

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 16, 1905.

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MAYOR WHITE.

Mayor White has been asked by an influential deputation of business men to stand for re-election. Should he decide to do so, there is little likelihood of any serious opposition. The ground taken by the deputation and those signing the requisition is that having taken up the question of extending the water system to Loch Lomond, and having been chairman of the water board for the past year, and having also carried through the scheme for an assessment commission, the mayor should consent to remain in office until these measures of civic policy have been carried to a successful termination.

In regard to both these measures Mayor White has taken strong ground, and in dealing with the question of water supply he assumed himself the chairmanship of the board when no alderman could be induced to accept the position.

It may be suggested that the business men who have taken action in regard to the selection of a mayor should go a step farther. If they would exert their influence to secure the strongest possible board of aldermen to assist the mayor in the important work of the next year they would confer a benefit upon the city. It is a high compliment to Mayor White that he should be asked by so many leading business houses to stand for re-election. It is equivalent to his election, and doubtless by acclamation.

ILL ADVISED STRIKE.

The strike in the cotton mills at Fall River, Mass., has now continued for over twenty-five weeks. Much suffering and a number of tragedies have attended this strike. Gov. Douglas of Massachusetts called a conference of representatives of manufacturers and workmen, in the hope of arranging a settlement. The first meeting was held on Saturday, but no agreement was arrived at. When the news reached Fall River, one of the strikers, after reading of the failure of the conference, committed suicide.

Another conference is to be held at the state house in Boston on Wednesday, and there is said to be some hope of a settlement. The following statement appears in a despatch from Fall River:

John Golden, president of the Textile Workers, said that the members of his committee were a great deal more hopeful than before the conference. He said that many misunderstandings had been cleared up, and that both sides had a better idea of the other side's position. President N. B. Borden, of the Manufacturers' Association, was asked if he thought that the situation was any clearer, and he said that he thought it was and that it presented some hope.

FRENCH POLITICS.

It is stated in a cable from Paris that the cabinet of Premier Combes will resign, not because it has been actually defeated, but because in a hot debate on Saturday night, which lasted until one o'clock Sunday morning, the government on two votes only had majorities of six and ten. Once during the evening, the socialists caused a disorderly scene by crossing and threatening to attack members of the opposite side of the chamber. The session was temporarily suspended. Later an opposition deputy flourished a saucy can in the face of the premier.

Since the house by a majority of ten has approved of the policy of the government, a change of cabinet would not mean a radical change of policy. French cabinets are short-lived, and Premier Combes has done well to remain for three years at the head of affairs. The most important measure of policy during his regime has been that tending toward the separation of church and state. That policy will doubtless be pursued by his successor.

Another clergyman has taken occasion to inform the members of the city council that their definition of unfortunate immigrants and others who are stranded in the city as loafers and thieves is unjust and untrue. He has also told them that the small grant of \$200 asked by the Salvation Army for the Travellers' Home should have been granted. The intensely cold weather we have lately

been experiencing makes it all the harder for those who seek shelter and are without friends.

Gen. Nogi's letter, in which he urges that Gen. Stoessel be treated with all courtesy and honor, does credit to him and to his nation. In what may be termed the amenities of war the Russians may take lessons from their formerly despised enemy.

There will be no Dominion exhibition in 1905. Halifax will have over a year in which to prepare for that of 1906, if it is fortunate enough to secure the grant in good time. It is apparently between Halifax and Vancouver.

The United States senate committee is still hearing evidence on the Mormon question. Saturday's witnesses were for the defence, and declared that polygamy is almost a thing of the past.

The Toronto World reporter who describes our Gov. Snowball as "cutting a dizzy swath," in his Windsor uniform should be summarily ejected from the capital by an indignant populace.

COUNCIL SCORED.

Rev. T. F. Fotheringham Preaches Against City's Action re the S. A. Metropole Grant.

In St. John's Presbyterian church last evening Rev. Dr. Fotheringham preached a stirring sermon from John III, 17. "But whose hath his world's good, and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."

