

## The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1918.

## DEMOLITION.

Two steamers a week to St. John with, say, twenty-five hundred passengers, an equal number to Halifax with the Olympic's excess thrown in once in a while, will bring Canada's demobilization to slightly more than twenty thousand a month. This is not fast enough. At that rate more than a year must elapse before our men are home, and a year is altogether too long. It is not only an injustice to the men themselves, but it is a violation of the agreement under which enlistment was conducted. Canadians signed on for the duration of the war and for six months thereafter if required. The war is now over. It is merely a matter of playing with words to say that hostilities do not cease until peace terms are signed. That is not the intent and purpose of the original agreement. Our men went overseas to fight, not to act as a European police force, and so far as they are concerned their duty has been accomplished.

There are in Britain, France and Belgium, to say nothing of Italy, ample troops to whom soldiering is a business, able to carry on whatever protective measures may hereafter prove necessary. Our men are almost wholly civilian volunteers, who surrendered their civil privileges to aid the Empire in battle. And as they have done so with honor to themselves it is only fair that they should be returned to their homes within the limit set at the time of their enlistment.

Hostilities ceased on November 11th. In strict fairness to all our men they should be back in Canada by the middle of May. But at the present rate of progress many of them will be eating their Christmas dinner in France or Germany in the holiday season of 1919. This will not be a square deal. Canada can absorb her returned fighters at a much more rapid rate than they are now being brought. The steamship accommodation is available, and it would appear that all remaining necessary to stimulate the work of demobilization is a little more energy at Ottawa. The United States is bringing home its soldiers at the rate of twenty per cent. per month. There is no reason whatever why Canada should not do the same.

## EXEMPTIONS.

The treatment to be accorded returned soldiers is a delicate subject. No one seemingly desires to oppose requests which these men make, for such opposition might readily be mistaken for ingratitude. And in all truth there is no lack of gratitude to the men who have offered themselves in our defence. Yet when certain suggestions are made, it is at times hard to know what to say about them. There, for instance, is the request to the council on Tuesday that incomes of returned men to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars be exempt from taxation. Twenty-five hundred dollars is quite an income, even in these times, and a man in the enjoyment of such an amount might readily be looked upon as capable of contributing his share toward the administration of the community in which he lives. Exemption in such cases would involve the principle of special privileges, and would, beyond doubt, further complicate our already cumbersome assessment system.

Whether such exemption should be granted, or whether concessions to our deserving returned men should take a different form, is a subject worthy of careful thought. But our council should settle it one way or the other and not try to shift to the legislature at Fredericton the responsibility for something which is the business of this city alone.

W. C. JORDAN.

So Will Jordan is dead. It is not a surprise, and not a shock, for we who had the privilege of his friendship knew that the end could not be long delayed. Yet none, even among his closest friends, realized, as did Mr. Jordan himself, just how inevitable and how near that end really was. And yet for a year or more, facing death at any moment, he went about his work with a smile in his eyes, a pleasant word on his lips, and an apparently utter disregard of the impending termination of his life's effort, which disarmed sympathy and made sorrow appear out of place. He could afford to do this, for there are few to whom, when the summons shall come, it shall be so devoid of dread. He had lived a life beyond reproach, had done his duty as it appeared to him, and in the other world, where justice shall be measured, there was nothing of which he need be afraid.

## CHURCH UNION.

(By the Right Rev. F. H. Du Vernet, Archbishop of Caledonia, in the Montreal Star.)

A half truth is often a practical error. In the Protestant Churches there are some who say—"If we have unity of spirit there is no need of unity of organization." The half truth is the fact that unity of organization must be the outcome of unity of spirit. The practical error lies in the

fact that unity of spirit as it grows must clothe itself in some organization or else it will be chilled to death. The great mission of the Church of Christ is to bind together in brotherly love and mutual service all classes in the community, and ultimately all nations in the world.

Viewed in the light of this mission the denominational Churches are weighed in the balance and found wanting. However beneficial in other respects, in one respect at least they are a curse to the community because they cause distinct lines of social cleavage in the community. And so God, through the trend of events, is in some degree at least quietly setting aside these denominational bodies, and using other organizations such as Patriotic Societies, Benefit Lodges, Trade Unions, etc., to cut across these denominational lines of cleavage and break down these unchristian barriers of prejudice.

The great war has shown the weakness of sectarianism. The most hopeful sign is the way in which the Spirit of God is working in the separated denominations creating a demand for some form of organic union. In the United States no less than nine denominations, including the Episcopal Church, are endeavoring to get together. In England the Bishop of London is leading an important movement in the same direction.

It may be truly said that Labor though very diverse is one in spirit, but Labor knows well it must have some organic tie if it is to make its influence felt in the community, but the Protestant Churches march separately into the Great Fight with no organic bond of union.

