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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London, Ont., Friday, June 4.

L. AND P. S. R. CHICKENS.

THOSE who take issue with Sir Adam Beck on the question of the electrification of the London & Port Stanley Railway were just as patriotic to the city of London in their motives as the misguided enthusiasts who thought that the scheme must be sound because Sir Adam demanded that the road be operated according to his notions. The campaign in favor of the electrification of the railway was conducted in such an autocratic manner and so many sweeping promises were made that the people who voted for it were lead to believe that it was to be a boon for this city.

While The Advertiser has led the campaign for radial railways in this district, it has never had any faith in the electrification project. In the first place the railway is absolutely dependent upon the good will of the steam railways. Practically all of the paying business of the road must originate with the big trunk lines, and extensive as the power of its promotor may be, he is not able to dictate to the steam railways. London indeed has lost enough in the past through attempting to dictate to make our present population a scandal and a shame. All of the Grand Trunk shops in Western Ontario might have been in London but a policy of baiting the company forced many of them away. Were all the Grand Trunk shops in the city at present the population would not be short of 75,000.

The Grand Trunk controls a very large proportion of the business handled over the London & Port Stanley Railway, at least 75 per cent. of the freight, and because its officials do not choose to use the electrified road, as they stated before the vote was taken, the city will loose this business if it persists in the electrification of the road.

The Michigan Central situation is by no means cleared up. This railway company stated that it would not use the road if it were electrified. At the best, for the promoters, it will not permit its business to be operated by the civic commission, and would only continue its operation if its trains were allowed to operate and how steam trains could be operated on the line is a matter that the railway commission has already found most difficult to solve as evidenced in its refusal to permit the electrified people to run their trains into the Grand Trunk station.

In the electrification vote there were 2,820 ratepayers who voted for the proposal and 2,074 who voted against. When it is considered that Sir Adam Beck staked his "reputation as a public man" on the carrying out of many pledges, that he had a subservient municipal machine to force through his proposals, that his "expert" reports were untruthfully represented to the public as showing a surplus, when they really showed a deficit (all these reports including Grand Trunk and Michigan Central business and much more "prospective" business added) that the ratepayers were promised that the city would not have to furnish a dollar and that the road would be operated with a profit from the start, it is not difficult to understand that the proposal received a majority of votes.

But the fact is coming home to citizens each day that Sir Adam Beck made the colossal blunder of his career, when he adopted hammer-and-smash methods to get the vote through. He shed any dignity and sense of fair fighting that he ever possessed and made the campaign one of the most fraudulent that was ever conducted. What his real motives were will appear in due time. It is only fair to enumerate some of the promises that he made and which have been broken through his inability to meet the notes of good faith which he gave the citizens of London.

(1) Sir Adam gave his word that the city of London would never have to pledge one dollar toward the new line. The fact is that today the city is carrying $700,000 of a loan for this road and paying current interest rates. Not one dollar's worth of debentures has been sold.

(2) Sir Adam stated that no more money other than the amount originally voted would be required. He has already asked for $60,000 in extras and will require more.

(3) He first stated that the city would use the Michigan Central station as a terminal. When The Advertiser pointed out to him that the Michigan Central had the station under option he said that he would bring his trains into the Grand Trunk station. The railway commission refused to permit this, but granted a separate entrance, the cost of which, to be settled by arbitration, will be large as it constituted an important part in the scheme of Grand Trunk improvements.

(4) Sir Adam stated that the Grand Trunk coal business would be operated because of the cheap rate of 16 cents a ton (less than the cost of haulage) that would be given to the railways. The Grand Trunk has paid 23 cents to the steam roads, but it would not take the offer of Sir Adam and as a result the bulk of the coal trade passes from the line.

(5) Sir Adam talked much of "putting London on the lake." London is as much on the lake with steam connection as with electric, in fact only by steam connection can the road be made to fit into the steam railway system of which it is a part and for which it was constructed.

