The St. John Standard

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63 Prince William St.....St. John, N. B., Canada.

Representatives:

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Subscription Rates:

City Delivery.....$6.00 per year
By Mail in Canada.....$3.00 per year
By Mail in U. S.....$4.00 per year

The Standard is Sold By:

Windsor Hotel.....Montreal
Chateau Laurier.....Ottawa
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Hotelings Agency.....New York
Grand Central Depot.....New York

Advertising Rates.

Contract Display.....4c. per line
Classified.....1½c. per word
Inside Readers.....20c. per line
Outside Readers.....30c. per line
(Agate measurement.)

ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1922.

THE ROSS REPORT.

As our readers can see for themselves, a considerable portion of our news space today is taken up with the Ross report on the Hydro-Electric situation. Much of what the report contains is of a more or less technical nature, and can only be dealt with intelligently by persons specially conversant with such matters. The conclusion to which Mr. Ross comes, however, is that the only hope for any cheaper power is in the four parties, the city, the citizens, the Power Company and the Power Commission getting together and making the best of what may be not a very good bargain. He takes issue with the conclusions reached by Mr. Phillips on the power available, claiming the figures for run-off are hardly reliable enough to be sure of the necessary current, and it would be necessary to maintain a steam standby.

He figures the cost of the current at 7.99 cents per k.w.h. to the customer if a new distributing plant is provided, or, based on the actual 1920 costs, 8.55 cents.

DE VALERA "A BAD LOSER."

The New York Herald expresses the opinion that "Mr. De Valera is not playing the game as sportsmen are supposed to play it." It is not only rather a foolish thing for a newspaper of recognized standing to suggest that De Valera is a sportsman at all, but it is an insult to sportsmen to include such a man in their class. At a time when the new Provisional Government of the Irish Free State needs the help of every true Irishman, because he cannot have his own way, his disappointed and disgruntled Spaniard is doing his level best to embarrass it and nullify its design.

The Herald says that those who had accepted De Valera's promise not to stand in the way of the great experiment, and those who have looked upon him as an honest, if mistaken, man must be astonished at his present attitude. He denounces the Treaty as Treaty, yet he was the man who accepted the invitation to the conference after it was perfectly clear that the question of an Irish republic was not to be considered. He blatantly asserts that nothing but a republic will do, but the substitute treaty which he asked the Irish Ministers to accept did not contain the word "republic" or any synonym of it.

De Valera affronted the December conference and consented to the personnel of Sinn Fein representatives who attended it. The Sinn Fein members of the conference signed the treaty. The treaty, after full opportunity had been given to De Valera and his group to discuss it, was approved by a majority of the Sinn Fein members of the Irish Parliament.

It has been understood that De Valera would await the next general election in Southern Ireland and accept its decision. Now we find him denouncing the forthcoming election. In every way that he can De Valera is sending himself to mischief, and is doing his utmost to promote strife and turmoil.

The Griffith-Collins Government has knotty problems to solve. The work of assembling the machinery of a new State is hard enough of itself; but to this are added unemployment, the labor troubles, the railroad strike and the settlement of that most delicate matter, the dispute with Ulster. So far, considering their handicaps, the leaders of the Provisional Government have done pretty well.

The Herald thinks it unlikely that De Valera and his repudiation of the bargain will have much effect in the long run. But the former chief of the Sinn Fein is getting a reputation for being a bad loser. And, what is more important to Irishmen, he is harassing this time an Irish, not an English, Government.

NEW BRUNSWICK APPLES.

Horticulture in New Brunswick has made considerable strides since the advent of the Hazen Administration in 1908, when it was taken hold of by the Department of Agriculture and treated seriously as a valuable part of the farmer's business. Prior to the appointment of Mr. A. G. Turney as Provincial Horticulturist, no serious effort had ever been made to interest farmers in orcharding and fruit culture; it was poultry and beekeeping was looked upon as a side line, that usually "added" for "Luck." Times have changed however, and the good work that was begun in 1908 has been carried on most successfully ever since, and New Brunswick apples have acquired a reputation second to none on this continent.

