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LONDON, THURSDAY, DEC. 28.

The Mayoralty Candidates.

So far no valid argument has been advanced against Ald. Stevely's candidature for the mayoralty. He has had a long training in the City Council, and has held the most important positions in the gift of that body. As chairman of the finance committee this year he has done excellent work. Although weighed with many of the obligations of last year's council, he has contrived to avoid an overdrift without shirking his duties, and passing them on to the succeeding board. His record for many years is before the public, and has not been seriously challenged. He is accused of suppressing the city auditors' report for the current year, a document which always makes its appearance in February. He is abused because he voted, like Mr. Judd, to issue waterworks debentures, instead of requiring the ratepayers of today to pay the whole cost of providing water services, which will yield a revenue for fifty years to come. He is charged with violating his oath of office because a paltry \$100 worth of supplies was bought in his store, without his solicitation, by waterworks and hospital officials, not directly employed by the council. Another of his crimes was in complying with an invitation from the Fair Board to tender for the construction of a roof at the Fair grounds. These pleads are a compliment to Ald. Stevely, as they show that no real blemish in his municipal career has been found by a microscopic examination. He is a young man who inherited very considerable responsibilities in a business way, and these he has carried on with ability and success. His reputation stands high in the mercantile community, and he has been always on good terms with his employees. He has energy and ideas, and has shown a marked aptitude for public affairs.

Mr. Judd is also a young man of considerable municipal experience, and a member of a profession which has greatly enriched the public service; but unfortunately for his present ambitions, his professional connections have frequently brought him into contact with the city as a franchise and contract seeker. Two of the corporations holding civic franchises, the Bell Telephone Company and the London Electric Company, chose him to conduct their negotiations with the council. The local legal work of the Grand Trunk has hitherto gone to his law firm, and he would not be in the most independent position, if he were elected mayor, to parry with the company when it asks for very important favors next year. Mr. Judd has been also in the pay of the Barber Asphalt Company, in a legitimate way, and these are the days of paving wars, and the electors would be doing a good turn for Mr. Judd by declining to place him where he would be divided between duty to the public and gratitude to his clients, especially if there is any truth in the apothegm that gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come.

The Waterworks.

An unfortunate printer's error made us say last night that water consumers were "being charged excessive rates in order to lighten the burdens of the taxpayers," whereas the opposite was intended, as the context proved. The report of the Board of Water Commissioners for the year ending Nov. 30, 1905, shows that after deducting the debt charges, and the amount paid by the city in water rates, the actual surplus in the year's operations was little more than \$10,000.

There are two views as to the financing of the waterworks system. Some hold that it is no business of the department to accumulate a surplus, to be applied to the reduction of the tax rate, but that the water consumers should be required to pay no more than is sufficient for waterworks maintenance. In other words, water should be supplied at cost price. There is much to be said in favor of this, in the interest of cleanliness and comfort, but in this city the remission of the surplus would effect only a slight reduction in the water rates of the average householder. It represents, however, a reduction of from one-third to one-half a mill on the dollar in the tax rate, and this is of incalculable advantage, because a high rate of taxation is a very bad advertisement for a municipality which is desirous of attracting industries and population. In the British cities, where municipal ownership has seen its greatest development, public utilities are managed with the object of producing a profit, to be turned into the civic coffers, although this policy has gone hand in hand, if reports are to be believed, with cheap services than under private ownership.

Municipal Elections on Party Lines.

The municipal elections in Toronto and Hamilton this year will have a special interest because of the application of the party system. Toronto has been hitherto free from this affliction, and although a strongly Conservative city, has elected a Liberal mayor for three years past. The present mayoralty contest is between Controller Spence, a Liberal, and Ald. Coatsworth, a Conservative. Ald. Coatsworth has openly declared for the party plan of municipal government. He has the active backing of the Toronto Tory boss, Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, who is regaling the party workers at the ward meetings with beer and free lunches, and perfecting the organization in Ald. Coatsworth's behalf. Every newspaper in Toronto, with the exception of the Mail and Empire, is supporting Ald. Spence on the ground of his superior ability, and is denouncing the introduction of party politics.