Dr. Fotheringham strongly condemned the city council for having refused a grant of \$200 to the "Travellers' Home" in connection with the Salvation Army. The preacher said charity was the main test of general Christianity, for a loveless heart knew no God. From the beginning to the end of the Bible was inculcated the duty of relieving distress. There were abundant opportunities to exhibit this in St. John, especially in the case of those cast penniless on Canadian shores, for the distress in old world cities led many to seek refuge on this side of the Atlantic. From the speaker's own knowledge men were coming here from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Antwerp and many other continental cities. Few were undeserving, and asked for nothing more than one night's lodging.

Since December 1, thirty-four men had applied to him for relief; many were Germans, good, honest, straightforward fellows willing and anxious to do anything to earn their living. There were no funds in the city to meet these cases, and it therefore devolved upon the charitable generally to give temporary relief.

The recent action of the city council in refusing a grant of \$200 to the Salvation Army home was not expressing the voice of the citizens. Five hundred men could have received a day's board with the sum they refused to give, and such a contribution would have relieved the greater part of the distress for the remainder of the winter. It would have been a better way than taking the money out of the pockets of the people in a beggarly fashion.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church, preached last evening in memory of those at whose funerals he officiated during the year. The names he read were: Mrs. Giggey, infant child of Mrs. Forsey, W. F. Vincent, Mrs. Wm. Paacock, G. B. Seimes, Mabel Watson, Capt. Whelpley, Mrs. Blizard, Frederick Stackhouse, Robert Watson, George Vanwart, infant child of Mrs. Colpitts, Mrs. J. Dibblee, Wm. Lemon, Ada Hall, child of Mrs. Gilmore, Roy McKeown, May Giggey, Frank Reicher, Charles Burns, Manfred Huggard and Katherine Dunlop. The name of N. B. Colwell, who served in South Africa and died in the Canadian Northwest was also mentioned.

FIRE IN THE UNION CLUB.

A fire in the Union Club last night, gave the members present, quite a scare, and did damage to the amount of two or three hundred dollars. The fire started under the grate, in the private dining room, being caused by the intense heat. It was necessary to tear up the floor, in order to get at the fire. It was about half an hour before it was completely extinguished. At one time it was feared that the flames might get beyond control, and a still alarm was sent in, but when the firemen arrived the blaze was extinguished.

A special to the Macon from Waycross (Ga.), says that the city council has placed a license tax of \$90,000 per annum on saloons. The tax was formerly \$15,000. The city has only 6,000 inhabitants.

GLORIOUS OUTDOOR LIFE OF CANADIAN WOODSMEN

A Trip to the Woods With Axe in Hand Brings One Back to Nature's Heart---Insolent Town and Grimy Streets Forgotten---Every Hour a Dream.

(Kenneth Goldthwaite in the New York Evening Post.)

To shoulder an axe and go forth on a bright day in autumn or early winter to cut logs for the hearth is a genuine return to nature. Streaks of light play through the thin tree-tops. Occasional shreds of breeze weave in and out, shaking the bare branches and tender shoots, and then slip past and on to the fields beyond. The woodlands are deserted, save for the presence of the wild creatures who were timid companions of another day. Silent broods among the squat trunks of the beeches. The hard maples stand forth clearly revealed with a fineness and delicacy of outline that convey a sense of the interior of some vast cathedral, so much is the feeling of arch, pillar, and dome and fresco suggested. An incautious step on a fallen limb disturbs the solitude, and a small, red squirrel, white-bellied, and with an eloquent tail, scurries up a tree and pauses upon some lower limb to eye you curiously. Far above a solitary crow crosses, and higher still a buzzard swings slanting pinions and executes a masterly curve, whose precision is like that of a wheeling line of infantry. From time to time lines of wild geese and ducks wing their way to the southward appear through the openings of the trees. Down on the "points" and around sheltered coves the decoys of the hunters are bobbing up and down.

