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THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1907

THE FOUR-FLUSHER

by FRANK GLOVER HEATON

JOHN STONE stalked out of the convention hall with a hard glitter in his eyes and his lean face was drawn in lines that showed stern and grim. It had been a bitter fight, uphill all the way, but none the less hard to lose when the loser was such a man as Stone. Brought out by the bitter element of his party as a reform candidate for mayor, he had had the city organization against him from the start. For his opponent the "regulars," as the members of the organization styled themselves, had backed "Charley" Walters, professional politician of "the-end-justifies-the-means" sort, and now, at the conclusion of a fight during the long weeks of which he had ceaselessly raised the battle cry of "a clean city administration" and "smash the ring!" Stone was down, while the cheers of the men who had nominated Walters still echoed through the corridors and out into the street. Defeat had never been an easy thing for the young attorney to bear, and to have failed in this fight, into which he had put every pound of energy he possessed, was doubly bitter. For John Stone possessed three qualifications that, while they make certainly for success in the end, also make incidental defeats taste bitter in the mouth—he was young, he was ambitious and he had an abiding belief and pride in the magnitude of his city, in the magnificence of American institutions and in the inherent, if deep hidden, purity of conscience of the American voter. As a general axiom youth and enthusiasm are simply different spellings of ignorance. To the men who can, while losing their youth, gain knowledge and experience without losing their enthusiasm it is given to do great things in the work of the world. The gesture with which Stone pulled his soft black hat lower over his eyes seemed to savor almost of childish petulance, but there was nothing of childishness in the manner in which the muscles of his lean, square jaw bulged as his teeth came together.

At the foot of the stairway leading from the hall Walters, with a group of politicians and "heelers," stood talking over the events of the primary. Clark, the city chairman—a creature of the "ring," whose methods as presiding officer had more than once brought Stone to his feet white and choked with impotent rage—accosted him, hand outstretched.

"It's all over now, Johnnie. Let's shake hands and call it square," he said, as Stone turned out to pass the group.

Stone ignored the outstretched palm, pushed back his hat and looked squarly into the eyes of one after another of the group. Then—

"Don't get the idea into your head, Clark, that it's all over," he said. "I'll not be over until I've evened things up with you and your crowd, old man. Just don't let that get away from you!"

"The little boy's sore," remarked Walters, with a sneering laugh. "Let him alone, Ed.; he'll get over it. These four flush reformers always did make me tired." And the nominee's eyes narrowed into the sardonic semblance of a smile. Stone whirled toward him.

"You're where you've been trying to get for a good many years, Walters," he said levelly, white to the lips, "but you'll find it the sorriest thing you ever did before I get through with you. I'm a four flush reformer, am I? Well, it's going to be a fight between the four flush and the stacked deck, do you hear? A fight right to the end, and, by God, it's going to be a bitter end for you—mark what I tell you!"

"Hear the little boy whimper," Walters laughed, turning to the others. "Guess he hasn't had enough even yet."

"No, and I shan't have enough till I've put you where I want you, you crook!" Stone snapped. "And as sure as that you live and I live I'll put you there before I've done with you!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Walters. "Come on, boys; let's don't stand here listening to the sorehead. It makes me think of a crying baby."

He turned on his heel and started across the street, followed by the others. Over the drinks in a nearby cafe Clark said:

"I'm sorry Stone takes it the way he does. He'd be a good man to have with us if it wasn't for his fool reform and 'civic purity' notions. And he'll be a mighty bad man to have against us—he's sure a fighter."

"Why, what's the matter, old man?" laughed Walters. "Did the little boy scare you out?"

"No, and you know he didn't," growled Clark. "My old daddy used to say that it's better to have the good will even of a dog than his ill will. That's why I'd rather have Stone with us than against us. He's too much of a bulldog to know when he's whipped."

"Well, he's one bulldog that's well whipped now, whether he knows it or not," said Walters, with a smile of derision. "And he'll be lined up and working for us as hard as the next one before the week's out."

