

The Evening Times-Star

The Evening Times-Star, printed at 25-27 Canturbury street, St. John, N. B. (Sunday excepted) by the Evening Times-Star Publishing Co., Ltd., J. D. McKenna, President.

Subscription Price—By mail per year, in Canada, \$5.00; United States, \$6.00; by carrier per year, \$4.00.

The Evening Times-Star has the largest circulation of any evening paper in the Maritime Provinces.

Advertising Representatives—New York, Irvington-Powers, Inc., 25 Madison Ave., Chicago, Irvington-Powers, Inc., 19 South La Salle St. The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation of The Evening Times-Star.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 4, 1927.

NATIONALIZATION

THE City Council is to meet each morning to discuss the details of a bill providing for nationalization of the port of Saint John. There was talk of a conference of representatives of the City Council, Board of Trade, the railways, and the Trades and Labor Council; but it has not been held.

REAL ESTATE ATHLETICS

THE phase of sport known in the United States as "real estate football" is one that doubtless opens the door to abuses, yet at the same time may be employed legitimately and to advantage.

THE UNITED MARITIMES

WE have another evidence that political partisanship is not to stand in the way of united effort to secure justice for the Maritime Provinces.

WHY NOT THE AIR-PORT?

THE origin of property, whether personal, civic or national, is not always easy to trace. The progress of property is less difficult to follow; purpose, tenacity and a modicum of good fortune are, as a rule, the ingredients.

Other Views

NOT SO EASY TO DO.

A PSYCHOLOGIST in Rhode Island has discovered that two-thirds of 100 apparently normal children were laboring under some sort of handicap that hindered development.

W. F. AND SPELLING REFORM.

BILLY McLEAN, ex-M. P., is the front again with a two-column article in support of simplified spelling. There is much to be said in favor of phonetic spelling, but it must be met by a new generation that knows nothing of derivatives.

THE ABOLISHERS OF WAR.

A TREATY to abolish war is being promoted by a group of fine citizens, including the professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

NONSENSE

AS an example of that type of fanatical exhortation for propaganda purposes which does not stop at the deliberate alteration of the meaning of words, the declaration at Milwaukee of a Columbia University professor stands high.

THE INCOME TAX.

THE Dominion income tax is due for an overhaul. Reductions are bound to come but inequalities of the burden of it should also be removed.

NOW IT CAN BE DONE.

THE mother country has already shown its willingness to assist in every possible way the settlement of Britishers in the Dominions, and, as usual, is prepared to back up its good will with the most liberal financial contribution.

PUNCH HAS ITS JOKE.

"PUNCH" can usually be depended upon to humor out even the most serious subject. It observes that "as a result of the imperial conference it now seems practically certain that Great Britain will remain within the empire."

"Our Yesterdays"

SAINT JOHN IN 1846

(By "Old Timer")

ONE of the earliest books relating to the Province of New Brunswick is Abraham Gesner's "New Brunswick with notes for Emigrants," published in London in 1847, and the author, according to the preface, had been employed by the New Brunswick Government for five years in making a geological survey of the province.

Gesner's description of the City of Saint John makes interesting reading after the lapse of nearly eighty years, and forms an interesting basis of comparison.

Saint John, the author states, "is situated upon a rocky peninsula of very uneven ground, that slopes in opposite directions from a central ridge. A great deal of labor has been employed in cutting down the hills and leveling the streets, several of which are still steep, and the ice in winter sometimes renders them dangerous."

The principal wharves, docks and warehouses are situated farther to the north, and extend around the head of the basin to within a short distance of the falls. The whole shore is lined with timber-ponds, booms and wharves, which receive the numerous rafts floated down the river.

"The streets have been regularly laid out, and the principal thoroughfares are King Street and Queen Street, near the centre of the town, have been reserved for public accommodation. The city, which includes within its boundaries the western portion of the harbor, called Carleton, and is governed by the Mayor (who is appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor), a Recorder, six Aldermen, six Assistant Aldermen, a Sheriff of the County, a Coroner, Common Clerks, Chamberlains, High Constables, Marshals, and sixteen Inferior Constables. The revenue of the city amounts to about \$2,000 per annum. A part of the public property still remains unimproved, and is of great value. It is well built, and the whole range of wharves, to the distance of a mile and a half, is lined with stone and large piles of deal, and other kinds of lumber, destined for the British market. The principal buildings are made of stone and brick, and a number of houses are not excelled in beauty in much older cities."