In Hamilton, where the Conservative machine has controlled the city for some years, a full Conservative ticket for the council and school board has been nominated. The Spectator publishes the slate and makes this appeal: "All good Conservatives who desire to see a good Conservative city council for the year 1906, should vote for the men mentioned below—and no other. Leave out the knackers and obstructionists, and those who are engaged in election time only, and elect the following men, who will work harmoniously together for the general good of the city, and to the credit of the Conservative party of Hamilton. Do not waste a vote on a Grit, 'Independent' Conservative or wrecker."

The Spectator's allusion to wreckers is aimed at three or four Conservative aldermen, who have shown a spark of independence. In London an attempt was made, though not so brazenly, to introduce the same system four years ago. It was more or less successful for three years, but is now somewhat the worse for wear. There are a number of candidates, Liberal and Conservative, in the field this year, who are not the type of men to allow themselves to be made the puppets of any party bosses.

What circle of the inferno is reserved for the thieves who have broken into Dante's house at Florence and carried off priceless relics of the past?

Australia intends to compete with Canada for British immigrants. All she needs is a new climate and more water, as somebody said of the infernal regions.

St. Petersburg is the political capital of Russia, but Moscow is the heart and center. Moscow is Russia, as Paris is France. Hence, the significance of the present uprising.

Seymour Gourelay, ex-M. P., is dying in Nova Scotia. He was a picturesque figure in the House of Commons, and will be missed in these days when men are growing so much alike.

A Frenchman has invented motor-boats, which will propel a man at the rate of 30 miles an hour. The long-suffering pedestrian may get even with the automobile and the bicycle after all.

John Burns has been talking to the unemployed like a Dutch uncle. He says he will have no sympathy for the loafer, the cadger, or the drunkard. Burns is a great asset of the British workmen and his official career will be followed with intense interest. He has plenty of work cut out for him.

Woeful Waste.

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn, "wonder how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?"

"There must be a lot," said the frivolous girl; "but I suppose women will go on kissing one another just the same."

Violent Language.

"Yes," said the man who uses old-fashioned phrases, "my daughter can make a piano fairly talk."

"If that piano was talking," answered Mr. Curox, "the nature of its remarks must have been something fearful."

Surprised to Hear It.

"How many children have they?"

"None."

"Oh, I didn't know they were prominent socially."

The Flower of the Family.

Clara-Fred's mother called on me shortly after our engagement. She says he is the flower of the family.

Maudie—I guess that's right. His Uncle John says he is a blooming idiot.

The Reason.

Mrs. Jawback—I'll never forget how sheepish you looked when you proposed.

Mr. Jawback—Naturally. You had been pulling the wool over my eyes for some time.

Blame the Tailor.

Mrs. Young—John, dear, I wish you'd get another tailor.

Mr. Young—Why, dearest? Mrs. Young—The one you have is so dreadfully careless about sewing on the buttons. This is the fourth time I've had to sew this same button on for you.

The Scientific Way.

"Yes, he calls himself a scientific farmer."

"And what does the science consist in?"

"Why, he stays in town and runs the farm by telephone."

Duly Announced.

At a fancy dress ball the mistress of the house stationed a servant at the door to announce the guests by their costumes. At last arrived two ladies in plain walk-

ing costume, who had only come to glance at the gay and dazzling scene.

"What costume shall I announce, ladies," asked the servant, courteously.

"Oh, none. We haven't anything on at all," was the response.

"Two ladies without anything on at all!" shouted the faithful domestic. Sensation.

The Fairest Gift.

[Chicago Record-Herald.] If I were Santa Claus I know what I would give to every boy and every little maiden. Oh, it would not be a paltry toy. It would not be a blushing doll. Nor any sugared thing to eat. The same gift I would give to all, and deem the giving sweet.

If I were Santa Claus, and might to each child give the gift I chose, The world would glow with new delight, And lose the darkest of its woes; For I would give to every boy And every maiden I could find The grace to gain unbounded joy Through merely being kind.

Willing to Try.

[Exchange.] "Women are certainly changeable creatures," said the weary-looking man.

"What's the explanation?" asked the friend of the family.

"During our honeymoon," answered the weary party, "my wife declared she could not live a day without me."

"Only last week," continued the other. "She tried to get me to insure my life for \$50,000 in her favor."

His Parting Shot.

[Chicago Record-Herald.] "Mr. Spoonall, have I ever given you reason to think I looked upon you as a possible lover?"

"No, Miss Gummell, you never have—not since you looked me up in Bradstreet's."

Badly Scratched.

[Yonkers Statesman.] Patience—I thought Polly used to have such a good complexion.

