

# The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1921.

## WHERE IS THE MAJORITY COMING FROM?

It must be assumed that Mr. Mackenzie King and his various lieutenants have collaborated in regard to the views they will express upon the public platform during the coming campaign, and that anything that any one of the latter says reflects the opinions of their leader. Mr. King has been flirting with the Western Farmers for some time, endeavoring to induce them to join with him in an effort to defeat the Government. He knows very well what their fiscal proposals are, and he must have been willing to subscribe to them or he could not have expected the Farmer element to cast its lot in with him.

However, Mr. King was told by these Farmer politicians that they would have nothing to do with him and his Liberal friends, so he relinquished his flirtatious wooing and retired. Now comes Mr. Lemieux, Mr. King's principal lieutenant and rabble rouser, and he is out for a fight. He is a selfish lot, who would if he had the chance, put into force a fiscal policy that would be most disastrous for Quebec and Ontario. Mr. Lemieux declares that he does not believe in free trade and the substitution of a tax on land for a tariff revenue. Mr. Mackenzie King knew quite well what the Farmers' ideas on this subject were, yet he was willing to "co-opt" them. How is Mr. Lemieux going to square his views with those of his leader?

And what is Mr. King going to do in order to become Prime Minister, as he declares he is going to be after the elections? What party or group in the House does he propose to get to affiliate with him in order to give him the majority which it will be necessary for him to have before he can become Prime Minister? According to Mr. Lemieux he cannot have any truck or trade with the Farmers, and he will scarcely approach the Conservatives. The outlook does not look particularly cheerful for him whatever point of view is chosen. No one outside of Mr. King's own dyed-in-the-wool supporters expects the Liberal party to be a serious factor in the elections. Their only hope is a solid Quebec, and there is growing evidence that Mr. King will not be able to hold "the solid block." Quebec is naturally protectionist and may swing towards the only party that is "four square" on this question. Mr. King's only hope of holding Quebec is by raising the old anti-conscription cry, and this would kill him in the remainder of Canada. In the Western provinces the Liberal party as a force in Federal politics, has ceased to exist, the Farmers have supplanted it. A fifty-fifty result is the uttermost that he can expect in the Maritime Provinces. Where will his majority come from?

Mr. King makes a plea for support on the ground that he alone can construct a cabinet representative of every element in the country. He feels competent to make this plea, undoubtedly, because of his strength in Quebec, due to his lack of a war record. Canadians outside of Quebec are prepared to go far in the interests of national harmony. Quebec may have forgotten that, on the same plea, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was accepted for fifteen years. But there is a limit, and where could there be a better limit than Mr. King?

**KING'S "POMPOUS PLATITUDES."**  
 Mr. Mackenzie King, among other of his conspicuous characteristics which do not appear good. As a platform speaker he is exceedingly fond of using what in the case of a well-known lecturer the New York Sun called "pomposus platitudes." He is full of all the sentimental humbug to be found in the lexicon of modern demagoguery. In fact, his political stock in trade as a speaker consists of rhetorical periods, sound and fury, studied perorations, glittering generalities and in all this as in the case with his vanished book, "Industry and Humanity," there is nothing original. It is all window dressing with the same old stock of goods to show. He is verbose, platitudinous, flamboyant. His Toronto speech is a fair example of what is meant. If you take away the high sounding phraseology there is nothing left. It would be a balloon with the gas expended. As a platform speaker he is one who, as Shakespeare would express it, tears passions to tatters, who overdoes his part—and the King in Hamlet—who is constantly attitudinizing for effect. The Toronto speech in question is notable for the fact that of all the charges preferred against the present government—and there was practically everything of which a government should be guilty—he did not permit a title of evidence. It was all assertion and invective.

In the old days, when Mackenzie, Cartwright, Blake and others of the Liberal tandem got on the platform,

while they could use invective in plenty, their speeches were full of meaty criticism, charged with facts, constructive. Sir Wilfrid Laurier though he was always more pleasing than convincing, had the merit of oratorical grace of dignified discussion, of saying the obvious right thing with out forced effort, of not holding up as guilty of political iniquity his opponents, of avoiding all the faults which Shakespeare described in bad actors. Sir Wilfrid argued, as well as asserted. His speeches were models in polemic. Mackenzie King is everything his distinguished predecessors in the Liberal party were not, and in few respects is he what they were.