No part of Canada is better adapted for the production of high-class apples than the central and more southerly part of this province. Particularly is this statement true of the St. John Valley, where the nature of the soil and climatic conditions are ideal for orcharding. Some of the finest apples ever grown have been produced in this district; and it does not require any particularly special care to produce them. The trees need care and attention of course; but the farmer can take care of his orchard without having to neglect his regular farming duties in the least. Yet it seems curious that while the orchards of this province are capable of producing such excellent fruit, a very large proportion of the apples sold in our cities and towns are imported from other parts of the country; and retailed to consumers at extortionate prices. $1 a dozen being asked for some varieties.

There are said to be two essentials to making apple culture pay, careful grading and packing, and cooperation in marketing. Regarding the former, it must be evident to anyone that a carefully graded and packed barrel or box of apples will more readily appeal to the eyes of a prospective purchaser than a mixed lot of fruit put in any old way. A purchaser wants to be sure that he can depend upon the fruit being equal in all respects to the sample contained in the top layer. Accused of this, he has no scruples in buying. Both seller and buyer gain by this; but with co-operation in marketing it is a little different; the sellers may gain, but the buyers certainly do not. Under a system of co-operative marketing, just sufficient apples are produced upon the market to satisfy a moderate demand, with the result that there is never any over supply, and the price keeps up. This is all right for the producer. But it is hard on the consumer.

Apples are such wholesome things to eat that it is desirable that people should be able to get them at a reasonable cost as will decently compensate the grower for the time and trouble he has spent upon them. For this reason it is regrettable that many farmers do not trouble to look after their orchards as they might and should do; not infrequently the orchards are left till the fruit drops from the trees and either rots in the ground or is eaten by stock. Even a little attention would make these apples a paying crop.

EX-SPEAKER CANNON

Uncle Joe Cannon, to use the term by which the ex-Speaker of the United States House of Representatives is probably best known, announces that he will not seek renomination. This is perhaps intended by him as an announcement that he desires to retire from public life, because it is said that he never did have to seek renomination, for renomination always sought him. Few American statesmen have had anything approaching Mr. Cannon's career in the national House. Fewer have served there until they were 80 years old. Inasmuch as the next Congress will not begin its sessions until 1923, Mr. Cannon would be near 90 when that Congress had expired. He has arrived at the time of life when he can justly claim a little rest.

Sketches of Mr. Cannon's career which are to be found in the biographies of American public men, tell us that Danville (Ill.) district began sending him to Congress in 1873. Until the death of Senator Cullom a few years ago, it was Mr. Cannon's boast that that Senator and himself were the only intimate men left of that old guard, who knew Abraham Lincoln; and Lincoln has been dead nearly 57 years. Today Mr. Cannon is the sole survivor of the intimate group that was in Lincoln's personal following. He became State's Attorney for the 9th Judicial District in 1941. Between 1868 and 1873 he was in private life, and then began the remarkable Congressional career which has not been continuous yet has been virtually Mr. Cannon's sole occupation for half a century.

Mr. Cannon's 50 years in and out of Washington—mostly in—form a phenomenal experience in American politics. The House will not seem the same without him, yet that fatality expresses the situation. For the eight years of his iron speakership the House was Mr. Cannon and Mr. Cannon was the House. His dramatic fall had elements of dignity that preserved for him the respect of the country.

Few people can now remember the name of his immediate predecessor in the Speaker's chair, yet no one who reads the country's political history will ever fail to recall Mr. Cannon as a man who not only reigned but ruled.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Approach of the Millennium!

(Ottawa Journal.)

Two things recently happened across the border which rather suggest the approaching triumph of righteousness and the prompt ushering in of the millennium. A large and apparently influential organization has been formed under the name of the Commercial Standards Council for the direct purpose of eliminating the "itching palm" from American business. The new body itself defines its aim as being "the elimination of the corrupt and growing practice of commercial bribery." We may wish it well, without in the slightest degree losing sight of the tremendous task it has on its hands. The rake-off has been inseparable from American business for generations, as well as other forms of demoralization which come under the broad head of commercial bribery. The Commercial Standards Council proposes to reach its objective by legislation and general propaganda; in which respect we may take the comforting emotion to our souls that Canada passed such a law years ago and has never needed a crusade. We are not confident that our law is absolutely observed; but we all know that it has the force of an overwhelming public judgment behind it. On this side of the line the known giver of secret commissions or bribes would find a strong sentiment arrayed against him. Over there, venality in the pursuit of the almighty dollar arouses envy.

