

The St. John Standard.

V. MACKINNON, Publisher
 11 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
REPRESENTATIVES:
 Henry DeCherue, St. John, N. B.
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 Frank W. Thompson, St. John, N. B.
 Greenman & Co., London, Eng.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 City Delivery, \$6.00 per year
 By Mail in Canada, 4.00 per year
 Semi-Weekly Issue, 1.50 per year
 Outside Readers, 2.50 per year
 (Advance Payment)

ADVERTISING RATES:
 Contract Display, 3c. per line
 Classified, 2c. per word
 Inside Readers, 1c. per line
 Outside Readers, 1c. per line
 (Advance Payment)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1920.

THE ST. JOHN RECOUNT.

A well-known English writer has said that consistency is a doubtful virtue in a politician; that it is at least a doubtful good master when it is allowed to take the mastery, and the idea that it behooves him to be consistent at all costs has been the bane of many a man's true judgment. Apparently these are the Globe's sentiments, also, for in dealing with the recount in Restigouche it takes diametrically the opposite position it did with regard to the recount in St. John county. There were, as The Globe very rightly says, no apparent reasons for any recount in Restigouche. Neither were there in St. John. In neither instance was there any allegation of fraud of any kind; of ballots wrongly allowed or rejected; of mistakes of deputy returning officers which would affect the result; of wrong addition of the totals, or anything else. Yet, in the St. John case, The Globe clamored for a recount, and in the Restigouche case it declares a recount unreasonable and uncalled for!

Mr. Baxter was declared to be holding on to a seat which his title was at least very doubtful; that he was so much in doubt about it himself that he was moving Heaven and earth to prevent a recount taking place. In short, that he practically recognized that he had no claim to the seat or he would not be so scared at the idea of it being investigated. Well, The Globe got its way, and the result is that Mr. Baxter's majority over Mr. Beasley has more than doubled. We hope The Globe is satisfied.

The Globe has made itself look extremely foolish in the eyes of the electors of St. John. It allowed its spleen and personal animosity against Mr. Baxter to overcome its judgment, and persistently clamored for the adoption of a course that circumstances not only did not call for, but actually were opposed to; it gave the pettiest exhibition of political feeling that has been seen in this province for many years. It has its answer.

LIBERAL-UNIONISTS STAND BY MEIGHEN.

A striking feature of the tour of Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen through Western Canada has been the appearance on his platform of many prominent Liberal-Unionists, who are publicly aligning themselves with the new party. In Winnipeg the chairman of the Meighen meeting was Isaac Pitblado, K. C., who was offered at one time the Liberal leadership in Manitoba and for years was one of the chief opponents of the Roblin Government. He was supported on the platform by Isaac Campbell, who for two generations has been the finest Liberal speaker in Manitoba, and who, as a matter of course, until 1917, presided or spoke at all great Liberal rallies in Winnipeg. They were the two leading stalwarts of the party. In British Columbia, also, prominent Liberals are appearing on the Prime Minister's platform and are refusing to ally themselves with the brand of Liberalism represented by Hon. Mackenzie King.

The London Free Press points out that outside of Premier Stewart of Alberta, not a Liberal who supported Union Government has appeared on the same platform with Mr. King. The editors who are accompanying him were all opponents of conscription, namely: Ernest Lapointe, M. P.; Wm. Duff, M. P.; W. N. Kennedy, M. P.; and O. Turgott, M. P. Premier Meighen, of Saskatchewan, has carefully refrained from identifying himself with the Liberal leader, and it will be surprising if Premier Norris, of Manitoba, risks his political future by appearing with him in that province.

STILL LARGER IMPORTS.

The Customs report for the first six months of 1920-21 reveals a continuation of the remarkable rush of imports from the United States. The value of the total imports is stated to be \$261,000,000 more than in the corresponding period of 1919, and our imports were less by more than \$20,000,000. While a rush of dutiable imports is good for the Dominion Government revenue, the buying of non-essentials is not good business, nationally. The cause of much of it seems to be the offering of "bargains," particularly in finer textiles and secondary manufactures, owing to the more drastic restrictions of United States' producers in getting rid of surplus stocks. The United States business community is quicker to sense on a wave of inflation to shove prices up, and quicker to knock the bottom out of prices on the way down. The increase in imports from the United States cannot be accounted for—in the last six months—by enlargement of our consumption. The economy wave has not spread to Canada. In getting to lower prices levels more quickly, the United States manufacturers and business men have

been much less careful of the effect on business generally than Canadian business men. The Minister of Labor recently stated that large numbers of Canadians who went to the United States during the war period are now returning home, where stability is so much greater. While "dumping" has been prevalent, lately, the tariff has been in Canada as a steady lever of much value. It has given us a stability that otherwise would have been impossible, and made this country still better off, compared with others.