On the occasion last referred to and invariably throughout his long series of addresses, the Liberal leader referred to the government as "our common enemy"; in using the word "common" he was appealing not only to Liberals, but to farmers, labor people, and all the other groups whom he described as "Progressives" and imbued with Liberal principles.

It has been usual for Socialists to speak of Capital, for instance, as the "enemy of labor," and to inveigh blindly against all forms of capitalism. That we can understand. But in what sense can the government be said to be the enemy of any class, any party, any section of the community, any beneficial interest, or anybody or anything which has legitimate objects in view? An enemy is one who is out to injure, hurt, or even kill. In what respect has the government been an enemy of Labor or the Farmer or of any human element of the community? Is anyone silly enough to assert that a government, Conservative or Liberal, in this enlightened age deliberately intends, whatever its policies may be, to injure labor or farmers or any other element of the country? It is the desire of all democratic governments, if for no other reason than the sake of popularity, to help rather than hinder or hurt particular interests or classes. The danger, indeed, is going too far in the other direction for political support. Used by Mr. King the phrase is meaningless, and as a charge against the Meighen Government if it were anything more than silly, is harmful as calculated to arouse hatred and class prejudice. The Liberal leader in fact has even pretended to show how popularly he is rather than to show why the government is the "Common" or any other kind of enemy of the classes he referred to.

**CANADA'S TIMBER WEALTH.**  
 To the bythe Canadian who at public functions, and especially after a tasty and fully explored dinner, pointed with airy gestures to the "boundless natural resources" and the "limitless forest wealth" of this country, the late Senator Edwards offered a striking and curious contrast. Not that he was not a thorough-going Canadian or a firm believer in the noble destiny of the Dominion. He was simply one who thought before he spoke, and if his utterances did at times take on graver tones rather than the gayer tints of optimism there was at bottom always some foundation of reason for his words.

Frequently he would deprecate the boastful references of public men to the inexhaustible timber resources of Canada. He foresaw the day when timber for commercial purposes would be difficult to secure, especially at the present rate of destruction. He was over urging that steps be taken to prevent indiscriminate and wasteful methods in the logging camps and emphasizing the necessity of making new forests grow on the areas laid waste by the woodman's axe. While his words may have been sadly foreboding, they nevertheless carried conviction and offered food for serious thought.

Are the timber resources of Canada inexhaustible? A glance at the topographical map of the Dominion may make the statement that they are not appear exaggerated, but it must be remembered that industrially profitable timber becomes scarcer as the further north it occurs. Numbers of pulp and paper firms have yearly to penetrate further into the northern wilderness to obtain lumber enough to meet the demand on their mills. It is a well-known fact that where formerly the logs would reach the mills the same season that the drive was made, it now takes two or even three seasons for them to reach their destination. Each year means a longer journey from camp to mill, and as yet there is no considerable effort to meet future shortage by reforestation on a large scale. Government officials will confirm the danger of ignoring the possibility of early future scarcity of pulpwood and other kinds of timber. So that Senator Edwards' warnings should at least be paid heed to, for they came from one whose advice was based on a thorough knowledge of the lumber industry of the Dominion of Canada.

## WHAT OTHERS SAY

**The Link That Breaks.**  
 Co-operation is not only "the link that binds producer and consumer; it is the link that binds justice and industry, brain and brawn, nation and nation, continent and continent. It will yet make the world one, and uphold the happiness and advancement of all as the true life-motives of each.—The Scottish Co-operator.

**Public Health.**  
 Against the body of a healthy man whatever under pretence of the public health; nor any the more against the body of a healthy infant. To forbid perfect health is a tyrannical wickedness, just as much as to forbid chastity or sobriety. No lawgiver can have the right. The law is an unendurable usurpation, and needs the right of resistance.—F. W. Newman.

**The Horrors of War.**  
 Two soldiers went into a restaurant on the eastern front, and said to the waiter, "We want Turkey with Greece." The waiter replied, "Sorry, we can't serve it." "Well, then, get the Bosphorus." The boy came in and heard the order and then said: "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania." They were not a Paraguy Tomatoes, as they went away hungry saying, they never saw a place, and wishing they were at Frankfurt or Bologna, where they could have a decent meal. But they longed most to get back to "Old Bilety" on Sandwich Island, and they were bred and mustered there.—Canada.