"On the 14th of January, 1837, a destructive fire broke out and consumed 115 houses and stores, which were equal at the time to one-third of the commercial part of the city. The loss was estimated at \$250,000. Several severe fires have occurred since, but none so disastrous as the one of 1837, and south market wharves, have been laid in ruins, with a new market-house at the foot of King street. The houses and shops belonging to the Crown, and is occupied by two batteries, military stores, and barracks, capable of containing two regiments. In front of the barracks is a spacious parade-ground, which affords a fine promenade in summer for the public, who are admitted without distinction. The principal public buildings are three Episcopal Churches, two Presbyterian, one Roman Catholic, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Covenanter, one Christian Band Chapel, a Grammar School, a Sunday School, a Mechanics' Institute, Mayor's and City Office, three Banks, a Market House, a Hotel, a Jail, a Police Station, and Penitentiary. A number of private houses are tastefully built, and the residence of the Chief Justice, situated in a square, is quite a notable building. The low wooden buildings that formerly occupied the suburbs are yearly replaced by handsome cottages, and the city rapidly increasing in magnitude and population."

"Carleton, on the west side of the harbor, forms two wards of the city; it almost surrounds a large island, and is separated from the rest of the city by the recess of the tide. It has several handsome streets, an Episcopal Church, meeting-house, and extensive wharves, which are a quarter of a mile apart, every fifteen minutes. The fishing is excellent; and, from the convenience of a steamboat, it is a popular resort. The manufacturing industry of Saint John has advanced with the city. It has now three iron foundries, in which cast-iron engines and other machinery are made. There are also several saw-mills, which are supplied with water from the present abundance of timber, and the manufacture of lumber, shingles, and laths, has called forth the greatest amount of capital; several steam saw-mills are employed in this business, and a large quantity of lumber is shipped to the city at the falls has given rise to the Saint John Mills and Canal Company, and machinery for sawing and grinding grain is being brought to the river below, and a little town has sprung up within a space of a few years. The distance to the mill is a mile and a quarter, and the street runs through the thriving village, which should be united to Saint John, instead of being a separate parish. The whole shore of Carleton is now a building site, and a large number of houses are being erected, and the streets are very imperfectly lighted, and an effort to introduce gas was resisted by the Corporation of 1842."

"The situation of Saint John is by no means unfavorable for fortification. Batteries on Partridge Island, Fore Howe Hill, and other eminences, would defend the harbor and city. At present the defences consist of three small batteries on the east, and a stone tower and blockhouse on the west side of the harbor, and a fort on the island. Although these works are not in a state of perfect repair, the well-known spirit of the militia, with the expertness of their artillery divisions, would render the approach of an enemy even with a strong force very hazardous."

Queer Quirks of Nature

CLEAR SPRINGS ARE FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH

By Arthur N. Peck.

WHAT memories cling about some favorite and well-remembered spring!

Perhaps it bubbled up through the sand in some hollow at the edge of the meadow, with adlers growing close about on all sides, except where it was kept clear for access. About it grew the meadow grasses, and sweet flags, and blue irises.

Frogs with green backs and creamy white throats, and huge outstanding

eyes tinged with brown, crouched motionless on the bank. One was careful not to startle them for they rolled the clear water.

ON HOT SUMMER DAYS

HERE we went on hot summer days, while fishing along the brook that ran past the house, and now has shrunk so low, when weary from swinging the scythe through thick weeds, we took frequent drinks from its clear well.

Or perhaps we are thinking of some other spring at the base of the rocky hill near the old mill, like the one I pictured.

A spray of hemlock hung down over from the sheltering tree above. Columbine with their bright red and yellow blossoms came with its five long-laden spurs, and the borders their lovely presence.

