

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1922.

THE BUDGET.

It is very doubtful if Mr. Fielding's Budget proposals will commend themselves very highly to any political party. The concessions he has made to the Free Trade element in his own party are so small as to be practically negligible; the Progressives will be frankly disgusted, because to all intents and purposes he has ignored their pet theories altogether; and the Conservatives will be irritated at the preferential treatment accorded to German products. Under no circumstances can the Budget proposals be described as something to be proud of; but perhaps in view of the very discordant elements within his own party that Mr. Fielding had to pay regard to, he perhaps has done as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Consistent Liberals who have kept in mind the programme which the party laid down for itself at the great national convention held at Ottawa in 1919, may be forgiven if they marvel at the manner in which Mr. Fielding has carried it out. That programme called for substantial reductions in the burdens of customs taxation as a means of reducing the high cost of living, and also in the cost of the instruments of production. Mr. Fielding has met this demand by taking off about a million in duties on the one hand, and adding upward of thirty millions in taxes on the other. This sort of thing calls to mind some lines written several years ago, shortly after the Liberal party came into power in 1896, that were referred to recently by a writer in the Toronto Saturday Night, and which seems to put the present situation quite aptly:—

"Do you remember ninety three
 Before our sun did climb?
 When we declared for trade all
 free

"Then I was in my prime;
 Right in the fight through thick and thin,
 My Cobden medal shone

"But just as soon as we got in,
 'WE KEPT THE DUTIES ON.'"

Mr. Fielding has not only "kept the duties on," but has added very materially to them. Whatever may be said for the proposals therefore, they cannot be described as in any sense a fulfilment of the pledges given to the contrary by the party in 1919, and which pledges they solemnly undertook to implement by legislation as soon as returned to power. Well may Mr. Fielding say that a political platform is only for use to get in on!

By way of reducing the high cost of living "which presses so severely upon the masses of the people," Mr. Fielding has added fifty per cent to the sales tax, which means practically an additional five per cent to the price of the article. He has increased the taxes on telegrams and cheques to a considerable extent, all of which will mean added cost to the merchants, who will pass the burden along to their customers. Luxuries such as cigarettes and automobiles have been daily taken care of and the duties on each considerably enlarged. These duties, however, can be evaded in the case of cigarettes, by rolling one's own.

The worst feature of the whole Budget is that which repeals the regulation made by the Meighen Government that foreign currencies should not be valued at less than fifty per cent of par. This is a feature that affects Germany. Before the war the German mark was worth about 25 cents. Today it is worth about one-third of a cent. As a consequence the Canadian tariff against German goods became no tariff at all; paid in Canadian currency, the German manufacturer could surmount any tariff we could devise, no matter how high. By the repeal of the Meighen Government regulation unfair competition of German goods is made possible again.

Reciprocity with the United States is to stand over until it is seen what Washington is going to do, but an offer is made to Australia of a preferential tariff in exchange for the same preference now given by that country to Britain.

Mr. Fielding's task may not have been a particularly easy one, but there are several sources of revenue that might have been fallen back upon, that are left alone; while others that it would have been better not to further interfere with, have been largely increased. He needed the revenue, and took the line of least resistance to get it, without apparently much regard for expediency or propriety.

There is a difference of 41 per cent between the wages the U. S. mines demand and what the operators want to pay. But there is a wider margin than that between the prices charged for coal and what the consumer thinks he ought to get it for.

POWER—AT COST.

The interchange of opinions and ideas on the subject of hydro between The Globe and The Telegraph has made quite interesting reading even if it has not been particularly informative. Most citizens, we imagine, will agree with both our contemporaries that cheap power and light is what is required—there is no question about that phase of it—but in their consideration of the financial aspect of it. There has been too much of a tendency to accept as indisputable facts certain features which people would like to believe, and do believe because they have been told so by interested parties. They refuse to look on the other side of the picture, because they don't want to see what is there.

The Standard has all along refused to accept as reliable the data given by the engineers who are interested in the construction of the Musquash works, or of those who have been so assiduously endeavoring to involve the City in a heavy financial undertaking. It is all based upon supposition, which is a very unreliable foundation for any undertaking. Citizens have been promised current at 4 cents. Well anyone who takes the trouble to figure things out for himself, can soon find out that this is an impossibility.

What are the facts? The City Council has applied for a minimum of 10,000,000 kilowatts at 1.5 cents. That is \$150,000 a year. A distribution plant to cost \$300,000 is to be constructed, interest on this amount at 6% is \$54,000 a year. Then there is a sinking fund, depreciation, replacement charges, operating costs and every other thing that comes in the scope of supplying consumers, which according to the Kirby-Phillips report, will bring the total expenditure up to \$322,000 a year. How is the revenue to take care of this to be made up? By the sale of current.