"Maybe he will—I hope so," rejoined Clark doubtfully, "but if he comes over he'll fool me, all right. It'll be the first time I ever heard of one of his breed laying down."

For a candidate who has the united backing of a monopolistic gas company, big railroad interests, a gigantic brewery combine, an ambitious telephone system and a grasping water company, besides all the multitudinous minor influences that are best subserved by a city administration run on "liberal" lines, the final result is never seriously to be doubted. Let an exception be entered here. The success of such a candidate is never in doubt as long as healthy public sentiment is not actively aroused. In the case of Walters the opposition within his own party was confined to the few who are always fighting crookedness and graft—the chosen few who, so long as they continue to fight, form the country's "forlorn hope" of purer politics and ultimate survival. The great "middle class"—respectable home owning mechanics, professional men, churchgoers, ministers—took little interest in the city election and were content, as usual, to allow the affairs of their municipality to be run by those elected by the votes of saloon hangers-on, gamblers, swinelike Pokes and Huniaks—lowest and most degraded of the packing house and brewery laborers—and a horde of equally ignorant and debauched negro roustabouts.

John Stone, heading the forlorn hope, made up of those who had battled unsuccessfully for his nomination, continued the fight against Walters and "the ring" even when it became plain to the most enthusiastic that Walters' success was assured. And in the battle that was waged between these two was to be seen an epitome of the two forces that are "fighting it out" in the country's affairs today. On the one side Stone, young, enthusiastic, full of a belief in the greatness of his country's institutions, gaining experience and knowledge as he fought, but never for an instant lowering his ideals. On the other side Walters, a type of that class most pitiable among mankind, the crooked politician whose sole ambition seems to be to serve abler crooks than himself. In every city, large or small, there are those of the Walters class. Always active in politics, with an added grain of nerve, an extra atom of gray matter, they would be grafters of the first class. The absence of the needed atom or grain just holds them from the attainment of their desires—keeps them out of higher office where their opportunities would be greater—and oftentimes keeps them out of the penitentiaries. A crooked politician to be completely successful must have all—not a portion—of the qualifications of a good poker player—poker and politics are much alike—and the first of these qualifications is never weakening nerve. In this respect Walters lacked. Keen, shrewd, resourceful, he stopped just short of daring; tricky, original in a way, he lacked the ability to reason straight from cause to effect; plausible, dramatic and oratorical, his oratory was of the sort that carries a crowd off its feet but leaves it nothing to think over. But there was in him a weakness, the weakness that makes men of this class only pitifully contemptible—he was a type of the crooked politician who barely lacks the nerve to make his crookedness profitable to himself, and who, by reason of the lack, becomes the tool of abler crooks, who turn his work to profit for themselves and sneer at him behind his back. Only in the fact that men of this type never learn, and never overcome, finally, their nerve deficit is there ground for the hope that ultimately the righteous shall rule in the land.

With the forces that were at work for his election and in a campaign marked with the usual apathy that exists among the forces of those who should control affairs, however, the election of Walters was assured long before the day of election arrived. The colonization of negro voters, brought into the city by the carload from an adjoining state and held virtual prisoners until they should be needed; the naturalization of scores of Hungarians, Poles, Roumanians and what not—the very offscourings of a dozen foreign lands—men without a knowledge of even ten words of English, but driven up and made into American citizens and voters, then stabled, twenty to a fourteen foot square room, that they might be taken to the polls on election day to vote for Walters, whose agents never let them stray from sight for five minutes at a time—all this, and other work not even as clean as this, was reported constantly to Chairman Clark, and matters appeared to be moving very smoothly indeed for his party's nominee.

