The Daily Journal

THE JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PUBLISHERS.
82 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., Canada
E. S. CARTER ..... Managing Director
Telephone Numbers. Private Branch Exchange, Main 1910 and 1911.
Advertising Representatives: Henry DeClerque, Chicago; Louis Klebahn, New York.

Subscription Rates:

City—Delivered: $5.00 a year or 50 cents per month.
By Mail—Outside City: $3.00 per year or 35 cents per month.
To the United States: $4.00 per year.
Foreign subscriptions: $6.00 a year.
The Journal will not be responsible for remittances in currency.
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The Journal is sold in Montreal at Windsor Hotel News Stand; Ottawa at Chateau Laurier; Portland, Maine, by H. A. Miller, 381½ Congress St.; New York by Hotaling's Agency, Grand Central Depot, by Shultz Agency, Grand Central Depot; Boston by The Old South News Co., Boston.

ST. JOHN, N. B, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1922.

GOV. PUGSLEY'S SOUND SUGGESTION.

The suggestion made by Lieutenant-Governor Pugsley at the Board of Trade dinner to Sir Henry Thornton in Moncton, regarding the disposal of that portion of the Canadian National Railways which runs through the United States, is worthy of more consideration than appears to have been given it. From the viewpoint of the Maritime Provinces, it offers a solution to the great difficulty which has always seemed to confront the application of the slogan "Canadian Ports for Canadian Trade". It also seems to be the proper method to pursue if the Canadian National Railways are to be truly National in character. This is the meat of what Governor Pugsley said:—

> Let me say in all sincerity that he will not be able to administer the system to the entire satisfaction of the people until he gets rid of that portion of the system which serves the cities across the line. He will be confronted with the problem of being obliged to operate that railway 1,600 miles of which is in the United States, in competition—so far as the city of Portland is concerned—with railways which pass through wholly Canadian territory and thus pass on to Canadian ports. It is a great problem.

At the Canadian Club luncheon in St. John yesterday, Sir Henry expressed the opinion that the abandonment of the lines in the United States is out of the question because they form a paying section of the system, are feeders for Canada, and might be taken over by an unfriendly competitor.

The Grand Trunk to Portland is a paying section largely at the expense of a considerable portion of the same system running in the Maritime Provinces. It might as well be a feeder operated as a separate and distinct unit and if it is a feeder it is more truly a drainer because it diverts a large portion of the traffic, which if the Canadian National is to be operated as a truly National undertaking, should pass through Canada to Canadian ports. The only excuse for a publicly owned and publicly operated system is that it should serve the country which supports it. It costs the people of Canada some four or five millions of dollars a month for the privilege of having a Government-owned railway and yet 1,600 miles of that railway are being operated in the United States with American terminals for the benefit of the American people and to the detriment of at least a considerable portion of the Canadian people.

The Boston Transcript, in an editorial last evening, expresses no fear that this section would fall into the hands of an unfriendly competitor but it is much afraid that if separately operated "it might become the tail of the publicly owned kite of our friends across the border". The Boston Transcript frowns on the scheme of Governor Pugsley, but it finds in such a proposal a reason to advocate the consolidation of the New England roads as part of one of the proposed national transportation agencies and it gives the assurance that the favorable rates with Canadian roads that New England now enjoys can be preserved as long as Canada consents.

Apparently then, the only objection to Governor Pugsley's scheme is that the section in question is a paying part of the system. That surely is not a sufficient reason for sacrificing portions which run through Canada and for handicapping Atlantic ports, helping in that way to prevent them from becoming paying sections.

OUR GUEST OF YESTERDAY.

It is seldom that two hundred and fifty business and professional men of St. John will devote even a lunch hour to hear another man speak, but more than this number turned out yesterday for the Canadian Club luncheon in honor of Sir Henry Thornton. The citizens of St. John were anxious to hear him and to see him. They had heard much about him during the last few weeks and they wanted to see for themselves the man who has undertaken to bear upon his broad shoulders the burden of the Canadian National Railways.

That it is a burden, no one will deny. The taxpayer feels it to the extent of several millions of dollars every month, and he is very anxious to let this man, who says he can put the C. N. R. on a paying basis, have a fighting chance to achieve that object.

His address was pleasing. He talks fluently and gives the impression that he also thinks quickly. His huge frame and general manner convey a suggestion of great strength and forcefulness lending some conviction to his statement that there will be no political interference while he is on the job. His address was of necessity rather general in character, touching lightly on our sectional requirements but promising sympathetic consideration of our requests. He made no promises other than the one of lending us a sympathetic ear and perhaps we ought to be thankful for that. We have had so many promises.