(6) Sir Adam said the scheme would reduce the tax rate in the first year of operation. Instead, the ratepayers of London, are paying more than one mill in their taxes this year for the new scheme before a car has been operated, in addition to all the other charges heaped up in the past years of municipal operation.

(7) Sir Adam said the shipping interests of London would not be injured. There is every prospect that Michigan Central connection will be seriously interfered with and that the business with scores of towns endangered, so far as the wholesalers are concerned.

Many more failures on the part of the road's promoters could be quoted. The ruthlessness with which the "white elephant" was foisted upon the public by means of deceit and the most lurid of romancing, must bring home to its chief promoter that unless he speedily seek to undo his work within a short time the London & Port Stanley road will be known as "the road to ruin" of Sir Adam Beck. The results of his defiance of scores of prominent business-men and of the dividing of this city into two camps of bitter opinion have already caused his star to wane in a career that promised much. Sir Adam serves his own reputation first of all. In this case he served his own overweening ambition not wisely but too well.

PRZEMYSL AGAIN AUSTRIAN.

THE news that the Galician fortress of Przemysl has been taken by the Germans and Austrians perhaps sounds worse than it is. For weeks Przemysl has been the objective of the great Teuton drive, and so titanic has been the conflict for the possession of the fortress that there is an inclination to consider its capture a disastrous blow to the Russians. This is not necessarily the case. Unless the Russian retreat becomes a disorganized rout, the fall of Przemysl is merely incidental to the main campaign of the Germans, who are trying to drive the Russians back to their own territory. It is no more a disaster than Von Kluck's rush back to the Marne when the Allies halted and turned his march towards Paris. It will not eliminate Russia from the struggle, the only result that would adequately compensate the Teutonic alliance for the frightful losses they have incurred.

And with the war going favorably for the Allies on all the other fronts, no better game could be played by the Grand Duke Nicholas than to simply keep the enemy engaged. It is said that the Teutons are using more than a million men against the Russians, and it will require every man of them to keep the Muscovites in check. So amazing are the Russian recuperative powers that the Kaiser's generals dare not for a moment reduce their strength. It would be good strategy just now simply to fall back, keeping the vast German-Austrian army busy whilst Italy sweeps into Austria from the west. It is true, that Przemysl strongly garrisoned would bar the way for another attempt to get across the Carpathians, but Germany can ill afford to leave a great army there while hard pressed at other points.

Probably Germany's tremendous onslaught on the Russians in Galicia has been as much for the political effect as for any military advantage they hope to secure. They are no doubt expecting that a setback to the Russians will keep Roumania and Bulgaria out of the conflict, or bring them into the war as allies. But Bulgaria and Roumania by this time realize that their hopes of territorial expansion will vanish should Austria triumph. Bulgaria wants a slice of Turkey and Roumania covets Transylvania, and only through helping the Allies to victory can they hope to secure these prizes. The Teuton successes in Galicia will not drive the Balkan States into their camp. Bulgaria and Roumania are well aware as to which side of their bread is buttered.

MAGNA CHARTA.

ON JUNE 19 will be commemorated the signing of Magna Charta 700 years ago. It is fitting that the celebration of such an event should fall upon the time of this great war. The corner-stone of English, British and Anglo-Saxon liberties, indeed of modern political freedom wherever the Mother of Parliaments has borne children or adopted them, is assailed even more gravely than when Napoleon camped at Boulogne.

The "higher criticism" of history has of late years disturbed not a little the ancient forms of reverence towards the sacred roll of English liberty. Magna Charta is seen now to be one of a number of feudal documents granting similar rights to subjects. Its scope from some points of view has been narrowed; for example, it is addressed by King John "to all the free men of our realm," where McKechnie interprets "free men" to mean simply freeholders of land. For its thoroughgoing recognition of feudalism, a system in some respects shaky even in 1215, Magna Charta has even been denounced as a retrograde measure of its time. But, like the Bible, the Great Charter under criticism loses one or another hold on our reverence only to take a stronger hold in some other way.

