

## The St. John Standard.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURS. DAY, OCTOBER 28, 1920.

### THE ST. JOHN COUNTY RECOUNT.

For the benefit of The Globe, The Telegram and The Times we repeat that the recount in the county is a "put-up job," the whole intent and object of it being to try to irritate and annoy Mr. Baxter. It has no shred of either excuse or justification.

Commenting on the Charlotte recount, The Globe says that it "righted an election day count mistake and gave a candidate who won a majority of the votes the seat to which he was entitled. The St. John county recount is asked to right just such another mistake."

Such a statement is absolutely false. It has never been suggested that any mistake has been made in the count of votes in this county. It has never been suggested that anything took place in the count that might influence the result.

In Charlotte the deputy returning officer made an affidavit candidly acknowledging his error, and a recount became a necessity as the only method available to rectify it. In the case of the city recount, it will be remembered that Mr. Hayee and Mr. Tilley was the successful candidate, and there appeared to be an element of doubt about the matter.

Here the recount in this case. But so far as the county is concerned, there is no allegation of any kind that it shown to be correct would affect the result.

What are the facts anyway? An affidavit has been made by one John McKinnon, who describes himself as a laborer of Fairville, which states that he stood at one of the polling booths as agent for Dr. Curran, and that he saw the deputy returning officer take two ballots out of one envelope, both of them being for Baxter and Carson; that instead of disallowing the vote as he should have done, by reason of the fact that placing more than one ballot in an envelope invalidates the vote, the deputy returning officer counted the vote for Baxter and Carson, and for this reason McKinnon demands a recount.

Now, granted that the deputy returning officer was wrong, and that he should have rejected that ballot altogether, it would make Mr. Baxter's majority over Mr. Bentley one, less, reducing that majority from eight to seven, quite enough to elect him. What is there in the premises to justify a recount of the whole of the votes?

The application is nothing more or less than the despairing effort of a disappointed crowd who know that they have nothing whatever to lose, and they may perchance make a gain. It is a fishing application, pure and simple, in the hope that something may turn up. Nothing whatever has been added to show that Mr. Bentley has been deprived of a single vote, or that any other incident occurred that would give him the seat on a recount.

Mr. Baxter is supposed to acquiesce with a pleasant smile in the desire to deprive him of his seat on no ground whatever. He is supposed to accept unquestioningly the position thrust upon him and to admit the sweet reasonableness of his opponents' claim. "We don't know of any reason why you were not properly elected but we would like to prove that you were not, so you might agree to have a recount, as something might perhaps come our way." And because Mr. Baxter says "No," The Globe, The Telegram and The Times are charging him with holding out to a seat obtained by improper means. Miserable hypocrites, their attitude is enough to make any fair-minded man sick.

### GRADUAL WORKING DOWNWARDS

On the question of the decline in prices, the Mail and Empire expresses the hope that for everybody's sake the decline will not be of a heaving character. We do not expect that it will be.

So far the banks have shown themselves to be actuated by a sense of public responsibility. Though they are not Government institutions they are part of the machinery of government. Conditions such as large stocks and suspended demand do press strongly towards lower prices and are bound to make their weight felt, but there are other conditions that must not be lost sight of. The country has had an abundant crop. There is every reason to believe that the spending power of the population will be greater than it was last year. Debts are being paid. Thus there is something substantial to take account of by the men who have the financial reins of the country in their hands.

Sir Hamar Greenwood says that the Sinn Féin army has been organized as part of a conspiracy to disrupt the British Empire. And that boy has only been Irish Secretary for a few months, too!

Gustave Vandemulderbroeck was run over and killed yesterday in Montreal. How could a man carrying such a load as that be expected to dodge a motor car?

Mrs. Asquith says that women are not growing more beautiful. Well, this is true of some of them, at least.

### "FIVE YEARS' HELL IN A COUNTRY PARISH"

According to the expert testimony of Rev. Edward Fitzgerald Synnott, M. A., the little parish of Ruspur, Susa, is extremely hardboiled. His experiences there he has recently set forth in his entitled "Five Years' Hell in a Country Parish." He has been at war with his parishioners for that length of time, and emerges victorious from the struggle, although it has practically bogged him. He had \$30,000 when he began his ministrations, his salary is \$900 a year and now he says he is worth sixpence. Nevertheless, he does not regret his bitter experiences, he says, for they may help the other thirty-six thousand churches of England and the millions of clergymen in England. It is difficult to believe that the rector did not give his parishioners great cause for offence that he himself describes. Otherwise, one would think it a good thing for England if the parish of Ruspur could be cut out of Sussex and sunk in the sea.

The rector entered his charge with high hopes of usefulness, and with his mind filled with visions of rural peace and domestic bliss. He had been there a week the rustics killed his dog and sent him a letter by mail. His chickens were stolen. Local horse dealers sold him spavined corks. The squires treated him like a somewhat deficient butler and their ladies threatened to write to the bishop. He was accused of the following acts:

He sang too loudly.  
Let the children fall when he happened there.  
Pushed them to make them cry.  
Put the wedding ring on a lady's thumb.  
Married the wrong people.  
Left bread on the holy table and thus sinned.  
Drank the communion wine.  
He was also suspected of pinching some of the church collections.

The rector did not show any particular meekness under these charges. Not only did he officially deny all the charges, he preached right back at the people from the pulpit, and told them what he thought of them. Curiously urged them to go to the church in heavy boots and that they had their revenge by staying away. He also thrashed two of the horse coppers who had swindled him. He accused the ladies of the parish of being bad mothers, and intimated that they were deficient not only in kindness of spirit, but in personal punctiliousness. He declared that one stormy day he went to church in heavy boots and that this was described by them in their complaint to the bishop as preaching in "sporting dress." Wellington boots and a light tweed suit. The men, he said, were worse than the women.

