

The Daily Mail

Published every afternoon (except Sunday) at No. 613 Queen Street, by THE MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited.

DONALD FRASER President
SUBSCRIPTION.

One month by carrier,\$.35
Three months by carrier 1.00
Six months by carrier, 2.00
One year by carrier, 4.00
One year by mail, 2.00
Six months by mail, 1.00
Address all communications to The
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 20, 1910

THE CROCKET LIBEL SUIT

The result of the preliminary examination in the libel suit against Jas. H. Crocket is a judicial scandal. On November 25th last the Gleaner published a most defamatory article on R. W. McLellan of this city. James H. Crocket is the managing director of The Gleaner Publishing Co., the proprietors of the Gleaner newspaper, and everybody knows that James H. Crocket is responsible for the policy of the paper, and all that appears editorially or in the nature of an editorial in its columns. Mr. Crocket had from time to time for months been making attacks upon Mr. McLellan. Two days before the publication of the libel of Nov. 25th he had issued a signed statement in his paper reiterating all his charges and suggesting the loss of some Court records. The loss of these was denied by the Registrar of the Court in a telegram to Mr. McLellan which was given out for publication the next day. This telegram the Gleaner charged was a forgery. Everybody knew as soon as he read the article that it was written by James H. Crocket. Mr. McLellan laid an information against Mr. Crocket for criminal libel before the Police Magistrate of Fredericton.

On the hearing editor, reporter, business manager, compositor, proof reader, pressman,—all were called but no one knew who wrote the defamatory article—so they said. It was publically stated that the stenographer connected with the concern could probably not be subpoenaed; she was spirited away, and her family and friends all stated that they did not know where she was. No person could listen to the testimony without believing that perjury was being committed by witness after witness.

But without considering the testimony of the employees of the Gleaner, the greater part of which no reasonable man could believe, there was ample evidence to support a conviction in case of a trial. It would have been sufficient to support the death sentence in a case of homicide.

But this was not a trial; it was only an investigation to ascertain whether there was sufficient evidence to put Mr. Crocket on trial. There was no denial that the crime had been committed; that it had been committed by one or more people connected with the Gleaner; and it was only necessary to give some evidence to connect James H. Crocket with it.

This was amply and unmistakably done. The Hon. H. F. McLeod, the Solicitor General of the Province, swore that at the instigation of Crocket he had telephoned to Mr. Fraser, the Registrar of the Court having the custody of the documents over which the libel charges arose. Through his well known weakness of jumping at conclusions before he thoroughly understands the matter, the Solicitor General reported the wrong information to Crocket. At noon on the same day Crocket told Mr. R. B. Hanson that he had got this information and to look out for the Gleaner.

When the Gleaner came out it had the libelous article. Who wrote it? Everybody knows that James H. Crocket wrote it—everybody except the Police Magistrate.

If the Gleaner was misled it was misled in a way that no reasonable man could be misled. If it was misled it knew within a very few hours that it had been misled—but has it had the decency to say so? NO.

But how could the Attorney General and the law officers of the Crown prosecute James H. Crocket. He is one of their chief supporters. He was got into the trouble by the blundering Solicitor General—one of these

law officers. He must therefore be got out at all hazards.

The Police Magistrate is an appointee under the Provincial Government.

The decision of yesterday is the result.

It is a JUDICIAL SCANDAL, and the HAZEN GOVERNMENT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

Col. Marsh, according to The Gleaner report, was not disposed to send the Crocket case up for trial to the Supreme Court for fear of putting the county to costs. All we have got to say on this subject is that the Colonel did not show the same consideration for the interests of rate-payers of the county in the days gone by. We can cite many cases he has sent up in the past which were promptly thrown out by the Grand Jury for want of evidence.

The Hon. Geo. E. Foster, evidently did not get very far with his libel suit against the Rev. J. A. McDonald, editor of The Toronto Globe. The High Court of Ontario has just decided that Mr. Foster must pay Editor McDonald \$2,600 for costs in maintaining an action which wasn't justified. If Mr. Foster were in British public life under the circumstances he would have resigned—Transcript.

Mr. Clarence Jamieson, Tory M.P. for Digby tells the St. John Standard that Me. Borden will be Premier of Canada inside of two years. Every Tory member of Parliament big and little has had that same old pipe dream at least a dozen times during the past ten years and it is no nearer to realization now than it ever was.

Parliament has been in session since November 17th and not once during that time has Mr. O. S. Crocket's picture appeared in the columns of the local Tory organ. The question box of York's member must have been abolished along with the time honored parliamentary stationery trunk.

Those who read the Gleaner's editorial last evening on the libel case, must now be convinced that there lives but one good man unchanged in Fredericton and he is fat and is growing old.