Granted that other charters, English and foreign, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries made much the same concessions in general principle, Magna Charta is nevertheless larger and fuller by far than all others, more explicit and comprehensive. Then again the circumstances of its promulgation were such as greatly to impress the popular imagination. John was a powerful monarch, forceful, subtle, dreaded. He was both truculent and slippery, hard to hold, utterly unscrupulous, a "holy terror." Just then he had Innocent III., greatest of all the popes for power and reputation, at his back, and Innocent's disapproval of the Charter wrung from his vassal, John, was sharply manifested. Yet from a king so strong and sensationally wicked and so signally brilliant a pope, the Great Charter was won by the churchmen, barons and knights of England, later upheld by papal legates as well as English lords, and again and again confirmed by English kings.

Whether Magna Charta was intrinsically freer in spirit or not than other charters of the age, its name at any rate became a symbol of freedom, a rallying-cry, a test. No doubt with the lapse of time the document took on meanings not originally intended. People would read into this political Bible ideas of their own. Its influence is incalculable. One idea certainly was embodied in it that was ultimately to crush all arbitrary tyrannies, viz.: the supremacy of law over any individual caprice. This idea took firm hold of the mind of one giant Englishman in the latter thirteenth century, Edward I., who established the English Parliament.

To Magna Charta the Puritan champions of Charles I.'s time made their appeal. Upon it were grounded the Habeas Corpus Act and the Bill of Rights. Today it is for Magna Charta really that Britain fights Germany, for the freedom of the individual citizen of every class against military oppression, arbitrary rule and dead logic or mechanism.

THE BERSAGLIERI.

THE Bersaglieri or Light Infantry of the Italian army have much the same hold on the popular fancy of Italy as have the Cossacks with the Muscovite. Like the Cossacks, they have always been impatient of a too rigid discipline, but unlike that famous rough rider, their record has never been marred by excesses. Their regiments are made up of picked men of the hardiest physique and high standard of marksmanship. It is the Bersaglieri who have been in the forefront of Italy's dash at the Austrian frontier. Their wonderful marching qualities have carried them swiftly into the passes leading from the Austrian Tyrol into Italy, and their unquestioned courage and stamina is expected to hold back any Teutonic attempt to break through for an invasion of the Italian plains. Their scouting and sharpshooting, the branch of the service which they have specialized, will be of immense value in the irregular fighting of a mountain campaign. The Bersaglieri are the flower of the Italian army, with a splendid record in the Crimean war, and in 1859, when they fought valiantly to keep out the Austrian plunderer. It is fitting that they should be in the van of Italy's armies that will win back the looted provinces.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Peaceful in spirit, but well prepared for war, is the way the Swiss look at it.

Here's predicting that in the event of the United States going to war, Col. Roosevelt will be the first to enlist.

Botha's conquest of German Southwest Africa doesn't add a highly-desirable country to the Empire, but it removes a highly-undesirable neighbor.

With President Wilson preparing a second and peremptory note to Germany, the situation at Washington might be called wrathful writing.

The Germans declare that with their backs to the wall they intend to fight according to the standards of the jungle. That's a gross reflection on the jungle folk.

The Germans hope by dropping incendiary bombs to destroy London by fire, but it would require a tempest to spread the flames, and in that kind of weather the Zeppelin is as helpless as a toy balloon.

No doubt those titles conferred by his majesty on Canadians were all earned, but where is there the man in this great Dominion who wouldn't swap them all for one of the medals won by those five privates for bravery on the firing line?

The American Government is playing no favorites in its warning to the Mexican faction leaders. The venerable whiskers of Carranza, the fierce moustache of Villa, and the medicine-man locks of Zapata, all look alike to Uncle Sam.

Ex-President Huerta of Mexico tells Americans they don't realize the intensity of the love every Mexican has for his country. This sounds good coming from a "patriot" who robbed the national treasury and showed his "intense" love for his country by running away to foreign lands.