"Yes, but she did before she became engaged to that man with a beard."

The Gloomy Irish Bachelor.

[Catholic Standard and Times.] Here, yer yer pity or scorn, I'm prelatin' ye

ye Jerry McGlone. Trustin' the life of him will be fixtine ye

ye Murrin yer own. Think of a face wid a permanent fixture of Looks that are always sadstun' a mixture of Limmons an' vinegar. There! Ye've a picture of

ye Jerry McGlone. Falx, there is nothin' but sourest gloom in this

ye Jerry McGlone. Chris'mas joy, anny joy, niver finds room in this

ye Jerry McGlone. Cynical of gloom is the boast an' the pride of him.

An' if a laugh liver did pierce the hide of him, Falx, I believe 'twould imajinate, inside of him.

Change to a groan. Whisht now, an' listen. I'll tell ye the trouble of

ye Jerry McGlone. He preferred single life rather than double wid

ye Molly Malone. Thank of it! Think of an Irishman tarryin'

ye Jerry McGlone. While there's a party girl wishful for murrin'

ye Jerry McGlone. Arrah! No wonder the devils are harryin' ye

ye Jerry McGlone. Ah, but there's a few of the race but would scorn ye

ye Jerry McGlone. Shure, we all know that a Celt is not born

ye Jerry McGlone. Oh, but we're grateful (I spake for the laddy)

ye Jerry McGlone. Grateful fur women the bountiful Delty Dowers wid beauty an' virtue an' gayety.

All for our own! Those Who Dare.

[Chicago Record-Herald.] Here's to the man who says "I can," And holds his head up high.

And isn't afraid to take a dare From the ones who are tighter gifted; Who never regrets and never forgets The lesson he's learned from falling.

And uses them all for stepping-stones To attain the crest of his calling.

Here's to the woman who says "I will," Regardless of what befalls her, And doesn't despair at her load of care Or the road thro' which fate calls her; Who leans to the cross in her heavy loss, And finds what she needs in the station.

That the sweet and pure are the things that make the gods of the creation. Her the noblest of God's creation.

The Real Triumph.

[Washington Star.] "I suppose you feel better since you have delivered your speech," said the encouraging friend.

"It isn't so much to deliver a speech," replied the immature but sagacious statesman. "The real triumph consists in getting it listened to."

Quite a Difference.

[Puck.] "I love my love in the morning," sang the young man, ardently.

"But," exclaimed her younger brother, "you hadn't never seen her in the morning yet."

Each Developed Talent.

[Puck.] Hetty Green and Mark Twain have each collected a 70th birthday. Mark has a lot of friends and Hetty has a lot of money.

Beggars in London.

[Boston Transcript.] It is calculated that in London alone about 4000 beggars regularly make a living by begging; that the average income for each amounts to \$1.50 a week, or to \$100,000 a year. Last year about 2,000 persons were arrested for begging in the streets of London, and many of them were possessed of considerable sums of money and even of bank books showing handsome deposits.

His Idea of It.

[Philadelphia Press.] "I don't think that new doctor that's just moved in cures mumps or anything like that," said Tommy.

"Why not?" demanded Robbie. "My pa says he's a good family physician."

"That's just it. A family physician is just one that supplies families to people."

Heavy Bombardment.

[Cleveland Leader.] "Was your wife angry when you got home so late last night?"

"Angry? Why, my boy, the dear woman beat me with the belt."

"But how did you get that black eye?"

"Well, you see, she neglected to take the flowers out of the pots before she threw them."

A Friend of Her Youth.

[Detroit Free Press.] "For mercy's sake, don't put me near old Billions," said Mrs. Lookyoung to her friend.

"Why not?" said the other. "He's awfully interesting."

"I know it," said Mrs. Lookyoung. "But I never sit next to him at dinner but that he bursts out something like, 'You're member back in the old pioneer days!'"

Winston Churchill on Imperialism.

[From the London Times, Dec. 15.]

Mr. Winston Churchill, M. P., Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, was the guest of the evening last night at a house dinner of the City Liberal Club. Sir George Newnes, M. P., presided, and among those present were Mr. J. Irving Courtenay.

Mr. Churchill, in the course of his response to the toast of his health, which was proposed by the chairman, said that his appointment as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies was a small post, a small, humble post.