The political adventurers who are now on top in York County, had better take warning. They have about reached the end of their tether.

It is quite evident that the dice were heavily loaded against the complainant in the Crocket libel case.

Col. Marsh's decision in the libel case seems to have solved the mystery of the missing witness.

STRIKE BREAKER MEETS A TRAGIC DEATH

Latrobe, Pa., Dec. 20.—Fleeing from a party of striking miners early today, Deputy Sheriff Charles Davidson sought safety on a moving freight train, missed his hold, and, falling under the wheels, was killed.

A negro strike breaker arrived in Bradville early today. He was attacked by strikers and driven into a building where he prepared to fight. The deputies at the Latrobe and Connelville Coal Company saw his flight and two of them ran out of the stockade. The strikers attempted to rush them in force and they Davidson, meeting his death.

PERSONALS

Orland Kitchen, who has been attending Horton Academy, Wolfville, arrived home last evening to spend the Christmas holidays.

Willard and Douglas Kitchen, who have been attending Horton Academy Wolfville, have arrived home to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Kitchen.

Mrs. W. G. Clarke is quite ill at her home on Waterloo Row.

Mr. Slason Thompson, who was called here by the death of his sister, returned to Ottawa last evening.

Mr. L. C. Daigle of Moncton, is at the Barker House.

Mr. J. W. Richardson of St. Stephen, arrived in the city this morning.

Mr. G. Peltier of Montreal, is registered at the Barker House.

Mr. H. E. Fawcett of Sackville, is at the Queen.

Mr. N. W. Bogart of Montreal, is in the city.

Mr. D. S. Harmon of Montreal, is at the Queen.

A LONDON NEWSPAPER PRAISES MR. W. M. AITKEN

(London Overseas Mail.)

Three weeks ago the name of Mr. Max Aitken was unknown in England outside a limited circle especially interested in Canadian affairs. When, ten days before the election, he was nominated Unionist candidate for Ashton-under-Lyne, his opponents raised the satirical query, "Who is Mr. Aitken?" They ask no longer, for Mr. Aitken has wrested the seat from them. He has done more. He has set a new fashion in electioneering, a fashion likely to spread far. He has demonstrated too, that the creed of Empire, preached with enthusiasm and backed by efficiency, means for victory in the heart of Lancashire. This young man from New Brunswick stands for a new type in Parliament.

Who is Mr. Aitken? Picture to yourself a man of thirty-one, scarce looking his years, of slight physique, and with a face browned by early life in the province of woods and streams and sea. He is full of nervous energy. His large eyes, his strong lips and active manner, tell of one unusually keen, quick and responsive. In eleven years he has risen to a leading place among the younger business men of Canada. The son of a Presbyterian minister at Newcastle, New Brunswick, he went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, when he was twenty, as private secretary to Mr. John F. Stairs, the provincial political leader and one of the chief manufacturers there. Young Aitken revealed exceptional powers of organization and his employer soon made him a partner.

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

Canada today is the land of supreme opportunity, and the lad from New Brunswick seized his chance. Soon Nova Scotia was too small for him. In 1907 he moved to Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion. He built electric lines and railways in Trinidad, Porto Rico and Demerara. He organized and is the head of a company which controls the cast-iron trade of Canada. He is one of the most prominent figures in Dominion car building. Not long ago he took over a number of paper mills in Quebec which turn out 150 tons a day. For a time he was vice-president of the great Montreal Trust Company, and he is still a director.

All who do business in a large way in Canada are bound to come to London sooner or later, for London is the financial controller of the West. Accordingly Mr. Aitken crossed the Atlantic. While here he was brought into close touch with Mr. Bonar Law. The two found much in common; business efficiency, enthusiasm for empire and a common Canadian origin. When a candidate was wanted for Ashton-under-Lyne, his friend urged Mr. Aitken to come with him and help in the fight for Lancashire.

Mr. Aitken had no experience in politics. He had never made a political speech in his life. He talked with the Canadian accent. Occasionally in the excitement of talk he dealt with dollars and cents, instead of pounds and pence. And there was no time to learn, for only ten days were left in which to win or lose the election. So he settled down to work. He planned the election as though it were some great new business enterprise.

MR. AITKEN AND HIS PROGRAM.

