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SUSSEX TRIMMED SAINT JOHN 6-5

Harold Radcliffe Scored Winning Goal in Overtime Play.
—Hockey Fans Got the Greatest Thrill in Years
When the Speedy Young Team Outclassed
the Winter Port Boys.

At Saint John on Friday evening Sussex defeated Saint John by the score of 6-5. The game was a battle royal and the Saint John fans were treated to a great surprise as the Winter Port team was looked upon as a sure winner. The Times-Star account of the game is as follows:

'The Old Grey Mare' from Sussex lifted both hind feet off the ice last evening, and when the drive was over, Saint John was sitting in a dazed position wondering how it all happened. Expecting a hard-fought victory over the youthful Sussex outfit, led by the brilliant Harold Radcliffe, Saint John found the first period over with the visitors leading, 2 to 0, while at the end of the second it was 5 to 2. Hockey fans then got the greatest thrill in many years when a game and fighting Blue and White sextette gave all they had to overcome such a tremendous advantage in the dying moments, and while 1,500 fans shouted and roared themselves hoarse, Temple Lane whipped the puck into the net for the tying score, forcing the game into overtime. And then, Harold Radcliffe rose to the heights that have made him the most feared forward in the Maritime times by beating McPhee with a dazzling shot that found the corner of the net and gave Sussex its first victory of the 1926 campaign.

Man—what a game it was in those closing moments! Scintillating individual rushes, wonderful combination; poke-checking by Val Boudreau; a dogged, relentless Saint John team fighting with its back to the wall and earning the untold respect and admiration of a colorful crowd; a young and speedy Sussex team determined to maintain a win that by every right was theirs, and over it all, a master leader, cool, crafty, cunning—Harold Radcliffe.

Radcliffe Stars

Three times he found a weak-spot in the local defence during the game, beating McPhee with rifle-like shots and then, when the crisis came in the second five-minute period of the overtime with Boudreau in the penalty box, he saw his chance, and, beating Lane and Thompson and just as Hal-lisey was closing in, he let drive about ten yards out. It found a corner of the net, and although the locals put five men into the attack it was vain, and the bell sounded with Lane starting a final rush. Sussex deserved to win, but, if anything, the locals increased their hold on the affections of the hockey public here by their splendid rally when everything seemed lost.

Great Teamwork

In their games this year, Sussex has shown a tendency to crack in the final period, and when Percy and Harold Radcliffe scored in the opening period, the lead was not considered a great one. But when Harold and Percy scored three between them in the second period while the best Saint John could do was two by Boudreau and Hallisey, the game took on an entirely different aspect.

Saint John started out listlessly and Sussex skated them off their feet. Johnny Friars causing them all kinds of trouble. The visitors with Harold Radcliffe as the keystone developed an attack that had the local continually on the jump, and only some splendid saves by McPhee kept the score down. The locals seemed unable to get going, and when they did, their shots were puny efforts that caused "Bev" Roach very little concern. Lutz and Brooks on the wings did well as reserves. But what saved Sussex was the impregnable defence put up by Percy Radcliffe and Johnny Friars. Time and again this pair broke up dangerous combination by the local forward line as they swept down the ice, and time and again they relieved the tension with rushes down the ice. Friars gives great promise, being a splendid stickhandler. The victory is going to put new heart in Sussex, and Moncton can expect plenty of trouble on Monday night when they entertain the Dairy Town boys.

Every one of the local boys played a great game in the closing stanzas. Whatever spell was cast on them in the opening periods was broken through a vengeance and they showed their stuff when it was needed. McPhee made many wonderful stops while Fraser, Hallisey and Gilbert on the defence worked hard. Temple Lane scored two of Saint John's goals, his playing in the final period bordering on the sensational. But young Val Boudreau was the real hero with his poke-checking. The youngster played a whale of a game all through the piece. Kiley showed up fast in the first period, while Thompson, a newcomer, worked hard. Monteth was only on a few minutes at a time and hardly got going. The defeat is quite a blow to the team's title aspirations, but the schedule is not over yet, and the locals are going to have something to say about who gets the honors before the final whistle.

Third Period

The third session was all Saint John. Sussex dropped back to play a six-man defense game. With Saint John try-

WHEN WEST WENT CRAZY ON SPECULATION

Trunk Sewer Built in a Leading City Years Ago May
Never be Used.—Houses Built to Boom Land.
—Boom Collapsed and Speculators
Lost Heavily.

The following story of "When the West went crazy on speculation" is told in one of our exchanges by Mr. W. C. Good. As many of our citizens have reason to remember that "crazy" with regret and disappointment, the article will no doubt prove interesting. Mr. Good says that:

When I was through Western Canada a couple of years ago I had a very interesting interview with a prominent citizen of Saskatoon concerning the great boom of 1910-1913 which disastrously affected so many Western municipalities.