The N. B. Power Company sells about 5,000,000 kilowatts a year, 1,000,000 to private customers, but only 3,000,000 is sold in the city, which would be the only market open to the City Council. Mr. Herbert Phillips, who appears to be the chief mentor of the hydro enthusiasts, says the City is going to capture the whole of the Power Company's customers in a year or so. Mr. Phillips never made a greater mistake in his life, and he has, like most of the rest of us, no doubt, made many in his time. Consumers generally, and big consumers particularly, are not going to switch over from the Power Company, whose service can always be relied upon, to a service that cannot be relied upon, simply because the City owns the latter. Moreover it is to be supposed that the Power Company will quietly allow itself to be snuffed out of existence without putting up a fight in the shape of a rate war? If the City should even succeed in capturing the sale of 1,000,000 kilowatts from the Power Company it will be lucky. As for a market being available for 10,000,000 or even 5,000,000 kilowatts, the idea is absolutely absurd. Ask any responsible citizen.

Anyway, suppose the City does capture 1,000,000 kilowatts. There will also be the 1,000,000 kilowatts used for street lighting that now costs the City treasury \$35,000 a year. Allowing this \$35,000 towards the annual expenditure of \$322,000, there still remains \$287,000 to be found, and a market for 1,000,000 kilowatts to provide it. Well now, if you have got to raise \$287,000 by the sale of 1,000,000 kilowatts, it is a very simple sum to find this works out at 28.7 cents a kilowatt as the minimum figure at which current can be sold if there is not to be a loss. Who is going to pay this price? Not The Telegraph or The Times, seeing that they get current at about 7 cents from the Power Company at the present time. Nor anybody else who is getting it at 15 cents.

The Standard is accused of being simply the mouth-piece of the Power Company. We are not, as we have said many times before, deliberately and intentionally "playing the Power Company's game," but we are simply taking the cold, hard facts and looking them straight in the face. And anyone else who will do this, and forget that the Power Company ever existed, cannot avoid reaching the same conclusion that The Standard reached long ago, that civic distribution of Musquash current is going to be a losing proposition, whether its cost is borne by the City taxes or by the customers who take the current.

When one considers the number of governing bodies in Canada, from the Federal Cabinet and Senate down to the Board of School Trustees, it must be admitted, says a contemporary, that we are, at least, abundantly governed.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Optimism
 (Roanoke World-News.)
 Whatever a man saveth probably won't come up. But gardening is good exercise anyhow.

A Stinging Parallel
 (Hamilton Herald.)
 As a naval power Canada will now be very close to Switzerland's class.

A Scoffer
 (Hartford Times.)
 If Ananias had lived it would be rather amusing to hear him talk about his golf score.

One Trouble in the World
 (Columbia Record.)
 Work, of course, is the cure for unrest, but there are lots of people who think the remedy is worse than the disease.

Shirts Never To Be Shorter
 (Philadelphia Inquirer.)
 Still, the red-headed girls will never have a better opportunity than they enjoy now for proving to the world at large that the charge that they are all bowlegged is a base, pernicious libel.

They Do Not Strike
 (Halifax Herald.)
 While almost continuous struggles for readjustment and higher wages have been going on between the men who are employers and the men who work for wages there are two classes who never go on strike but who are the poorest paid of nearly all classes. The clergyman and the school teacher are expected to devote years of hard study in order to qualify themselves for their arduous duties, and after they have as many of them do—lived in the most economical manner to push themselves through high school and college, often enduring penury to win educational qualifications, they are rewarded with salaries that make life a continuous fight for existence and that are inadequate compensation for the services they render.

Even the leaders of education in the universities are paid salaries which are small in comparison with the remuneration paid to men in commercial life, and the opportunities for advancement of the teacher are infinitesimal in comparison with the openings for the man in business. As for the clergyman, his lot is hard work during his entire life—small pay while he is working and perhaps a trifling retiring allowance when he becomes unfit for service.

We have heard of churches flourishing. And sometimes we do hear about the stipends of the clergymen being increased. But the increases come slowly and are far from being adequate. A writer in the Ladies' Home Journal has analyzed the situation in the United States. He finds that there were 170,000 active Protestant clergymen in 1916; that the salaries paid to them totalled \$125,000,000; and that the average salary paid to each, therefore, was \$735 a year, equal to \$14.13 a week.

And many of them of course would be provided with a house; but even then, fancy a man trying to keep a family, to dress his family decently, to provide himself with books, to respond to the many calls that are made on a clergyman, and to live comfortably without luxuries on \$14.13 a week. Comment is hardly necessary. How any man could do these things in the time of soaring prices about passes understanding. But there were few complaints, and no strikes.

As He Took It
 Comedian "Poor old Harry got the bird properly last night. They blessed him right off the stage. Then I came on. The audience quieted down and listened to my first number with every attention. Then just as I was giving 'em my patter, bowed if they didn't start hissing old Harry again."

THE LAUGH LINE

There are few things more impractical than a "practical" joke.

Striving to get into the upper crust of society has cost many a man his bottom dollar.

A kiss is just the triumph of Nature over the germ theory.

Euphemistic
 "Pa, what's 'emburr' mean?"
 "Emburr, my son, is a word used by reporters to keep from hurting a red-headed girl's feelings."—Boston Transcript.

Reflections
 Kries—"Did you notice how his face lit up while he was talking?"
 Kross—"Yes. 'That was because he was in front of an old flame.'"