If the Churches occupied different territory, as the nations do, it would be in order to press for a League of Churches to correspond with a League of Nations, but as these Churches cover the same ground with more or less competition, a mere League of Churches, though better than no tie whatever, will never prove a final solution of the religious problem. There must be one organic body with different members having different functions. Variety there must be, but variety in unity. All the different members acting in co-ordination under one head, in accordance with one plan, and for one purpose.

In a democratic age like this a Representative Church Council may well be the central brain receiving impressions from the Mind of the Spirit so that Christ is still the Head of the Church.

## WHAT THEY SAY

## A Much Misunderstood Man.

New York Sun—As we understood the former Crown Prince he was heartily in favor of the Entente all the while; and if you don't believe it there's Verdun as proof.

## Counted Out at Once.

Richmond Times-Dispatch—The League to Enforce Peace announces that its programme would put all nations at war on an honor basis. That eliminates Germany from all hope of membership.

## The Jutland Fight.

(Ottawa Citizen.) It may prove one of the remarkable truths of history that the greatest war in human annals was decided by a battle lasting but a few short hours; which occurred midway in the duration of the war, and which represented the only serious engagement of the arm engaged in it during the fifty-two months of the struggle.

## An Impracticable Idea.

New York Globe—The blundering Bolshevik would demobilize industry by lodging control with committees elected by workmen. But as, forsooth, the plan does not work well, the new directors lack skill in management. They are too narrow in vision and too divisional in spirit, with the result that the wheels cease to revolve because production is costly and inefficient.

## Try a Living Lawn-Mower.

Los Angeles Times—One of our thrifty financiers bought a couple of lambs in the spring and used them as lawn mowers on his place during the season. They kept his sward ridged to the proper length and also added to the picturesqueness of the home. He bought them for \$4 apiece and as the season waned sold the pair for \$35. He had no trouble or expense for oiling or sharpening them, either.

## Bolshevik Clothes.

London Daily Express—In the foyer of a fashionable theatre last night there appeared a military-looking little man attired in a "British warm," a Fedora hat, grey tweed trousers and brown boots. He had on his face the expression of one above all others. The sight of his naked apparel would have caused a smart tailor to fall dead and a provost-marshal to raise trembling hands to heaven. "He is either a Bolshevik," said a friend, "or a jam controller."

## The Detached Viewpoint.

San Francisco Chronicle—There appears to be no question of the earnestness of the desire of our European friends to have the President visit them possibly to assist them, as an impartial individual, in reaching conclusions in respect to matters as to which they may have different views, but with which neither President Wilson nor the United States of America

has any concern except that of friendly outsiders. Whatever course Europe as to European affairs will suit us.

## An International Court.

Springfield Republican—A trial of Herr Hobenauers before an international court of justice would have the excellent effect of demonstrating that such a court could be established and made to work. It would be an object lesson in the possibilities of international jurisdiction which very many are not disposed to admit in connection with a league of nations. There is today no such thing as an international court of justice capable of hearing criminal charges against individuals or rulers of states. The arbitration tribunals of the past have been much narrower in scope and significance.

## Can You Beat It, Bill?

(Worcester Telegram.)

The emperor (in Europe) is dead, long live democratic simplicity. Bill had just a yacht. Democracy floats out to sea with a long line of forty belching salutes with colors dipping. A mighty flotilla, with no end of coal that citizens may not burn, conveys a champion of democracy. Another and a greater fleet is to meet the armada, mid-ages and all are to impress the overtaxed peoples of Europe that democratic simplicity counts no cost in surrounding itself with fitting pomp. They are to see that royal expenditures upon self are comparatively the expenditures of but a piker. The royal trappings of Europe, however, are first duly authorized and are therefore legal. And the number of attendants upon democratic simplicity? Mathematics hit only the high spots when numbering the servants, when numbering the private secretaries, that even the ladies in the throng must carry upon the majestic expense lists.

## Co-operation in World Labor.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Labor is no longer a shifting commodity to be bargained for like vegetables from a huckster's cart, cheap when a plenty happens at your door and dispensed with when it is else where. Labor is a staple. The vagrant "Ho boys" of Elizabethan England, no longer distribute their flitting penurth of hire from farm to farm. Labor is settled, firm, and an established contribution to the essential product of the nation. Who imagines that the conduct of industry is none of labor's business? Imagined vainly. The conduct of industry is labor's distinct business because labor depends upon the consistent and proper conduct of industry. Labor tests its skill and intelligence and that investment must be protected. The way to procure that protection is through the establishment of confidence. And this is to be no mere spectacular clapping of right hands with clubs in the left. If it is the fault of industry, then industry must break down its aloofness. If it is the fault of labor, then labor must come half way. But whatever the process or initiative, the objective must be to "deal justly."

## A BIT OF VERSE

## THE SHIPS.

The bending sails shaft written on the sea,  
Guided by hands and eyes, made glad for home,  
With graven gems and cedar and ebony  
From Babylon and Rome.

For here a lover cometh to his bride,  
And there a merchant to his utmost price—  
Oh, hearts will leap to see the good ships ride  
Safely to Paradise!