The year has crept around again to the red-letter day of the kiddies—school picnic. It is classed with the enthusiastic glee of Christmas morning, and is anticipated for weeks ahead. There is delight alone in the packing of the huge hampers, filled with every delectable goodie, and loads of it, three or four helpings if necessary. It is one short day crammed to the last minute of departure with joyous activity. It means a great deal of responsibility for the teachers, but it is safe to say that the big folks enjoy it to the full, mingling with the freshness of youth in its abandonment to fun and frolic.

HER IDEA OF IT.

[Exchange.]

Shopman—Here is a very nice thing in revolving bookcases, madam.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, are those revolving bookcases? I thought they called them circulating libraries.

GOOD REASON.

[Exchange.]

Lover (passionately)—Sir, I love the ground your daughter walks on!

Father (grimly)—No doubt you do—it's worth $200 a front foot.

LOAFING ON THE JOB.

[Exchange.]

"Scientists maintain that even vegetables have a certain amount of intelligence."

"I believe it. Mine seem to know that they are growing for a rank amateur."

ECONOMY.

[Buffalo Courier.]

"But your fiance has such a small salary! How are you going to live?"

"Oh, we are going to economize. We're going to do without such a lot of things that Jack needs."

TEN MINUTES With the Short-Story Writers

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.]

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

By Thomas L. Masson.

He was a big, awkward fellow, a great football player, and there had been deeds of his that were still worth talking about in the younger college circles. There was nothing, apparently, in the way of crude strength that he could not accomplish. Nobody thought of him in any other way but as one without fear—fear, that is to say, of anything except a woman.

His friends used to joke about it softly to themselves. They called him "Buster." The idea of Buster knowing what to do with a girl, or what to say—that was always supremely comical

And she? Nobody ever had seen her under the slightest embarrassment. She had a certain touch, a rare combination of taste and tact. Someone had said that she was a born flirt, and nobody contradicted the statement. It seemed self-evident.

It was almost inevitable that they should meet. He had been away, on a camping expedition in Canada. She had been over in Europe somewhere—it doesn't matter where.

Mrs. Ribbling, their common friend, was giving a house-party, and had invited them both. Mrs. Ribbling had done it unconsciously—she did not realize that she was only an instrument of Providence.

"There's Buster!" she had said to herself, nibbling her pen. "Of course, Buster! There's Margy Wolson—she's simply splendid! She always knows how to bring certain people together, and to keep others apart."

It must be confessed that Mrs. Ribbling was thinking of herself when she asked them both. Selfishness sometimes creates its own compensation.

It was morning when Buster arrived. He had insisted upon walking from the station. He needed the exercise, he had explained to the chauffeur.

As he came through the gates and up the wide path, the girls had a chance to get a good view of him. They knew he was coming, and gathered in the second story, where he would not be likely to see them, with their heads clustered together, like a bunch of interrogation-points, taking in Buster.

"Isn't he grand?" said Daisy Small.

"Just too lovely for anything!" whispered Millicent Van Berther.

And the rest sighed in unison. Besides Margy Wolson, there were six of them.

Down below, Mrs. Ribbling was greeting her guest. He almost crushed her hand as he took it. Suddenly, as she looked up at him, the great truth dawned upon her. Strange that she had not thought of it before!

Of course, they were precisely fitted for each other—Margy, with her certain assurance, her capacity for flirting, and Buster, with his absolute incompetence in that direction. How could it be otherwise?

What happened during the next week it is not necessary to recount. Let us pass it over in silence. Suffice it to record that on a certain evening they were alone together. While the others were playing bridge, Buster had wandered out on the piazza. Suddenly he heard the swish of a gown; a form was speeding around the corner.

Buster, strange to say, did not wait. He followed.

The piazza was paved with tiles. His rubber-soled shoes gave forth no sound.

At the extreme west end was a pavilion. He found her there. The moon was at the full, and they could see each other very well.

Buster came in and put his great form gently down in the corner.

Somehow, Margy's assurance had left her. Instead of saying just the right thing, she was silent.

Buster felt the silence, but said nothing; and so there they sat, speechlessly looking at each other.

Finally Margy spoke. There was in her voice an undoubted note of petulance, and of something else—could it really have been embarrassment?

