

The Evening Times and Star

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GET ON WITH THE WORK

When did the Federal Light and Traction Company of New York turn philanthropist?

It is here to get interest and dividends on \$3,000,000, along with a return on whatever it paid for the common stock of the New Brunswick Power Company—and any pickings that may be within reach as time goes on.

One was almost tempted to regret being compelled to live in this domed city as one and another of the delegation at City Hall yesterday afternoon painted the city's future in awful shades of gloom—unless it handed over the Musquash current to the Federal Light and Traction Company. Once there it was the sad lot of listeners to hear the old story that the power is not at Musquash in sufficient quantity; that it will not be constant; that it cost too much money that public ownership is a failure; that the Civic Power Commission is not competent; that if the city competes with the company in electrical energy the gas will not come down and the street car fares will go up; that competition spells high taxation if not ruin; that the street railway extension to Lily Lake, the continuation of that priceless bond, the possible realization of the dream of a new city on the Millidgeville road; the golden key to great industrial progress; and the end of the horrible nightmare of competition and taxation.

Let this glorious picture should fall to attract attention a shock was administered to focus the universal gaze upon it. If the city refused to hang the picture on its walls up would go the street car fares, to add to the terrors of taxation, and by inference the ten new cars might go elsewhere. And there you are.

But while Mr. Sanderson and others were telling about the wonderful things the Federal Light and Traction Company would do, they neglected to stress the fact that while pouring these benedictions upon a happy people they would be gathering in the interest and dividends on well up to four million dollars. They have great faith in Musquash. Shall the people of St. John have less?

The City Council did not want to waste time, but to bring the matter to a head this afternoon. Indeed the Council threw out the proposition made when it turned down the sub-section which provided for handling over the Musquash current to the company; for the second sub-section, "to purchase energy from the city in such quantity as the city is required to take and pay for" means the whole amount contracted for by the city, and that would give the company control of the distribution. The people have three times as much power as they would have had if the system was not for sale. As to threats of higher street car fares, the city can cross that bridge when it comes to it, and may even have something to say about the quality of the service for which it pays.

Mayor Fisher exposed the real purpose of the Power Company's latest drive when he pointed out that they were after interest and dividends on \$3,000,000 and a return on what the Federal Light and Traction paid for control of the Musquash current.

What the Federal Light and Traction Company wants from St. John is a fat return on a capitalization of \$3,000,000. Does any citizen believe that such real money is invested? Give the company control of Musquash or the distribution of the current and it will have the city by the throat again.

The real get-together that is needed in St. John is one that would inspire those who are now shedding gloom to have a little more faith in themselves and their city. They really do not need the Power Company as a crutch to lean upon.

If with control of Musquash the Power Company can do so much, the value of Musquash becomes all the more obvious. What we have we hold.

DO THE PEOPLE RULE, OR NOT?

A public meeting in the interests of the New Brunswick Power Company is to be held this evening. It is called by citizens who are opposed to a civic distribution system. Some of them perhaps are interested in the Power Company. Some are avowed enemies of public ownership. All of them apparently want the city to surrender to the company, as the latter has declined to sell its distribution system, and the only offer made is one that would hand over to the company the distribution of hydro.

All this talk about getting together and co-operating merely means handing the Musquash current over to the Power Company and confining the city to its own affairs. Three times the people have declared their purpose. They are now told that they are not competent to judge in such matters and that their will must prevail. Slighting references were made to them at the City Hall meeting yesterday. Commissioner Frink pointedly referred to when he said: "Why should I stand up here and say that fifteen hundred of my fellow citizens are merely misbegotten mountebanks?" The fifteen hundred were merely the majority. Aspirations cast upon that number are also cast upon all who voted for the Fisher plan. And these aspirations are cast in the face of the fact that the action taken by the people has already brought down the price of light and power until one of the gentlemen responsible for tonight's meeting admitted yesterday that his bill had been cut in two.

The "misbegotten mountebanks" who accomplished that much, in the teeth of the bitter opposition of those who are now clamoring to have the Power Company put back in the saddle.

It is useless to attempt to argue that the action now sought by the Power Company advocates is in the best interests of the city. Entirely too much is being made of the dangers of competition. The city can sell all the power it has contracted to take from Musquash, whether there is competition or not. If there is to be competition what St. John man will care to stand up before his fellow citizens and tell them they will be beaten?