But there was a bitter taste even to this draught of success that marred the pleasure in the workmanlike job his organization was making of the election. John Stone and his friends were working night and day for Walters' defeat—giving freely of their time and money in the effort at least to minimize his success—and their work was not without its effect. Men who had stood with the party from the time they had cast their first votes were now lukewarm or, worse, were opposing the party's candidate. Stone himself was the most active in this work, and as Clark heard report after report of the work that was being done by the young attorney and marked its effect his apprehension increased. Smiling and confident always when listening to the reports of his workers, he grew more and more pessimistic in his talks with Walters, and never ceased to lament the misfortune of not having the square jawed young attorney among the regulars.

"Mark what I tell you," he said and reiterated, "that young fellow will make a lot of trouble for us yet. I said at the time, and I'll always say, that it was a big mistake for us to make an enemy of him. His kind is the kind that fight till they drop, and then keep on fighting, and we're going to find it out before we get through—or you are, Charley. I know it already."

So in time the pessimism of Clark began to have its effect on Walters. The chairman's gloomy looks, carefully concealed in the committee rooms, became more and more pronounced in the private office conference with Walters, until at last they began to wear on the candidate's nerves. The knowledge that the young "fighting reformer," as he had been styled since the opening of the campaign, was watching every move that was made by the organization and its candidate became an aggravation, because men whose eyes are open all the time see a great many things, and in a campaign such as Walters was waging there are things that it is best that men like Stone should not see.

When the counting of the ballots on election day showed that Walters was elected by a majority of twelve hundred votes the successful candidate breathed a sigh of relief.

"Now, you blamed old croaker!" he exclaimed, slapping Clark on the back, "we've won out in spite of Stone and his bunch of four-flushers, just as I knew we should. What have you got to say?"

"Just what I've said all the time,' answered the chairman. "We're not through with Stone yet. We've squeezed in by a miserable twelve hundred. Harry," turning to a clerk, "what was Smithson's plurality two years ago?"

"Close to seven thousand," was the instant reply.

"Seven thousand," repeated Clark. "There it is—seven thousand for Smithson two years ago and twelve hundred for Walters today. And you can just charge that missing five thousand odd votes to Stone and his crowd, old man."

Walters wriggled in his chair as Clark repeated the figures.

"Oh, shut up, you death's head!" he growled. "Will you ever get through with your croaking, I wonder? We've beat 'em, and Stone's down and out, so that's all there is to it, I guess."

"That's just it," the chairman rejoined; "is that all there is to it? If I know John Stone it isn't. I said at the Convention that he'd make trouble for us, and I say it now. He knows whose money put you in, and he has an idea why, and you just put it down in your little note book, old man, that we're not through with Stone yet by any means."

But the returns were in and Walters was elected. Outside, in the main rooms of the committee, a sweating mob, that smelled strongly of beer and cheap tobacco, was cheering itself hoarse for the new head of the city government. In the street below, lighted with the glare of redfire and roman candles, a brass band was braying a ragtime march. So there was a smile on Walters' face as he opened the door and stepped out into the crowded room, but above the smile there was a crease between his eyes, and as he shook hands right and left with the grimy and unsavory "patriots" to whose votes he owed success, his big teeth ground and crunched on the thick cigar until, unheeded, it fell to the floor.

Now, professional politicians who have been placed in office through the influence of "the interests" are peculiarly conscientious about faithfully serving their masters—for which conscientiousness there are reasons. Duty to the people? Bah! That is another story. The corporations are usually strikingly successful in securing faithful servants; the people so far have unfortunately not been so successful.

The newly elected Mayor took his seat on New Year's Day, and in the time that elapsed between the day of his election and the time when he assumed control of the city's affairs much of the nervousness occasioned by the chairman's words of ill omen had had time to wear away. Once elected, with the excitement attendant upon filling the numerous offices and positions made vacant by reason of the change in administrations, Walters became once more the smooth, keen politician—scheming, planning, trading this place for that advantage, this position for that influence, rewarding or rebuffing this or that worker, as policy might dictate. In the absorption of playing the game he forgot for the time the very existence of John Stone, or remembered his enemy only to smile grimly at the thought of the defeat he had met.