The other happening which may very well excite surprise, and at the same time encourage the hope of a fresh victory for justice, was the organization of a large group of consumers in New York city for a determined attack on the cost of anthracite coal. With the northern sophrys playing around our abandoned lea palace, and coal at $18 a ton, we cannot be indifferent. On the contrary, we shall heartily and genuinely wish these courageous crusaders God speed. But who would have dreamt that any body of consumers would have organized to oppose unjust prices? Their attitude, as plainly announced during the dark years when the profiteer operated unabashed in the open, has always been understood to be that of passive sufferers. After such a sustained show of meekness, it will probably jar the coal barons not a little to find them suddenly assuming a determined and militant mien. And, incidentally, it may alarm some others who are holding on to war-inflated prices.

There has never been any sound reason why consumers should not be as definitely organized for their own protection as are producers. Had they at the outbreak of war been in a position to exhibit a trace of concerted action, the wild flight of some prices might have been arrested; for we must all see, in the calm retrospect, that a large proportion of the increases which took place were in response to a purely psychological impulse. Prices went up simply because everybody had been taught that war and high prices were inseparable. Nobody seems to have paused long enough to seriously ask why such a thing should happen. Yet, once the upward movement had begun, that vicious play of reciprocal leverage was put in action under which the price of one commodity raised another. To this process there was no resistance from consumers. Therefore, it would mark an epoch in economic history if the staff which has been made in relation to coal should lead to a comprehensive movement for just prices—prices from which inflation and undue profits had been thoroughly squeezed.

T. A. Crerar a Joint in Hon. W. L. M. King's Fishing Rod.

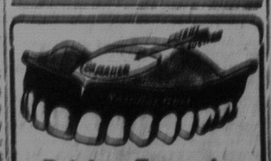
(Toronto Telegram.)

Survivors of the Meighen Government and their followers are the party entitled to rank as THE OPPOSITION in Parliament. Hon. T. A. Crerar and his followers were a joint in Hon. W. L. M. King's fishing rod. U. F. O. Grain Growers' section in that rod enabled Hon. W. L. M King to successfully bait for half the members of the present House of Commons. Hon. T. A. Crerar and Hon. W. L. M. King were parts of the same all-faiseral combination—two souls with but a single thought, and that thought the resolve to destroy the Meighen Government and the Conservative party. Hon. T. A. Crerar and his supporters cannot fight as part of the W. L. M. King army at the polls and be recognized as THE OPPOSITION in that army in the House of Commons.

Hon. T. A. Crerar is no more leader of the Opposition at Ottawa than Mr. Crerar is Pope's chamberlain in the Vatican at Rome.

Hon. T. A. Crerar is no more entitled to receive the $10,000 salary and occupy the spacious rooms that belong to the leader of the Opposition than Mr. Crerar is entitled to share in the Peter's Pence paid for the upkeep of officials in the Papal court.

Hon. T. A. Crerar and his followers have done much to deserve a salary from supporters of Rome in Canadian politics. Mr. Crerar has never done anything, is doing nothing now, nor never will do anything, to earn the salary paid in the name of the Canadians opposed to the Hon. W. L. M. King branch, the T. A. Crerar branch, and all the other branches of the clerical and corporationist Liberal party of Canada.



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Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAPE

We was having jogriffy in shool and I was hoping Miss Kitty wouldent call on me on account of me not having studied my lessons, especially my jogriffy, and who was the bad person she called on but me, saying, Benny Potts, rise.

Meaning stand up, wich I did; and she sed, Ware is Cape Horn?

Cape Horn? I sed.

Precisely, sed Miss Kitty.

A cape is a point of land sticking out in some watter, I sed.

Thats perfectly true, though not very elegantly impressed, and moreover its not wat I asked you, sed Miss Kitty.

