

## The St. John Standard.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1920.

## AN ELECTION FORECAST.

Saturday is expected to see the end of the Foster Government. No longer will the Hon. Peter Veniot control the administration. No longer will Mr. E. S. Carter boss the Premier, and no longer will the Hon. W. E. Foster worry over the misdeeds of his executive colleagues. The province of New Brunswick is ready to throw out of power the men who, with entire disregard for the future, have been plunging our people into an indebtedness as fatal as it is unjustifiable. While it is true that there are a few counties, or a few constituencies, in which the Opposition has not put up candidates in its own name, this is easily explained. In Madawaska, there was no earthly hope of defeating the Government nominees, for the people of that county, like a flock of sheep, are following the leaders who at the present time happen to have a string on them. Some day Madawaska, equally unreasoning, will swing the other way, and the party which the present Government now represents will find it equally useless to put up opposition.

Premier Foster came into power on a French landslide. In the English-speaking portion of New Brunswick he has no support, and he knows it. Nor is there any hope of ever getting any support in this section of the province. It is true his party by a fluke captured a few odd seats in the last general election, but the people in the counties which very foolishly returned Fosterite candidates at that time have come to their senses, and will not make the same mistake again. There has been a change, too, on the North Shore. The thousands of New Brunswickers forming the Acadian population have the impression that because of their nationality they are looked down upon by the English-speaking race. This is not the case, but the feeling exists, and in order that they may hold their proper place among the people of New Brunswick, it is their desire to be represented at Fredericton by men of intelligence, men of education, men with some standing in the community, who are in a position to present the view of the Acadian population in a manner worthy of that race. A few years ago the French-speaking population of Kent County deserted Dr. Landry, the best representative they ever had. In his place, the people of Gloucester put into office one Peter Veniot, and today and ever since that election the whole Acadian element of the North Shore has regretted the loss of an able representative, has regretted the diminished prestige suffered by the French-speaking people, and generally has regretted the mistake made in defeating Dr. Landry. Those of the Acadian race realize full well that if they are to hold their proper position in the affairs of New Brunswick, it is necessary that they should be represented by the highest possible type of legislators. Consequently the mistake made a few years ago in defeating Dr. Landry will be corrected on Saturday next, when he will be retained as representative of Kent County on the Farmer-Opposition ticket.

Kent is expected to return three representatives opposed to the present Government. Gloucester this year will split, and at least one, and probably two, opposed to the present administration will be elected. In Northumberland the situation is highly complicated, but there is a bare chance that the Government may get one seat out of the four, which represents a loss of three from the present standing. Victoria, with two members, is solidly opposed to the present administration. Sunbury is quite up in the air, and will have nothing more to do with the men who for four years have so misrepresented it. Queens looks like an Opposition win, but even under the worst of circumstances, the Government can get no more than one seat there. Thus in the counties of Northumberland, Victoria, and Sunbury, Queens, Gloucester, Restigouche and Kent, the Government people are facing an actual loss of at least twelve seats. They have no hope in Charlotte, no hope in Charlotte, and but little in York, and they have a very slim chance of getting anyone elected in St. John City or County, in Westmorland, or Moncton City. So far as can be estimated at present, and making all allowance for everything the Government holds or might expect to hold, the prospect is that the combined Farmers' and Opposition tickets will capture twenty-eight seats out of the forty-eight, with the probability that they will actually win thirty-one out of the forty-eight.

A week ago The Standard would have been prepared to admit that the Government would secure seventeen seats in this province, but the expression of public feeling has become so pronounced during the past few days

that even this small number would not now be conceded. No one can foretell the results of an election, and it is possible that, through conditions or happenings which cannot be foreseen, the Foster party may, by strenuous efforts, capture twenty seats. But the Government is done, and no one knows this better than the Hon. W. E. Foster, who is today the most worried man in New Brunswick. His policy of the past few years in allowing a couple of irresponsible like Peter J. Veniot and E. S. Carter to run away with the affairs of the Government is bringing its own results.

## PREMIER FOSTER AND THE FARMERS.

The Hon. Walter Foster is looking for a soft place to fall. He informed his audience at the Imperial last night that unless a sufficient number of his supporters were returned to give him a clear working majority in the House, he would not consider it a mandate from the people to carry on a government. Mr. Foster sees his end, and is casting around for the best excuse available to retire. He further was good enough to say that while he had a certain amount of respect for the farming community, he did not want to have any dealings with them politically; and that if he found he had not sufficient of his own party at his back to enable him to carry on, he would not associate with him any of the farmer members.