He dismissed the suggestion of Lieutenant Governor Pugsley that the Canadian National Raliways should dispose of its United States terminals, on the grounds that this is a paying section, that it might fall into the hands of an unfriendly competitor, and that it is an excellent feeder to Canada.

Governor Pugsley's suggestion was one which had not been voiced before and it appears, on the face of it, to be an excellent way of obtaining the full volume of Canadian trade for Atlantic ports, and of making the railway system live up to its name. However, the new president of the C. N. R. quashed it, temporarily, at least. He is still unacquainted with many of the details of the vast system which comes under his direction and it may be that after he has obtained a better working knowledge of the railway which is National in character, he may realize that the course proposed would achieve that Nationalization in a truer sense than any other method possibly could.

HOTELS AND THE CARNIVAL.

The Journal this morning publishes a letter which brings up the question of hotel accommodation in connection with the Winter Carnival. The writer of the letter intimates that he may be throwing a monkey wrench into the machinery. He has not done that but he has brought up a very important point which should have the earnest consideration of the committee in charge of the Carnival preparations.

It is only too true that St. John needs very badly more hotel accommodation and that if there is the influx of visitors which the promoters of the Carnival hope for, then unless some steps are taken to arrange accommodation, the result may be a bad advertisement for this city. It is estimated that between 1,000 and 1,500 visitors and regular commercial travel, will pretty well tax all our hotels to the limit. We should have several thousand visitors during Carnival Week and we must look after their comfort.

The managements of the various hotels are the logical people to attend to this. The hotels will benefit most by the influx of visitors but they should not be satisfied with just filling their own houses. They owe it to St. John to secure extra accommodation. Many residents of private houses probably would be willing to look after two or three guests and no doubt a great number of the people who will flock to St. John during that week will stay with friends.

Nevertheless, there is always, on an occasion such as this, quite a number who do not attempt to secure accommodation until the last minute. St. John must cater to them for it must not be said that any person who comes here during Carnival Week was not properly looked after. It is well to bring this matter to the attention of the committee and of the hotel managements. Probably this point has already been discussed but if nothing has been done as yet to ascertain the number St. John can accommodate, steps should be taken along these lines immediately.

Many may think our friend who signs himself, "For St. John" rather harsh in his criticism but there is much truth in what he states so plainly and frankly. St. John needs a new hotel. That need was recognized some years ago when negotiations were being made with the United Hotels Company but the project fell through. The failure of that scheme was rather a discouragement for the local business men who fostered it, but a new arena and one that St. John can well be proud of, has been built since then. Building costs are lower and general conditions more favorable now than they were when the scheme was taken up by the Commercial Club. Perhaps also, the realization of the need is greater. At any rate, "if you don't succeed try again" is homely but excellent advice. The final achievement should be well worth the effort.

GOVERNMENTS AND BUSINESS.

The closing paragraph of an article written by Sir Joseph Flavelle for the Financial Post on what Canada has accomplished and on the future outlook for the Dominion is well worth the consideration of Canadians. Sir Joseph says:—

> I hold the conviction that governments should confine their conduct and direction of business to the limits of departmental administration. Political machinery and traditions are not adapted to the conduct of business, and for the good of the country, governments should not undertake it.

The more, Governments dabble in business which is legitimately in the province of private enterprise, the greater grows the number of men who come around to Sir Joseph Flavelle's way of thinking. The reliance placed upon what Governments can accomplish is pathetic. Many think Government ownership and operation the panacea for the ills of a nation until the Government does own and operate a commercial enterprise and then it is found that the last state is infinitely worse than the first. A business which is publicly owned and publicly operated generally becomes a home for those who are outdistanced in the race where individual initiative and private enterprise win, and invarably after an expensve experiment, that business is turned over to a private corporation, if that be possible, or else a manager who has been successful in private enterprises is called in and given the stern task of dragging it from the mire of political interference and inefficiency. Seldom is the latter course successful.

Italy tried government ownership and operation of railways and other utilities for seventeen years and it has remained for a Government, headed by a Premier who was formerly a Socialist but who has come to realize the evils of Socialism and all that smirks of Socialism, to break the bond which has smothered these utilities in debt.

Experiments seem necessary to satisfy the constant demand for a change but they are frightfully expensive.

PAYING TOO MUCH FOR OUR WHISTLE.

In the course of an interview with the Toronto Star, following his elevation to the United States Senate, James Couzens, of Canadian birth and formerly partner of Henry Ford, expressed himself as follows regarding the hydro ventures of Ontario,—"You are going in the hole". He explained that the initial expenditure had been too high.

