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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1920.

ENFORCING THE LAW.

Under the heading "Obey the Law," a writer in the Halifax Herald—whose efforts appear to be thought so much of that the resulting production is published in the editorial columns of that paper—criticizes the attitude adopted in regard to the Spracklin case. "An editorial in one of the leading dailies in a neighboring city," as the writer quotes certain lines which appeared recently in this column, we can only assume that it is this journal to which he refers. Says this writer:

"Without doubt any sane man regrets that it was necessary to shoot down a fellow man; but likewise any sane man regrets that the innkeeper in question made it necessary. The whole matter hinges on one thing: Are the laws of our country made to be obeyed or flagrantly violated? If the latter, then why not invite to our shores the men who are carrying the red banner through Europe? But if the former, then Rev. Mr. Spracklin's act was perfectly justifiable. He was not only doing what any man has the right to do—protect his own life, but he was enforcing the law of the realm."

The writer admits that "sane" men regret the occurrence. It must be inferred from this that who do not regret it are not sane. From all parts of Ontario, in fact from almost all parts of Canada, have come resolutions sympathizing with the Reverend Lector, and applauding his action. As the promoters of those resolutions do not regret the occurrence, we have it on the authority of the Herald writer that such men are not sane, and their resolutions should therefore be disregarded. The Herald writer is right; these prohibition resolutions are just as fanatical in tone as the Baur question as the most unfortunate inmate of the Provincial Hospital. They have lost all sense of reason; a man may be an habitual breaker of every one of the Ten Commandments, but so long as he proclaims himself an ardent prohibitionist, they will clasp him to their bosoms.

Then this Herald writer characterizes the contention that Spracklin should not have carried a gun as "little short of ludicrous." The common law of England, which applies in this country, does not give any official the right to enforce any law at the point of a gun, and the Herald writer's contention that Spracklin was justified in using his gun because "he was enforcing the law of the realm," is worse than ludicrous. The law of this country only gives to a man the right to use a gun to protect his own life, and if it can be shown that "Trumble had a gun in his hand at the time he was shot, Spracklin was entirely justified in shooting first. But neither Spracklin nor any other official has any right to kill a fellow man merely to enforce a law. The methods to be employed in enforcing the laws are laid down in the statutes, and deliberate killing is not included among them. A man riding a bicycle on the sidewalk is breaking the law, and, according to the Herald writer's contention, a policeman would be justified in shooting him if he refused to get off the sidewalk on being ordered to do so.

The Herald writer refers to "the antiquity of the journal in question to the prohibition enactment." How can any sane, reasonable or fair-minded journal do otherwise than oppose an act which so deliberately violates all principles of British justice as to (1) put upon a suspected person the burden of proving his own innocence; (2) deprive him of his right, given him by the Great Charter itself, to trial by jury; (3) refuse all right of appeal even from an ignorant and incompetent country justice (who may himself be a prohibition fanatic), whilst it gives the prohibition officers two chances to appeal in case they are not satisfied with a justice's decision. Is a law which allows such procedure as that fair, or even commonly honest?

The wretch who fires his neighbor's barn, the black-hearted villain who robs a widow of her savings, the petty boss who debauches a child, all get fair trials; but the unpunished blackguard who happens to have a four-ounce bottle of brandy in his grip is outside the pale of civilization altogether. He must be shot on sight.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

A cable from Dublin announces the fact that Arthur Griffith, the Sinn Féin leader, has been arrested, in company with several other men prominent in that movement. What effect this arrest is going to have upon the situation remains to be seen.

Griffith is by a long way the ablest Irishman now alive, and he is about the only political thinker who appears to have a statesman's mind. He is not an agitator in the sense that he believes in physical force, but he has

ways believed that all Ireland standing together could force an honorable settlement without resort to physical force. He knows his country as no other man of the time does, and he believes in it.

Here is his definition of the Sinn Féin policy:—"The policy of Sinn Féin 'purposes to bring Ireland out of the corner, and make her assert her existence to the world. I have spoken of 'an essential' but the basis of the 'policy is national self-reliance.' Ever since the Act of Union, the tendency of policies has been to Anglicize Ireland by peaceful methods. Previous to that time the attempt was always made at the point of the sword. The Sinn Féin policy is to de-Anglicize Ireland, and restore it to its ancient nationality. Griffith believes that this could be done by evolutionary methods rather than by revolutionary ones; he is said to be no great believer in the rights of man, his creed being rather the rights of nations and the duties of man, the right of a nation being the right to freedom and the right to the allegiance and service of all its children, and the duties of man being to fear God and serve his nation. And he believes in the State as against the individual. If all Sinn Féiners were made in the same mould as Arthur Griffith, Ireland would not be in the turmoil she is in.

THE WESTERN PROVINCES' NATURAL RESOURCES.