"What did you come out here for?" she said.

The question took Buster so much by surprise that he did not answer for an instant. Then he said slowly—Buster was always truthful:

"Why, I thought you wanted me to!"

"Thought I wanted you to?" she repeated. "Why, what do you mean?"

Buster had recovered himself now. He wore a resigned look. There was no diplomacy, no tact in his nature; it would have been unnecessary; he was just big and brave and awkward and irresistible, and his experience had given him that feeling of resignation.

"Why, I came out here to kiss you," he said. "Isn't that all right?"

Her face, in the moonlight, flushed with anger. This passed away as suddenly as it came, and she laughed. Instinctively she knew that she must tell him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"You've made a mistake," she said. "Let me explain. I am quite different from what I appear to be. It has always been easy for me to talk to everybody—to say the right thing, to put people at their ease. I am not boasting of that—it has just come naturally to me. Somehow I get up sympathy for the person I am talking to. Well, the result of all this is that I have a reputation that I don't deserve; and of course the other girls are always ready to make the most of that. They say—just because I never seem embarrassed—that I am a flirt. But I'm not. It makes me feel awkward and miserable to talk about it. You've made a mistake, that's all. I'm not that sort."

Buster got up.

"I'm awful sorry," he said. "I've kissed all the rest of 'em, and I thought you wanted me to. They always expect it wherever I go. I just do it as a matter of course. Didn't mean to leave you last, but it just happened so."

He got up to go, and then stopped and turned around, filling up about all the moonlight there was in the pavilion. There was no dissimulation about Buster; he was as innocent as a baby.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to be kissed?" he said. "You see, it's like this—you're the only girl I have ever really wanted to kiss. Maybe it's because you don't want me to."

She blushed. Their positions had been reversed.

"I've—I've never been kissed by any fellow before," she stammered.

Buster gathered her skilfully in his great arms. Well practised in the technique, this was the first time that his heart had been in his work.

"Well, you're going to be now!" he said grimly.

WHAT MORE COULD BE ASKED?

[Exchange.]

"Robert," said his father, "I thought I told you yesterday to clear up the yard."

"Well, I did," declared Bobby virtuously. "I fired everything over the fence soon as I got home from school; but the kid next door throwed 'em all back after dark."

IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

[Washington Star.]

"A woman ought to be able to cook and keep house," said the thrifty youth.

"Don't bother about that, son," replied his father. "Before you marry a girl make up your mind whether she can get on with a servant who will do the work."

BARGAIN INSTINCT.

[Exchange.]

Mrs. Flatbush—I'm sorry our children are grown up.

Mr. Flatbush—What a funny idea!

"Well, you know, I saw baby carriages today marked down from $5 to $1.91."

COULD HARDLY STRAIGHTEN UP FOR THE PAIN IN HER BACK.

Many women suffer from an excruciating pain in the back. They are not even able to look after the common duties of their housework, and cannot even walk at times.

The whole trouble is that the kidneys have become affected, and when the kidneys get "out of kilter" the whole system becomes deranged. On the first sign of a weak, lame, aching back you should not neglect it, for if you do, you may be sure that some serious kidney trouble will follow.

What you want is a kidney medicine, for kidneys only. This you will find in Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's Kidney Pills know nothing but kidney disorders, because they're made for kidneys only.

Mrs. George Craigie, Rose Valley, P. E. I., writes: "I am writing to tell you what a wonderful cure Doan's Kidney Pills did for me. I was suffering with a lame back, and for several days I could hardly straighten up for the pain. I had used quite a lot of other kinds of pills, but received no relief. Just then my sister told me about what "Doan's" had done for her, so I decided to try them. I used three boxes and I am completely cured. I do not hesitate to recommend them to all."

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100 Smart Norfolk Suits in Neat Patterns, with Extra Pair Bloomer Pants - - - $3.98

FOR BOYS 8 TO 16 YEARS.

Smartly-made Suits in neat brown and grey shades, with fancy cluster pleats, lined all through, each suit with extra pair bloomer knickers to match. Trousers are lined throughout. Coats in newest model, with patch pockets; sizes 27 to 34 for 8 to 16-year-old boys.

