

SHOPS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Designed to Place Before Our Readers The Merchandise, Craftsmanship and Service Offered By Shops and Specialty Stores

ASHES REMOVED

IF YOU WANT YOUR ASHES REMOVED call W. G. McInerney, 804 Union street, Main 968-11. 70163-12-19

FOR THE REMOVAL OF ASHES and general trucking call M. 1048-11. 69935-12-14

ASHES REMOVED PROMPTLY. Eastern Ash Co. Tel. M 3048-11. 69768-12-18

BRASS PLATING

ELECTRIC LIGHT FIXTURES REFINISHED in all colors. Brass beds refinished and made as good as new. Ornamental goods repaired. Refinished in their original colors at Grondines the Plater.

BARGAINS

TINSEL AND ORNAMENTS—We have them at 210 Union street. Get yours before they're all gone. 12-14

SANTA CLAUS HAS ARRIVED with lots of goods for Christmas presents at Wetmore's, 59 Garden street.

FULL RANGE OF THE FOLLOWING winter lines: Men's and boys' sweaters; Stanfield, Penangle; fleece lined and Merino underwear; heavy wool and medium socks; shaker and wool blankets, etc.—J. Morgan & Co., 629-633 Main street.

COAL

NOW LANDING, FRESH MINED Reserve Sydney Coal. Tel. 42. James S. McGilver, 5 Mill street.

BURN OLD MINE SYDNEY screened coal in grate and range. Jas. W. Carleton, corner Duck and Market Place. West 82.

T. M. WISTED & CO., 148 ST. PATRICK street. American anthracite, all sizes; Springfield, Reserve Sydney soft coal also in stock. Phone 3145-11. Ashes removed promptly.

DANCING

PRIVATE LESSONS AND CLASSES. Call M 2012 for rates. Advanced class Tuesday and Saturday. 69948-12-14

ENGRAVERS

F. C. WESLEY & CO., ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS, 59 Water street. Telephone M. 982.

FILMS FINISHED

FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED by hand at Wason's, Main street. No machine work. Enlargement 8 x 10 for 35c.

FUR CLEANING

FUR CLEANING BY EXPERT FURRIER. Prices moderate, goods called for and delivered. H. L. Currie, late of C. & E. Everett's. Tel. Main 1084-21. 70172-12-19

GOLD PLATING

TABLEWARE OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED and plated. Knives, forks, spoons, cake baskets, castors, teapots, etc. Mesh bags repaired and plated. All jewelry repaired and plated, gold or silver, at Grondines, the Plater. 11

HATS BLOCKED

LADIES' VELOUR BEAVER AND Felt Hats blocked over in latest styles. Mrs. T. R. James, 280 Main street, opposite Adelaide.

HAIRDRESSING

MISS McGRATH, N. Y. PARLORS, Imperial Theatre Building. Orders taken now for new hair, colorings, hair work a specialty. Gent's manicuring—Floor 2. Phone M 2693-81. New York graduate.

IRON FOUNDRIES

UNION FOUNDRY AND MACHINE Works, Limited, George H. Waring, manager, West St. John, N. B. Engineers and machinists, iron and brass foundry.

MEN'S CLOTHING

GOOD RELIABLE WINTER OVERCOATS at reasonable price. W. J. Higgins & Co., custom and ready-to-wear clothing, 192 Union street.

NOW SHOWING A BIG RANGE of men's overcoats, from \$12 to \$24; also a large assortment of raincoats, all guaranteed. Call early and make your selection. Turner, out of the high rent district, 440 Main street.

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN ON CITY FREEhold or leasehold. Apply Leonard A. Conlon, Solicitor, Ritchie Building.

NICKEL-PLATING

AUTOMOBILE PARTS RE-NICKEL-ED, made to look like new. Bicycle parts, sewing machine parts, stove fittings, bath-room fittings, etc., re-nickel-ED at Grondines the Plater. 11

FINANCIAL

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET
Quotations furnished by private wire of J. M. Robinson & Sons, St. John, N. B.
New York, Dec. 11.