Besides, there were duties to be attended to, tasks to be performed. Your corporation—railroad, telephone, water works, what not—is not in the habit of digging into its surplus to help elect a candidate unless it has a pretty accurate idea as to what it may expect from that candidate in return.

When, early in the spring following the inauguration of Mayor Walters, the Southern Railway asked a franchise and right of way into the city there was a storm of protest. The tracks of the proposed railroad were to cut squarely through one of the business districts of the city; its freight depot and yards were to be located within half a block of long rows of substantial retail establishments, and the road was to enter the city by means of surface tracks. In addition, the new road did not wish to use the union passenger depot, but intended to build a passenger station of its own, fronting on a city park and less than a block removed from St. Elizabeth's Hospital. All this was an abandonment of the policy adopted by the preceding administration, which had mapped out a programme of track elevation, the consolidation of freight yards and their removal to a point outside the city limits, and the use by all roads entering the city of the huge new Union Depot.

The ordinance giving the new roads all it asked for was introduced by the president of the city council, a special political friend of the mayor. As rapidly as was possible the measure was pushed through, and the vote that passed it was taken while the space outside the railing around the council chamber was filled with a yelling, swearing crowd demanding to be heard. The crowd was made up of men from a single section of the city, however. Only the business men who stood to be ruined by the building of the new road and yards appeared, and they had neglected to employ attorneys to carry on the fight for them. So long as the opposition to the ordinance was confined to one locality it did not look dangerous; besides, there were vital reasons why the measure should pass. The president of the council, one hand thrust deep in his pocket, gripped a rubber banded bundle of the reasons, while with the other hand he gavelled through the vote that passed the ordinance. In the rear row of chairs a few of the more timid members of the council looked apprehensively over their shoulders and paled a trifle as they listened to the clamor of voices raised in denunciation, but they too caressed some of the vital reasons stowed away in inner pockets, and though the president's voice could scarcely be heard above the tumult that was raised by the frantic objections they bravely voted "Yea!" and with a sounding thump of the gavel the ordinance was declared adopted. What if more than one member of the council waited in the chamber until long after midnight, and then went home in a cab in order to avoid meeting some of the more strenuous of the objectors? The opposition to the measure had been noisy, but it was "simply local and unimportant," and, besides, there had been those vital reasons.

The new ordinance went to the mayor for signature on the day following its adoption, and although he was waited on by a committee of a dozen of the most aggressive of the objectors he failed to see any reason for refusing to sign. The committee stormed, pleaded, threatened and raged in turn, but the mayor also had vital reasons for helping to make the new measure effective—various substantial items in his campaign fnuds, if explained, might have proved enlightening to the committee of objectors.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," he remarked blandly, "hat I cannot see my duty and your inclinations as one and the same, but I must sign the ordinance. You see, it gives the city a new railway"——

"Yes, and gives the new railway a damned good slice of the city," interrupted one of the committee.

"—And a direct line to the coal fields," continued the mayor, ignoring the interruption, "which is something our city city stands in great need of. So, sorry as I am that I may not, in doing what I see as a duty, fall in with your wishes, I am compelled to say that the ordinance will receive my signature."

As the members of the committee stalked out of the mayor's office, with black looks and open threats of political revenge, the mayor uncapped his fountain pen and carefully and conscientiously wrote "Charles H. Walters" on the line left blank at the bottom of the objectionable measure.

As he blotted the signature and recapped his pen a messenger boy sauntered into the room.

"Message f'r May'r Walters," drawled the lad.

"Give it to me, I'm the mayor," said Walters, his face still wearing the benevolent smile that had adorned it as he signed the ordinance.

"Aw' ri; sign here," and the boy held out message and receipt book.

The mayor signed and turned the yellow envelope over. As the boy closed the office door, leaving him alone, he slowly slit the envelope and drew out the enclosure. The smile faded from his face as he unfolded the note and read the single line that it contained:

"I am watching you! John Stone."