Boys' Blue Serge Fancy Pleat Norfolks $4.85

A particularly smart style, in patch pocket model, with cluster pleats and good full bloomers; a pure wool serge, in nice medium finish and splendid shades. Sizes 27 to 34, for 8 to 16-year-old boys.

Children's Oliver Twist Wash Suits at - - - 49c

The very newest style in Wash Suits for the little fellows; blue and white and blue and linen combinations; well made of durable fabrics; ages 2½ to 6 years. Regular $1.00 values all over.

MEN'S $15 to $20 SUITS, Selling at - $10

Still a good assortment of these splendid Suits, hundreds of which have been sold in the last few weeks; greys, tans, browns, mixtures, in fine, pure wool tweeds, cheviots and worsteds. Regular conservative English and Norfolk coat models, in two and three-piece styles; sizes 33 to 42 in the lot.

Special Fine Brown Worsted Suits and Pick-and-Pick Greys $12.50

These are particularly fine Suits for the money and will go like hot cakes. The brown is in a very handsome, neat self-check pattern, in three-button sack style; the greys are in the always good pick and pick patterns that never show the dust or dirt. Don't miss seeing these Suits.

$1 COMBINATION UNDERWEAR 50c

Zimmerknit White Double-thread Balbriggan Union Suits, with closed crotch; 8 dozen in sizes 40 mostly. Regular $1.00 value.

50c BOYS' ROMPERS 38c

Children's Rompers of heavy durable cloth, in tan and blue shades; well made in all sizes. 5 dozen only.

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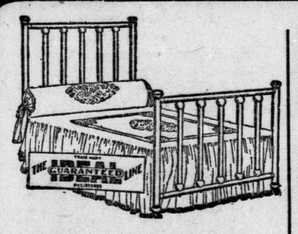
Standard White Duck Outing Shirts, with reversible collars. Full-sized bodies and all neck sizes.

BOYS' WASH BLOOMERS 39c

Splendid 50c qualities in Boys' Wash Bloomers, in brown and white stripe and plain tan shades; all sizes, 4 to 12 years.

Two Stores **R. J. Young & Co.** London London East

BRASS BED SALE



62 BRASS BEDS, JUST ARRIVED, WILL BE SACRIFICED. SALE COMMENCES FRIDAY MORNING, 9 A.M. THESE GOODS WERE PURCHASED AT 60 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR AND CANNOT BE OFFERED AGAIN AT THESE PRICES.

$8.80 for a genuine $15.00 Brass Bed with 2-inch posts, inside posts ⅞-inch; sizes, 3 ft., 4 ft., 4 ft. 6 in. Any finish.

Two only $50.00 Brass Beds for .... $33.00 each

Bungall's Brass Beds, exceptionally pretty designs. Worth $30.00, for..$15.75

This 2-inch Post White Enameled Bed, for $5.95, regular price, $10.00.

This same Bed, with full 1-inch inside posts, for $7.90. Regular price, $12.00.

Iron Cribs, with woven wire springs ..... $3.95 each

THREE SPECIAL MATTRESSES ON SALE ALSO

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$6.00 Combination Mattress for $4.75
$10.00 Guaranteed White Felts for $5.95

SPECIAL.
2-inch Continuous Post Brass Bed, with 1-inch inside posts. Formerly sold for $22.00. Sale price, $14.90
Seven to sell.

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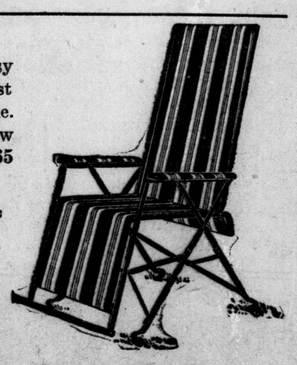
You can buy Room Rugs for 20 per cent less at KEENE BROS., King Street.

Veranda Easy Chair, the most comfortable made. Our price is now $6.65



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