	Previous Closing	Opening	High	Low
Am Car and Ferry	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2
Am Loco	40	40	40	40
Am Pac	128 1/2	128 1/2	128 1/2	128 1/2
Am Steel	58 1/2	58 1/2	58 1/2	58 1/2
Am Smelters	70	70	70	70
Am Tel and Tel	101 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2
Am Woollens	41 1/2	41 1/2	41 1/2	41 1/2
Anacosta Mining	55	55	55	55
At, T and S Fe	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2	80 1/2
Brooklyn R T	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2
Balt & O	46 1/2	46 1/2	46 1/2	46 1/2
Baldwin Loco	53 1/2	53 1/2	53 1/2	53 1/2
Butte & Superior	16 1/2	16 1/2	16 1/2	16 1/2
Beth Steel "B"	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2
Chino Copper	41 1/2	41 1/2	41 1/2	41 1/2
Chic and N West	91	91	91	91
Ches and Ohio	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2
Col Fuel	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Gen Electric	128 1/2	128 1/2	128 1/2	128 1/2
Cent Leather	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2
Cruible Steel	50	50	50	50
Erie	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2
Gen Steel	42 1/2	42 1/2	42 1/2	42 1/2
Gr Northern Pfd	87 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2
Inspiration	41	41	41	41
Int Mar Com	20 1/2	20 1/2	20 1/2	20 1/2
Midvale Steel	42 1/2	42 1/2	42 1/2	42 1/2
Indust Alcohol	106 1/2	106 1/2	106 1/2	106 1/2
Kennecott Copper	29 1/2	29 1/2	29 1/2	29 1/2
Lehigh Valley	53 1/2	53 1/2	53 1/2	53 1/2
Midvale Steel	42 1/2	42 1/2	42 1/2	42 1/2
Maxwell Motors	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2
Mex Petroleum	78 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2
Miami	26 1/2	26 1/2	26 1/2	26 1/2
North Pac	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2
Nor and West	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2
N Y Air Brakes	101	101	101	101
N Y Central	65	65	65	65
Pennsylvania	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2
Pressed Steel Car	50	50	50	50
Reading	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2
Republic 1 and S	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2
South Pac	37 1/2	37 1/2	37 1/2	37 1/2
South Railway	23 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2
South Pacific	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2
Studebaker	41	41	41	41
Union Pacific	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
U S Steel	84 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2
U S Steel Pfd	106 1/2	106 1/2	106 1/2	106 1/2
United Fruit	116	116	116	116
U S Rubber	40 1/2	40 1/2	40 1/2	40 1/2
Utah Copper	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Vir Car Chem	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
West Union	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
West Electric	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2
Sales—Eleven o'clock	178,800			

MONTREAL TRANSACTIONS
(J. M. Robinson & Sons, Montreal Stock Exchange)
Montreal, Dec. 11.

C. P. R.—5 at 128 1/2.
Dominion Steel—80 at 82.
Brompton—50 at 40.
Bell—10 at 180.
Steel Co.—10 at 40 1/2.
Smelters—10 at 25.
Ships Pfd—8 at 76.
Cement Pfd—5 at 90.
First Nat. Loan—200 at 85.
Third War Loan—100 at 92 1/2, 500 at 92 1/2.

WALL STREET TODAY

New York, Dec. 12—Wall street today showed no marked change in the outset of today's dealings, but prices soon tended downward on moderate sales of industrials and Allied equities. U. S. Steel made a new low for the year on its first offering of 7,000 shares at 84 1/2 to 84 3/4 against yesterday's closing quotation of 85 3/4. Ralls were fractionally lower, also shipping and utilities. Decidedly better tendencies developed before the end of the first hour. Liberty bonds shaded slightly.

WATCH REPAIRERS

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING a specialty. Watches, rings and chains for sale. G. D. Perkins, 48 Princess street. T. F.

W. BAILEY, THE ENGLISH, AMERICAN and Swiss expert watch repairer, 188 Mill street (next Hygienic Bakery). For reliable and lasting repairs come to me with your watches and clocks. Prompt attention and reasonable charges. Watches demagnetized.