And this that cuts the waves with  
Hath heard the blizzard howling  
through her spars;  
Battered with honor swings she nobly now  
Back from her bitter wars.

And that doth bring her silver work  
and spice,  
Peacocks and apes from Tarshish,  
Great cloaks of velvet stiff with gold device,  
Colored with sunset fire. . . .

And one, serenely through the golden gate,  
Shall sail and anchor by the ultimate shore,  
Who, plundered of her gold by pirates  
Still, keeps her richer store.

Unruffled when her perilous journey ends,  
And the strong cable holds her safe again;  
Laughter and memories and the songs of friends  
And the sword-edge of pain.

—Theodore Maynard.

## COMMUNION.

You ghosts of those who fell  
With hearts still flush'd with the first ecstasies,  
Why do you leave your lofty citadels?  
Ever your wretched, unrepentant eyes  
Peer thro' each dark'd doorway, and  
your hands,  
Vibrant, intangible,  
Hover, and strive to touch us in the street;

Ever the soundless feet  
Follow, and leave no trace upon the sands.

The no dim voices speak,  
Fol'd by your blood and ours, Death  
can not seal  
The spirit's ears; we know you vainly seek  
The faith unfeeling and the primal zeal.

Breathes from your burnished lips  
upon our clay;  
Again that dawn shall break  
When Honor handed us her flame-white sword,  
And we, with one accord,  
Sped to the hills to greet the refulgent day.

—Geoffrey F. Fyson in London Graphic.

## A Man of Resources.

"I thought your wife objected to your going to the club evenings."  
"Oh, that was two years ago."  
"Then she's changed her views."  
"No, I've changed my wife."

## Little Benny's Note Book.

By LEE PAPE.

He was sitting alone in the sitting room last night, and was smoking and thinking, mostly smoking, and my sister Gladia was rocking in the rocking chair and reading a book at the same time, and all of a sudden I said, I don't believe I want anything for Christmas this Christmas.

I think I'll have to go and have my ears examined, and pop. Meaning no harm, he didn't think he heard me right.

For merry sake, I never had such a start in my life, and ma.

Were does it hurt most, Benny? said Gladia.

No wares, I said, and pop and. These have bin many startling speeches made since mankind first pulled itself out of the mud and in, vented language, but that one takes the cake and the whole plucker of homeliness.

You must be joking, Benny, said ma, and I said, No, ma, I don't think I want anything for Christmas this Christmas.

Ma, wathir, said pop.

Explains yourself before I die of ailments, said Gladia, and I said, I think I'd rather have you all put together and get me a bysickel rite away, and then you don't have to get me anything for Christmas this Christmas.

O, said pop.

O, said Gladia.

Which they ain't going to.

## A BIT OF FUN

The Poor Onion.  
Mrs. Binks—"This paper tells of a man who lives on onions alone."  
Mrs. Jinks (whose husband eats them)—"Well, any one who lives on onions ought to live alone."

## A Sort of Peter Schlemihl.

Bill Collector—"Mr. Owens not in, eh? (suddenly sees shadow on ground glass door). Why you young rascal, there he is now."

Office Boy (looking)—"Aw—say! That ain't the boss. He's out, I tell you. That's only his shadow."

## Steady Work.

Settlement Worker—Does your husband have steady work?  
Poor Woman—I think so, ma; at least he's never out of the workhouse more than a week at a time.

## A Grave Mistake.

"My teacher gave me an awful calling down because I used inter for interting penurth of hire from farm to farm. Was that such a bad mistake, pop?"

"Well, my son, I would call it a grave sort of mistake."

## Cheering Information.

Man in chair—Here, be a bit more careful with that razor; that's the second time you've cut me. The proper caution—Well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a cent for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won a dime off me.

## Has Another Think Coming.

Pickpocket—"I hired a lawyer for you this morning. Slim, but I had to hand him my watch as a retainer."  
Pal—"And did he keep it?"  
Pickpocket—"He thinks he did."

## Not The Same.

Bacon—"Did you say he awoke one day and found himself famous?"  
Egbert—"No, I did not. I said he dreamed he was famous and then woke up."

## His Own Fault.

Guided by hands and eyes, made glad for home,  
With graven gems and cedar and ebony  
From Babylon and Rome.

## His Silence.

Briggs—What made you so silent at our gathering the other evening?  
Griggs—Why, confound it all! I had a particularly funny story, had I not? The exact point, and was trying to remember it.

Briggs—Why didn't you ask us?

## Wrong Diagnosis.

Mr. Costick—Do you know, whenever I look at my reflection in a mirror I can't help thinking what a much better looking fellow I am than the average man? I suppose you'd call that conceit?

Mrs. Costick—O, no; I should call it distorted vision.

## More Than One Use.

"Well, after all," remarked Tommy, who had lost a leg in the war, "there's one advantage in having a wooden leg."

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"You can hold up your bloomin' sock with a tin-tack!" chuckled the hero.

## Didn't Call Him Names.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you called him names.

Private Murphy—Please, sorr, I never called any names at all. All I said

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