That bit of natural forest lying between the White Plains Road and the Kingsbridge Road provides manifold possibilities for the lover of nature. One may feel a responsive expression for every mood in the depths of the woodland. Every hour is a dream; so drifts the days, and so runs the world away. Now is the time to build the log fire. Selecting a pleasant day, the suburban dweller visits among the leafless solitude where piles of snow have come to hide from the sun and wind. All about stand the trees, the objects of compassion, many of whom have been Apollos to the woodlands, but now bear marks which distinguish them for slaughter. There are hard and soft maple, beech, chestnut and hickory; occasionally cherry, ash and butternut. More years than one may guess have passed since the seed fell upon fertile soil and there took root. The chestnut and hickories stretch in long lines along the stone walls that penetrate the woodland. Often a dozen or more together form little groves. Some of the largest chestnut trees in all the northern suburbs are to be found here. They often attain three feet in diameter, and it is not unusual to find three trees growing in a cluster.

There are also giants among the hickories, and their crowns overtop all their neighbors. The hard maples are among the tallest and most graceful, for their branches do not appear until the trunks reach considerable height. The beech more than any other seems built on human lines, so smooth is its bark, so graceful are its outlines and so solid is its general appearance. There is also a veined and muscular aspect in the trunk and limbs of the hornbeam, or the iron-wood, a tree that is abundant in these parts and a true friend of the woodchopper, for it is even denser than the hickory, and its peculiar wood burns with the hardness of bone. The interesting variety of materials at hand also includes the ash, which stands alone like the fighter, its close-grown fibre telling of its strength. It is the type of constancy among trees, and though the lightning may fall in the forest aisles and roaring winds come in the wake of thunder, the ash holds its branches sturdily to the blasts, secure in the knowledge of the endurance of its matted foundations.

Ordinarily trees of six inches and smaller in diameter are to be taken from a rare woodland like the Bathgate forest. Limiting the professional strokes of the axe are delivered against the side upon which it is desired that the tree should fall. At the first stroke the birds and chipmunks take warning, and seek safety in flight. Bright, clean chips moist with sap, the life blood of the tree, and sweet with pungent spicery, drop all about on the ground as the keen axe blades bite through the bark and into the heart. A strange, wild joy possesses the chopper as his victim crashes upon the ground, hurling branches in all directions.

A new light is now diffused upon the scene. The unaccustomed sunshine pours through the gap opened in the canopy. The saplings drink it in eagerly, for they have been seeking it from the moment of the regeneration of the seed, but, heretofore, save in shreds and patches, none of the great awakening, life-giving rays of the sun have escaped the wonderful exuberance of the lofty branches. The saplings twist and bend into the opening to bask in the richness; the developed branches of the large trees revel in the flood of light and flourish, and in another year the rent in the glorious woodland roof will have been repaired by nature.

The boughs drop quickly before the measured strokes of the chopper, and a comparatively short space of time suffices to convert a sturdy ash into a clean, long timber. There is peace and contentment in the mind of the chopper in anticipation of comfort, the reward for labor, as he reduces the big stick into lengths suited to the hearth, cutting through the trunk with powerful swings over the right shoulder and loosening the chips with blows swung from the left. Here and there the free light falls upon infant maples, beeches, oaks upon a thick, cold, and melting snow of a thick, discarded branch belittles the ground and almost closes the woodland aisle. Surrounding the chopper and permeating his being is the fresh, pure air of the for-

est, while fitful gusts of breeze carry to the nostrils the pungent and wholesome odors of the fresh-cut wood from which the sap oozes and perfumes the thicket with its balsamic breath.

As the woodland grows pensive with the rays of the setting sun the woodsman emerges with a load of his wood. The pristine peace of the sylvan tangle which comes after his departure is interrupted by a group of Italian women and children, patient beasts of burden, who range the suburban forest for fagots, the same as Italian wives and mothers search the woodlands of the native heath. The debris of shorn branches is quickly cleaned up by the industrious providers, and an hour later the whispings of the night fall of darkness and the dissolution of the day.

On a morning when the sun shines bold and free upon a carpet of dazzling brilliancy, when the predominant colors range from blackened reeds by the fence corners and along the banks of the river to vagrant leaves with faint, red splotches that have not turned to russet; when there is a glaring whiteness in the lanes and along and across the roads and through the brush and when the stillness of death is upon the land the subject of a last visit to the woodland naves a last visit to the wood-pile in the warm heart of the forest to haul the remaining pieces home on a sled. A little dry kindling brings the green growing tree of a yesterday to blaze and cheer and to exude a warmth and glow from the andirons like unto the ripples of sunshine and gladness of Nature firsthanded.