That was all. No date, no preliminaries, no threat—nothing but the four words and the signature. But the mayor's teeth came together with a snap, and his bushy eyebrows drew together in a scowl of black rage as he tore the note across and across and threw it into the waste basket.

"Hell!" he gritted vindictively. "Hell!"

When the Great United Telephone Company's amended franchise went through the Council with the same alacrity that had marked the granting of the railway franchise there was another wave of protest. The amendments provided for an increase of rates and the abandonment by the city of the company's payment of a tax on all instruments over a certain number. Newspaper opposition, weak and ineffective; mass meetings, carefully and systematically packed by the telephone company; protests from business men and private citizens, totally lacking in organization—these were the weapons used in fighting the demands of the telephone people. A lively sense of gratitude for favors past and to come made up the armory of those who battled for the corporation, and, as usual, the public lost. The amended franchise was granted just as the company asked, and again, before the ink of the Mayor's signature had dried on the paper a blue uniformed messenger with oilcloth book laid a yellow envelope on the Mayor's desk, and again the Mayor read the message, "I am watching you," with its bold signature, "John Stone."

And again he swore deep and long and savagely, his big white teeth vindictively crunching the end of his black cigar. The timeliness of the two messages struck him almost with the force of a blow. Within two minutes after the railroad ordinance was signed the first note reached him, and the second had been as carefully timed. The same laconic message each time, direct as a knife thrust. It was disconcerting, to say the least.

Then came the ordinance extending the term of the Gas Trust franchise, which carried with it the quiet and businesslike killing of the co-operative gas project, this latter a hold over measure from the preceding administration. Following these, at intervals sufficiently long to permit public sentiment in a measure to become quieted, a franchise amendment slid through the Council that permitted the saddling of additional rents on patrons of the water company. Following within a minute or two of the placing of the Mayor's signature to each of these measures came the message signed "John Stone," with their laconic "I am watching you!" Mayor Walters raved and swore as he read each note, cursing the boys who delivered the messages, the man who wrote them—even the colored porter who admitted the messengers to his private office. But still the notes came. No sooner was an ordinance signed than a message from Stone was placed in the Mayor's hands. And at length a superstitious fear took possession of Walters. The measures must be enacted, and he must sign them—that was what he had been elected for, and he must obey the powers that owned him. But obedience was sure to bring one of John Stone's notes, "I am watching you!" always the same, and the Mayor grew to dread them. How was Stone able to time his messages so nicely? Mayor Walters asked himself this question again and again without finding an answer. How was he to know that a tenth floor window of the office building across the street overlooked his own private office, and how was he to know that John Stone, with a powerful field glass, sat at that tenth floor window and watched him as he sat at his desk?

"I AM WATCHING YOU, JOHN STONE"

Thrown into the political background at the close of the city campaign, Clark, the organization's city chairman, was still of sufficient importance to be called into frequent consultation by the Mayor and to be admitted to his private office at times when almost any one else would have been refused. Clark had never lost his air of foreboding—had never ceased to bewail the fact that John Stone was an avowed enemy of the Mayor and the organization—and he was not a frequent or a welcome caller at the Mayor's office.

On an afternoon shortly after the Mayor had received his fifth note from Stone Clark entered the office. Walters was sitting hunched over his desk; his teeth gripped the big black cigar that he was never without of late and his forehead was knotted in a dark scowl. As Clark came through the door the Mayor started up in his chair, settling back with a breath of relief as he recognized his visitor. His hand strayed toward a locked compartment of the big desk, but he caught himself and drew back. Clark must not see the brandy bottle that was hidden there. How was the Mayor to know how many times the steel gray eyes at the other end of the field glass in the tenth story window across the street had seen the bottle drawn from its hiding place? How was he to know how often the tight shut lips below those gray eyes had widened in a grim smile at the sight?