FOR RELIABLE CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRS go to Huggard, 67 Peter street. (Seven years in Waltham Watch factory.) T. F.

WEATHER STRIPS

FOR FREEDOM FROM DRAFTS, saving in fuel, and for comfort, equip your windows and doors with Chamberlain Metal Weatherstrips. A. E. Winston, M. 2479, 86 Princess street.

WALL PAPERS

GREAT BARGAINS IN WALL Paper at H. Baig's, 74 Brussels. 69985-12-23

WOOD

FOR SALE—DRY KINDLING wood. Telephone Main 3286-31. 12-15

DRY SLAB WOOD, KINDLING AND deal ends, \$1.25 per load in North End. Phone Main 3471-11. 69943-1-8

EQUITABLE FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
ANDREW JACK, Agent
65 Prince William Street

Douglas Fir Sheathing
7-16 x 2 1/4 V Joint, or 7-16 x 5 1/4 V and Centre V.

Clear and kiln dried. Makes beautiful ceiling and wainscot. Special Cash Price on quantities, \$36.00 per M. ft.

J. Roderick & Son
Britain Street
Phone Main 854

BALIFF SALE

Distraint for rent, to be sold at Public Auction at 114 Pitt street, Friday, 14th, at 2 o'clock.

CHARLES OSBORNE
Baliff.

Engagement Announced.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Donnelly of Long's Creek announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Annie, to Arthur McCashion of New Market. The wedding will take place early in January.

Mrs. Robert Jordan of Lower Queensbury announces the engagement of her daughter, Charlotte M. Saunders, to Ralph M. Murch. The wedding will take place at the bride's home on Christmas day.

John Hanson of Stone Ridge is dead. He is survived by a wife and two daughters and two brothers, Thomas and Rainsford.

So That The People May Know

Increase In Street Car Fares Will Not Make Up Two-Thirds of Increased Operating Expenses — Further Facts And Figures.

When we petitioned the Board of Public Utilities to permit us to change our street car fare to six cents, with one cent for transfer, we knew perfectly well that they would refuse to grant our petition unless we could prove:

- (1) That the return to our investors is not a fair return.
- (2) That our management is efficient and honest.
- (3) That our capital is honestly and prudently invested and is entitled to a return.
- (4) That our expenditure, to maintain the service, is never finished—it must continue to be made for the betterment of that service.

And we shall have no difficulty in proving all these things right up to the hilt.

To cite an instance:
The operation of the street car service, alone, represents the consumption of 9,000 tons of coal per year.

You know what you paid for coal last year and what you paid for it this year.

So far as your company is concerned, it simply means that, in 1918, we shall be compelled to pay considerably more for our coal supply than we did in 1917. We cannot buy our coal at the same price we did in 1917.

I estimate a six cent fare with one cent transfer will bring in \$60,000 increased revenue, which will not be two-thirds of the increased operating costs we shall have to face on our street railway.

As a matter of fact, I do not calculate that even with the increased fare and the maintenance of the present service, we shall get two per cent, back from the street railway department for interest charges.

But it will help us tide over the present abnormal times.

It is simply a statement of fact that no company or no person can buy at present day prices and sell at a price which prevailed ten years ago; economic ruin must follow, just as sure as the night follows day.

ou, the people of St. John, demand—and you have every right to demand—the best, safest, and most convenient street car service that our company can give you.

We can continue to give you that service providing we are allowed to make the moderate increase in our rates, for which we have petitioned.

If, at this most pressing moment, we are refused this urgent relief, then—

Would you continue in a business in which every day you faced an absolute loss?

L. E. ROSS,

President New Brunswick Power Company.

The Chickens That Flirted With Brewery

These Were of the Feathered Variety and They Fell From Grace on Moving From Country to City

For a long time we have wanted to write about urban poultry; but we have been too nervous to start. It may seem to the reader that we are carrying out natural delicacy too far and are becoming almost prudish, but the fact remains that we were afraid to write about city chickens for fear of being misunderstood.