IN IRELAND.

There is the clearest evidence that the devils that are at present taking place in Ireland are financed by the Clan-na-Gael in the United States. The majority of the Irish people in Ireland are cowering under the threat of transfer, and so intimidated that it is impossible, even when the outrage takes place in open daylight, to get a jury to convict. In that unfortunate island there are always a number of young, irresponsible, lazy and dissipated hooligans ready at a moment's notice to engage in any violence for a few pounds note. The Germans understood the situation, and worked on this vile element of the population for all they were worth. This type of Irishman has no chivalry, no honor and no shame. His aspirations are for Ireland are a mere blind to camouflage his innate desire for robbery, rapine and murder. It is useless trying these wretches; they should be shot on sight like mad dogs. What is needed in Ireland at this moment is a Roman justice—sudden, stern and strong.

GOOD LISTENERS.

Among the really charming people of this world there must be numbered those who listen well, says the London Express.

It is a sublime art. Only those of inexhaustible patience and endless interest in humanity ever attain to it. The undisciplined soul cannot always detect the difference between a good listener and one who merely says nothing; yet talking to the former is one of the pleasantest things in life and to the latter like whispering down a well. Since men love to talk it is perhaps only natural that the best (and worst) listeners are women. There is something irresistible to a man in the sight of two pretty eyes stimulated into expression by his powers of conversation. But when it is recalled what impositions must be put on a good listener... what tedious monologue... what egotistical outpourings... One wonders if the punishment is not greater than the reward.

The people of Scotland have begun voting on the proposals for the banishment of John Barleycorn. The first reports indicate that, though John's humors may be diminished in number, they will not at present be entirely done. The first hardly merited the attention it has attracted. What is before the people is a modified form of the Canada Temperance Act, giving local option in municipalities or parts of municipalities; and it is not likely that a really drowsy individual will have to mend for to obtain his accustomed nip, even if the worst (or the best) is realized. There will be many cases in the desert Pussfoot sought to establish.

Some people seem to think that Prohibition was an issue in the American Presidential elections. If so, says the Mail and Empire, how does it explain the fact that the part of the country which is the driest, and where the movement for Constitutional prohibition originated, namely, the south, voted almost unanimously for Governor Cox?

A woman has been appointed sheriff of Roscommon county, Michigan. Her first act was to constitute her husband her deputy to do the work while she attends to her domestic duties. Could foolishness be carried to a greater extreme than is exemplified in such an appointment?

The recount has established the fact that Dr. Baxter received more votes than Mr. Beasley, has The Globe say further suggestion to make, or any other proceeding to advise, that might, if adopted, succeed in unseating the farmer? It seems a pity for our contemporary to give in at the first rebuff.

Next time anybody is dead sure of anything let him remember that the last thing Governor Cox said before they switched out the sunlight was "Victory is certain."

FROM FARM HOUSE TO WHITE HOUSE

Warren G. Harding, President-elect of the United States, was born on his grandfather's farm, where his father then resided, just outside the village of Blooming Grove, Morrow County, Ohio, Nov. 2, 1885. He was the eldest of eight children, and the son of Dr. George W. Harding, then the young village doctor. He is still alive. The Hardings are of good old Colonial stock—a combination of English and Scotch ancestry. The mother of the President-elect was Phoebe Dickerson, descended from an old-time Holland-Dutch family, the Van Kirk. Dr. Harding, the grandfather, owned a small tract of land, and Warren grew up he learned to split rails, plant and hoe corn and do all things incident to farm life when crops were raised between roots and stumps, and the labors of the farm were performed by hand. As a boy he was always a leader among his fellows.

