

The Daily Journal

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1922.

THE BOND DEALERS' PROTEST.

The fact that certain newspapers in St. John considered the action of the Eastern Section of the Bond Dealers' Association of Canada in sending a letter to the members of the City Council, protesting against their arbitrary treatment of the Power Company, of sufficient importance to devote a column or more of their editorial columns to a condemnation of that action, is proof positive that they thought their letter worthy of consideration by the members of the council. The ridiculous attempt to frighten the bond dealers by terming their action an impertinence, does not seem to have had the desired effect because another letter of a similar nature has been received by each member of the council from the Central Section of the Bond Dealers' Association, with headquarters at Toronto.

The second letter points out that "any autocratic action now, on the part of the City, in fixing a price without arbitration, at which the City will take over the property cannot be considered fair play. We trust therefore that before you go to the expense of duplicating the system and thus not only weakening the credit of your own City but also destroying in a large measure the integrity of the securities now issued against the Power Company, you agree to the principle of arbitration in offering to take over the properties of the New Brunswick Power Company. We would also point out that if other communities generally were to refuse to deal thus fairly with the companies doing business therein, it would not be long before our whole investment fabric would be destroyed."

Doubtless, this letter will also be the signal for another foolish tirade of abuse against the bond dealers. Again they will be termed "meddlers" and warned not to interfere with the little game which the organs of graft ring are trying to play. The commissioners and the people will be told that the bond dealers are merely trying to protect the Power Company interests and that they are not trying to protect the City's credit.

Such talk is ridiculous. It is merely a barrage of words which it is hoped may have the effect of hiding from the City Council and the people the real motive which has prompted the bond dealers to interest themselves in the local situation.

It is only necessary for the City Council and the citizens to look at the situation in a reasonable unbiased light, to realize that the statements of the bond dealers are correct. If the commissioners will forget for a while the "hymn of hate" which has been sung so loudly against the Power Company and view the whole affair from the aspect of choosing for the City's best interests, they will realize that the only sane course to pursue is to do their utmost to meet the Company half-way and avoid the long, expensive fight which competition will mean. Every commissioner knows that it will cost the City two or three times the difference between the offer of the City and the price which arbitration would bring, in order to compete with the Power Company.

If they were running a private business what would they do under such circumstances? The citizens of St. John expect them to use the same judgment, in the conduct of the City's affairs. Section 3 in Mayor Fisher's platform means no more than he meant it to mean. He, himself, assured the council that there was no "definiteness" to that section. The City Commissioners are not only entitled to act, but the citizens expect them to act, as their better judgment dictates that they should, in order to protect the City's credit, save as much expense as possible under existing conditions, and be fair to all parties.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night, the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
is just as true, today (and just as sound advice for any commissioner to follow), as it was when Polonius handed it to Hamlet.

UNCIVILIZED NEW BRUNSWICK.

In the issue of Saturday Night, dated December 2, which reached us last evening, there is an article, which might be of considerable interest to the people of New Brunswick, (if they have not already read the correct version of it in the Journal) entitled "Bonar Law's Childhood in the New Brunswick Back Woods," by one T. M. Fraser.

Mr. Fraser has either allowed his imagination to run away with his better judgment or else he has not acquainted himself sufficiently with the facts. Might we respectfully suggest that before he writes any more stories on Bonar Law's childhood in the "New Brunswick Back Woods" or before, perhaps, he may be tempted to describe Lord Beaverbrook's escapades as a cowboy fighting the Indians in the limitless forests about the village of Newcastle, that he seek a little more information about the country whereof he writes.

The article starts off as follows:—"On the Manawagonish Road in a remote part of the province of New Brunswick, Canada, there is still living an old lady, etc."

The residents on the Manawagonish Road, within a few minutes' walk of the City of St. John, may not appreciate being told that they live in "a remote part of the Province of New Brunswick," but they should not be too indignant, for read what Mr. Fraser says about the inhabitants of Richibucto and Buctouche:—

"He (Rev. James Law) ministered to the Presbyterians of Richibucto, Buctouche, and other parishes where the population was largely made up of the Indian tribes who were the original possessors of the land."

The Journal a few days ago reproduced a picture of the house where Rev. James Law lived

in Richibucto and the church where he ministered. The house was the one in which Mr. Bonar Law was born. It looked like a very cosy sort of place and not at all the kind of wigwag, in which from the story in Saturday Night, it might have been expected that Bonar Law's father took up his residence among the "Indians". As a matter of fact there was a larger English-speaking population in Richibucto and Buctouche at the time of Mr. Law's birth than there is at the present day. Richibucto, at the time of the birth of the Prime Minister, was a very prosperous shipbuilding centre and boasted a population of some 2,500 or 3,000 English, Scotch, Irish and French.

