

London Advertiser

Founded in 1863.

LONDON, THURSDAY, JAN. 2.

THE AUTOCRAT REBUKED.

This municipal election has taught Adam Beck that he can no longer boss and bully the city of London, or even his own party household.

The Minister of Power has been shorn of his power as a Czar in this community.

He threw himself into this campaign with the avowed object of annihilating the six candidates who had refused to bow the knee to him in the council.

Particularly did he whet his knife for Alderman Richter, who dared to question the sacrosanct figures of the hydro-electric commission for street lighting, and whose remarkable acumen in financial matters tore Mr. Beck's rhetoric into shreds and patches.

Against Ald. Richter Mr. Beck exerted all his powers of abuse and misrepresentation, on the platform and through the London Free Press. The word was passed around that Richter must be given his quietus now and forever.

Ald. Richter's return at the head of the polls is more than a personal triumph, more than a reward for honest and able stewardship. It is a stunning rebuke to Adam Beck, the autocrat; a protest by thinking citizens against a bludgeoning dictatorship. Many in Mr. Beck's own political camp, hitherto his staunch and admiring followers, had their sense of fair play shocked by the treatment of so upright and conscientious a public servant as Ald. Richter, and rallied to his defence.

Alderman Bennett was also singled out for special attention at the hands of the Lord High Executioner. He had committed a capital offence by refusing to be bulldozed. His overwhelming victory is another blow in the face to Mr. Beck and his scribbling crew of defamers.

Electors were daily implored to defeat the six aldermen-candidates who were falsely accused of trying to "muzzle the people" because they insisted on the right of citizens to fuller information on a scheme involving the expenditure of nearly a million dollars; a scheme based on an obviously imperfect report, concealed from the council and the public until a few weeks before polling day; a scheme which aroused grave fears among manufacturers and shippers lest they should be deprived of steam road connections essential to their business. Five of the six members of the council who withstood the autocrat and were pelted with daily diatribes, have been re-elected. The sixth, Ald. Blanford, failed by a narrow margin, because he risked the loss of votes by advocating the compulsory clearing of snow from sidewalks, a method which, if tried in London, would, we are sure, find permanent favor as in other cities.

It is true that seven candidates were elected whose names appeared on what was called an "electrification slate," but it will be surprising if all of them shut the door in the faces of manufacturers and merchants who ask that at least the vital question of the relation of steam roads to the project be considered before the ratepayers are compelled to make a decision.

The voting on the bylaws gave Mr. Beck another black-eye. He denounced the board of control proposal, and the citizens indorsed it by a vote of three to one.

He pleaded for the retention of the board of water commissioners, and the citizens rejected his advice.

At the eleventh hour he caused a broadside to be fired through his newspaper at the Federal Square Scheme, not on its merits, but because he feared the expenditure of \$200,000 would militate against the success of his own pet project. Result: The Federal Square bylaw carried by a vote of 2,282 to 1,845.

It will be in keeping with Mr. Beck's methods if he tries to invoke the power of the Legislature to defeat the will of the people in respect to the board of control and the board of water commissioners. There are precedents for this arbitrary course; fiat legislation has too often supplanted the reign of law in recent years.

Will the aldermen elected by the specious cry that they "trusted the people" more than their rivals, acquiesce in any steps to annul the popular vote? We do not believe they will be disposed to do so, but an attempt may be made to dragoon them.

The duty of the council in respect to the whole railroad situation is discussed in an article which follows.

DUTY OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

The election completely vindicated the seven aldermen who voted in favor of obtaining the necessary information from independent sources before submitting the question of electrification to the people. It cannot be contended that their attitude was rebuked by the citizens when the two candidates who were specially denounced by the promoters of the scheme ran first and third respectively at the polls.

It is now the duty of the City Council to act as men untrammelled by dictatorship, and uninfluenced by the plea that Mr. Beck's future as a public man is involved. Mr. Beck's position is a personal matter, of no importance compared with the position of the city of London.

In the campaign an effort was made to hoodwink the railwaymen of the city by asserting that the claims of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific to the L. and P. S. R. were being ignored. There can be no objection to inviting bids for the road from the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Michigan Central, the Pere Marquette and any other railway. There is no interest in London greater than its railway interests. They involve the wholesale and manufacturing interests, and the general welfare of the whole city.

It should be made a certainty that the Michigan Central and Pere Marquette will be retained. It will be a calamity if the Canadian Northern is not also secured. In this way the wholesale and manufacturing interests will be preserved and stimulated. It is the first duty of the council to protect in every way those who have by their energy and ability built up London as the second wholesale centre in the province.

Let the council consider well what the destruction or even partial destruction of these interests means to London. Mr. Beck advises that the London and Port Stanley be electrified

ford to ignore either its railway or wholesale interests.

