

The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1921.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

There appear to be more differences concerning the so-called Imperial Conference than about most meetings of public bodies. There are doubts as to the character of the meeting; as to the agenda of the proceedings; as to the time; and even as to what it should properly be called. The first idea regarding this Conference was that its task would be to consider necessary constitutional changes in the Imperial relations. Some people rather took alarm at this idea, and to quieten them the authorities in England announced nothing of that kind would be considered before 1922. It does not seem altogether clear even yet what matters the Conference is going to take up. But under any circumstances, it cannot do much harm, and should be productive of much good.

The Winnipeg Tribune declares that there are those in Canada who would have the country enter this conference in a carping spirit, with an assertive chip upon the national shoulder, and daring anybody to knock it off.

"These," asserts the Tribune, "are obsessed with the idea that the object of British statesmen, one and all, is to milk Imperial loyalty and exploit the Imperial connection for the selfish advantage of Great Britain, and to the disadvantage of the other nations in the Empire."

"They think so, because in a similar position, that would be their own object, and they are unable to conceive of anybody animated by one that is higher and better. Their minds are incapable of receiving the Imperial idea, their hearts are cold to the vital kinship established by tradition and cemented in the war, and their voices are incapable of transmitting the authentic message of peace with power which the Empire carries to a suffering world."

If a policy so selfish and narrow as their own ever showed itself in British statesmen, it would indeed be advisable to reconsider Canada's relations with Great Britain, but so far, it has been unnecessary to sit in conference with the statesmen of the Empire, taking the same precautions as one does in sitting down to cards with a gentleman suspected not only of having concealed about his sleeve, but a knife in his boot.

This is not the spirit of the conference, and it is not the spirit in which Canada desires to approach the conference. It is devotedly to be hoped that no traces of its influence animate Mr. Meighen. It is a family conference in which all the members of the family seated at the conference table are expected to have equally at heart the interests of the family as a whole.

What need is there of a cast-iron agenda framed to exclude the discussion of doubtful or contentious issues? Let the range of the discussion naturally accommodate itself to the necessities of the time and the interests of the Empire. In no other way can they be fruitful.

It is perfectly possible that Imperial problems may give rise to local political issues in Canada. But no Canadian statesman need be afraid of these, who can show that his course was governed by the necessities of the Empire as a whole.

Premier Meighen, it is to be sincerely hoped, will pay scant heed to the noisy element which has urged him to a course of action that would lessen the Empire's power to maintain peace and frustrate its giant purpose for the advancement of civilization.

A BLOW FOR CREAR

The defeat of Mr. Stairs in York-Sunbury was a considerable blow to Mr. Crear and his followers after all the efforts they put forth to get him elected; but as a blow to their prospects, the defeat of the Hon. Geo. Langley in Saskatchewan, "was some wallop," to use the classic language of a Western correspondent. Mr. Langley is—or was till election day—Mr. Crear's most powerful lieutenant in the West, and was chiefly responsible for consummating the deal by which Mr. Maharg left the House of Commons to enter the Martin cabinet in order to keep the Liberals in control provincially, and turn the province Federally over to the new National Progressive fetish. It was the saddest blow of all.

Mr. Langley has been the man behind the gun in the Grain Growers' organization, president of the Agricultural Council, and minister in the Government, who co-ordinated the machinery between the Regina group in control of the province, and the riding ring controlling the Agrarian band, since the change from territorial status. He was considered invincible, he carried his constituency in 1917 by 1,000, and has been Thursday by

550 to an independent farmer. It seems to have been the "one language, one flag, one school" slogan that swept over Saskatchewan in the short twenty-one days' campaign, that penetrated the Crear-Martin-Pro-Roman school coalition and carried Mr. Langley into the abyss.

Mr. Crear and his party will probably assert that they are not particularly interested in provincial affairs; their particular mission being in the Federal arena; but that plea will not serve. Mr. Crear and his friends were standing in with the Martin Government, let their platform be what it might, and which in the last House controlled 52 seats out of 62. Now it numbers 43, a loss of nine, and the majority in opposition to it consists chiefly of farmers. If so important a member of the Crear party, and a member of the Government at that, at Mr. Langley cannot secure election with all the influence of the Agrarians at his back, it does not promise very well for the success of the farmers' policies when the Federal contest takes place.

NATIVE WINES

When the prohibition movement is so strong in this part of the world, it is interesting to note what is occurring elsewhere. An odd situation has been created in Ontario by the declaration of a large majority of the electors, voting in a referendum, for total prohibition, while at the same time the Legislature of the Province rejected a motion to include Ontario native wines in the prohibited list.

In Australia the advocates of prohibition meet a similar difficulty. The prospect of prohibition there is not encouraging to the friends of the movement. At Adelaide, South Australia, a recent conference of wine-growers was addressed by the Premier of the State, who very emphatically said that the wine growing industry must not be allowed to close. Australia is described by the Premier as "the Empire's vineyard." He was able to reassure the doubters, if there were any, by mentioning the fact that five out of six ministers of the Government "represented wine growing districts." It is doubtful if the enthusiasm of the prohibitionists will not be extinguished by these declarations of policy. They may make some progress by following the Ontario example, and allowing the use of Australian wines while banning all other intoxicants.

