

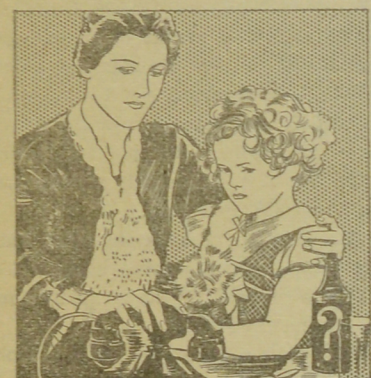
Council Concludes Jan. Meeting

Decision to Audit All Accounts of Police Magistrate Along with Other City Accounts — Fire Chief's Yearly Report Received Shows Loss Decrease — Total Fire Loss \$17,477 — Safety and Sanitation Respecting Ice Cutting Fields on St. John River.

Meeting in its January session last night the city council sat until almost midnight and considered a number of matters. His Worship Mayor W. G. Clark presided and the aldermen present were G. Willard Kitchen, C. Hedley Forbes, Moses Mitchell, C. L. Dougherty, David McCanghey, T. Earle Doohan, Warren Maxwell, Ivan McKnight, H. Ralph Gunter and Dr. H. S. Wright.

The matter of the police magistrate's accounts being audited was brought up and on motion by Ald. Dr. H. S. Wright's, seconded by Ald. T. Earle Doohan, an audit will be made of all the accounts of the police magistrate pertaining to the city of Fredericton at the same time the yearly audit is made of all other accounts. There was no discussion on the matter.

Another matter that was brought up was the locating of ice fields on the St. John river. Ald. Moses Mitchell reported that one of these "ice farms" defended off by John Simms of this city was close to the roadway leading from this side of the river to Nashwaaksis. There had been complaint from the Mayor of Devon and also the Board of Health, both claiming that the fence was too close to the roadway. Earlier this week investigation had been made and it was found that Simms' fence was only 95 feet from the roadway. It was decided that 200 feet distance would do. Ald. Mitchell



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HOW YOU REPAIR YOUR WATER TAP IN PARIS

The Troubles Experienced by a Tenant Having Repairs Made to a Leaky Pipe.

A reader wants me to explain French politics. Well, all right, I shall begin with the Tale of the Leaky Faucet.

Once upon a time I lived in a Paris flat, and the bathroom faucet leaked. I called the janitor and told him what was wrong. That was my first mistake. Knowing what was wrong, his curiosity was not aroused, and it was a week before he could tear himself from reading the tenants' post cards long enough to visit my flat.

He examined the faucet carefully, and said he would report the matter to the manager. He was cool to my suggestion that he call a plumber.

In a week or two the manager appeared and after examining the faucet and making a computation of the flow of water, he said he would get in touch at once with the renting agent. He smiled tolerantly with my plea for a plumber, said that it made good weather, and bowed himself off.

Two weeks later a bespattered young man with a cane waited on me. He was from the renting agency. He said he understood that my pipes were deranged. I explained that it was not pipes—not even a single pipe—only a faucet. He nodded, making copious notes of the conversation, and then asked to see the bathroom. There he took out a folding ruler and made various measurements, which he recorded in his notebook.

"It is as you state," he said, when he had finished. "The faucet does not march. We shall take the matter up with the owner."

"Owner?" I echoed feebly. "Couldn't you please let me have merely a plumber?"

He smiled at this pleasantry, shook my hand and went away.

The gaps between conferences on the faucet now lengthened. And as the weeks passed the water dripped through an ever-growing leak. From time to time I called up the renting agents. They assured me that progress was being made. At any moment they hoped to establish contact with the owner.

There was a perfectly good reason for the delay. My building was owned by a member of the chamber of deputies. And since, by French law, members of the chamber of deputies are not allowed to own flat buildings, there had to be a dummy owner. The dummy, not knowing that the pursuit of him was caused only by a leaking faucet, and suspecting something serious, had gone into hiding in Algiers.

However, all things end. Late one night I was called on the phone with the glad news that the dummy owner had come back from Africa and had signed all necessary "pieces" of authorization, and that if I would pay for the required revenue stamps I could take the matter up with the architect.

"But I don't want an architect," I moaned. "I want a plumber."

It was no use. The receiver had clicked.

Weeks passed, and the architect, in top hat and frock coat, came to look at the faucet. He examined it carefully, and then examined me. He wished to know my name, age, nationality, distinguishing scars if any, and why I had come to live in France.

Reduced by this time, to a state of idiocy, I could only show him a receipted gas bill and a picture of my children. That seemed to satisfy him, and as if pronouncing a benediction, he said I could send for a plumber.