In the light of these facts, and in the face of the vote polled by Ald. Richter and Ald. Bennett, will Mr. Beck repeat his advice to disregard anything the wholesale or railway interests may say?

Was there ever a more pitiable spectacle in London than Adam Beck pleading with the council of 1912 to refuse an independent inquiry before forcing the people to vote on a project, which, for all that is yet known, would destroy London's railway interests and therefore destroy its wholesale trade and break up hundreds of the homes of its best citizens, and for no other reason than that "My future as a public man depends on the success of this scheme?"

"His true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true," "Ichabod" may well be written over Adam's brow.

BETTER OFF THAN HE KNEW.

"Merry Christmas, Rambo! Here's your bill for professional services, receipted in full."

"Thanks awfully, doctor; but—but you oughtn't to give me such a present as this. I've done nothing to deserve it."

"I know it, I'm not making you a present of anything. You paid me one day when you were too full to know what you were doing, and I've held back the receipt till now. Merry Christmas, old chap!"

HOW WE APPORTION OUR TIME.

Lord Knutsford, whose sudden illness is causing anxiety, has already lived 14 years longer than his grandfather, Sydney Smith. The author of "Peter Plymley" once made an elaborate calculation as to the way people apportion their time in the course of a long life.

When he was 72 he remarked, to a girl he met, "Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? If you live to be my age, which I hope you may, your life is passed in the following manner: An hour a day is three years. This makes 27 years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine years at table, six years playing with children, nine years walking, drawing and visiting; six years shopping and three years quarrelling."

WAIT FOR RESULTS.

A fire insurance agent tells this one: "We have some funny experiences in business one day a small merchant of the Hill section came to me and insured his stock of ready-made clothing for \$2,500. He was going out with the policy when I reminded him that he had forgotten to pay the premium."

A GOOD THING TO KEEP.

The way to keep your credit good is never to use it. It is one of the few things in this world that gets better and more valuable without exercise.

A CASE OF SHEER OBSTINACY.

The question of assessment reform is non-political. Its chief spokesmen have been in Sir James Whitney's own party. Conservative newspapers everywhere favor it. There are more Conservative members of the Legislature in favor of it than there are Liberals now in the assembly. Why is Sir James against it? Because he is against it. Somebody rubbed him the wrong way some time or other on this question, and the country must sweat for it, because Caesar, mind you, is Caesar, and his minions, mind you, must not be allowed to forget that they are minions.

HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

"What," asked the Sunday school teacher, "is meant by bearing false witness against one's neighbor?" "It's telling falsehoods about them," said one small maid. "Partly right and partly wrong," said the teacher. "I know," said another little girl, holding her hand high in the air. "It's when nobody did anything and somebody went and told about it."

USEFULNESS.

Some men seem to have outlived their usefulness, when as a matter of fact they never had any.

A BAREFACED LEGALITE.

"A plea your honor," said the lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from the jail on a habeas corpus."

EGYPT'S COTTON CROP.

New York, Jan. 2. — A cable from Cairo says: Lord Edward Cecil, financial adviser to the Egyptian Government, has presented his note on the budget of 1913. Respecting the cotton crop, he remarks that the crop of 1912 is probably larger than in any previous year, and that if present prices are maintained it should be worth about \$12,500,000 more than that of 1911.

Mr. Beck advises that the statements made by the Canadian Northern Railway be disregarded. The Canadian Northern say they will put London on their main line, connecting it with their transcontinental system. They will build shops employing 150 men. These depend on satisfactory arrangements as to terminals, which in the company's opinion can be best secured by means of the London and Port Stanley Railway. Failing these arrangements, the company will carry their main line through St. Thomas, and reach London by a spur.

Will Mr. Beck repeat his advice to have nothing to say to the Canadian Northern in face of the vote polled by the aldermen he assailed?

Yesterday word was received that \$20,000,000 would be expended by the United States Steel Corporation in establishing one of their huge plants at Sandwich. The statement is also made that the Canadian Northern terminals are being arranged between Windsor and Sandwich. Sandwich, Windsor and Walkerville are practically one city. Each has been for some time enjoying a quiet boom that bids fair to blossom into one rivaling the west. One of Windsor's best citizens, and he shares the common belief there, says in less than three years these three places, in reality one, will have a population exceeding 50,000. This latest development tends to confirm his faith. If London is to maintain its place, it cannot af-