The farmers of New Brunswick will be glad to know that the Hon. Mr. Foster does not desire to have any dealings with them. They are not of the class that he cares to associate with, and he wants "no truck" with them. It is just as well that they should know this before polling day, in case any of their number should feel inclined to cast their votes for a supporter of the Foster Government.

What with the farmers "going back on" Mr. Tweeddale, and Mr. Foster declining any intercourse with the farmers, the farming element is likely to be somewhat scarce in Fosterite circles.

## THE VENIOT ROADS.

"The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies," wrote an old prophet ages ago. But it was that the rain that swept away the fine argument the Government had prepared with which to woo the farmers' vote. Thousands of dollars they expended during the last summer on the highways of the province—at least, there was where the money was expended to have gone—and some of them were smooth and lovely in appearance. Surely the farmer would vote for the "good government" that had done so much for him. He was greatly fooled at Fredericton by the party: the fine highways would appear him.

So the snap election was called and the appeal to the farmer to stand by the Foster Roadmaking Government was issued. Then something happened. The rains descended and the floods came and beat upon the roads, and lo, they were impassable as of yore. The farmers mired in the highways; they couldn't get to the mass meetings to hear the flowery orators show how good the highways had been made by the Government. It is even rumored that one Liberal chief got stuck in the deep mire of an improved route. All would have been well—possibly—if it had not been for the rain that washed away the fine argument of the Foster-Veniot bunch.

## THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

In the course of his remarks at the Imperial last night, Dr. Roberts took occasion to state that Mr. Baxter considers the maintenance of the public health as a matter of small importance, so little in fact that he would do away with the Act altogether. We do not desire to charge Dr. Roberts with deliberate misrepresentation, but that is in effect what his statement amounts to. Mr. Baxter has no such intention at all, and has so stated upon the public platform upon more than one occasion. What he will do with the Act is this: He will make such changes in the method of its administration as will, without in the least affecting its value as a health-preserving machine, so reduce the cost of operation that it will cease to be a burden upon either the provincial exchequer or the municipalities, which latter at the present time are groaning under a burden of taxation for so-called health purposes altogether too irksome to be borne in patience. No one realizes more completely than Dr. Baxter and those associated with him the urgent need there is for the taking of all measures calculated to preserve the general good health of the community;

but in the present embarrassed state of provincial finances there is no necessity to fritter away thousands of dollars yearly in fancy drives and ornate processions as are to be found decorating the Public Health Department of New Brunswick today.

When the Toronto Globe solemnly declares that Hon. Arthur Meighen is seeking the support of the electorate on a "platform whose chief plank is the disruption of Canada" it is guilty of brazen mendacity. The great issue in the next election will be the tariff, and the Globe cannot sidetrack the question by making personal attacks on the Prime Minister, whose loyalty to the highest interests of this country will not suffer by comparison with his detractors.

## WHAT OTHERS SAY

**Little England!**  
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)  
Gasoline is now \$1.03 in England, but still they drive cars, over there. It's a mercy they can't drive very far.

**Arrogant Curiosity.**  
(Buffalo Courier.)  
The Toronto Globe, the leading organ of the opposition, speaks of Mr. Meighen, Canada's new Premier, as the most sinister figure that has appeared in Canadian political life since the organization of the confederation. He must be an unusually interesting person.

**A Disgruntled Pacificist.**  
(Hamilton Spectator.)  
Henry Ford has refused to subscribe to the funds of the American League to Enforce Peace. Possibly his faith has cooled since the sad fate of his peace ship, and his failure to get the boys out of the trenches for Christmas of 1918.

**Penny Postage.**  
(Kingston Whig.)  
Sir Gilbert Parker's motion for penny postage within the Empire was unanimously adopted by the Imperial Press Conference. The United States has gone back to two-cent postage. Why should not the nations forming the British Empire revert to pre-war conditions?