Elections, however, are not won by organization alone. Mr. Aitken came before the Lancashire men with the enthusiasm of a convinced overseas imperialist. He will tell you if you ask him that he cannot speak. In other words, he is not a trained orator but he drove home his lesson of Empire and efficiency with tremendous force. His opponent had made the question of the House of Lords the one issue of the campaign; Mr. Aitken swept it on one side for more vital matters. "I am going to talk to you about the Empire." His speech was jerky at times, and on one occasion he impressed a crowd of voters most of all by failing in a speech, failing because of overwhelming conviction. "If I could make you men of Ashton realize what this Empire of ours means there would not be a Radical left in the place," he told them. While his party had agreed to make Tariff Reform a secondary issue, he insisted on keeping it in the foreground. His policy of open, frank imperialism answered as diplomacy never would have done.

At first the prospects seemed black, but day by day the outlook brightened. All were agreed that never before within the memory of living man had there been so great a fight at Ashton. Well-known folk came to help. Messages of good will poured in from leading Canadians. Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Joseph Lawrence and others did yeoman service. Mr. Bonar Law found time during his own hard struggle in Northwest Manchester to lend a hand. "Mr. Aitken has never had any experience in making speeches," he told the crowd. "But he has had experience of things more difficult than making speeches." On the night before the poll Mr. Aitken delivered a master stroke. He called all his friends together for one great "rally" so that all might see how strong was the support he had secured. Next day he was returned at the top of the poll, with 195 votes to spare.

And here, in Mr. Max Aitken, we have a new figure in British politics. His campaign of imperialism, efficiency and social reform will not be confined to Ashton. It is not without significance that one of the most striking victories of the campaign has been won by a newcomer from overseas, who looks on our problems and opportunities with the fresh and broad vision of the illimitable West.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S ADDRESS TO THE FARMERS

(Toronto Globe.)

The Premier, in his answer to the great deputation that waited on Parliament the other day to present the views of the organized farmers of the country, was commendably frank. He told the members of the deputation that he was not an ardent supporter of government ownership and operation of all public utilities. It is not so much government ownership that causes Sir Wilfrid to hesitate as government operation. The Premier is the British Liberal school of which Gladstone and Bright were the great leaders. The men of that school held that that country was happiest and most likely to be prosperous in which the government meddled as little as possible with matters of trade and industry, with affairs that could be carried on by voluntary association

of the people. Their idea of government was that it should undertake to do for the people only the things the people could not do for themselves. National defence, maintenance and improvement of means of communication, posts, education, the care of the unit, the making of treaties, were the things upon which they put the emphasis. The operation of railways or of terminal elevators never would have been thought of by them as proper subjects for a government's activity.

Not only was the Premier a pupil of the laissez faire school, but he saw in Canadian politics object lessons that were not calculated to change his views. For more than a generation the Intercolonial Railway was a constant producer of deficits, a standing example of how not to operate a

YOU WILL DO BETTER AT JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON'S

Dec. 13, 1910

CHRISTMAS GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Hdks. in Boxes, all prices. Gloves in Boxes, all prices.
Jabots in Boxes " " Fancy Collars in Boxes, all prices.
Fancy Bows in Boxes, all prices

FURS ARE A STRONG FEATURE THIS YEAR WITH US.

Our Dress Goods Department is filled to overflowing with novelties. Everybody has heard and know the Quality of our Table Linens, etc. People tell us we have the best value in Handkerchiefs and Neckwear in this city, and the people know.

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON

Headquarters for Christmas Gifts.



Come afoot or Come by aeroplane, but come anyway and let us show you the many attractive articles we have that will make most suitable

Christmas Presents

Perhaps you want something different from what you have been giving year after year, then come right to our store, we can help you out.

R. Chestnut & Sons.

THE HARDWARE PEOPLE

PURE GROUND SPICES

Allspice, Cassia, Cloves, Cayenne Pepper, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Jamaica Ginger, Mace, Nutmegs, Mixed Spice, Curry Powders. These spices are put up in 1-4 lb. Tins by Lyman's Ltd., Montreal. They are guaranteed absolutely pure

George Y. Dibblee

Druggist

Opp. City Hall.

Don't need to have a LOT of money to make a LOT of your friends happy. We have not forgotten you have a LOT of friends and may not have a LOT of money.

GIFTS FOR MEN

Tie, Handkerchief and Socks to match, done up in a pretty box, and a girl thrown in \$1.50
Braces, Armlets and Garters to match, done up in a neat box, from 75c to \$1.50
Braces and Garters to match, done up in a pretty box, \$1.00

An exceptionally fine range of Neckwear, Mufflers, Suspenders, Armlets. Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Etc. done up in beautiful boxes for gift purposes.

OAK HALL

C. H. THOMAS & CO.
F'ton's Greatest Clothing House.

(Continued on page five)

Fancy Elk Moccasins

Made with Large Eyelets, Flowered Toes, Bellows Tongue.

Men's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Sizes.

H. S. Campbell Shoeman.