**Lethal Chemistry.**  
 The president of the British Association was all on the side of decency in what he said last night about the future of chemical warfare. All of us defect the international vitriol-throwing. All of us see that in any great war in future either it would be used all around or else it would be used to an extent and with a skill and ruthlessness that would not threaten every army engaged with the fate of Semmachers, but also threaten multitudes of non-combatants with a holocaustic death by slow torture. Sir Walter Thorne rightly dismisses as worthless all the sophistical talk about the painlessness or temporary effect of poison gas. The tortments inflicted by anything more than mere tear-gas (which has no future) are atrocious. And if any form of gas merely had the effect of putting men to sleep for a few hours, we may be sure that it would be discarded in favor of more drastic gases by any country engaged in a life-or-death war of attrition. In these conditions, whatever its policies may be, it is a death sentence to want your soldiers in man-power you need to carry out a policy of non-resistance.

Orpen declares that Lord Leverhulme chose a full length and wanted his portrait standing up but "for artistic reasons" Orpen suggested that he sit down to which Leverhulme agreed. Thus he was painted at full length, sitting down.

When a Bill for \$10,000 was presented Leverhulme refused to pay more than \$7,500 on the ground that the portrait sitting down did not show enough of the man's face. The controversy started a long discussion in the press as to whether art heretofore should be sold by the yard.

He Couldn't.  
 "And this is a portrait of my great uncle who was a missionary. He was sent to convert the heathen, but unfortunately they converted him."  
 "How strange! And to what faith did they convert him?"  
 "None they converted him into a stew."—Boston Transcript.

**A BIT OF VERSE**  
**THE OLD-MAN-ON-THE-FARM.**  
 They got me—'I was eight years old; They never have let go their hold, In rain or shine, in heat or cold— The chores!

They stood beside my mourning bed, In drowsiest hour of all, and said, "Jump out of that; them calves ain't fed!" The chores!

They waited at the close of day, To mend their boots and play, Crying: "You, Jim! Git down that hay!" The chores!

At picnic, fair or "biggest show On earth" a voice would whisper low, "You've seven cows 'n' milk, you know!" The chores!

I held Susie's slim, brown hand in mine, And hinted wedding bells must chime, And heard: "It's them pigs' supper time!" The chores!

The golden street I hope to view, But guess just what will happen too; St. Peter'll call: "Come in, and do— The chores!" —New York Times.

**THE LAUGH LINE**  
 Don't hit the finger-nail on the head.  
 Verbal Baroque.  
 "Shall I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, polishing his shears.  
 "Yes, as soon as your gas-attack is over," answered the wary customer. —The American Legion Weekly.

**Why He Came.**  
 Joan—"Mummy, was baby sent down from Heaven?"  
 Mother—"Yes, dear."  
 Joan—"They do like to have it sent down here, don't they?"—The Passing Show.

**But Don't They Catch On?**  
 "How do you prepare for your summer vacation?"  
 "I write cordial letters to all my country relatives in answer to the cordial letters they wrote me just before Christmas."  
 Of Little Use.  
 Not long ago a number of masons left Scotland to settle in this country. One of them wrote to his wife shortly after his arrival and instructed her to sell their household property and to take the passage out to him.  
 The good wife had a neighbor who came to help her with the packing. In the midst of it they fell upon Thomas' watch. The neighbor examined it closely and then said:  
 "It's a grand watch, Catherine. 'Ye'll be takin' it wi' ye?"  
 "No, ma!" was the reply. "It would be of use to get there for Thomas

## Benny's Note Book

BY LEE PAPE  
 THE PARK AVE NEWS  
 Woonsocket, Unknown.  
 Sports: Skinny Martin, the great left hand pitcher of the Invistables, is practicing a new curve called the inshoot-out-shoot upshoot drop, which he says nobody ever did before and maybe he can't himself even.

**Poem by Skinny Martin**  
 MY ARTISTIC TEMPERMENT  
 I go up stairs slow on an errand,  
 Like somebody committing a crime,  
 But when I get up to get up there,  
 I run up 3 at a time.

**Interesting Facts About Interesting People.** Sam Cross is learning himself to swim in the bath tub, not learning very quick on account of only having one lesson a week and on account of his elbows and neck knocking.