One of his parishioners told him that the previous incumbents were all fools, but that they had money, and on this account were tolerated. While the war was on the rector tried to do his bit like the rest, and assisted in farming besides discharging his clerical duties. According to the special correspondence of the New York Tribune a typical Sunday's work was as follows:

Rose at 4, milked 12 cows and helped carry the milk to the carts, fed a dozen calves and the poultry, rushed back to the rectory, bathed and dressed for communion; breakfasted off five miles to the soldiers' camp for church parade at 8.30, and back to the rectory for morning service; took the whole service, sermon and frequently communion afterward; lunched and then conducted the children's Sunday afternoon service, at which he played the music, taught the children and gave an address as well; off to the hayrack to repeat the farm work of the morning and then back for Evensong song at 6.30.

The Ruspur parishioners did not admire their rector for this. They accused him of being "on the make" in competing with laborers. They complained to the bishop because he wore farm clothes on the farm, and actually milked the cows before going to communion. The war finally concluded by the parishioners making grave charges against him before the consistory court. The trial resulted in his favor, the judge remarking that Ruspur was a hotbed of scandal and that the frivolous charges against the rector had been withdrawn, and that he had every reason to believe that the campaign of calumny against him was at an end. The vindicated clergyman is now willing that byones should be bygones, and that he and his congregation should enter upon new relations with the bishop and the church a few years hence he may be able to write under a revised title "Five Years' Heaven in a Country Parish."

### THE LAUGH LINE

Indirect Success.  
"Was your garden a success this year?"  
"Very much so! My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."

Positively.  
"Have you heard my last joke?" asked the Post, as he stopped the Grouch on the street.  
"I hope so," replied the Grouch, as he kept on travelling.

The Very Early Bird.  
"Now, then, my hearties," said the gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes. Your powder is gone; they're run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

Frontier Etiquette.  
Fresh from Boston, the lawyer in the frontier town had just finished a glowing sermon up for the defence. There ensued a long pause, and the Easterner turned in some embarrassment to the judge.  
"Your Honor," he asked, "will you charge the jury?"  
"Oh, no, I guess not," answered the judge benignly. "They ain't got much anyway, so I let them keep all they can make on the side."

Natural Inference.  
"I see Edison is perfecting instruments by means of which we may communicate with the dead," said Bionas. "Grand idea," said Bionas. "But I hope I'll never have to communicate with Central in the next world. I get enough wrong numbers in this."

Never Right.  
British Government is murdering MacSwiney when it lets him starve, and killing him when feeds him—according to Irish logic.

## Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PA'Z

I started to go in yesterday to see if supper was anywhere near ready, and some man was leaning up against the wall with his eyes closed and his hat on the back of his head, me thinking, "Goah, he's sick against our house."

Which just then he opened his eyes and looked at me looking at him, saying, "It's a crool world, and if I was your age, young fello, I wouldn't take the trouble to grow up."

Do you feel very sick? I sed, and he sed, Sick? If I felt any sicker I'd have 3 feet in the grave. Which just then I chawed of the bottle of whiskey in the medicine chest saying on it, For Medialinal Purposes Only, and I sed, Would whiskey do you any good, mister?

Would it? Its the only thing that has the slightest chance of saving my life, sed the man, and I sed, I'll hurry up and run in and get it.

Which I did, and the man was still leaning against the house looking just as sick, me saying, G, I haft to go back agen, I forgot a glass.

Stay were you are, wats a glass between friends? I dispize glasses, the early Indians never used glasses and who am I to set myself above the early Indians? sed the man. And I handed him the bottle without any glass, and he sed, Young fello, you have saved my life, if I ever make a will I'll remember you in it, and if I dont I'll remember I would of remembered you in it if I had.

Which just as he was going to take another drink somebody grabbed the bottle out of his hand, being pop coming home, saying, Wats the meaning of this yourself? How dare you interrupt a life saver in the performance of his dooty? sed the man.

Benny, go in the house, sed pop. Which I did, pop coming in after me with the bottle, me saying, Well gush, G, pop aint he sick? and pop saying, No but a'e will be. Yee gods, my last and only bottle.

And he put it away agen but not in the medicine chest.

Distance May Lend Enchantment.  
But—  
Satisfaction with which some Toronto folk regard "wet" victory in B. C. is qualified by the sad realization that week-end joints to the oasis can never be.

No Respite.  
The oil fields in the West will supply autos for the next five hundred years, says an expert. Pedestrians who have been hoping for a respite owing to shortage of gas, may find preparation for a prolonged period of dodging.

## Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



9093  
The weather prophets predict a hard winter, so Dame Fashion prepares early. Selecting this coat for a model, she develops it in dark blue velvet, trimming the edge of the deep collar with a wide band of fur. The pockets are also made of fur and the coat is brilliantly lined with jade silk. Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material, with 4 1/2 yards 36-inch silk and 2 yards fur banding.

Pictorial Review Pattern No. 9093. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 45 cents.

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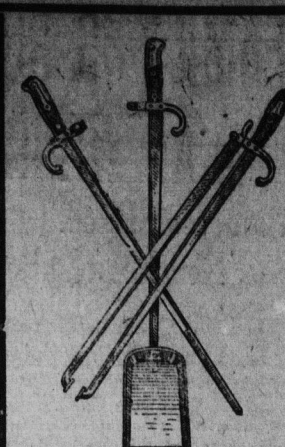
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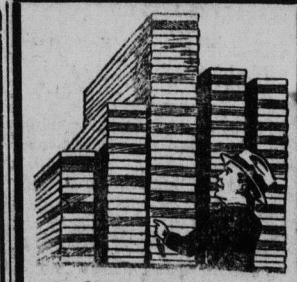
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