Then, as you sit in the shadows before the log fire while the after sunset fires fade away into twilight on the hilltops, and a glow of light creeps into the southern sky, reflecting the glare of the city's streets, you recall for the moment the glimmer and glare of the town, and in fancy tread the old thoroughfares once more. In another instant the insolent town and its grimy streets sink away. You have returned to Nature.

KENNETH W. GOLDTHWAITE.

KENTVILLE NEWS.

A Coasting Accident---Barn Filled With Stock Burned---Nova Scotian Dies in Ohio.

Kentville, Jan. 14---Rev. S. R. Ackman, of Kentville, has been gazetted to be chaplain of the King's county Hussars. He is to have the honorary rank of captain. On Wednesday evening a serious accident occurred at Wallbrook, Grand Pre' Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Perry, who were married only two weeks ago, were visiting at the home of Mrs. Perry's father, Albert Mitchell. A coasting party had been given in their honor, and as the merry party were coasting down the steep hill, the sled which carried Mrs. Perry, struck against the side of the Miner Bridge, and she was thrown off the side. A leg was broken, and several internal injuries suffered. At last accounts she was improving.

On Tuesday morning, the barn of Mrs. George Parker, Walsford, was totally destroyed by fire. All the stock was burned except one sheep. The hay and farming implements were also destroyed. The stock burned consisted of seven head of cattle a horse, and several sheep. There was no insurance and the loss will be severely felt. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The marriage of Miss Sophia J., daughter of Capt. John Cook, to F. H. Douglas of Olex, Orsonog, was celebrated at Harberville on Tuesday, Jan. 10.

Moses Brown, of Waterville, died at his son's residence, on Monday, Jan. 9, after an illness of six months.

George Fraser of Quaco, N. B., has been spending some months with his uncle, David Fraser, of Grafton.

Rev. Wm. Ryan, of Auburn, broke his arm last week, by falling on the ice.

Rev. A. B. Higgins, of Digby has been quite seriously ill from inflammation. He is reported to be recovering.

The S. P. Benjamin Lumber Co. at Falmouth have estimated that their winter cut of lumber will be about 6,000,000 feet.

After Christmas Card FROM W. Tremaine Gard.

Now that the holiday rush is over, and the business of that kind quieted down, I find like most tradesmen quite a lot of LEFT OVERS, that are just as good and as fashionable as what I have sold; and to get a move on them NOW, I am offering them at very low prices and heavy discounts. CLEAR THEM OUT so if you or any of your friends want bargains in WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, MANICURE, TOILET SETS, OPERA GLASSES, or SUCH ARTICLES, just call and see what I can do for you, at

77 Charlotte St., near head of King South Side.

W. Tremaine Gard. Goldsmith, Jeweler and Optician.

A PRACTICAL WAVE MOTOR.

A Device at Last That Successfully Utilizes Some of the Immense Power in Ocean waves.

(From the World Today.) Many attempts have been made to harness the waves of the ocean and utilize their stupendous force for the accomplishment of man's purposes. In the Patent Office at Washington there are nearly two hundred and fifty applicants for patents on various devices for this purpose, and considerable sums of money have been expended in attempts to invent a practical wave motor. The Pacific Coast has been fruitful in efforts of this sort. In 1886 a German named Gerlach erected a huge machine on the shore, a few miles below Santa Cruz Point, Santa Cruz, the idea being to place distant from San Francisco. Big paddles were to be moved by the waves and to supply power to a shaft. A flywheel weighing thirty tons was set in place, the sprocket chain attached to it weighing no less than three tons. But the contrivance did not work and was smashed by the mighty force of the breakers. Two years after the failure of Gerlach's scheme a great tank was built on Lighthouse Point, Santa Cruz, the idea being to impound an immense body of water at high tide, and release it through turbines. But a heavy storm came along and crushed the whole affair.

It remained for Mr. William Armstrong a Santa Cruz carpenter, to devise the only wave motor that has really worked and stood the test of time. He is the grandson of a British army surgeon and has always displayed considerable inventive ability. His father, settled in Chicago in 1855, and in 1842 removed to a farm at Oshkosh, Wis., where he brought up his family. He invented the patent church and also conceived the idea of a screw propeller for vessels. During the Civil War, both father and son served with the volunteers, and at Atlanta, William Armstrong was wounded. In 1877, after the death of his father, William Armstrong came to Santa Cruz, where he has lived ever since. The wave motor is the only one on which he has taken out patent.