**Paige You Art to Know.** Dogs perspire all in one place by sticking out their tongue when they get hot, being a neat way for everybody to do if they knew how.

**Lost and Found.** Lost—4 sticks of unused chewing gum in a red paper wrapper. Found—2. Sid Hunt.

## Are Not Sold By The Yard

**Eminent British Painter Sues Soap Magnate for \$10,000**  
 —New Twist in Suit.

London, Sept. 26.—Prospects of a settlement of the controversy between Lord Leverhulme, the soap magnate, and Sir William Orpen, the eminent portrait painter, which came to light when Sir William announced in Paris that Lord Leverhulme had refused to pay the price agreed upon for a full length portrait of himself, received a setback today. Sir David Murray, the famous landscape artist, to whose arbitration both Lord Leverhulme and Sir William Orpen had agreed to submit their price dispute today telegraphed from Castle Lodge at Ludlow, a polite refusal to act in that capacity. "Both are my dear friends, so I would rather not," the telegram stated.

It develops now that the origin of the trouble was in 1919 when the soap baron wanted his portrait painted in his robes as mayor of Bolton. He consulted Sir David Murray who referred him to Orpen. The latter submitted his price in advance, \$5,000 for a head and shoulders, \$7,500 for a half, or three-quarters length, and \$10,000 for a full length portrait.

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**His Plea.**  
 An uncouth looking individual mounted the platform to discourse on the iniquity of the capitalist and the integrity of the workman. He was plainly ill at ease. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I ain't used to talk. I'm a bricklayer by trade, and my proper place is on the scaffold."—London Post.

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**PLUCKY YOUNG MESSENGERS FOILED BANDIT**  
 Both Aged 17, They Save Payroll of \$10,700 in New York.

New York, Sept. 26.—Two plucky young messengers, both of them boys and one with the nerve to blow a police whistle with a hold-up man's revolver thrust in his face, at 1 o'clock today saved a payroll of \$10,700 which the man sought to take from them on the sixth floor of a University Place. Later a man was arrested on the roof of the building. He was identified as having a revolver through one of the workmen's drooping in his flight from the scene of his hold-up.

Harry Summers, of Brooklyn, a Jack Sterns, of Massapequa, both seventeen years of age, have been employed as messengers by the National Builders and Drivers' Bank, at Broadway and Third street for the last three months. Their main task has been to carry money for payrolls from the bank in business establishments in the neighborhood. They set out this afternoon with \$10,700 in a leather receptacle for the clothing firm Pragenon & Reich, at the University Place address.

There were several persons in the elevator of the building when the youths entered it and a man got just behind them. The operator closed the door and started up to the sixth floor, where Pragenon & Reich have their establishment, the messengers were about to get out when the man who had entered the elevator last at the ground floor squeezed past them. The moment he was on the sixth floor, he whirled about, drew a revolver and commanded the messengers to throw up their hands.

The elevator operator, though shooting was about to begin, threw his arms before his face. The hold-up man rewarded him with a blow on the skull with the butt of the revolver. Stern jerked the man's watch behind him, flung it in the corner of the car and stood on Summers, who had only yesterday provided himself with a police whistle. He put it to his lips, almost choking with the noise of the whistle, and blew a blast that echoed and kept echoing through the building.

This fearlessness disconcerted the would-be thief to such an extent that instead of doing anything with the revolver he turned and made a dash for the stairway to the lower floor. Two men who were waiting in the sixth floor corridor, evidently companions of the hold-up man, dashed after him.

As the fugitives darted down all started the elevator down too, but Summers still blowing his police whistle. The luckless highwayman stopped his flight down the stairs at the fifth floor and ran through the clothing workrooms of Goldstein and Rosenberg Brothers, where he dropped the revolver. Going out of window he made up the fire escape to the roof.

By this time the whistling of Summers had brought Patrolman McGee, on of traffic A, on duty at Fifth avenue and Ninth street and he, after a search of the building, found a man on the roof. He said he was Frank Golden of No. 509 South Ninth street, Brooklyn. Workmen in the building through which the highwayman had run identified Golden as the fugitive.

New Honor for Lincoln.  
 L. D. Whitton was born in Scott County, Ky., in 1863, the year Abraham Lincoln issued that famous document, the Declaration of Independence.—Iowa paper.