General Interest	401.90
Insurance	82.00
Victoria Pub. Hos. Light ..	117.23
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Grants	250.00
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Board of School Trustees ..	11,046.54
Debentures Interest	2,285.00
Debentures Redeemed	12,500.00
Total	\$39,951.02

HOW JANING THOMAS CROWDED KING GEORGE

An Incident of the Recent Royal Wedding Where the Secretary For the Dominion Signed His Name Over That of the King—Other London News From The Daily Mail's Correspondent.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—The wedding of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina is now ancient history from the daily point of view though the newspapers are apparently loathe to let them go entirely out of their pages even while on honeymoon. Anyhow, the public prints—possibly without malice aforethought—provided a good subject for conversation and more or less innocent merriment when they published a facsimile of the marriage register the day after the ceremony.

The register was signed by some 40 or 50 persons of high degree. The signatures are here and there and everywhere and in no sort of order of precedence except of course those of the principal parties. Thus we have:

GEORGE.
MARINA.
GEORGE R. I.
MARY R.

So far so good, but to the amazement of everybody these appears, squeezed in, beneath the signature of the Princess and immediately above that of King George the sign manual of "J. H. Thomas."

"Jimmy—our hail-fellow-well-met Secretary for the Dominions, says he was told to sign there, and just did. But there are those who say that, whatever the explanation, it was improper. Latin will drag itself in today—so it may be remembered that when Cardinal Wolsey used his famous phrase "Ego et rex meus"—"I and my king"—though his Latin was correct his taste was not. Such errors of taste where kings are concerned are less dangerous than in Wolsey's day—so Jimmy is able to go on smiling.

"Speed and the range of God's skies, Distances, changes, surprise.

White's Cove, N. B.

WHITE'S COVE, Jan. 3.—A very pleasant New Year's party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Villers, White's Cove, on Monday evening, when Mrs. Villers and Miss Marion Gunter were joint hostesses to about forty of their friends. An enjoyable time was had by games, cards, music and dancing. Music for dancing was furnished by Clarence Barton and Charles Lewis. About midnight dainty refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. A. L. Gunter, Misses Ethel Urquhart, Dorothy Knight, Gordon Urquhart and Frank Reardon. The party ended by New Year greetings and singing the National Anthem.

Mr. and Mrs. Villers have as their holiday guest Mrs. Villers' brother, Donald Welch, Woodstock Rd., who is spending his vacation with his sister and family.

A young school superintendent prefers homely teachers. They are more humble and easier to boss.

Many a person hangs on to life, such as it is, merely out of curiosity to see what the samhill will happen next.

The baby was almost in long pants before the plumber came. He arrived with an assistant and a pushcart full of tools.

"You have something deranged?" he inquired.

While the assistant sat down in the parlor and composed himself with a cigarette, I led the master to the bathroom, and, too full of emotion for speech, pointed to the faucet.

"What?" cried the plumber. "Is that all?" Never in a human voice had I heard such accents of scorn. It was the cry of a man betrayed.

He turned and stalked away. At the front door he paused for one last word "It is a trifle, a nothing. It is not worthy of my interest."

"It has leaked for months," I protested.

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Do you pay for the water, No. Enfin—why derange yourself."

As far as I know, that faucet is still leaking.

Speed and the tug of the wind

... ..
as the world slips past
like a dream of Speed."

When the poet wrote that he might well have been thinking of the famous express the "Flying Scotsman."

One of the day the authorities of one of our great main line railways wanted to find out just what they could do in the matter of speed with steam locomotives. So they went to Germany and consulted with the railway people there who run, on a regular service, from Berlin to Hamburg, 178 miles, the Diesel-Electric train the "Flying Hamburger."

The Germans selected a route on the English line for a comparison as near as might be, and made out a schedule. They selected London to Leeds, 185 3-4 miles. We made up an English train of the same weight as the Hamburger.

The result was that the English train did the journey at an average speed of 73.4 m.p.h. against the Hamburger's average of 77.4. It reached for long stretches a speed of 97 1-2 m.p.m. and for a few miles just 100.

Actually the Hamburger wins. Relatively no. Conditions were in one respect not equal. The German train has a level line. Ours has many difficult grades and curves and several very severe speed restrictions. On the whole the honors are with the Flying Scotsman. The engine used is 12 years old, has run 653,000 miles and since its last overhaul has completed 44,000 miles.

There is in Hyde Park in London a stretch of very slightly S-shaped water known as the Serpentine, which has been the resort of Londoners since the days of Queen Anne.

Only in recent years has it been widely used, with the blessing of the authorities, as a swimming place for young men and maidens, old men and children.

The other day it was decided to do some dredging to keep it clear of weeds. There weren't many weeds but the trawl brought up a surprising harvest. It collected three revolvers, a shell case, two sets of false teeth, four silver forks and four silver spoons.

It looks as though burglars bathe in our London Lido.

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