You see, the word "chicken" has acquired ramifications of meaning which have nothing whatever to do with Plymouth Rocks, or Silvers, or Wyandottes, or Buff Cochins, or any of the other standard breeds of fowls. It occurred to us, therefore, that if we were to start an article about keeping chickens and dressing chickens and that sort of thing, readers of a prejudicial turn of mind might jump to indecorous conclusions. We hasten to assure the reader that we don't mean that kind of "chicken" at all. In the first place, we don't know anything about it. We are not poultry experts—also too poor. It is true that occasionally, when forced by our professional duties to investigate the night-life of great cities, we have seen a party of this sort gaily cavorting about—and we are growing proud. Let it suffice to state that this article is written about the sort of chicken that goes garbed in feathers—hen feathers, we mean, not ostrich plumes.

It is really extraordinary how many people in town keep chickens. The love of things rural seems to die hard in the urban breast, and the city dweller, in the early dawn and chews straws while he gazes placidly at his hay field or his hog lot, the city man keeps hens.

First of all he buys a whole library of hen literature. He discovers that there are about seven hundred breeds, and that each one has a special purpose. Finally he buys four hens and a rooster, which can trace back their ancestry through two hundred generations or more of aristocratic breeding. No common pullets for the city man who is going in for poultry—nothing but the real blue bloods at about forty dollars apiece.

He has previously built a strictly up-to-date hen house—steam heat, hot and cold water, nursery attached, open-work plumbing, and every modern convenience. If he is a very kind hearted man he may even put in a gramophone and hang comic pictures on the walls. They say it is very important that hens should be kept in a cheerful state of mind. Personally, we have always had our doubts about a chicken having any mind at all. But that's what the books say, and who are we that we should venture to dispute with a book?

Of course, these chickens don't lay. Purse proud and aristocratic chickens of this sort never do. They have no incentive. Why should they go to the trouble of laying eggs and having a family when they can get everything a hen's heart desires without it? Besides, the hen hours they keep tend to a low birth rate.

The owner gets it into his poor numb noodle that the food isn't right. He starts experimenting and once you start experimenting with hen feed you are headed for bankruptcy and the bug-bug. The only thing that saves you is that the chickens die in time—chick-brown Leghorns instead of Black Minorcas, for instance. But the result is always the same.

Occasionally, of course, a hen will forget herself and the social exigencies of city life and will lay an egg. Now and then they are even known to have a chick—in extreme cases, two or three. But families of this unbecomingly size are extremely rare. At a moderate estimate—allowing only a reasonable interest on capital invested, hen house, hens, etc.—the eggs cost three dollars and a half each, and the chickens six and a quarter. But every time one happens the proud owner goes about for days telling all his friends what a convenience and economy it is to grow your own eggs and spring chickens right there on the premises.

There is something pathetic about the way the moral character of chickens deteriorates in town. We have often wondered, in fact, why the persons do not draw stern ethical lessons for their sermons from the way decent, well behaved country chickens take to evil courses in large cities.

Time and time again we have seen in noisier and more energetic young roosters from the farm come into our neighborhood—rather a respectable neighborhood, too, as neighborhoods go—nice, young, roosters, or Silvers, or Wyandottes, or Buff Cochins, or any of the other standard breeds of fowls. It occurred to us, therefore, that if we were to start an article about keeping chickens and dressing chickens and that sort of thing, readers of a prejudicial turn of mind might jump to indecorous conclusions. We hasten to assure the reader that we don't mean that kind of "chicken" at all. In the first place, we don't know anything about it. We are not poultry experts—also too poor. It is true that occasionally, when forced by our professional duties to investigate the night-life of great cities, we have seen a party of this sort gaily cavorting about—and we are growing proud. Let it suffice to state that this article is written about the sort of chicken that goes garbed in feathers—hen feathers, we mean, not ostrich plumes.

There is a rooster in our block just now, who has gone absolutely to the devil. We first knew him as a kindly young cockerel from one of the small provincial towns, good humored, honest, and orderly. But you ought to have seen him. The brute should have been put to death. He was getting into his head every time in the night that an automobile goes by; and he spends his afternoons sitting on the side fence watching the girls in the tight skirts, with the nastiest leer in his eye! We often hear the hens calling to him; but what does he care about his family responsibilities?—not a klick!