"It will take Saskatoon many years to recover from the effects of the boom," said my friend. "At that time our population was said to be about 18,000; but it was, I think, in reality, considerably less. Yet the surrounding territory was subdivided to an average distance of about four miles from the centre of the city."

Such an area would accommodate at least a million people, judging from the density of population in the average North American city. "Did," I asked, "those who purchased city lots in these subdivisions really think that the city would grow to such a size in their lifetime?"

"No, no," said my friend, "people didn't think much about it at all. There was no relationship between the prices at which property changed hands and its real value for use. People bought only to sell again. It was a species of insanity, pausing to consider neither values nor moral standards. The only question was: 'Can I sell at a profit?'"

"Everyone seemed to be affected with the fever. You would scarcely believe it but I recall the municipal election of 1913 when I was in charge of a polling booth where 840 persons voted. Of these 840 individuals 800 gave their occupation as 'real estate agent.' There must have been about 5,000 names on the list for that district (Nutan) but most of these property owners who were entitled to vote were living at the ends of the earth."

"Did the city spend public money to boom land values in the subdivisions?" I asked.

"Yes," said my friend, "indirectly if not directly. The council, and in fact most of the citizens, were in the game, so the way was made easy from that angle. Then some houses were put up at distant points, houses that were not needed as dwellings, in order to boom land values. A few were in fact built to be sold at a profit. When these developed the street far it was easy to petition for and other improvements and in the excitement many unnecessary expenditures were incurred. For example a great city sewer was built by the city at the time of the boom, that has never been used to date. Perhaps it may never be used at all."

"Suppose," I said, "that all increases in land values had been appropriated by the city or community, would that not have been an effective check upon such an orgy of speculation?"

"Yes," replied my friend, "doubtless it would. But the total 'unearned increment' would have had to have been appropriated, and in such case would there have been any increment? And if this had been done would the city have developed as it has done in spite of all the speculation?"

"Yes, I think there would have been increase in land values," I said. "Saskatoon would have grown naturally with the development of the district; and as the need for building sites suitably located increased, land values would have increased also. If the total 'unearned increment' whatever its magnitude, had been appropriated by the community for civic improvements and civic services no one would have bought land until he wanted to use it. And, having once bought it he would keep it till some other site appeared more suitable for his purposes. Such an arrangement, I think, would have provided a growing civic revenue, would have permitted every legitimate development, and would have effectively prevented what might be termed a combination of 'insanity and greed.' By the way," I said, "did the banks have any part in this?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I recall several who had considerable credit at the bank which they used for this purpose. It was difficult to avoid—because the parties applying for these lines of credit were in a good financial position, and bankers could not as a rule control in detail their customer's transactions."

Corroboration of the way the banks were used to finance land gambling I secured later directly from an Edmonton banker. I learned also, in conversation with some of the Saskatoon old-timers something of the demoralizing influences of this orgy of speculation. Ministers and church members were, with few exceptions, in the business. It led many to the dogs. Of late conditions have improved very much in these respects, but the havoc wrought still remains in ruined lives, bankruptcies, debt and discouragement.

What happened in Saskatoon was repeated all over Western Canada during those years. In Eastern Canada the temptations were, perhaps, less, and therefore the evils were less conspicuous. Nevertheless, so long as private persons may appropriate the "unearned increment" of land values we have no assurance that a recurrence of such disastrous conditions may not come at any time. Safety lies in taking these community-created values for community purposes and thus removing all temptation to land-gambling. Until this is done, there will be a constant misappropriation of funds, and of this can come no good.

OUR APPRECIATION

We appreciate the merchants who advertise because they believe in it and in their business. We appreciate our country correspondents who send in their well-written items very week: the fame of their friendly neighbors goes abroad in the land through their efforts. We appreciate those who send in a written account of a party or wedding for by this method we get the details of the function and the names of guests correctly reported. We appreciate those who call up The Kings County Record and inform us whenever an interesting event occurs. All these make for a newsy paper and co-operation of this kind is reflected through the newspaper to other parts of the world.

COLLINA

Jan. 11—Our school has re-opened after the Christmas holidays with Miss McCurdy, of Campbellton, in charge.

The friends of Mr. Richard Sprague are sorry to hear that his health of late has not improved but hope to see him around again.

Mr. C. H. Horton, who has been in poor health for several weeks, has somewhat improved.

Miss Myrtle Snider, who has been spending some time in St. John, returned to her home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Ford spent Sunday with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, of Millstream.