**Talk and Work.**  
(Victoria Colonist.)  
Emma Goldman, the Russian Red, who was deported from the United States because of her enthusiasm for Bolshevism and all its work, does not seem to be quite happy in the home she depicted as flowing with milk and honey. She wants to come back to this country and the people in charge of her own country will not let her. They are keeping her there and making her work, when she anticipated having nothing to do but talk in the licensed manner she delighted in. But there were those ahead of Emma who are designated officially to do all the talking in Russia, and she is laboring with her hands, as all are forced to do who are not set apart for fighting and speech-making. Everybody under Bolshevist rule, it seems, is conscripted for some task. None are permitted to remain idle. The state, which is personified by Lenin and Trotsky, allocates every person to certain tasks in accordance with training and capacity. Emma was singled out for domestic duties, and each of her companions in deportation was similarly treated. They are all laboring with their hands, whereas they subsisted on the fruits of agitation when they were in the United States. Their dream of affluence and idleness has proved but "the baseless fabric of a vision." It is a pleasant thing to dream dreams, but fatal to apply the test of reality to them.

## THE LAUGH LINE

**Then She Knew.**  
He—"When did you first realize you loved me?"  
She—"I found myself getting angry whenever father called you an idiot."

**Slightly Off.**  
"What's this 'proletariat' I read about in the papers, Mike?"  
"It's what the cowboys use to kick wild horses, ye ignorantus."

**Pulling Her Down.**  
Conceited Young Man—"I wonder why that young lady over there looks at me so much?"  
Sarcastic Young Man—"She has weak eyes, and the doctor told her to relieve them by looking at something green."

**Well Known.**  
He—"Know all the best people in town?"  
"Then why doesn't he associate with them?"  
"They know him."

**Not a Chance.**  
"Dubleigh says he doesn't know whether to marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl."  
"He doesn't worry. A beautiful girl could do better and a sensible girl will know better."

**Impossible.**  
Photographer (busy posing client before camera)—Yes, increased wages and the high cost of materials have compelled me to raise the price of my pictures 100 per cent. Now, will you please look a little pleasant?

**Glad She Does.**  
"How you can stand your wife's spending her time at club and snuff meetings beats me. If I were you I'd tell her she should be home doing the cooking."  
"I'll be hanged if you would, if you knew what kind of a cook she is."

**Real Hand.**  
"How does the breakfast suit you, Jack?" Inquired the young bride, anxiously.  
"It's just right, dearest," declared Jack. "I'm awfully fond of calves' liver for breakfast."

**So Am I, Dear.**  
"So am I, dear," she responded, with enthusiasm, adding: "Oh, Jack, don't you think it would pay us to keep a calf? Then we could have liver every morning for breakfast."

**Have you any potted geraniums?**  
"No, sir. We have some very fine hyacinths."  
"Nothing doing! It'd be a nice thing to have my wife come home and find the geraniums she left in my care

## Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAGE

Pop was smoking and thinking and I was just thinking, and I said, Holey smoke, pop, you awt to saw the size mosketer I killed this morning, G whizz, it was as big as a bird.

I doubt it, sed pop, in fact I mite go so far as to say that statement is a gross exaggeration.

Meaning a mosketer couldn't be that big, and I sed, Well, jimminy crickets, pop, I bet it was as big as a bee.

No, it wasn't even as big as a bee and the sooner you learn to stop exaggerating the better citizen you will be, sed pop, the truth is the truth and nothing but the truth and if you don't think you can go and tell your troubles to your birds and your bees.

Well goah, pop, jimminy Krammas, I bet it was as big as a fly, I sed.

Now we are approaching the realms of possibility, sed pop. Meaning maybe it was, and I sed, it certony was big for a mosketer, pop G.

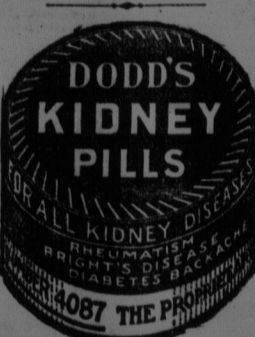
Down to earth at last, now I have an approximate idea of the size of the insect in question, sed pop.

And he kept on smoking and thinking, and I kept on just thinking, and pritty soon I sed, Well good nite, pop, goah, I bet it was as big as some little birds.

O go sit on a tack, Im exhausted, sed pop.

And he kept on smoking and thinking and I went out to see if any of the fellows was out.

turned into hydrangeas, now wouldn't it?



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