Making editorial reference to the opinion of Mr. Couzens, the Financial Post points out that it is sometimes important to obtain an outside opinion especially from such a sound business man as Senator Couzens undoubtedly is. "Hydro is making a great showing in the minds of enthusiastic public ownership advocates," says the Post. "It takes a sound business man like Senator Couzens to appreciate the weakness—the fact that we are paying too much for our whistle".

The development of Musquash greatly exceeded the estimate and it was admittedly a very costly undertaking. Have we also paid too much for our whistle?

THE EDITOR'S MAIL

The Journal invites Correspondence on any topic of public interest and will print the same in reason, without assuming any responsibility for the opinions expressed. Letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer and when explicit statements are made affecting individuals the letters to be published must be signed by the writer.— EDITOR JOURNAL.

HOTEL ACCOMODATION

Editor of The Journal,
Sir:—

I hate to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery or to be considered a "knocker", but I want to ask a few questions in connection with the proposed Carnival Week.

Has anyone considered where the expected visitors are to be accommodated if they come? I commend The Journal's idea in so far as its intention goes of boosting the city through a winter carnival. You mean well, Mr. Editor, but before the Committee gets too far submerged in their places would it not be well to investigate and see just what hotel accommodation there is here for visitors. I presume the main object in having the Winter Carnival is to attract visitors with the object of assisting business and also to advertise the city.

Admitting that this is the object would it not be a very bad advertisement if visitors were attracted in such numbers that there would be no hotel accommodation available?

During the past summer there were several occasions when tourist parties were unable to find accommodation at hotels and in a couple of instances at least, were forced to drive on to Hampton in one case, and Sussex in another. One group, composed of young fellows parked their car on the Square and went to sleep. Frequently tourists have arrived late at night to find all hotels filled, and the hotel men have been forced to seek rooms in private houses, and had a difficult time even then in getting locations. Isn't it a fact that the only reason the convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association was held at St. Andrews last summer was because hotel accommodation was not available in St. John? Commercial travellers and others have poked fun at the city ever since. Some may argue there is plenty of room in private houses? Is there? It would be well to ascertain that before it is too late. Many rooms in private houses that would be suitable during the summer would not be in the winter. The majority of people do not want cold rooms, notwithstanding their healthfulness. Last Fall, during exhibition week, hotel accomodation was taxed to the limit, and were it not for the fact that many of the visitors left for their homes by auto in the evenings, hundreds would have been forced to walk the streets.

I know many will not agree with my statements, but I'm telling facts, not fancies.

The hotel accomodation in the city is a standing joke to every visitor, and one and all knock it. I refer now to the hotels as buildings not to the management or cuisine. Not a complaint is made in regard to these, but unfortunately these are only one part of hotel life.

The travelling public today are demanding the best. There is not a hotel in the city that can supply the demands of travellers for rooms with bath. They may not have a bathroom in their homes, but they want one on the road, and they are willing to pay for it, but can't always get what they want to pay for.

The hotel situation in St. John is a standing disgrace to the business men and others of this city. The sooner they investigate the situation the better. Then the next thing for them to do is to put their hands in their pockets, hand out the cash and build a hotel that will be a credit to the city, an advertisement for the city, and a paying advertisement in every way for the business men. Until then it is folly, criminal, and a bad advertisement to invite tourists to come here. Moncton and Bathurst are two examples that St. John would do well to follow. Both have good hotel buildings.

Many outsiders say, and I am inclined to agree with them, that St. John wants the government to build them a hotel like they do everything else. Isn't it time "Rip Van Winkle" woke up?

Yours truly,
FOR ST. JOHN.

WINES.

The wine "crop" in France this year is the largest since 1875. It totals nearly 1800 million gallons.

That would be about 17 gallons for each American.

How does 17 gallons for each member of the family compare with your 1922 vintage of home-made wines in the cellar?

And how does the quality compare? Two-thirds of American hame-made wines are vinegar compounds.

THE COUGHS AND COLDS OF CHILDREN

Only the mother knows how hard it is to keep the children from taking cold, they will get overheated and cool off too suddenly, get their feet wet, kick off the clothes at night, and do a dozen and one things the mother can't prevent.

A great many mothers are now giving their children

DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY PINE SYRUP

It is pleasant and nice for them to take and relieves the cough or cold in a very short time.

Mrs. J. Wilson, Portage La Prairie, Man., writes:—"I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my five children. My little girl, two years old, had a very bad cold last Winter, which I thought was croup, I had some "Dr. Wood's" in the house so gave it to her and she was fine the next day; also my baby, three months old, had a bad cold, and I gave it to him. It cuts and brings up the phlegm, and is the best cough medicine I ever used."