"(No.) But it had for him this powerful attention, that it would enable him to keep in touch with Mr. Chamberlain in the special subjects of his more recent activities. (Cheers.) Mr. Chamberlain might have been the great Colonial Minister his friends declared him to be, but he must say this, that against the services which he had rendered to the Empire—and he did not deny that they were large and real services—must be set the great disservice which he had rendered. He had repeatedly tried to drag the Colonial Empire into the vortex of British party politics. Again and again he had seen him willing to use the opinions of dis-

ting colonial statesmen and the sentiments of a great and powerful statesman and dependencies as mere pawns in a not very elevated party game. If the Colonies were not much too sensible to be led away by that wild talk, if colonial statesmen had not always observed the most exemplary propriety in refusing to allow themselves to be dragged into new and party discussions here at home, it was quite possible that some real and serious injury might have been done. (Cheers.) But let them not get into a jumpy or nervous state about the relations between Great Britain and her colonies. The bonds which united the various portions of our wide-spread Empire had stood the test of many years through which they had endured, and he thought it was only the platform Imperialist, who, in his vanity, deluded himself into belief that that splendid structure was about to collapse, and that only his feeble, meddling finger was sufficient to arrest its fall. (Cheers.) In conclusion, Mr. Churchill said that we had at the present moment an unusual number of difficult questions of colonial politics calling for settlement or treatment from those who had come into power. Lord Eglinton, who had been in the front line with questions of strategy and commerce, with questions of transit and education, with racial questions, and with moral questions, not less vast, hardly less varied than those which he faced with so much composure ten years ago in India. His friend, Lord Hugh Cecil (cheers)—once, in a caustic sentence, said that an under-secretary was only a stipendiary echo. (Laughter.) Accepting for a moment that view of his functions, he might say that there was no such thing in nature as an anticipatory echo. (Laughter.) And he must necessarily be silent until a voice has spoken. They must await, on all these definite matters, declarations from those whose duty it was to prescribe the policy of the British Cabinet. After all, the principles which governed Liberal Colonial policy were not a secret. They did not require any elaborate investigation of departmental statistics. They were known to all the world. They had been long esteemed in England; he thought they were going to be affirmed in the near future once again by a great popular majority. Free trade (cheers), self government (cheers), above all, peace (cheers), those were the principles of Liberal policy. They were the only methods by which it was possible to reconcile interests of democracy with the requirements and the responsibilities of vast over-sea dominions. Many other methods had been tried by other states. Some had led to ruin; none had succeeded half so well as those, in proportion as we had followed them, we had greatly prospered, until now, in the dawn of the 20th century, we were at the head of what was, he supposed, on the whole the most considerable confederacy of states and dependencies ever concentrated and combined together in the history of the modern world. (Cheers.) The nation which gave with an open hand and an open heart to its colonies all that it had a right to give—its guardianship by sea and land, its credit, a great free market, gave them all fully and freely, seeking no price, driving no bargain, seeking no repayment—was the only nation which had been able to preserve through all these years loyal, prosperous and profitable colonies. (Cheers.) "Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you after many days." It returned in that perfect loyalty which springs from perfect freedom, with that deepening sympathy which came with widening knowledge, with that true commercial inter-dependence which was the child of free exchange and peace. (Loud cheers.)

POEMS THAT LIVE

A Canadian Boat Song.

[Thomas Moore.]

Faintly as the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, On the green isle of St. Ann's our parting hymn.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's last!

Why should we yet our sails unfurl? There's not a breath the blue wave to curl!

But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's last!

"Twa's tide" this trembling moon Shall see us float over the surge's soon.

Saint of the Green Isle! hear our prayers, Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight's last!

Half the world not only doesn't know how the other half lives, but it sometimes wonders how it lives itself.

Girls are adepts in the art of bringing out the latent silliness in a man's nature.

J. H. CHAPMAN & COMPANY

A ROUSING GOOD LIST FOR THE LAST

Friday Bargain Day

OF THE OLD YEAR.

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S COATS.

Balance of Women's and Misses' \$7.50 and \$8.50 Coats to clear tomorrow at \$3.85 for choice. In black and fawn and mixture tweeds.

Children's Long Coats, navy blue and fancy tweeds, fit girls 4 to 12, new style. A snap for \$1.85.