The Armstrong wave motor is situated on the cliffs to the north of Santa Cruz, at a point thirty feet above highwater. Two waves were sunk in the machine to a depth of six feet below low water and were opened at the bottom to the ocean. In one cell is a float and in the other a force pump. Both the float and the pump are at the end of a piece of timber sixty feet in length and having at its landward extremity a pair of small wheels. The incoming wave fills the wells and raises the float; as the waves recede, the float, which weighs sixteen hundred pounds, falls on the piston of the pump and forces the water into a tank 125 feet above the level of the sea. The wave motor is owned by the city of Santa Cruz, the water pumped by it being used to sprinkle the roads. It develops about four horse power and has an average of about seven feet of rise and stroke per minute, in ordinary weather. In rough weather the down stroke is increased to one hundred feet or more in length, and at no time is it less than thirty feet. The motor might be constructed to have twenty or thirty horse power, costing about \$200 per horse power to establish. There are innumerable situations along the Pacific coast suitable for the erection of such plants, which cost scarcely anything to maintain.

MORE ABOUT THAT UNIFORM.

The Toronto World Refers to Governor Snowball at the Opening of Parliament.

The governors of other Canadian provinces must be jealous of the brave showing made by our own governor Snowball at the ceremonies attendant upon the opening of parliament at Ottawa by Earl Grey on Thursday last.

The correspondent of the Toronto World in his account of that brilliant function has this to say: "Next to Earl Grey the individual to attract the greatest notice was the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. The latter is not unknown to the Canadian public. He came into prominence a couple of months ago when his official uniform found disfavor in the sight of Major Maude. Major Maude complained that his honor's uniform was loaded with an excess of gold lace, which made it more befitting the dignity of governor general than the humble office of lieutenant-governor. Governor Snowball chose to believe his London tailor rather than Major Maude, and, as if to add insult to injury, he appeared in the senate chamber to-day fobbed in all the splendor of the challenged uniform. In knee breeches, white stockings, satin slippers and an upper garment that would assay at least a thousand dollars to the ton, Jabez Snowball cut a dizzy swath. Major Maude was not on hand to swoon at the spectacle and Col. Hanbury Williams if he had any feeling other than awe, nobly suppressed it."

IS THERE A MATTER TO WHICH YOU THINK PUBLIC ATTENTION SHOULD BE CALLED? TELL THE TIMES ABOUT IT.

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ACROSS THE BAY.

Agitating For a Standard Apple Barrel for the Dominion.

Annapolis, Jan. 14---At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Holland, Clementsvalle, on Tuesday evening, their daughter Dora and Fred P. Bunnell of Clementsport were united in marriage by Rev. J. H. Balcom in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. After the ceremony a sumptuous repast was served and after several hours of social enjoyment the wedded couple drove to Clementsport where they will in future reside. The bride was the recipient of many useful and handsome presents. The marriage of Archie L. Bent, son of Sylvester Bent of Belle Isle, and Miss Margaret M. A. Gesner, took place at St. Luke's rectory on Wednesday the 11th inst., Rev. H. How officiating. The marriage of Miss Iola Potter to Alfred R. Potter, both of Clementsvalle, is announced to take place at the Baptist Church of that place on Wednesday the 18th January. A very important subject discussed at the meeting of the Board of Trade on Monday evening last, was a standard apple barrel, in which George H. Vroom, apple inspector at Middleton coincides and suggests legislation along the line of uniformity, fixing the exact size and dimensions, and inspection as to size and quality of material for the whole Dominion, and further suggests that both ends of the barrel be planed. At the annual meeting of the Municipal Council, which convened here on Tuesday last, Councillor W. G. Clarke of Bear River was unanimously chosen warden. Mr. Clarke is a member of the enterprising firm of Clarke Bros., of Bear River. Among the spoils of war taken at Ligo Yang was a pet pigeon belonging to General Kuropatkin. It is now in Tokio.