Into Journalism

He attended the village school until fourteen years of age, when he entered the Ohio Agricultural College of Wooster, from which he graduated, standing high in scholarship. It was as editor of the college paper that he first displayed a talent for journalism. Like most aspiring men of that age he was obliged to stop now and then to earn the money with which to pursue his college course. At odd times he worked in the little printing office in the village. He seemed to love the odor of printer's ink and to have a passion for everything pertaining to a newspaper office, even down to the minutest detail of the mechanical department. He became an expert typesetter by hand and when the Linotype was first introduced he learned to operate the machine. He is a practical printer, job printer, and as a make-up man has few equals. The "luck piece" he carries as a Senator of the United States is a printed card which he used when he was yet "sticking type."

Becomes an Owner

The Marion Star is Mr. Harding's idol—the pet child of his youth and the pride of his manhood. When he was nineteen, having completed his college course, his father, Dr. Harding, seeking a wider field, removed to the city and the young man, still in his teens, went to the city, where he remained for some time, and despite his seventy-seven years, is in active practice of his profession. The Star was a struggling daily paper, diminutive in size, in a struggling county-seat town of four thousand inhabitants. Young Harding yearned to possess it. Though it had such precarious existence that it was difficult to tell whether it were an asset or a liability, his father, having faith in the boy and wishing to gratify his supreme desire of his young ambition, lent his credit in assisting him in taking it over—the consideration being only the assumption of its indebtedness. The paper, then, Democratic in color, and this paper not even the official organ of the minority party.

With the enthusiasm of youth the young man bent his energies to the task of making The Star a better paper, and to lift it out of the darkness, and to lift it out of the darkness of all but bankruptcy.

He lived with it by day and often times far into the night. He dreamed of it. At times he performed every function from "devil" to managing editor. But this story of how it grew and expanded, ultimately outgrowing its old quarters, and taking over its competitor is too long to be told here. It is the same old story of a determination winning against all odds. The Star today is a prosperous money-making plant. It could not be purchased at any price. It has the widest circulation of any paper in a city of a thousand inhabitants in the Middle West. It has never been a strike or threatened strike in The Star office. Mr. Harding's employees regard him always as a friend and even generous, and they love him as a brother. After he had established his paper on a firm foundation he organized a stock company, distributing shares to his employees, and he and they still own it.

Mr. Harding is closely identified with many large business enterprises. Since he took over The Star, his ownership has grown from a country town of four thousand inhabitants to a flourishing manufacturing city of thirty thousand, and he has been a prime factor in its industrial development. He has been a director of a bank, director of several large manufacturing plants, and he is also a trustee of the Trinity Baptist Church, which he is a member, and upon whose services he is a regular attendant when in the city.

The Political Record

Mr. Harding has twice represented the Thirtieth Senatorial District of Ohio in the State legislature, served one term as lieutenant-governor, refusing to stand for re-election; and he is now nearing the close of his first term as United States Senator from Ohio, having been elected in 1914. When he went into the wider sphere of the United States Senate, his experience in the State Legislature served a good purpose, and he speedily arose to a commanding place. His fund of knowledge, and his wide experience with men and affairs gave him a comprehensive grasp of the problems with which the public service has to deal; and on his first entrance into the arena it became apparent to his fellow Senators that he was no novice, but one well qualified to render valuable service; and his utterances on the floor of the Senate have invariably commanded respectful attention. Senator Harding has ever the courage of his convictions, even though his stand should engender serious opposition. He early advised a peace policy, while others were clamoring for peace at any price. He sponsored the bill for preparedness which Roosevelt and he were closely associated with him during the presidency that it came to be widely recognized through the press that President Roosevelt regarded him as a coming man of 1920. He stood on the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations has been that of the day. The important work that he has done on the Committee on Foreign Relations, and other committees of which he is a

Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAGE

Ma was crowshaying and thumping and pop was smoking with an injoyable expression, and after a while he sed, I saw rren-ny Bowers down town today and wat do you suppose he told me? Ma heb, sed ma keeping on crowshaying and thinking. I say, I met Honny Bowers down town and he certonly handed me a surprise, sed pop. Ma heb, sed ma like somebody thinking of something else, and all of a sudden pop sed loud as anything, Mother, I swore that boys foot is attached to his leg. Wat, wats that, Benny, have you bin herting yourself agin? sed ma quick looking at me, and pop sed, Ma ha ha ha, I had to get your attention somehow, ha ha, that boys foot is attached to his leg, ha ha ha. I dont think, wy dont you scare a persin to doth and be done with it? sed ma. Wy wats the matter, mother, wy shouldent the boys—ha ha ha—be attached to his—ha ha ha? sed pop. Now Willyum, for pily sake know wen to stop, a joaks a joak and brevity is the sole of wit, sed ma. I think Ive herd that befor e somewhere, but I bieve your rite, sed pop. And he laffed about 5 more times without saying wat he was laffing at; and then he started to read the spouting page and ma kept on crowshaying and thinking, and after a while I had a good idee, saying loud as anything, Ma, ma, I wigged my little finger. Wich ma quick gave a jump, saying, Wat, my goodness, wy dont you be carefull? Wich me and pop started to laff like any-thing and me quick reached over and picked up my ruler and gave me a ferse crack on the suckles with it saying, There, I wigged the ruler. Aw, G. ma, goth, back, I sed. Say another word and youll get a worse crack, sed ma. Wich I properly would of, so I dident.

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WHAT OTHERS SAY

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 Winnipeg Tribune.
 Somebody ought to send ex-King Constantine of Greece a fine, big, pet monkey.

Great Opportunity.
 (Colorado Springs Telegraph.)
 Balls made from newspapers and soaked in kerosene are said to be a substitute for coal. Now is the time to subscribe.

The Political Issue.
 (Toronto Telegram.)
 Premier Drury has dragged free trade into Provincial politics. From every hustings and house-top he has shouted his hatred of the national policy.

Toronto has protect her industries from the hordes of Yankee traders. Toronto must not be made the dumping ground for surplus Yankee goods. Toronto must keep her factories running to give her people work and furnish food for their families.

Northeast Toronto must speak with no uncertain voice. It must tell the rest of Canada that the Farmer-Liberal-Free-Trade tide has been stemmed—that the light for a Canada for Canadians is on in deadly earnest—for a Canada whose dollar is worth just as much in any part of the world as it is in the business places of Toronto.

Canada's Merchant Marine.
 (Toronto Star, Liberal.)
 The Canadian Government Merchant Marine is already one of the largest in the world, operating under one flag, and with a fleet of 28 vessels now in service and 23 more under construction, so that the fleet will presently number 66 vessels. All these ships are manned by Canadian crews, and are said to compare favorably with the best built anywhere.

It is a recent address delivered at Liverpool the European manager of the Canadian Government marine service stated that too much of our trade is carried on through United States ports, and the purpose of this fleet is to direct trade through our own ports, and open up new and direct avenues of trade with distant countries. There is now being provided approximately a service every ten days from Canadian ports to London, to Liverpool, and to Glasgow, and a monthly service to South Wales. There is one ship a week to the West Indies, and one each month to South Africa and to Australia, and New Zealand. The service to India and Ceylon, the Straits Settlements and Java commenced in September, while that to Japan and China begins this month. Many of these vessels are carrying the Canadian flag to ports where it was never seen before.

This Government owned merchant marine is a very great enterprise about which most people throughout the country know very little. If the service can be made to pay, the benefits the country will derive from direct trading will be large.

THE LAUGH LINE

The Limit.
 "Smith is a gre: man to worry over nothing, isn't he?" said Brown.
 "Yes," replied Jones. "Why, if he took an ocean voyage, he would worry for fear the sea would dry up and leave him stranded in the mud."

A Final Fear.
 "Daddy," piped the little darling, "is the sea a mile deep?"
 Daddy, who was also an editor, glanced up, irritably from a huge pile of manuscripts. "I don't know," he snapped.

The little darling looked disappointed. "A little later he asked: "Is the moon really made of cheese, daddy?"
 Again came the response: "I don't know!"

Another look of disappointment, another silence, and another question: "Do cannibals use postage stamps?" No less savage than the cannibals themselves was the distracted manuscript reader as he roared for the third time: "I don't know!"
 "Well, I say, daddy," exclaimed the youthful inquirer, very seriously, "who made you an editor?"

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