The people are not losing sight of the real meaning of this agitation. It should succeed they would gain by it. If it fails, it is to be competition what St. John man will care to stand up before his fellow citizens and tell them they will be beaten?

There must be no delay. The city begins to pay for the Musquash current on May 1st. Mr. Sanderson blandly assures us that the company will assume that responsibility if—what? If his company gets its own way. That is the milk in the coconut. The proposition of offers he makes is the best that Britain get out of the deal. He would rely on his own astuteness to make fat profits for the company as soon as that control was assured. The course of the City Council is clear. It must get on with the civic distribution system.

WHAT THEY HAVE PROVED

If the Power Company can do all the things it says it can, and return a profit to those who have money invested in its securities, how much better can the city carry them out than it is not compelled to "take from the city" more than is necessary for the actual cost of the service?

This new message from the Power Company is a most complete endorsement of the Musquash development, an unintended announcement that the power at cost is even now at hand, and an undeniable acknowledgment that the new rates which the company made effective on January 1 can be still further reduced when the necessity of paying therefrom fat profits has ceased to exist.

Every day and with every new move of the Power Company comes the fuller realization that the citizens' action in voting for power at cost was a move in the right direction. All that is needed is steadfast resolve to see the thing through to the end. The crucial period in the history of the city is now being passed, and, with the rights of the people carefully guarded, there is bound to follow increased prosperity, better service and a more contented citizenship.

We are told the city now has to deal with new owners of the New Brunswick Power Company. But the same old watered stock is there.

In the Fairview Methodist church yesterday afternoon the Louise Lewin Mission Band met with Miss Muriel Kirkpatrick presiding. Miss Hennigar gave a very interesting and helpful address on the Japanese mission problem, speaking from experience. Her address occupied forty-five minutes at the conclusion of which refreshments were served.

The Marriage Game

The Snappiest of Pastimes As Played to a Decision Every Day By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hutton

THE SUBTLE STRAIN.

Her Play—Behold, man, the superior—ah—animal! Well, don't glare, my dear—you are forever patiently explaining to me that man is the superior animal. I am only repeating your own expression, you know! I can't help but wonder, though, where you men get that superior idea. Why, for example, does a man have a really profound aversion to the true comradeship of a woman? He wants a woman to either be a toy or a tyrant—you know that's the truth. A man is willing that a woman should be either his superior or his vassal—but he will never bring himself to consider her as a real equal, a comrade. Well, I'm waiting for your defence.

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THE RETURN OF RELIGION.

(New York Tribune.) Statistics standing alone long ago lost their power to convince, but common observation confirms the declaration of the Federal Council of Churches that the religious bodies of America made an unprecedented growth last year. It is a matter easy to ascertain abroad in the land. It would be natural to find it reflected in the figures of church membership.

Such were the terms in the outlook of mankind are hard to judge justly from a near view. A long perspective will be needed before it will be possible to say with assurance why this return of religious interest came in the year following the war—or what it will lead to. The most that can be done now is to note the facts and suggest possible explanations between which time must select the true from the false.

Undoubtedly the great emotional explosion accompanying the war played a considerable part in the change. For all the pacifists and the men of spirit the war meant a stirring of deep primitive emotions, of righteous wrath of devotion to the general welfare, of sacrifice. Out of such a sudden release from the ordinary life of all anything might leap.

But it may well be doubted whether the war was not the real cause. For religion and whether it would not have come in some degree, war or no war, the dry, dusty rationalism of the nineteenth century could not long satisfy man. In his excitement over the marvelous strides of science and invention he became puffed up with pride in his reason and over-confident in the dry, dusty rationalism of the nineteenth century could not long satisfy man. In his excitement over the marvelous strides of science and invention he became puffed up with pride in his reason and over-confident in the dry, dusty rationalism of the nineteenth century could not long satisfy man.

From such an excess there was bound to be a reaction. That the war was only the real cause, and that he had to tumble him out of his basket of wisdom is a theory that has been to support it. Sooner or later he must have fallen.

STATISTICS SPEAK FOR PROHIBITION

The Bellman in Halifax Chronicle—There was an interesting debate in the Province of Alberta recently between the Rev. Hugh Deacon and Michael Clark, ex-M.P. of Red Deer. In the course of the debate, when Dr. Clark was asked by the speaker of the prohibition, he defended his position in opposing prohibition by the following statistics.