Price 35c. and 60c. a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FAINT HEART'S CHRISTMAS PLEA

By Berton Braley.

Oh, Santa, oh, St. Nicholas, who brings us gifts to tickle us,
Who rambles in and scrambles down the flue;
Among your visits various to houses multifarious
There is a task I'd like to ask of you:
I love a sweet divinity, a pearl of femininity,
Her hand I seek—but I'm too meek, I guess;
Please put her in your sleigh with you and hurry her away with you
And bring the Miss direct to this
Address!

My heart may show unsteadiness but all shall be in readiness
If you contrive to make the drive with her;
Instead of stockings hung about—as all the bards have sung about—
You'll find I've hung a trousseau, as it were,
Of raiment fashioned cunningly, which will bedeck her stunningly,
If, as I hope, she will elope with me;
Convention cannot harry us if you, a Saint, will marry us;
Who'd dare deny a Saint's propri
Ety!

Pray, Santa, give a lift to me and bring this precious gift to me,
You have the nerve and easy nerve I lack;
But once you safely land her here, I think she'll find life grander here,
And never sue or clamor to go back;
And as the time goes whirringly and Christmas comes recurringly,
We may have flocks of little sox to hang,
Yes, if the fates will humor us with tots, however numerous,
We'll just make you Godfather to
The Gang!

Reminiscences of New Brunswick

The Mysterious Stranger
Henry More Smith

"I hope that you're wetting will not injure your health, sir." "I hardly think it will, my good friend, I am no child to catch cold from a ducking." "Shall I show you a room sir?" said the landlord. "We can let you have as good a room and as comfortable a supper as any in the country.' The stranger was immediately conducted into a handsome parlor, in which blazed a cheerful fire, and in a short time a smoking supper was placed on the board. After supper was over, he called the landlord into his room, and sent for his trunk. "I like your accommodations," accosting the landlord, "and if you like my proposals equally well, I will be your guest for some time, though I know not how long. Nay, I shall stay at any price you please—but remember, I must have my rooms to myself, and they must not be entered without my leave, and whatever I do, no questions to be asked. Do you consent to these terms?" "I do sir," replied the landlord, "and you shall not have to complain of your treatment." "Very well," rejoined the stranger, "then the agreement is completed. You may go now." "Yes sir," returned the landlord, "but what may I call your name sir?" "Beware, you have broken the bargain already," replied the stranger. I forgive you for this once only, now ask no more questions, or you will certainly drive me from your house." After this, the landlord returned to his bar-room, from which the merry farmers had not yet withdrawn, but were endeavoring to penetrate the mystery that hung around the stranger. "Well, landlord," said the arch Hopkins, "what do you make him out to be?" "That is a question I dare hardly answer. He is a gentleman, for he does not grudge his money." "I would not think he should," replied Hopkins, shaking his head mysteriously. "And why not?" exclaimed several of the company. "Ay just as I thought," returned Hopkins, with another shake of the head and significant look at the landlord. "What in the name of all that's silly, is the matter with you, Hopkins?" exclaimed the landlord. "What on earth can you know?" "I know what I know," was his reply. "Rather doubtful, that," rejoined the landlord. "You doubt it," returned Hopkins, rather warmly, "then I will tell you what I think him to be; he is nothing more or less than a pirate, and you will all be murdered in your beds, Smith, (which was the landlord's name) you and your whole family, before morning. Now what think you of your guest?" All the company stood aghast, and stared at each other in silence for some time, until the landlord again ventured to interrupt the silence by asking Hopkins. "How do you know all that?" Hopkins answered, in rather a silly manner, "I guessed at it," which did away with the effect produced by his previous assertions; and the landlord dismissing his fears exclaimed, "As long as he pays well, be he man or devil, he shall stay here." "A praiseworthy conclusion," proceeded from a voice at the back part of the room, and at the instant the mysterious stranger stood before them. All started to their feet seized their hats, and waited to ask no questions, nor make additional comments, but went home and told their wives of Smith's guest, and Hopkins' opinion of his character. Every woman fastened her door that night with suspicious care, and the mysterious stranger, and the delineation of his real character by Hopkins, became a subject of general conversation and comment through the village, and gradually became the received opinion among all the settlers, so that they set down the mysterious stranger for what Hopkins guessed him to be, and concluded that the articles which composed his baggage could not have been obtained honestly.