Meaning she was still thinking about Cape Horn, and I sed, Cape Horn?

Your pronunciation of the word is perfect, sed Miss Kitty.

Being sourcastick, and I sed, Cape Horn, well, its not in Africk.

No and it never was, sed Miss Kitty.

Me thinking, Gosh shang it, ware the heck is it. And I sed, Cape Horn?

Did you study your jogriffy? sed Miss Kitty.

Mam? I looked over it, I sed.

You must of looked 2 yards over it at least, sed Miss Kitty; would you like to remain a half hour after skool and fix the location of Cape Horn 200 times?

No mam, I sed.

Well do it anyway, sed Miss Kitty.

Wich I did.

A BIT OF VERSE

IRELAND.

Oh Paddy, dear, and did you hear,
The news from o'er the sea,
The ancient rock at last is o'er,
And Ireland is free—

The most distressful country shall
No more in shackles be,
But with her sister nations stand
In equal liberty—

Oh Paddy, dear, the sob and tear
Are never far away,
When Ireland's agelong tragedy
Before our minds array.

Her name was graven on the hearts
Of martyrs passed away;
Their blood cements the cause with those
Who win the fight today.

But Paddy, dear, no more we'll hear
The name we loved of yore,
"Dud Ireland" has passed for aye,
And sure our hearts are sore—

But Paddy, dear, our hearts to cheer,
There comes the happy thought,
"A rose called by another name
With scent the same is fraught—

Hush, Paddy, dear, I faintly hear,
The angelus vibrate,
And prayers ascend to heaven for
The Irish free state—

H. E. B.

THE LAUGH LINE

Were Good Old Days, But—

Jud Tunkins says he notices the man who talks about the good old days is just as partial to taxicabs and electric lights and motion pictures as anybody.—Washington Star.

How the Cat Escaped.

The Jinks had bought a new rug of a bright, brilliant green. Mr. and Mrs. Henry came to call, and were voluble in their praise of it. The next morning little John Henry, six years old, appeared at the Jinks' front door and asked to see the new rug. Rather bewildered, but nevertheless flattered, that so small a boy should desire to admire her new possession, Mrs. Jinks let him into the front room.

John thrust his hands into his pockets, gravely walked about the room and critically surveyed the green covering.

"Huh," he finally grunted, "it don't make me sick."—Judge.

Equipment.

"Rastus, I'se gwine get rich. I'e done bought me some stock in a nut factory."

"A wich kind of a factory?"

"A nut factory, which sells de meat of pecans, almonds and dich, already cracked an' picked out. This heah company gwine save money with a new labor saving device which de promoter done told me about. De nuts am gwine be cracked by trained squirrels which don't charge no wages."

"Is dis heah company already in orgeed, established an' ready to sell nuts?"

"Yeah, practically—all 'scept train de squirrels."

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The Double Level.

The double bottom is well known in Wall Street. A good many people have reached for it, only to find that there were such things as triple and quadruple bottoms, and numerous bulls in the year of grace 1921 have decided from time to time that there was such a thing as a permanent bottom. But not so much is known about the double level.

This level is really two levels, embracing the trading level and the talking level.

A financier who had a large participation in the pool that advanced St. Louis Southwestern stocks in 1920, in conversation with a friend, "talked" so for the common. After the November collapse he expressed to the same friend his regrets that the advice had proven faulty.

"You needn't worry about me," replied the friend. "I played the double level."

"How's that?"

"I missed the top by a point, and sold out at 89."

UNFIT TO LIVE—MUST DIE.

This verdict is rendered a thousand times every week—no corn can live, it must pass out, drop off, if Putnam's Extractor is applied to corns and warts. Use the old reliable "Putnam's" it never fails, 25c. at all dealers.

What Cohen Had.

Cohen was a local salesman for a New York woolen concerns. The depression in business being serious, he was willing to go out of the way for an order. One day, in a spirit that reflected recklessness as well as hope, he invited a prospective buyer out to dine.

The guest picked up the menu, studied it, and ordered from soup to nuts. The waiter turned to Cohen.