The neighbors are all talking about that rooster. They are also saying things at him whenever he gets within range. This brings up another unpleasant feature of keeping hens in town. The roosters are very apt to be nasty about it. They never seem able to take the same idyllic view of chickens that the owner does—very narrow minded people, neighbors, as a rule.

Even the best behaved fowl are likely to fly over the fence occasionally into a neighbor's yard and dig worms out of the gravel walk or make impromptu salad of his geraniums and young onions. And you have no idea how annoyed the neighbor gets over these little outbreaks of playfulness. Think, too, of the eggs that must result from it. Just imagine, reader, my dear, an egg with a geranium shell and a flavor of young onion—on a heliotrope and carrot tops—or burdock and tomato can! The possibilities are unlimited.

This reminds us of a man we knew once who lived back of a brewery. We didn't seek out his acquaintance and he didn't seek out ours just because he lived back of a brewery—it happened that way, that's all. We couldn't very well cut a man just because he lived back of a brewery, could we?

He also kept chickens. We didn't let this interfere with our friendship either. But he had certainly the gosh damndest time with his chickens of any we ever knew. There were about fifty of them, three roosters—and they had a nice, roomy hen house with separate beds and great big perches to sit around and talk on, every comfort, in fact.

But did those chickens stay at home and lay eggs and rear large families and attend to the other duties of their station in life? No, they did not. They took to drink. We can hear the reader snort in disgust as he reads this—if he does. The reader no doubt thinks we are lying. Not knowing the sterling honesty of our nature, the reader doubts our word. But fortunately we have court records to back us up; for our friend used the brewery for damages.

You see, the brewers used to throw out their used malt and the leas of the beer-vats in a huge pile, just back of our friend's fence. One day an enterprising young rooster whose moral upbringing had been neglected, hopped over the fence and tried some of the malt. It tasted good. Little did he know, poor bird, that he was getting into the clutches of the Demon Rum. He ate fermented malt till he couldn't jam down another grain.

Did it go to his head? Didn't it—dear reader, that young rooster accumulated the loveliest load of lush, the most beautiful and bountiful "bum" ever seen in that district—and it is a district rather famous for its "buns."

It was long after dark when the young rooster got home—trying to find the key hole, no doubt—and he aroused the whole henery. He staggered around cawing comic songs, insulted all the most respectable hens in the place, started in to whip the other roosters, and put the whole place on the blink generally. Our friend was aroused by the uproar, and rushed out, thinking that a rat or a stray dog had got into the hen house. He said that it was the finest representation

tion of a hilarious "jag" in an old ladies' home that he ever saw. But, of course, he didn't know at the time what was wrong with the young rooster. He thought he was sick, and went out next morning and gave him some bread and milk—or whatever it is one gives sick roosters. But the rooster would have none of it. He didn't want bread and milk. What he wanted was some bromo-seltzer or a "Collins."

Was the young rooster enlightened as to the evil of his ways? Did he take the pledge and climb on to the water bucket? Alas, no! What that young rooster did was to fly right back over the fence that very afternoon and tank up once more. Worse still, he brought the other roosters with him.

That night there was another rough house in the henery—four times rougher than the other for there were four roosters in it. They went in for close harmony in their choral work and also did a little close scrapping. They even tried to whip our friend when he went out to restore order.

Talk about drunkards homes and temperance lessons—that henery would have furnished the W. C. T. U. and the prohibitionists generally with arguments for a five years' campaign. In a few days every chicken in the place had developed a taste and capacity for beer that would have filled half the population of Bavaria with envy. Life for them became one big "bum" after another.

Instead of hopping cheerfully from bed at the first peep of dawn, these chickens slept in till noon. They didn't care who got the early worm. Then they piled over the fence to the malt pile, and stayed right there till closing time and after. They stayed, in fact, till our friend went over and carried them back. He said it made him feel like a police van on the Twelfth of July.

Nothing could keep those hens away from the booze. Our friend built the fence higher, but they dug a tunnel under it. When he blocked that up they flew over into the neighbors' yards and got around that way. They would even go