Such absolute rot as was contained in this story is on a par with the effort of Saturday Night last winter to freeze over the St. John harbor. These errors are unworthy of a paper which has such a high standing as Saturday Night possesses, and the very fact that they appear in it makes them that much more glaring and unpalatable to the people of this section of Canada which is rather inclined to be sensitive about the gross ignorance displayed in central and western Canada when the geography of this province is being discussed.

MORE ENGINEERING FEATS.

Engineers used to say that it was impossible to bridge the Hudson River at New York City. They have changed their minds. The bridge will be built. The impossibility of yesterday is the accomplishment of tomorrow. So runs civilization. The new bridge will have for its "backbone" four cables, each 12 feet in diameter. These cables will support the central span, 3000 feet long, without a pier in the water below. The bridge, says one engineer, will contain 450,000 tons of steel, which is more steel than all the bridges across the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio Rivers. By 1940 at least 25,000,000 vehicles and 200,000,000 passengers a year will be passing over this bridge—if expectations materialize. Quite a job, to keep New York City connected with the United States.

It is said that the bridge across the Hudson will be "the most stupendous engineering work yet undertaken, surpassing in that respect and also in final cost the Panama Canal." The actual bridge will cost at least \$100,000,000. About \$115,000,000 additional will be required for the terminal towers from which the huge cables will be suspended. These terminal towers will rise into the air 685 feet. Very strong towers are required, to support 400,000 tons, the weight of the steel in the suspended section. More millions are required, for the approaches. It makes one wonder, is there any limit to the engineering powers of man, second only to the ant (in proportion to size) as a builder?

This enormous expenditure of money, human labor and materials is necessary because people persist in flocking to join the swarm in New York City, each year on a larger scale. It is just a beginning of what will be required in the future. All this, the penalty of flocking to an island. In the long run, it might be cheaper to abandon New York City proper and move the swarms to the mainland of the United States. It starts one wondering if, after all, many of our "vast engineering feats" are not rather futile. The high cost of swarming together, like all other costs, has a prohibitive limit.

Another remarkable feat which is being undertaken is the building up of Coney Island. It has been found that, multitudinous as are the attractions at Coney Island, there is not sufficient room there to accommodate the thousands who flock to it from the crowded city. Consequently, huge pipes are sucking the sand and mud from the sea, and building up acres and acres where the Atlantic was before. This is being done at a tremendous expense and just to provide a little more room and a few more amusements for the pleasure seekers. Here in New Brunswick we have beauty spots and summer resorts, which in their natural splendor, would make Coney Island—to use the vernacular—look like thirty cents. Yet, they are neglected or only a few people go to enjoy them, while artificial means are being used to enlarge a man-made resort which can never equal our creations of nature. Therein, probably lies their greatest charm—their exclusiveness. But, it all makes one wonder what this secret of popularity is and if at some future date, Coney Island may be practically deserted while the crowds who now flock there will seek some other place to while away an idle hour.

Such at least seems to be the history of such resorts which depend for their attractiveness not on the bounty of nature but on the ingenuity of man, and the beauty spots of nature, still hold their charm for a public, surfeited by the unsatisfying temporary delights of a place whose natural beauty has been sacrificed to supply the demand for the sensational and the burlesque.

The report of the meeting of the Local Council of Women that was held yesterday is a remarkable demonstration of the real purpose of the existence of this local band of women. Primarily was the preparation of Rosebud Tag Day discussed and committees formed, not one person refusing office for any of the many requirements of the work. On December 9 will go forth a band of women, whose mission is unselfish, self-sacrificing and in many cases self-effacing, for the good of helpless little children, who are dependent upon the city which is their home. If anyone thinks for one moment that it is rare pleasure to stand on the street corners and seek the favor of the uncertain public, let some of the critics try it. No man would ever dare to attempt it. Whatever the objections to Tag Days, this one is deserving in every sense of the word, and there should be a ready response, be the offering ever so small, for upon it depends the protection of the little ones from cold, disease and moral corruption.

All true Scotchmen, wherever they may be, will gather together today to celebrate the feast of St. Andrew, the patron Saint of Scotland. St. Andrew is said to have been the first disciple whom Christ chose. According to tradition he was crucified on a cross, the form of an "X" and hence this cross is now known as St. Andrew's Cross. In Scotland, "the cup of good cheer" is never absent from the celebration of St. Andrew's Day, but in Canada, today, its absence may or may not be regretted.

Apparently the Lloyd George and the Asquithian Liberals will be able to agree upon some form of working basis whereby they will unite to form a solid Liberal party. According to a dispatch last night the great stumbling block is "Who is to be leader?" While Mr. Lloyd George is credited with expressing his willingness to abide by the wishes of the united party, it is rather difficult to imagine him contented under Mr. Asquith.

THERE SHE BLOWS!

(By Bertion Bralley.)