Black Broadcloth 75 cents

150 yards of Extra Fine Black Broadcloth, Imperial finish, will not spot or shrink, right weight for ladies' tailored suits and unlined skirts, 56 inches wide; on sale Friday and Saturday, per yard ... 75c

Clearing Sale of Men's Shirts

8 dozen Men's Colored Percale Shirts, stiff bosoms and soft fronts, separate cuffs; in sizes 14, 14½, 16, 16½ and 17—a very few in sizes 15 and 15½. Best makes and best dollar values. Half price ... 50c

LINENS FOR NEW YEAR'S.

You save considerable on these Bleached Table Linen Specials. On sale the last two shopping days of this year—Friday and Saturday.

No. 1

Full-Bleached, Pure Linen Table Damask, clover leaf, ivy and spot patterns. Worth fully 60c a yard. At

50c

No. 2

68-inch, Extra-Fine, Bleached Table Damask, polka dot, shamrock and clover patterns. Regular

75c. At

65c

No. 3

72-inch, Full, Double Satin Table Damask, scroll and other patterns. Best \$1 yard. At

90c

Table Napkins, size 21x27, to match Table Damask, No. 2; worth \$2.50 a dozen; for, a dozen ... \$2.00

Table Napkins, ¼ size to match Table Damask, No. 3; were \$3.50 a dozen; for, a dozen ... \$3.00

Furs Reduced

Natural Sable Ruffs, full collar, trimmed with 6 sable tails; regular \$10.50, Friday and Saturday ... \$7.50

Natural Sable Ruffs, very long, 64-inch; regular price \$16.50; Friday and Saturday ... \$12.50

Empire Sable Muffs, satin lined, good full block; were \$8.50; Friday and Saturday ... \$5.75

Dressing Robes at Half

10 only, Ladies' Good-Quality Eldordown Robes, serviceable colors, finished seams, trimmed with red; regular prices were \$5 and \$6.50; choice, while they last ... \$2.50

Ladies' Tweeds and Cheviot Walking Suits, short and long coats, well lined; regular \$20; to clear ... \$12.50

Silk Waists, Millinery

Jap Silk Waists, in cream and colors; worth \$3; limited quantity, ... \$1.95

An extra bargain in Trimmed Ready-to-Wear; worth from \$2 up; white, reseda, navy, brown, Alice blue and black; choice ... \$1.00

Another table for bargain day ... 25c

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

CONNECT WITH INGERSOLL

Traction Officials Talk Matter Over With Aldermen.

Ingersoll, Dec. 28. — The council was waited upon yesterday by President F. G. Rumball, and Mr. B. B. Baker, engineer, of the Southwestern Traction Company, relative to securing a right-of-way through the city for the proposed line. The matter was informally discussed and will shortly come before the council in the regular way.

The representatives of the company were in town the greater portion of the day and went over the proposed route.

SUES WOODSTOCK'S CHIEF

Young Woman Claims \$1,000 Damages for Alleged Illegal Arrest.

Woodstock, Dec. 28. — A lawsuit is developing from the robbery that occurred at the residence of Mr. John White on Nov. 23. Notice of action has been served on Chief Zeas by Miss Tichner, formerly a domestic in the employ of Mr. White. Miss Tichner claims \$1,000 damages for malicious prosecution. Her claim is based upon the shooting and incarceration in the police cells. Miss Tichner and another domestic were examined the day following the robbery, and she was confined for two hours in the cells awaiting examination. Mr. John White will also be implicated in the action as co-defendant.

NEW CUSTOMS UNION

Balkan States Binding Themselves Closer Together.

Vienna, Dec. 28. — The reports from Belgrade to the effect that Serbia and Bulgaria are about to establish a custom union are regarded here as important, not only from an economic standpoint, but as possessing far greater political significance. The step is looked upon here as evidence that the Balkan States are mutually binding themselves closer together in order the better to resist future political pressure on the part of the governments of Western Europe.

Canadian Claims Earldom.

Kingston, Dec. 28. — A claimant for the earldom of Peterboro and dignities of Viscount Mordaunt, of Avalon, and Baron Mordaunt, of Reigate, England, was born in Kingston, Ont. His mother was Jessie Mermiston, descended direct from the Hermistons, of Herminston, a few miles from Edinburgh.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 28. — Grant and Findlay, two Victoria boys who had been imprisoned in Russia and were released through the efforts of the British and Canadian Governments, have reached here. They and others had been captured by a Russian cruiser.