"What will you have, sir?"

Cohen despairingly replied: "Bring me tea and toast."

From across the table came the mildly surprised query of his friend: "What's the matter, Cohen, on a diet?"

"No. On compulsion."

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SOVIET WILL SEIZE TREASURES TO C

Announcement Followed Appeal the Lord—Probable Proceed Great Figure.

Moscow, Feb. 16.—The Soviet Government has decided to take religious treasure for the benefit of the famine sufferers. The Izvestia announces today that the Central Executive Committee resolved, at its session on February 3, to empower the Minister of Justice to seize the wealth of all religious bodies and sects for famine relief with the briefest possible delay.

The announcement followed an appeal by Archbishop Tsvitkim, of Nizhnegorod, to all true believers to "lend to the Lord" their possessions to help those dying of starvation. "Even church wealth should also be sacrificed," said the archbishop, "for in this hour of terrible need he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The archbishop quoted text of the New Testament, and the example of the Patriarch of the Russian Church in mediaeval days, who gave the riches in their charge to defend the country against Tartar or Polish invaders.

Such are the bare facts of a story of strange interest and mysterious intrigue, that carries one back from Russia of the twentieth century to Europe of the Middle Ages.

What are the motives that impelled the Soviet Government to decide upon the seizure of the wealth not only of the Orthodox Church, but of the Moslem mosques—there are twenty or thirty million Mohammedans under Soviet jurisdiction—and Jewish synagogues? What prompted Archbishop Tsvitkim to advocate the sacrifice of the treasure to which the Church clings all the more determinedly because the Soviet Government was its avowed and oldest foe? And last, but not least, what is the real worth of Russian ecclesiastical riches today—its real worth in dollars and cents, not in historical interest or artistic value?

But throughout the four years of Bolshevist rule the Church has been relatively little interfered with by the cyclone of change that smashed down the Empire and the aristocracy, and uprooted the foundations of commerce, industry and finance. Perhaps the Bolshevist were afraid of it. Perhaps they thought it could not hurt them. Perhaps, even, they hoped it, too, would change and become a strong, helpful force in the task of Russia's regeneration.

For whatever reason, they left it alone until now it is the only organized element in Russia alien—or hostile—to Soviet rule. It accepts Soviet authority because it had to, but did not welcome it or support it.

And now with a new economic policy—which at the outset even threatened a split in the iron principles and ranks of the Communist party itself—the Bolshevist leaders realize that their greatest struggle is beginning.

Will they be able to maintain in Russia those things for which they made the revolution, or will the country gradually slide back into the old capitalist system, in which, they assert, the weak and needy were exploited for the rich and strong? They have to say harder than any civil or foreign war, through which they held firm. What more natural than that they would welcome the opportunity to press the hand of the sole organized body they know still stands against them? For the famine gives this opportunity.

In the last month there have been murmurs among the people, Communists and non-Communists alike, asking why the Church didn't devote its fabulous riches to aid the millions dying miserably along the Volga. Weeks ago the little churches in the provinces voted all their meagre wealth for famine relief, and the Moscow press calculated how many tons of life-giving food the riches of Moscow, Petrograd and Kieff churches might provide.

Now, when the Volga need has reached the peak of desperation, comes the appeal of Archbishop Tsvitkim, suggesting the very measure of general church sacrifice so many people are demanding. To that appeal the decision of the Soviet Government is a direct corollary. But what induced Tsvitkim to make it, knowing as he must have done that it virtually authorized the Government's move against

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Mr. Albert Marsh, Lower L'Ardoise, N. S., writes:—"About a year ago I contracted a cold accompanied by a very bad cough and sore throat. I went to the doctor, but what he prescribed did me so little good I began to get discouraged. A friend came to see me and asked me if I had ever used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I told him I had not and sent him right away to get me a bottle. I started using it, and in a couple of days I found I was getting relief, and after taking two bottles the soreness in my throat seemed to be leaving me, so I received a coupon for the 25c. and after I had used five bottles both my sore throat and cough were gone. I would not be without 'Dr. Wood's' for any money." Price, 25c. and 50c. a bottle, put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.