I've got a cold in my head,
Achoo!
My nose is excessively red,
Achoo!
My eyes they are running and so is my nose,
I blows and I sneezes and sneezes and blows
(And that's ungrammatical verse I suppose),
But—five got a cold in my head

I've got a cold in my head,
Achoo!
My spirits are heavy as lead,
Achoo!
I'm not very sick, but I'm far, far from well,
I've lost both my senses of taste and of smell,
And I doesn't seem to me awfully well,
When I've got a cold in my head!

I've got a cold in my head,
Achoo!
A cold I'm unable to shed,
Achoo!
I've tried all the remedies folks recommend,
I've taken prescriptions and dope without end,
From any more medicines heaven forbid!
Though I've got a cold in my head!

I've got a cold in my head,
Achoo!
And all of my intellect's fled,
Achoo!
My work is a task that I cannot get through,
I don't care what statesmen or diplomats do,
For all I can think of—Achoo!—is—Achoo!—
That I've got a cold in my head!

I've got a cold in my head!
Achoo!
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Reminiscences of New Brunswick

The Mysterious Stranger

Henry More Smith

The old man and his son secured the door and retired to their lodgings; but when the morning came it was found that Smith had returned to the old house, spent the night, burned up all the wood, regaled himself on roasted potatoes, and again took his departure. The following night he made a sweeping visit at the house of Mr. Wilmot, seven miles from Fredericton. Finding a large quantity of shens, sprinkled and ready for ironing, he made a full seizure of the whole, together with a new coat belonging to the house. The plunderer, finding his booty rather burdensome, took a saddle and bridle which he happened to discover, put them on his small black pony, which was feeding in the pasture and thus rode with his luggage till he came within two miles of Fredericton. There he found a barrack or hotel filled with hay belonging to Jack Patterson, a mulatto, which presented a convenient retreat where he could feed his horse and conceal his plunder. Here he remained some days undisturbed; would turn his horse out to feed on the common in the day, concealing himself in the hay, and would catch him again at night, ride into town, make what plunder he could, return to his retreat, and conceal it in the hay.

His adventurer thought it was now high time to pay his respects to the Attorney General himself, who lived about three miles distant. Here he arrived with the prisoner at his house, making a previous call on his passage as a prisoner from Woodstock to Fredericton. He arrived on the spot about nine o'clock in the evening, retaining, no doubt, an accurate remembrance of the entrance to the house; and everything proved propitious to the object of his visit; for it happened that there was much company at the Attorney General's on the same evening, whose overcoats, cloaks, tipis, comforters, etc., etc., were all suspended in the hall. He did not intrude himself upon the notice of the company but he paid his respects to their loose garments, making one sweep of the whole, consisting of five top coats, three plaid cloaks, a number of tipis, comforters, and other wearing articles. Having been more successful than perhaps he expected, he rode back through the town to the place of concealment, deposited his booty, and gave his horse after a generous allowance of hay. This generosity to his horse led to his detection, for Patterson happening to perceive that his hay was lying in an unusual manner out of his window of his barrack, immediately formed an opinion that some person had taken the hay, and the hay, and in this he was not mistaken; for on coming to the spot he found Smith lying in the hay, with a white comforter about his neck. On perceiving him to be a stranger, he asked him where he came from, and was answered that he came from the Kennabecasis, and was after land, and getting belated had taken up his lodging in the hay, and hoped it was no harm.

After Patterson had gone into his house he perceived the traveller had retired from the barrack by the window and was making towards the woods. Upon perceiving this, the idea of his being a deserter instantly presented itself to his mind and calling for assistance, he soon made the stranger a prisoner, which was easily effected, as he did not make much effort to escape. It was soon discovered that their prisoner was no less a person than the far famed Henry More Smith, and no time was lost in committing him to Fredericton jail.

Patterson, not seeing the comforter with him which he wore around his neck, in the hay, was induced to examine the hay if perhaps he might find it. This led to the discovery of his entire deposit; for, he not only found the immediate object of his search, but also all the articles previously mentioned, with many more, which were all restored to the owners respectively.

Upon the examination of the prisoner, he gave a satisfactory account concerning the articles found in the hay; he said they were brought there by a soldier, who rode a little pony, and went off, leaving the saddle and bridle. He was then ordered to be taken by the Sheriff of York County and safely delivered to the Sheriff of King's County in his prison. Accordingly, the Sheriff prepared for his safe conveyance, an iron collar, made of a flat bar of iron, an inch and a half wide, with a hinge and clasp, fastened with a padlock. To the collar, which was put around his neck, was fastened an iron chain, ten feet in length; thus prepared, and his hands bound together with a pair of strong handcuffs, after examining his person lest he should have saws or other instruments concealed about him, he was put on board a sloop for his old rest.

THE LAUGH LINE



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Jack—Always.



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