That argument has been heard in high quarters in Nova Scotia, and especially in Halifax, where the Rev. Hugh Deacon and Michael Clark, ex-M.P. of Red Deer. In the course of the debate, when Dr. Clark was asked by the speaker of the prohibition, he defended his position in opposing prohibition by the following statistics.

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PONCE DE LEON.

(Associated Press.) St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, will celebrate the discovery of Florida by Ponce de Leon on April 4, 5 and 6. The celebration to be presented this spring is the first since the World War and into it there is to be crowded all the gaiety, beauty and charm of sixteenth century romance.

Plans for the Ponce de Leon celebration are unique and essentially a part of St. Augustine, for the programme is designed to portray famous historical happenings of which the city has been the centre during the centuries gone.

It was near St. Augustine, historians declare, that Juan Ponce de Leon, seeking the fountain of eternal youth, stepped upon the shores of Florida on Easter Sunday, 1513. Flowers bloomed, birds sang and it was in truth a Ponce de Leon, or Flower Festival, that he celebrated in the city of St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, will celebrate the discovery of Florida by Ponce de Leon on April 4, 5 and 6.

The first day of the celebration will portray the coming of Ponce de Leon. The Knight of Leon and his retinue, richly clad in the picturesque costumes of medieval days, will sail the blue waters of Matanzas Bay on their Spanish caravels, ancient high-popped, galleons, bringing the gallant cavalier to this alien shore.

Pedro de Aviles, Menendez, explorer and colonizer, a hardy and brave soldier, but cruel and relentless, founded the city of St. Augustine in 1565, and the second day of the celebration will be devoted to the commemoration of this event.

The third day will come the change of flags, and the different banners which in turn have floated over the city of St. Augustine in 1565, and the second day of the celebration will be devoted to the commemoration of this event.

The banner of Spain and the Union Jack of Great Britain will float on the April air, detachments from the Spanish and English companies taking part in the pageants, raising the pennants only to lower them again. When commemorating the change of flags when Florida became a part of the United States, the stars and stripes will show their colors and will remain to float from the flag-staff.

Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, heiress to the estate of the late Henry M. Flagler, will be the guest of honor at the banquet which will be given at the Alcazar casino, when charming gossips will converse with the pageants in Ponce de Leon's retinue.

An effective feature will be the bombardment by night of old Fort Marion, by Ogletrope's forces from the British colony of Georgia, an historic event of the early years. An attack on an Indian village by the Spaniards will be another interesting night event.

WESTERN PLACE NAMES.

Names of Canadian places, the picturesque of the Mounted Police and other types broadcasted through the world by the media are the subject of some remarks by a writer in the Boston Transcript, who says:—

"We have made a good start in several states with the constabulary, but it will be a long day before the Mounted Police are admitted, and even though negative in the United States, they can be glad of this picturesque figure. They are the only men in the world who are named up north there so that they can't help sounding like war bonnets and hind legs in a row. Look at the weather predictions and records in the Calgary Herald. It is clear at Kamloops, but cloudy at Medicine Hat, and indeed, it is at Swift Current and Moose Jaw. It is fair weather at Saskatoon, but cloudy at Regina, and we think the name has a tremendous swing to it between West Windward and Saskatchewan we do not like to decide, but we will say we think Saskatchewan is a splendid name. "Hello Yank!" "Hello Saskatchewan!" and both of them understand each other. It is clear at Battleford, and even though this is a more conventional name, it has a good, vigorous sound. And though this is cloudy at Qu'Appelle, we should like to go to Moose Jaw and talk with some of the men who are named up north there so that they can't help sounding like war bonnets and hind legs in a row. Look at the weather predictions and records in the Calgary Herald. It is clear at Kamloops, but cloudy at Medicine Hat, and indeed, it is at Swift Current and Moose Jaw. It is fair weather at Saskatoon, but cloudy at Regina, and we think the name has a tremendous swing to it between West Windward and Saskatchewan we do not like to decide, but we will say we think Saskatchewan is a splendid name. "Hello Yank!" "Hello Saskatchewan!" and both of them understand each other. It is clear at Battleford, and even though this is a more conventional name, it has a good, vigorous sound. And though this is cloudy at Qu'Appelle, we should like to go to Moose Jaw and talk with some of the men who are named up north there so that they can't help sounding like war bonnets and hind legs in a row. 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