The middle Western Provinces are at least to make another effort to secure for themselves the control of the natural resources within their own boundaries. They cannot be blamed for this; and there is no reason why they should not have them, provided other provinces are given what is coming to them. The only question is, What compensation are the Maritime Provinces going to get to make up for the concession to the Western Provinces? The latter, when their natural resources were retained by the Dominion, were each granted subsidies in lieu of these resources. Now they want to obtain the resources, and keep the subsidies as well. Both Ontario and Quebec have each had large areas of territory added to them within the last few years, as also has Manitoba. In fact, about all the provinces in the Dominion have benefited in some way or other, except the Maritime Provinces, which always seem to be left out in the cold when any boundaries are being given out. If those Western Provinces are willing that the Maritimes should each have a considerable increase in subsidy to make up for the concessions to the former, well and good; but their attitude so far has been strongly opposed to any further subsidies to the Maritime Provinces. These Westerners seem to forget that the natural resources of their provinces are part of the Dominion, in which the Maritime Provinces are partners; and that if any part of the partnership assets are to be given away, it must only be on the terms that compensation is given to those who are despoiled.

The communication from Mr. H. R. McLean, Secretary of the Commercial Club, which will be found on another page in this issue, reveals a condition of affairs which must be regarded as anything but satisfactory by residents of this city. It may be assumed that the greater portion of the freight to be exported from this country will be derived from points west of Quebec, and in view of reports that the mileage from Quebec to St. John via the Transcontinental and Valley routes is about half that to Halifax, it is rather difficult to understand on what principle it is to be sent to the latter place for shipment twenty-two times out of thirty-one. St. John getting the remaining nine shipments only. There may be reasons why Halifax is a more desirable point of departure and arrival for the fast passenger traffic, but no such reasons apply to freight. The matter should be looked into and some action taken in behalf of this port at once.

Representatives of the workers on the Canadian Government Railways are to meet in Winnipeg next week to decide if they will strike to compel a recall of President Hanna's order that men in the employ of the roads shall not be active in politics. If the order to strike is issued, it should be accompanied by an explanation to the interested public as to how a man is at once to attend a session of the Legislature and carry on his duties as an operative on the railway. Without this the public may feel a prejudice against the strike.

The Boston Transcript says: "As Chicago sees it, the housing shortage is due to strikes, lockouts, high wages, high taxes, high price of interest, high freight charges, lack of transportation." And then asks: "Is that all? Surely there must be something else. Why not institute an inquiry?"

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Too Small Souled.
 (London Morning Post.)
 "If you preach for money, do you?" answered a deacon of a chapel to his minister, who had appealed for more money as his family was suffering through lack of nourishment. "We can't eat souls," replied the minister, "and if we could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

Is Mome Brew Criminal?

(Quebec Telegraph.)
 This is the weighty question that a number of the people, newspapers and officials of the United States are engaged in discussing. Mr. Kramer, the Prohibition Commissioner of New York, says that "the man who makes home brew in his Northern home is just as much a lawbreaker as the illicit distiller who makes the good of souls." "We can't eat souls," replied the minister, "and if we could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

And in the same issue of the Herald appears a letter on the subject from a witty correspondent who writes among other things: "When the Prohibition Commissioner calls home brewing criminal he reflects on the Volstead act. That law specifically prohibits the issue of warrants for residences except on information that liquor is being made to sell. The inference from that is that home brewing carried on for the household's own thirst is not criminal. Perhaps Mr. Kramer, like many of his temperance confederates, of course it is. So we coffee and tea drinking, smoking, unnecessary talking and reading of light novels. All pleasures—except smoking other people's business—are wicked."

Miss Robertson of Oklahoma.

(New York Times.)
 Miss Robertson, the anti-unionist who is to be the only woman in the Sixty-seventh Congress, is a person of opinions and not afraid to express them. She is no tender Miss Rankin. She wouldn't have wept and she wouldn't have voted No on the declaration of war with Germany. An ardent prohibitionist, she is, in fact, a wonderfully complimentary vote, including every service man in her district and a host of Democrats. Mr. Robertson, the anti-unionist, is a man's job, and I want to keep it down. She is a total abstainer, never a pair of silk stockings and worn high-heeled shoes. To the photographer who invited her to cross her feet as he was about to "snap" her picture she snapped back, "I raised my feet to cross my feet and I am going to stay that way." A woman who knows what she wants and what she thinks about, she is a thing and great. "I am a Christian; I am an American; I am a Republican." She will "feel no embarrassment because she is the only woman in Congress." While she made no speeches and solicited no votes outside of her restaurant, she would sit down with voters at their tables, "and while consuming a bowl of soup talk politics. She has a record of seventeen bowls of soup at one dinner hour." So says a Muskogee dispatch. If this is myth, one would believe it. A healthy, hearty, original and clever person is Representative Robertson.

The "Big Interests" Bogey.

(London Free Press.)
 The chief argument used against the administration is that it is a Government of big interests. Hon. T. A. Crerar made this his main line of attack in his Saskatchewan speeches and will presumably follow the same tactics in his House of Commons. The Government was ever so hopelessly entangled with the big interests as is the present Government at Ottawa.