The stranger, finding how the conversation turned upon him, did not think it prudent to protract his stay in this place, and proceeding to Boston in the coach, which was known from that time by the name of Maitland. He reached Boston about the 1st of November, where it was supposed he must have, in some way, disposed of much of his treasures. From thence he proceeded for New York; on the 7th November arrived at New Haven in the Boston stage coach, by the way of New London, with a large trunk full of clothing, a small portable desk, and money in his pockets. He was dressed in a handsome frock coat, with breeches, a pair of top boots and remained at the steamboat hotel several days. While he remained here, he always ate his meals alone, and preferred being alone in different parts of the hotel at different times, every part of which he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with, while he remained waiting for the arrival of the steamer from New York.

The hotel was then kept by Mr. Henry Butler; and, as it afterwards appeared, the traveller found his way by means of keys, into Mr. Butlers desk and sideboards, as well as every part of the house. He left New Haven in the steamboat at 5 a. m., on the 10th November, 1815. After his departure from New Haven, Mr. Butler's servants discovered that their whole quantity of silver spoons, to the number of four or five dozen, which had been carefully put away in a sideboard, was missing, and not to be found on the premises; and it was found, upon further search by Mr. Butler, that a watch and several other articles, with money from the desk, had sympathetically decamped with the spoons. Mr. Butler imagined that the theft must be chargeable on some lodger in the hotel, and immediately fixed his suspicions upon Smith, whose appearance and movements about the house furnished symptoms too strong to pass unnoticed. Mr. Butler, without loss of time, set out for New York, and arriving there before the boat that carried the adventurer, he furnished himself with proper authority, and boarded the boat in the stream. After Mr. Butler had made some enquiries of Capt. Bunker, who could not identify the traveller among all his passengers, Smith made his appearance from some part of the engine room and was immediately ordered by Mr. Butler to open his trunk, with which he complied unhesitatingly; but the trunk did not disclose the expected booty. There was, however, in the trunk, a very neat portable writing desk, which he refused to open, and Mr. Butler could not find out how it was fastened. However he called for an axe to split it open upon which Smith said, "I will show you," and touching a spring, the lid flew open. The desk contained a set of neat engraving tools, with old silver rings and jewlery, amongst which Mr. Butler perceived a small ear-ring, which he supposed belonged to a young lady that had slept in his house, and laid her ear-rings on a stand at the head of her bed, which were missing the next morning. After her departure one of the rings were found at the door of the hotel. Upon the evidence of this single ear-ring, he was arrested and put into the Bridewell in the City of New York. The keeper of the Bridewell at that time was Archimial Allen, an old friend of mine, and a man of respectable character.

To be continued.)

THE LAUGH LINE

GRANNY.

Mrs. Martin, 103 years old, dies in Sandwich, England. She has 40 grandchildren, 66 great-grandchildren and 71 great-greats.

This is how she explained her long life: "I have a nightcap of hot toddy every night and sometimes in addition a glass of hot rum. I eat as much as any one in the house, and my daily luxuries consist of sweets, chocolates, cakes and fruits."

The same rules would deliver most of us to the undertaker "before our time." One man's meat is another's poison.

If scientists can find a long-life formula as attractive as Granny Martin's it will go like wild-fire. Most people would rather die early than live simply.

FATTIES

The United States Fat Men's Club holds its annual banquet in Boston, with five tons of membership present.

The club's president, Carl F. Shaw, announces that the organization now has 1300 members—400 tons of joviality.

Brother Charles H. Shipman, 663 pounds, sent his regrets from Leesburg, Va.

Would you rather have attended this banquet or a League of Nations session? To the seven original jokes add the belief that humanity takes itself too seriously.

FEAR

The execution of Breeckow, pianist and German spy, is described in "Queer People," new book by Sir Basil Thomson, former head detective of Scotland Yard.

"On the morning of his execution he was almost in a state of collapse. He was shivering with agitation, and just before the shots were fired there was a sudden spasm. It was believed afterward that he had actually died of heart failure before the bullets reached him."

Beware of fear, always a deadly poison, often a sure killer.

A THOUGHT

Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil.—Proverbs 3:7.

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."

—Washington Gladden.

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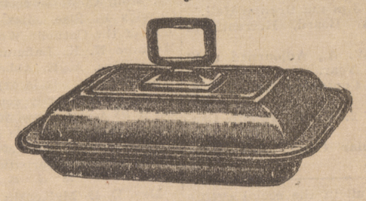

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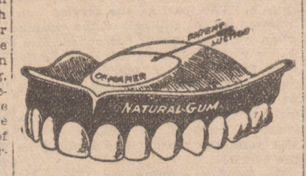

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