"I tell you, Charley," said Clark, after a greeting, "we've played it too strong, I'm afraid. The whole town's dead sore on us over these franchises, and it won't take much more to smash the organization for keeps." And he pushed back his hat and mopped his forehead.

"Oh, rats!" snapped the Mayor. Black cigars—a score of them daily—and a hidden brandy bottle will in time tell on the steadiest of nerves and the most placid of tempers. "Oh, rats! To hear you talk anybody'd think there was some real live opposition, instead of the howling of a bunch of soreheads and four flush reformers."

"Call 'em four flushers if you want to, Charles," Clark rejoined, 'but I've seen many a good pot raked down on a well played four flush. And don't forget that some of the best men the party ever had in this burg are lined up with those same soreheads. Just remember John Stone," he added significantly.

"Yah, Stone," snarled the Mayor, but with a furtive searching of his visitor's face. "Always ringing Stone in—the prize four flusher of the crowd, I tell you. You make me tired, Clark. To hell with Stone!" and he burst into a torrent of blasphemy and objurgation of the young attorney that caused Clark to straighten up in his chair and stare in amazement. Almost instantly the Mayor quieted himself.

"I beg your pardon, Ed.," he said. with an apologetic smile. "I shouldn't allow my temper to get away with me that way, but the truth is my nerves are not just right. Working too hard, I guess—that's it, over work. I'll have to take a vacation pretty soon—I'm about all in."

"Oh, that's all right; I know just how you feel," Clark replied. "But say, old man, did you know that Stone's watching us all like a hawk?"

"What's that?" Walters asked, quick and sharp and gripping hard on the arms of his chair.

"Just what I say," was the answer. "He's been watching you since the day after election, and not only you but me and every one of our members of the Council. Why, I haven't been able to move out of my house night or day for months without one of Stone's damned spies at my heels, and neither have you nor any of the rest of us, only you and the others haven't found it out yet. I tell you the thing's getting on my nerves, too."

"How do you know all this?" shouted the Mayor, glaring menacingly at Clark, "and why the hell haven't you told me before? You're a hell of a friend, you are!" And he sank back in the big chair while his hand once again strayed unconsciously toward the locked drawer.

"I know just because I've been paying good money to find out," Clark answered. "And I haven't told you because I've only been certain of it a few days myself. I've had some good men looking after Stone and his spies, and they're finding out a few things for me, too, let me tell you. Why, man, Stone'll know inside of an hour all about me coming here to see you—he's got a way of finding out anything he wants to know." And he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder.

The clock in the tower of the City Hall clanged one as the two men slipped out of the Mayor's office and, with a nodded good night to the negro janitor in the corridor, started homeward; but, notwithstanding the hours spent in discussing the matter, no plan had occurred to either of them which promised to put an end to the espionage of Stone and those who were backing him. The Mayor had not seen fit to mention the notes he had received from Stone. This was a secret he thought safer in his own keeping. As the Mayor entered his gate he threw a quick glance over his shoulder, and in the shadows that lined the opposite side of the street he saw the dusky outline of a man's figure leaning against a tree box. With a curse, muttered but bitter, he slipped his latch key into the lock and entered the house.

Working with Clark, the mayor instituted his own system of spies, and it was not long until the reports from his men showed that the chairman's apprehensions were well grounded. He learned that he had been watched in a systematic manner every hour of the day and night for months. In like manner had Clark been spied upon, and watchers had dogged the footsteps of every one of the organization's councilmen.