In the mossy carpet at the base of the rock-wall the wood-violets reared their blue flowers. From it flowed the tiny stream that fed by branches from other springs soon grew to the meadow hill beneath whose grassy banks the bright-spotted trout lurked for careless cricket or grasshopper.

WITH CHANGING SEASONS

TO this spring, too, we came, for each favorite meadow, or hillside, or ravine had its fountain. In the spring time, save for the moss and the evergreen, it was alone in its beauty; in summer, bright blossoms were reared in its clear depths; in autumn the woods about it blazed with the red and gold of maple and birch and poplar; in winter, snow cornices overhung its margin.

But always, at all seasons its water was the same, cool and refreshing. The years slip by, and with them bring recollections of many departed scenes, but always these clear springs will recall to our minds some of our dearest memories. They are fountains of youth.

Poems I Love

BY CHAS. HANSON TOWNE

"The Last Night," by Emily Dickinson.

I HAVE already told of my passion for the poetry of this amazing American, and the more one dips into it, the more one ponders over it, the more certain one is of its rich, strange power, the more sure one becomes that Emily Dickinson had as much genius as Poe or Francis Thompson. There is no one quite like her in literature; yet she is scarcely known save to those who make a study of all poetry their joyous business. She is counted eccentric by some; to me, she is always an authoritative poet, who, looking beyond this world, dipped into infinity, and came back like some frail spirit to tell us what she had seen. Her lines almost frighten me at times, blent as she was with clairvoyance. Even her crude rhymes take on majesty.

The last night that she lived, it was a common night, Except the dying; this to us Made nature different.

We noticed small things— Things over and above the rest, By this great light upon our minds, Italicized, as 'twere.

That others could exist While she must finish quite, A lonely hermit, Oh, mummy, So nearly infinite.

We watched while she passed: It was a narrow time, Too lost were our souls to speak: At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot; Then lightly as a reed, Bent to the river, shivered scarce, Consented, and was dead.

And we, we placed the hair, And dressed her in her dress, And then an awful leisure was, Our faith to regulate.

After Dinner Stories

THE Bam family were spending several weeks at a farm for their summer vacation.

Neither the mother, father nor little six-year-old Margaret had ever been to a farm before.

Little Margaret was poking around in the grass one afternoon when suddenly she noticed a mole hole.

"Well, be careful, dear," admonished the fondly mother, "it might be just as dangerous as a ripe one!"

DOWN at Camp Taylor in the early days of a general election, newly arrived, was lined up before the clerk for preliminary paper work.

"Name and address," demanded the clerk of one husky recruit.

"High!"

"What's your name and address?"

"Lordy, sah," replied the John. "Yo' ought to know. Yo' sent 'em."

A COUPLE of actors had what is called in the vernacular of their profession a "dumb act." They owned a flock of educated ducks. There was a good act, but bookings were few and far between. Finally there came a period of idleness when the two artists could not secure an engagement at all.

They were laid off for the summer and took refuge in a little house loaned them by a sympathetic friend, and did their own housekeeping, such as it was, when every woman should be doing it.

"Swanson Bros." "Trained Duck Act." "Summer N. J."

"Have booked you for full week, Par Rockaway, opening next Monday."

But this was the melancholy answer which came back cold.

"Impossible to accept your offer. Have eaten the act."

As Methuselah

SOME one has said that all the world is divided into two classes—those who eat to live and those who live to eat. To the latter, life in the good old days must have resolved itself into one long plucking if following Jingle is a fair portrayal of the patriarch—

"Methuselah ate what he found on his plate, And never, as people do now, Did he get disturbed at dinner he sat. He ate it because it was chow. He wasn't disturbed at dinner he sat."

Destroying a roast or a pie, To this it was lacking in grandeur and fat.

Or a couple of vitamins shy, He cheerfully devoured every species of food, Untroubled by worries or fears, Lest his health be hurt by some fishy dessert— And he lived nine hundred years!"

There is one point, however, upon which the rhymer has left us in doubt. Did the nine times centenarian who ate what he wanted when he wanted it was fat? That he holds the record for longevity, we know. But what about his figure?

