. Canadians are not so harsh as that, but it would seem that the authorities would be fully justified in shutting off the food supply of the troublesome Teutons. The surest way to reach a Hun is through his stomach as Canadian bayonet welders at the front have already learned.

Sir Sam Hughes And His Work

TOO MUCH CRITICISM.

(Belleville Ontario, Liberal.)
We freely admit that Gen. Hughes has been too harshly criticised for his follies and eccentricities of character and has not been given sufficient credit for his amazing energy and efficiency.

DR. JOHNSTON'S VIEWS.

(Kincairdine Review.)

The Globe's report of a gathering in Lindsay on Saturday quotes Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, of Montreal (and London), formerly of Kincairdine, as paying "a glowing tribute to the Minister of Militia, saying the name of Sir Sam Hughes would stand out in the ages to come in the story of Canadian history as the man who did the work when the country needed him."

SIR SAM'S WORK.

(The Sentinel.)

The Sentinel is not prepared to argue that Gen. Sir Sam Hughes is perfect. If it is admitted that he has made some mistakes, we will not attempt to deny it. If his enemies expected that he, or any other man that has ever been born, could go through such a crisis as he has weathered so far without making a mistake, they show a singular lack of good sense and perspective.

The Sentinel ventures to say that whatever his faults may be, there is not a man in the Dominion of Canada that could have filled Gen. Sam Hughes' position as well as he has. To get 35,000 men ready for service in six weeks is an achievement unparalleled, we believe, in the history of war, especially in a country like Canada, that has had no warlike experience. Taking the whole administration of the militia department by and large, there has been an amount of energy, in the main well directed and well thought out, that is to the infinite credit of the man who is held responsible for it.

No greater calamity could have befallen Canada when the war broke out than to have had a Minister of Militia who was vacillating and indecisive in character. When we compare the administration of that department by Sir Frederick Borden during the Boer war, and his energetic prosecution of the tremendous tasks that have been thrown upon it in this war, we get some kind of an idea of the magnificent service that Sir Sam Hughes has rendered to Canada.

It is one of the penalties of public life that a man's enemies seize upon the small and inconsequential things to try to destroy public confidence in his administration, while they overlook, or deliberately ignore, his great accomplishments in behalf of the people. Every injudicious remark that Sir Sam Hughes has made since the opening of hostilities has been exaggerated and magnified. We hear nothing about the splendid work he has done in organizing, training and sending to France as fine a body of men as are fighting in this great crisis. They have been magnificently equipped, thoroughly trained, and have given such a report of themselves on the field of battle as will stamp the name of Canada indelibly in the history of the world.

Surely a man who, as Secretary of War for Canada, was at the head of this great organization, which has succeeded so admirably, cannot be the incompetent, unwise and inefficient blunderer that the enemies of Sir Sam Hughes represent him to be. They may blacken his reputation among thoughtless people, but his services will be remembered when his critics will be forgotten.

The Little House

And I said to myself I will build a house.
The day my Love comes by,
And there shall be much of a river
wind, and much of the open sky;
With a singing bird to wake us, and
a great rose red and high;

A great rose red and high and near,
And shaken by the bees;
Close in the shadow of gold green
vines and at depth of green gold
trees;
And night will bring a cool of dreams
like rain upon the breeze.

There will be gift of laughter given
When the day is brave in the blue;
And there will be gift of quiet, come
with the dusk and the dew;
Till the wonder of each shining hour
will soak us through and through.

O little house of river winds,
O house so hid and neat,
The white road that leads to you
is cruel to weary feet,
Yet, with my Love for company, even
the dust treads sweet.

—Maxwell Struthers Burt, in Contemporary Verse.

DESTROYERS.

Night on the face of the deep,
And the great shells roar and
whirl,
And our shattering flames strike fire
Till the red flames, dancing and leap-
ing higher,
As a ruddy beacon shine.

Now they are shipped from the leash,
The lean, black hounds of the sea;

Little Benny's Note Book

Mr. Perkins was waiting in the parlor for my sister Gladie to come down, and I was waiting there watching him wait, and all of a sudden he saw a bunch of violets in a glass on the piano and he said, Ah, violets, whose are they, Benny?

There Gladieless, I said.

O, are they, Benny? said Mr. Perkins. And he kept on looking over at them, and I said, And I know where she got them, to.

I guess there's not much goes on around here that you won't know, is there? said Mr. Perkins.

Not much, I said, which there ain't, and Mr. Perkins said, Wy, were did she get them? I just want to find out if you really know.

I know, all right, I said.

Well, who was it, then, I mean, were did she get them? said Mr. Perkins. I don't know whether she would want me to tell you, I said.

O, I don't see why there should be any secret about it, said Mr. Perkins. And he took a dime out of his pocket and started to throw it up a little ways and catch it again, saying, Do you suppose you could catch this if I tossed it in your direction?

Which I said I thawt I cood, and he throo it, and I cawt it, and he sed, Well, you haven't told me yet.

She bawt them off a man in the street for a dime, I sed.

Wy, were did you think she got them? I sed.

I don't know, Im sure, I have absolutely no intrist in the matter, sed Mr. Perkins. Which just then Gladie came down, saying, Wat in the world are you 2 talking about.

Nothing, nothing at all, sed Mr. Perkins. And I stuck the dime in my pants pocket and quick went out.

Grin stark shapes in the gloom
Sped on their awful mission of doom
Straight where the great ships be.
Into the jaws of death,
Into the tempest of shell,
From the hurrying death below,
Till, with a thunderous roar, the blow
And, as the steel leviathans fly,
Rock with the raging swell.

Soundless their bolt flies sure;
Only a wake of foam
From the hurrying death below,
Till, with a thunderous roar, the blow
And, as the steel leviathans fly,
Rock with the raging swell.

They have fought, they have paid the price.

Where the reddened ocean rolls
They sink to their resting place
Lord, of Time infinite pity and grace,
Have mercy on all brave souls!
—Touchstone, in London Daily Mail.

HOPEWELL HILL.

Hopewell Hill, July 27.—Mr. Reid, of Montreal, is visiting friends in Albert.

Mrs. Clifford Stevens has returned from a two weeks' visit in Halifax. Miss Grace Stevens has also returned from Dawson, where she has been spending the holidays with relatives. Mrs. Gordon Starratt and child, of Malton, Mass., came yesterday to remain for the summer with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Russell.

Mrs. Mamie, of Dorchester, is the guest of her friend Miss Mary Russell.

Josie Dobson, of Stoney Creek, is visiting at the home of Mrs. J. E. Rogers.

Miss Edna Boyd, of Gagetown, has been secured as teacher of the advanced department of the Hopewell Hill school.

George Perolat, the "character man" of the "Tyring A" company is playing an important role in the Richard Bennett company. George L. Sargent is directing the picture.

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MINIATURE ALMANAC

(The time given is Atlantic Standard, one hour slower than present local time.)

July Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter .. 8th 7h 55m.

Full Moon ... 16th 0h 40m.

Last Quarter .. 21st 7h 38m.

New Moon ... 29th 10h 15m.

28 Fr 5.09 7.80 10.46 22.50 4.52

PORT OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

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