Mr. Crerar was a member of Union Government for two years. Was it a Government of big interests while he was a member of it? Is it not following out the same policies today? Wherein does it differ from the administration of which he was minister of agriculture?

Mr. Crerar knows that "the big interests" were opposed to the Government's policy of nationalizing the Grand Trunk and were particularly bitter against Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. Mr. Crerar also knows that "big interests" are taxed as heavily today as in any other country. The income tax and the corporation tax have been increased on "big interests" during the past few years. The business profits tax is the heaviest of any belligerent. The corporation tax was last year raised to 10 per cent. The business profits tax calls for payment to the Government of 25 per cent. of all profits earned in business over 7 per cent. and up to 15 per cent.; 50 per cent. on profits between 15 and 20 per cent., and 75 per cent. on profits over 20 per cent. The "big interests," so called, were never so hard hit as by the present Government.

A BIT OF VERSE

EXPERIENCE.
 I wonder that we worry so
 And lose our way with wandering
 When every hill and vale we know
 For Time has shown us everything,
 We know where we may walk, and
 Where we may stand.
 The brambles are the dangers life
 For Time has set a signpost there,
 Experience to guide us by.
 We know the way, for other men
 Have walked a thousand times before.
 The world the same world it was then,
 The path unchanged forevermore,
 We know we need but follow on
 With faithful Conscience for our
 Guide.
 We know that we shall find the dawn
 Who falter not, nor turn aside.
 Yet men will venture into sin,
 Forget the sun, forget the star,
 Forget the sun, forget the star,
 Where all the hidden dangers are,
 Experience has marked the trail.
 And Time has proved the trail is true—
 Yet men will fall and fools will fail
 While stars shine clear from skies of blue.

Life is no problem—life is plain:
 Here is the right, and there the pain,
 And there is sorrow, here is pain.
 With Conscience for our guide and
 Guide.
 Experience our counsel wise,
 We need but follow to the end
 An earthly path to find the skies.

THE LAUGH LINE

Current Fiction.
 "Excuse me!"
 "I beg your pardon!"
 "Be sure and come to see us!"
 "I've had a lovely time!"
 "I'll pay you this tomorrow, sure!"
 "I'd rather have my Ford than your big car."
 "I'd trust my husband anywhere."
 "Oh, it's no trouble at all!"
 "It isn't the money; it's the principle of the thing!"
 "I just finished the last quart I had, old man!"

Hardly What He Wanted.

"Show him up," said the patient editor; and the fuming visitor was conducted into his presence.
 "I want an explanation!" cried the visitor, shaking his fist in the editor's face.
 "Why, what's the matter?" asked the editor.
 "See here!" shouted the visitor. "What do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in this way?"
 The editor raised his eyebrows in surprise.
 "Why, I thought you gave out the story yourself!"
 "So I did," replied the retiring politician, bursting with rage; "but I didn't tell you to print the news under the head of 'Public Improvements!'"

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Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAGE

The monthly reports was given out in school yesterday, mine being so bad it was pretty near the worst one I ever got, but not quite. And after supper I started to get ready to give it to pop for him to sign, thinking, G. I better not be too sudden about it, its no use making him feel worse than necessary.
 And I sed, Pop, I bet after this im going to be no wonderfull in school I bet my reports will be the best in the room.
 Thats an intrisiting bet, I hope you win it, stranger things than that have happened, tho personally I never herd of any, sed pop.
 Maybe they'll be the best reports in the hole school, I sed, and pop sed, The age of miracl es is still with us. Meaning just because you know a thing aint going to happen that dont say its impossible, and I sed, I bet ill get sutch good reports youll think it must be somebody elts.
 Ill know darn well it is, sed pop.
 And he kept on smoking a rd I kept on wondering weather to hand him my report yet, thinking, Heck, I mite as well prepare him for it. And I sed, As long as I know im going to get sutch grate reports from now on, it dont make any differnts wat kind I used to get, does it pop?
 Have you by any shadow of a possibility of a doubt got a report to show me? sed pop.
 Sir? Yes sir, I sed. And I handed it to him, pop eying.
 Ah hah, I thawt there was an Ethiopium in the woodpile. And he looked at the report and thats wy I had to go to bed rite after supper and also wy I didnt have any recess money today and wy I dont expect any tomorrow.

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EXPERIENCE.

I wonder that we worry so
 And lose our way with wandering
 When every hill and vale we know
 For Time has shown us everything,
 We know where we may walk, and
 Where we may stand.
 The brambles are the dangers life
 For Time has set a signpost there,
 Experience to guide us by.
 We know the way, for other men
 Have walked a thousand times before.
 The world the same world it was then,
 The path unchanged forevermore,
 We know we need but follow on
 With faithful Conscience for our
 Guide.
 We know that we shall find the dawn
 Who falter not, nor turn aside.
 Yet men will venture into sin,
 Forget the sun, forget the star,
 Forget the sun, forget the star,
 Where all the hidden dangers are,
 Experience has marked the trail.
 And Time has proved the trail is true—
 Yet men will fall and fools will fail
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