And now there comes one to suggest, by inference, that very likely Methuselah had the right idea—it is not food that makes for fat as much as sluggish living. In other words, whether we keep our slyph-like forms or grow fat, it is our habits, not our meals but in most part upon which

Had Eczema for 50 years

More than 35,000 people praise Ovelmo. D. R. Spencer, Bashaw, Alta., declares, "No words can express the relief I endured. Tried all kinds of medicines and special diets without result. But Ovelmo did the work." Mr. S. E. Davis, Havelock, Ont., says: "I had Eczema 50 years. Could not sleep. Ovelmo soon conquered it."

Others in every Province tell of quick relief and prompt recovery through using this scientific internal and external treatment. Druggists guarantee it.

OVELMO STOPS ECZEMA

Made in Canada by women of Canadian Clays With Canadian Coal.

The Danger In China

(New York Times)

THE real danger in China is not so much from the acts of military chieftains as from crowds rendered hysterical by vicious, anti-foreign propaganda. This has been fostered by the Soviets with the purpose of embarking upon a step in their propaganda of hate it is not impossible that there will be atrocities such as were committed during the Boxer troubles in 1900. If they occur, and missionaries are slaughtered, a very bad situation would arise. In the meantime, foreign Governments can only hope that the Chinese will continue to restrain their extremists.

Time To Decide Now

(Toronto Mail and Empire)

A DECISION of the coal rates case before the spring is desirable because the spring and summer are the most suitable seasons for an eastward movement of coal.



Keep the Butter Sweet SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

Made in Canada by women of Canadian Clays With Canadian Coal.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

DYKEMAN'S

January

Clearance

Sales

With the first of the month comes the big money-saving Clearance Sale—and every department will participate in this great event.

"Truthful Advertising" is our motto, and it must be carried out to the letter. We are not going to offer you something for nothing—neither can anyone else, honestly.

But, we have got to reduce our stocks before stock-taking, regardless of former prices. In order to effect a final clearance we are going to make reductions that will compel you to buy and buy freely.

WATCH WEDNESDAY'S PAPERS FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.

58 King St.

Chesterfields

These Chesterfields in rich Mohair or Tapestry coverings. Chairs to match. Also Odd Chairs. Very low priced.

A. O. SKINNER

58 King St.

do and how we think between meals.

According to Mrs. Theodore Parsons, author and lecturer:

"When women are padded and fattened where they ought to be free and lithe, the blood cannot reach the brain with its usual force. Even when it does get there it has picked up impurities on the way. A lumpy, stodgy body inevitably companions a lumpy stodgy brain. And if the brain is fat, one thinks fat thoughts."

Mrs. Parsons believes that the beginning and end of beauty in living lies in balanced thinking and a harmoniously developed body, and that when these exist—fat doesn't!

"People rarely develop themselves to their greatest possibilities," she says. "That is why life is only half-lived by the great majority. Colorless, mediocre people are victims of their own ignorance and slothfulness. Through education there must come that 'hey, you' when every woman shall be radiant of personality and mentally alive!"

Just Fun

HAVE you a Charles Dickens in your home?" asked a polite book agent.

"No!" he snapped.

"Or a Robert Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or a Gene Field?"

"No, we ain't, and what's more we don't run a boarding house here either."

Open Saturdays 10 p.m.

Steamy dampness makes hands stiff

HANDS AND WRISTS WERE STIFF AND LAME

Tailor finds way to overcome rheumatic stiffness and aches

A Philadelphia tailor has found a quick way of getting rid of stiffness in the hands and arms caused by constantly using a hot iron.

"I am by trades presser," he writes. "I am always using a hot iron and my hands and arms get stiff. I have been using liniments for a long time and I find that Sloan's Liniment is the best. It always gives instant relief."

Sloan's gives real help because it stirs up your own bodily forces to throw off the trouble, and to restore normal, healthy action in the sick tissues.

Just put it on lightly, without rubbing, and the first thing you know the aching and stiffness are gone. Get a bottle today. All druggists—35cents.

Light up with New Mazda Lamps and brighten up for the New Year.

"Electrically at Your Service" The Webb Electric Co.

80-91 GERMAIN STREET, Phone M. 2182. Res. Phone M. 4000