Rev. W. J. Hamilton and his daughter, Miss Gladys Hamilton, spent Thursday at the home of Newton Sharpe.

George Brown, who is working in the woods for W. T. Chown, spent Sunday with his family here.

Donald Coy, of Pearsonville, has recovered from his serious illness and is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Jas. Sharpe.

Messrs. Parlee and Eldridge have their mill set up at Irish Settlement and started sawing last week. Quite a number of the men of this place are working in their employ.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Guillemette spent Saturday at Belleisle.

MOUNTAIN DALE

Jan. 9—Our school has re-opened with Miss Florence Parlee again in charge.

Mrs. Jack Cameron spent Tuesday in this place on business.

Robert Curblishley spent Tuesday with Roy Long.

Mr. and Mrs. Belding Fawcett, of Carsonville, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Simpson.

Mrs. Roy A. Long spent Wednesday afternoon with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Simpson.

Mr. Kenneth Simpson is working in the lumber woods with Mr. Parlee.

Mr. Allen Simpson and daughter, Lizzie, spent Tuesday in Sussex.

Chester Crawford and Robert Curblishley spent Wednesday in this place on business.

Mrs. W. M. Simpson and son Ross, spent Saturday at Lower Millstream.

HAMMONDVALE

Jan. 11—Friends of Gordon Kelly are sorry to hear that he is quite sick at his home here. Dr. Kennedy, of Sussex, is attending him. All hope he will soon recover.

Our teacher, Miss B. Jeffery, opened school on Monday last, after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Jeffery, Jeffery Corner.

Sherman Alexander spent the weekend at his home here. He is working in the woods at Mary Pitcher Lake with Wallace Alexander.

HOW HOLIDAYS WERE SPENT 117 YEARS AGO

From the New Brunswick Magazine of 1808.—Some
Extracts That Form Most Interesting Reading
When Considered at the Present
Time.—Were Good Old Days.

Extracts from a lengthy article on how Christmas was observed in 1808—117 years ago—from the New Brunswick Magazine of 1808, make interesting reading when considered at the present time.

"The old-fashioned kitchen had an open fire-place—in or before which all cooking was done. The poultry and meat were roasted before the open fire on a spit,—which being slowly turned, greatly, 'did,' the meat all through, and preserved all the natural juices and flavours.

All supplies were laid in early in the winter—beef by the quarter; a pig; poultry of all kinds; and maybe some moose meat and caribou. In the corner was stored a cask of madeira, and other of port and one of sherry, and the chief among them—the mainstay of the supply—a cask of Jamaica rum—very old, and very fragrant.

Early on Christmas morning, the young men assembled in some open field and tried their skill as marksmen, by shooting at live turkeys buried to the neck in the snow—leaving only the head visible. Their guns were old flint muskets, which formerly had done service in the war of the Revolution across the border.

The older people, before church time, visited each other and talked over the business of the year and the prospect of the West India trade, and old, old time stories of their adventures in the war. These discourses were punctuated by frequent adjournments to the sideboard, where decanters of wine and other cordials, flanked by jugs of good old Jamaica, were set out for the refreshment of all who desired. In that day the sideboard was never empty, and an invitation to partake was not considered necessary. It was presumed that each one knew what his requirement was, there was no pressing to drink, but it was there for each one to help himself.

The hour appointed for church service found the old people with their wives and families assembled at Trinity church. The rector was a devotee of the church, and most exemplary Christian, but somewhat eccentric. It was said that he was opposed to having stoves or any manner of heating in the church, and that he kept himself warm by wearing a furcoat under his pulpit, and gloves with the tips of the fingers cut off on his hands, to facilitate the turning of the leaves of his book. His unfortunate congregation did not fare so well, especially the woman kind, and it was part of the duty of the small boy of the household to carry a pan of live charcoal to the family pew sometime before the service commenced, to keep warm the feet of the female members of the family.

The great event of the day—the Christmas dinner—preparation for which had long been going on in the household. Hospitality was one of the great virtues of the time, and at the table of the head of the family were gathered all the descendants, including those who had married and gone out of the household, and their children of begetting age, and also two or three old friends and comrades who had remained single, and had not homes or families—all were assembled on that one day in the year in affectionate re-union at the old homestead.

The usual hour for dinner was four o'clock. The viands were all the product of the country. Turkey, beef, poultry, game, venison, all the best of their kind, good humor, mirth and jollity were the order of the day. After the solids were removed, came on the desserts, pies, puddings, custards, nuts, apples and other good things, with port, sherry and madeira. It was the day of toasts and drinking wine to each other, the latter being a very particular ceremony. One would request of his neighbor, "The pleasure of a glass of wine with you," which being responded to, each would fill his glass, then, bowing to each other as gravely as Chinese mandarins, they drank the wine and silently replaced the glasses on the table. This ceremony went around the table from neighbor to neighbor and was often repeated, and always with due gravity and decorum, any flippancy on the part of the younger members being severely frowned at as a thing not to be tolerated. Meanwhile, the younger folk had gathered in an adjoining room with the matrons, and made merry with games, and minuets and country dances.