No Work?
 Magistrate—"How comes it that you dared to break into the gentleman's house in the dead of night?"
 Prisoner—"Wah, your Worship the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad daylight. Ain't I to be allowed to work at all?"

The Real Sufferer
 Mrs. Wiegand—"Your husband suffers from dyspepsia, doesn't he?"
 Mrs. Ganges—"Just between you and me, I'm the one that suffers from his dyspepsia."

I Want to Dig!
 I want to dig dirt, black dirt, all full of squirming earth worms. I want to dig them up. It makes me shiver—but I like to shiver. I want to plant a bean or two, stick in some onions, and look at the green grass I want to spread around the pieplant and dig about the gooseberry bushes. I want to drive a nail in the rickety old grape-arbor and tie up the vine with a calico rag. I want to putter around in the back yard. I want to dig!—Homestead, in Chicago Tribune.

Fancy Names
 Mutual recommendations were taking place over the garden wall.
 "Bak," said Mrs. Brown. "What is your 'usband, anyway? We alkus calls 'im a fret-worker. As soon as ever 'e gets work 'e starts to fret."
 "And we," replied Mrs. Thompson with dignity, "we alkus calls our

Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAPE

Us fellows was standing around the lam post tawking and arguing and all of sudden I saw something shining in the street like a diamond, and I quick made a grab for it and felt a fierce wack on my head, being Puds Simkins had nocking against mine on account of him grabbing for it at the same time, saying, Hay, who you nocking, wats your hurry?

I found a diamond, I sed.
 And I held it up and it looked grate as if it just dropped out of somebody's diamond ring without knowing it, the fellows saying, Holey smoke! some people are born lucky, good nite look how big it is, O boy, G wix, jimmily crickets, goah, good nite.

Meaning they wished they was me, and Puds Simkins sed, 'Id of had it if your old had hadent of bin in the way, its half mine by rites, Ill give you a cent for it.

A cent for a diamond, like fun, wats you think, good nite, nothing doing, I sed.

Ill give you 2 cents for it, sed Sid Hunt.

Ill give you 3, sed Sam Cross, and Leroy Shooster sed, Ill give you a nickel cash on delivery, take it or leave it, wats you say?

Wich jest then I had a idee, saying, Wats a minnit, Ill be rite back. And I ran up to Klumby Avenue fast as lightning and ran into the jooley store and the jooley man was taking a watch all apart and looking at the peeces, saying, Well son wats the rush, wats on your mind?

Is this dimond real? I sed, showing it to him and he looked at it saying, Not so you could notice it. Meaning it wasent, and I sed, Well aint it any good? and he sed, Sure it is, if you had a whole waggin load jest like it you'd have a good load of glass.

And I went back to the fellows, saying to Leroy Shooster, All rite, wares the nickel?

Like fun, wats you bin? sed Leroy Shooster, and I sed, Wats that got to do with it? And I asked Sam Cross if he still wanted it for 3 cents, wich he sed he didnt, and neither did Sid Hunt for 2 and neither did Puds Simkins for one.

Proving sometimes if you cant make up your mind quick theres no use making it up at all.

'usband a brass-finisher, 'cos we know 'e usually finishes 'is brass on the way 'ome on a Sat'day afternoon."

Hopeless
 The manager of a factory asked the foreman if the new man he had hired was making progress. "Progress!" exclaimed the foreman, disgustedly. "Progress! I've taught him everything I know and he is still an ignorant fool."

Keys Of 11 U. S. Cities In Foch's Gold Bowl
 Legion Gift is Centre Piece in Marshal's Home.

Paris, May 24.—The keys of eleven American cities have been placed in the golden bowl presented to Marshal Foch by the American Legion, and the bowl forms the center piece of a room in the little brown stone house where the great commander has gathered the gifts from his friends in America.

In this room he has hung on the walls documents making him a citizen of the principal cities in the United States, souvenirs, medals and presents of all sorts.

"But there is one gift I could not keep here," says the Marshal, referring to the Montana wild cat given to him on his tour of the United States. The animal is in the Zoological Gardens.

Enshrined in one corner of this "American room" is the War Cross given to Marshal Foch's son "for gallantry in battle," before he was killed near Verdun in 1914.

TAKES TITLE FROM FAMOUS HILL

London, May 23.—The title of Viscount Traprain, assumed by the Earl of Balfour, is taken from the famous hill, Traprain Law, on his East Lothian estate of Whittingehame.

This hill, with its Roman and Norse remains, is a favorite hunting ground for archaeologists who about a year ago during excavations brought to light silver which is believed to have been buried by Norse raiders in the early centuries of the Christian era.

BABY DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA
 In Blisters, Itched and Burned, Cuticura Heals.

"My nephew's face and hands were badly disfigured with eczema. He was only three weeks old when it broke out in blisters, and the skin was raw and red. It caused feeding, nursing and loss of sleep, and the child was so wretched. He could not rest neither day nor night."

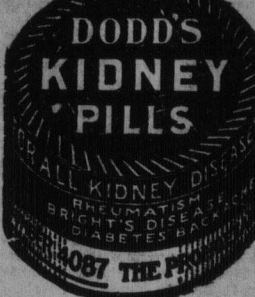
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