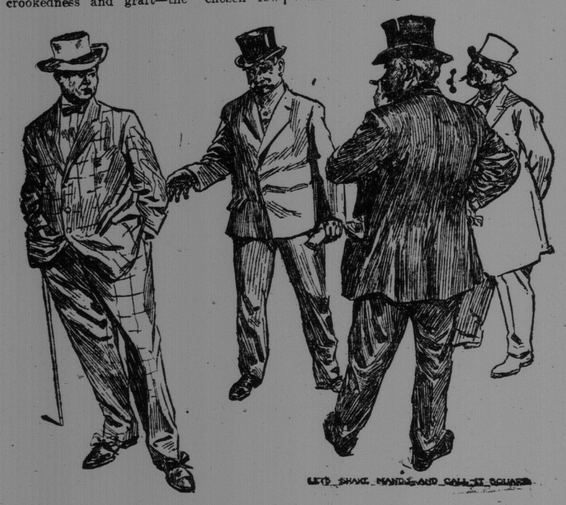
Reports soon began to come in that were more disquieting. Billings, the president of the council, had been seen to visit Stone's office late at night and to remain for an hour or more. Staub, Percival, Williams—all of them members of the "inside ring" in the city council—were also visitors at the office of the young attorney, and not only once did they go, but two, three, half a dozen times. And the mayor's most searching inquiries as to why they went resulted in nothing more satisfactory than evasive answers and the plea of "private business." To his thinly veiled hints that he believed they were playing double, the men returned indignant denials, but the denials did not satisfy the mayor. What else, he asked himself, would they do but deny? And the belief that his most trusted fellow workers had turned traitor grew stronger and stronger as the months passed. To Clark's proposition that they lay the matter before those who were the real powers behind the administration he rejoined:

"How the devil can we? Let those fellows know that I'm up against it and it's all off. How long do you suppose they'd stay by me if they got a notion their own precious reputations are likely to suffer?"

Clark could only admit the truth of the mayor's words.

And the brandy bottle came oftener and oftener from its hiding place, the strong black cigars were hardly ever absent from between his teeth, while the sudden opening or closing of a door became the cause for fits or trembling and wild outbursts of blasphemy. Across the street the gray eyes watched through the spyglass from the tenth story window, and the smiles that wreathed the close set lips grew grimmer and more grim. The climax came when the report reached Mayor Walters that on the night before Billings and Staub, his right hand men in the council, had been closeted with Stone until long past midnight. Messengers sent to summon the men to the mayor's office returned with the report that both had left the city. Late that night, long after the night force of janitors had left the building, Mayor Walters was taken from his office and placed dead drunk, in a cab that was drawn up to the rear door of the city hall.

(To be concluded next week.)



LET'S SHAKE HANDS AND CALL IT SQUARE

WILLIAM PATTERSON HAS LEG BROKEN

Accident at Renforth to Former Water Works Foreman.

William Patterson, who was for a long time foreman in the city waterworks, met with quite a serious accident at Renforth Friday night a result of which he is now in the hospital with both bones in one of his legs broken below the knee. About 5 o'clock he was pushing behind a load of coal, helping the horses get it up a hill near the station. The whiffletree of the cart broke, and the vehicle ran back with such violence that Mr. Patterson, who is about seventy years of age, was knocked down and one of the wheels passed over his leg. He was picked up as soon as possible, and Dr. J. P. McInerney, who fortunately was near, rendered the necessary surgical aid and ordered his removal to the hospital.

Mr. Patterson's son accompanied him on the train and went with him to the hospital in the ambulance.

BORDEN HAMMERS LIBERALS AT LONDON AND WOODSTOCK

Asks Where Theey Stand On the Public Ownership Proposals— Hyman Election Scandals Dwelt On.

Toronto, Sept. 13—R. L. Borden, Conservative leader, addressed two large meetings today at Woodstock and London. He defended the Halifax platform, and asked where the Liberals stood on the management of government railways by an independent commission and the nationalization of telegraphs and telephones. He said, with the exception of the Montreal Gazette, there was no opposition, that he knew of, in Conservative party to his public ownership proposals.

At London the revelations of the Hyman election furnished the text for most of the speakers.

Messrs. Cockshutt, Blain, Bennett and MacDonell, M. P.'s, are with Mr. Borden.

MISS JULIA KUTTNER, YOUNG WOMAN FERDINAND PINNEY EARLE CALLS HIS AFFINITY

MISS JULIA KUTTNER