BE AN OPTIMIST!

Be an optimist! Anyone can smile and see a great future for Canada when prices are jumping, every one is prosperous and we have a fresh supply of millionaires for breakfast every morning.

It takes a different brand of confidence to smile when prices drop, the dollar looms up as if seen through a magnifying-glass, and the breakfast food has changed from millionaires to bankrupts.

But from all over Canada come reports that indicate a bumper crop. The starvation that stares some countries in the face gives the Dominion a wide berth. There is work for everyone who is not too proud or delicate to work on the land.

And all the while Canada's national resources are increasing in value. There is gold in the Northland, and in the Arctic circles, and billions of tons of coal waiting to be mined in the Western Provinces.

It is a period of universal poverty. The world is strewn with bankrupt nations. And Canada looms up among them as one of the few nations that can look to the future with a full stomach and a satisfied smile. Be an optimist!

WHAT OTHERS SAY

A Shrewd Suspicion.
Sometimes we think the world is growing worse and sometimes we think it is merely better informed.—Dallas News.

Lenine's Change of Face.
Leonid Kravich, Russian soviet trades agent, hastens to assure a waiting world that the radical reversal of Lenine's communistic policy is merely a retreat, not a rout. This statement may serve to save their face, but the new policy is undoubtedly an abandonment of nefarious principles, ruinous in their character, that is certain to become permanent.—Hamilton Spectator.

Where W. L. M. King Shines.
The session of Parliament which closed Saturday was long on language but short on action. That it was a uninteresting and uninteresting session is chargeable to the lamentable weakness of the Opposition. Hon. W. L. M. King coupled himself with pre-paring and delivering long prosy speeches padded with copious quotations. As a result there was no organized criticism of Government policy.

icles. Opposition rendered practically leaderless, kept up an incessant chatter that ate up time without getting anywhere. B. furnished a splendid example of what it considered a drowsy drive. The lesson this all teaches is that if Canada can be governed by wordy speeches, no time should be lost in making a Premier out of young Mr. King, but it is as somewhat suggests, Canada requires action and executive ability to cope with her various railway and financial problems, the Boy Statesman should be given ample opportunity to write another book while the Government of Canada is entrusted to more mature experienced hands.—Toronto Telegram.

The Vice-Regal Office

The job of a Governor-General of one of the group of British nations of today is a new kind of job. His task is to save the face of an obsolete order of things. His task is to preserve the semblance of an authority that no longer exists. He is a somewhat suggests, Canada requires action and executive ability to cope with her various railway and financial problems, the Boy Statesman should be given ample opportunity to write another book while the Government of Canada is entrusted to more mature experienced hands.—Toronto Telegram.

Just what these two excellent men got out of their terms of service in Canada we do not know, except the approval of Britain and Canada for having occupied an anomalous post blamelessly, ensuring for the present its continuance, until the two countries can devise some better arrangement whereby the relation between them can be evidenced without the disparagement of either. The Duke of Devonshire, like his predecessor, has filled his place in this country with distinction, has shown good sense and tact without end, and meddled in nothing that was not his to handle. It is not everyone who can do this sort of thing. It is not everyone who can keep silent when he knows what ought to be said, or who can do so and see things go wrong when he feels sure that he could set them right by reaching out his hand. It is this that makes the job of the Governor-General a delicate one. He must let the country run itself even if it runs itself badly. It will accept its punishment from its failures that it must reject from tutors.—Toronto Star.

A BIT OF VERSE

THE MODERN POET.

Behold that foolish time
When our poets sang in rhyme,
Or it not in rhyme, at least in singing
rhythm.
We should good the tune-tum
Of their regulation strum,
For generally when they sang, we
sang with 'em.

They walked it and they dived it,
They minced it and they spured it,
And publicly in times they seemed to
rhyme.
They marched and minuetted,
They perked and prouetted,
But, privately, they labored like the
devil.

But now,
Forsooth! Gadzooks! God wot!
We've found a way much better,
Since singing is so difficult,
Times and rhymes balk the poet
Yearning with great years
To voice
The infinite depths of deepness—
And finding times
is silly.

And mostly a matter
Of rhyming a dictionary.
We don't sing if we don't feel like it,
but just chant, or talk, or hoiler,
And here and there dab in
An image of polyphonous
Or polycapophonous
Color—
Moon-shot amethyst, cobalt-dappled
China, sea-gray crape de
China.

Subject matter
Doesn't matter.
Everybody has his own poet,
Doesn't perceive a likeness betwixt a
sled-runner and a rainbow?
Go to it!—There is the poem!
Every one with his own barbaric
yawn.

Or twitter,
Synopsizing through many pages,
Of ghosts of ideas,
Or ghosts of ghosts of ideas, or
memories of the same,
Patternless patterns,
And generally doing all the chanting,
or talking, or holiering,
As, for instance:

THE GLOWWORM.
A little pale-green moon
Dawning over a pale-green sea.
Oh, how soon, my little moon,
You will have set!
Mine eyes weep waterish tears for
you,
Little moon.