The elders generally sat long over their wine. Overindulgence was not encouraged, and an intemperate person was much avoided, but if an old fellow got a little more than he could carry—it was not thought to be much out of the way. So as the evening went on, some of them would quietly drop off into a doze in his chair—the warmth of the rooms, good cheer and generous wine having produced a feeling of comfort and repletion. Presently, the host would make a suggestion, by the host all having had sufficient, enough of the evening was left for the game of whist—or if any of them felt inclined for a round dance with the young folk in the adjoining room. Accordingly they would adjourn to where the young people were enjoying themselves, perhaps some septuagenarian, recalling the agility of his younger days, would lead one of the elder ladies to the dance. They made a picturesque couple, he in his blue tail coat, high collar behind nearly reaching to the crown of his head, bright metal buttons those behind in the middle of his back—with knee breeches, silk stockings and pumps, and she in her old-fashioned short waisted black silk gown, with lace collar and cuffs, and mittens (without fingers), of knitted silk on her hands.

The old gentleman brightens up at the music, and he astonishes his old comrades by his pirouettes, and the sprightliness with which he "cuts a pigeon wing," as he glides through the figures of the lively dance, and finally it comes to an end, and somewhat breathless and wheezy, but with old-time country grace, he makes a bow and conducts his partner to a seat. His old friends congratulate him on his grace and agility, which they say might equal that of a much younger man, at which the old fellow is pleased, and straightens up his back and tries not to feel the twinge of lumbago which the extra exertion had brought on.

Midnight comes and the party begins to break up. Those who have to go home wrap themselves up in shawls and furs, and sleighs come to the door, and with much handshaking, blessings and good wishes, the holiday comes to an end.

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HILLSDALE

Jan. 11—The snow which came at Christmas time has been a great help to the lumbermen, who are operating quite extensively around here this winter.

Mr. Bell, who is lumbering on the Lackie farm, at Upham, has also bought Nelson Allaby's lumber, on the hill.

Wilfred Soderquest has a crew of men at work putting out the lumber on the Hugh Payne farm, now owned by Ira Perry. The mill started to saw lumber last week.

Thomas Allen has taken the contract of cutting the lumber on Nelson Allaby's place and has a crew of men at work chopping.

Mr. John Nicholson and sister Miss Annie, have gone to Saint John where they expect to take a course in business college. They were accompanied by their mother, Mrs. R. Nicholson, who remained with them for a few days.

Our school opened on the 4th instant with the former teacher, Miss Crowe, in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Davidson, of Saint John, spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. A. U. Pickel.

Quite a number of the young people around gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson on New Year's night and spent a very pleasant evening.

Jerry Devine, who had the contract of hauling the lumber to Upham Station which was sawed by Mr. Bradford at Mackville last summer, finished hauling last week.

Mrs. F. E. Taves spent the Christmas season with her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Scott and Mr. Scott, of Upper Hammond.

SOUTHFIELD

Jan. 11—Clarence Campbell spent Sunday at his home here.

Frank Baxter spent a day in Norton. School has reopened with Miss McGlone in charge.

John Campbell spent Sunday at the home of Robert Aiton.

Jos. Slattery has returned from the United States and is employed with Sylvester Slattery.

Fred and Ernest Campbell spent Sunday at the former's home.

Beverly Griffith spent Sunday with Robt. Aiton.

John Slattery spent Sunday with John Hosford.

Chas. Homer and Truman Teakles are employed with Fred Mercer.

Friends of Edward Monahan are sorry to hear he is confined to his home with a cut leg.

Misses Marguerite and Josephine Cummings spent Sunday with Miss Grace Griffith.

Miss Ruby Ross spent Sunday with Miss Florence Campbell.

Henry Cummings spent Sunday at the home of Ben Cummings.

Mrs. Beverley Griffith spent Sunday with Mrs. Byard Campbell.

Friends of Robert Aiton are sorry to hear he is confined to his bed with pneumonia.

Russel and Ira Teakles are busily engaged hauling logs.

John McGlone spent Sunday at the home of Michael Cummings.

Miss Effie Teakles was in this place in Saturday.

A. Vator and Truman Teakles spent Sunday at Fred Mercer's camp.

Mrs. Edward Monahan has returned from Norton.