My heart weeps achromatic blood for
you,
My pen weeps ink of pale lavender,
My cerebellum weeps pale-pink
piffle!
—George F. Richardson.

THE LAUGH LINE

Good business men neither doze nor
budoze.

Hungry men are seldom troubled
with indigestion.

No Sign.
Else—I don't think auntie will stay,
because she didn't bring her trunk.
Bobby—Huh! Look how long the
baby stayed, an' he didn't bring any-
thing.—Boston Transcript.

He Might.
"Look at that foolish Mr. Baker
out on a day like this without an
umbrella. Is he so poor?"
"I'm afraid he is. Let's hurry on, I
don't want to meet him."
"Why not?"
"He may recognize this umbrella.
It's his."

Act of Charity.
Keeper—Are you aware that this
boat is private, and that you are not
allowed to take fish from it?
Angler (who has had nothing but

Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAPE

I was up in the getting room reading Fred Forster in a Motor Boat, and ma called up, Benny. Me thinking, Heck, a errand.

Being too busy thinking to answer, and ma called 2 more times and I sed, Mam? You calling me, ma.

I had an idea that I was sed, ma. Meaning certainly she was, and I sed, Wat do you want, ma? Do you want me for any-thing?

Ran errand to the store and get me a pound of rice, sed ma.

Rice? Aw G, ma, who wants rice? I sed.

I do, and in a hurry too, sed ma, and I sed, Aw gosh, ma, I'm tired as anything, I bet you haven't got any idea how tired I am.

I bet I haven't either, come down heer and get the money, sed ma, and I sed, Wat money, aw G, ma, I'm tired, if I was any tired I'd be asleep, can't you do without rice, ma?

I can but I won't, hurry up, I'm waiting, sed ma, and I sed, Well I'm certy tired, ma, I'm so tired I can't hardly set on my chair without falling off, and ma sed, Well then get a little more tired and fall off, and keep on coming till you get down heer.

Wich then the bell rang and ma opened the door and it was Puds Sinkins, saying, Is Benny in?

He's up in the getting room but I expect him down before the end of the year, sed ma, and Puds called up, Hay, Benny, I just got 2 new Boy Scout hatchets, come on errand and lets have a chopping contest.

G, all rite, wate a minnit, I'll be down in a second, I called down, and ma called up, Thats good, I'm still waiting, and wen you get back from the store a little werk with the hatchet awt to rest you up a lot.

Heck, I thart. On account of having forgot all about the rice, and Puds went to the store with me, running all the way there and back, and then we ran errand to Pudsers back yard and had the chopping contest.

hubbles all day!—Heavens! I'm not taking your fish—I'm feeding 'em!"

His Own Fault.

"By Jove! Isabel, when I see by my account that the car has cost us a thousand this year, I got cold feet."
"Well, Henry don't blame me, I advised you not to keep an account."
—Life.

State News.

Brannigan met O'Flaherty on the street. There was blood in the Brannigan optic.

"O'Flaherty, I'm hearin' yer told McGroarty I was a dom liar. Did yer do it?"

"Indade I did not!" indignantly denied O'Flaherty. "I thought he knowed it!"

Silly Young Pup.

It was the reading lesson, and Johnny Brown was reading aloud, and reading very badly.

"The captain," he declaimed, stumbling painfully over the words, "as he stood on the bridge while the big ship ploughed her way through the fog, suddenly espied a—"

"B-b-b—!" he stuttered. "Get on, Brown!" said the master. Brown got on.

"B-b-b—!" he continued. "Barque, boy!" roared the master—"Barque!"

Johnny glanced pitifully over the classroom—then at the master, then at the book. Then he opened his mouth, and:

"Bow-wow," he replied, "Bow-wow!"

Haggard Hubble Knew the Kind. Recommendations didn't appeal.

"What kind of meat have you this morning?" asked the haggard husband of the butcher.

"The best steak we ever had, sir," replied the butcher. "Here you are, sir, as smooth as velvet and as tender as a woman's heart."

The husband looked up. "I'll take a pound of sausage, please," he said.

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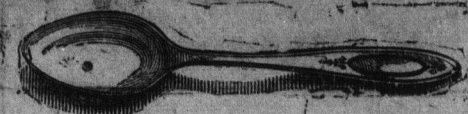
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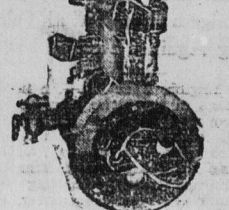
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Chester, Pa., June 13.—In a t

hour chase of a sea turtle today,

tenant Walter Maguire and Ser

Harry Goudy and Robert S. C

members of the local militia, d

injured the turtle so badly th

sank in the Chester river. Effor

be made to recover it.

The turtle which weighed se

hundred pounds, escaped from

warehouse of a local commission

chant last night, traveling a quart

a mile to reach the river.

News of the sighting of a sea

near as big as a chicken coop in

Chester river was conveyed to

Sixth Infantry Army, and a

with rifles started in pursuit.

guardsman poured volley after

on the shell, but bullets glanc

Finally a weak spot was