BRYON AND THE FAIR SEX

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

The other day I had occasion to refer to the infelicities of married life in the Byron household. Today I should like to call the attention of my readers to a new life of Byron that has just been written by Ethel Colburn Mayne, and has been published in two volumes by Methuen & Co. As might be expected, this new biographer of the handsome poet confesses that he had many noble attributes, but she execrates him for his contemptuous opinion of women. The shade of Byron cannot complain if a lady biographer exposes his faults, for he said things about the fair sex, which ought to make every woman execrate his memory. Imagine how a suffragette would gnash her teeth at this Byronic outburst, as frank and as cynical as anything he ever wrote—"I regard them," he says, "as very pretty but inferior creatures, who are as little in their place at our tables as they would be in our council chambers. The whole of the present system with regard to the female sex is a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalry of our forefathers. I look on them as grown-up children; not like a foolish mamma, I am constantly the slave of one of them. The Turks shut up their women, and are much happier; give a woman a looking-glass and burnt almonds, and she will be content." We can faintly imagine how Mrs. Pankhurst would chortle at these words, and we find here in this new biography the joy which dominates Miss Mayne's style as she pays Byron back in his own coin. She mocks him because of his dandyism, his vanity, his self-indulgence, his fits of temper, his inability to break away from his bondage to the Countess Giriccol, and other charmers, and his numerous vices.

And yet, despite the cruel realism with which Miss Mayne has depicted Byron's attitude to women and his sins generally, she has been unable to resist altogether the glamor of that wonderful personality which held Europe in thrall as much as did Napoleon Bonaparte himself. If Byron was a great sinner, he was also a sincere repentant. Miss Mayne quotes Swinburne as saying of Byron that the power of his personality lay in "the splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all his offenses and outweighs all his defects; the excellence of sincerity and strength." Byron always submitted to temptation and indulged himself in the sins of the flesh, but he always repented, sometimes with tears and bitter lamentations, enduring the pains of hell. Miss Mayne recognizes this Davidian virtue in the poet of despair and analyzes these moods with great psychological insight. She puts the very worst interpretation on that mysterious sin, the memory of which haunted Byron in his later years, and for which Harriet Beecher Stowe flayed him all through the pages of her book, which was inspired by the confidences of Lady Byron. I cannot agree with this "biographer" in her contempt against it. Somebody rubbed him the wrong way some time or other on this question, and the country must sweat for it, because Caesar, mind you, is Caesar, and his minions, mind you, must not be allowed to forget that they are minions.

And no matter how cruelly Miss Mayne shows up his weak points, no matter how bitterly Lady Byron, Mrs. Stowe, Harriet Martineau, and all the blue stocking writers of his own time raved against him, Byron possessed a remarkable charm even for the members of that sex whom he affected to despise, but whom he really adored. Even Lady Caroline Lamb, an aristocratic and celebrated beauty who flourished in Byron's hey-day of fame had to confess his power of attraction although she tried to summon up will power enough to resist it. Her friend depicted him in the lines we've seen her repeat. "He has a club foot," he said, "and he bites his nails." "If he is as ugly as Aesop, I must see him," she exclaimed. After her first meeting with Byron, she went home and wrote in her diary, "Mad—bad—and dangerous to know." Later, however, when the Apollo of English song called at Melbourne House, she "saw to herself" hereafter. A few months later, she was so captivated by him that she found her threatening to stab herself with a pair of scissors unless she could obtain some assurance that he had not ceased to love her. Even in a literary way his influence over the fair sex was prodigious. They realized that his poetry was perilous in its influence, but very few could resist its fascination. It was "mad—sometimes bad—often dangerous to know," but, like the genius who wrote it, it had the same flavor that the Eden apple had for Eve. Frances Ann Kemble relates in her memoirs how Byron's poetry fascinated her, how she "fastened on the book with a grip like steel," and carried it off and hid it under her pillow; how it affected her "like an evil potion" and stirred her whole being with a tempest of excitement, till finally, she flung it aside, "resolved to read that grand poetry no more, and broke through the thrall of that powerful spell." Perhaps Miss Mayne's book will help to revive that spell of the personality and poetry of Lord Byron, for to appreciate his verse you must be familiar with the events in that short and stormy life.

As the reporter gazed upon the row of hides, otherwise the hide-row, he was ready to believe it. "But you surely don't regard yourself as part of the plant?" he asked. "Sure," responded the horse. "Don't we make the wheels go around?" "Are you in favor of electrification?" "Neigh! Neigh!" responded the horse.

Answer, Adam, answer this. Answer this and nothing more. "Why did you not speak last night?" And Adam answered: "I was sore."

Hats off to John George Richter, pinch hitter! Adam Beck inaugurated the year 1913—mark well the 13—by starting on the toboggan.

The first day of the year was Richter's not Beck's. Really it's almost worth that \$500 challenge to get that \$1.17 admission.

Every man attacked personally by the Free Press and ever scheme opposed by it were carried by the people. Adam is on the toboggan.

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If the people were in favor of rushing this scheme to the people who did they vote so overwhelmingly for Ald. Richter? Think it over!

And there is no joy at Hedley: Mighty Adam has struck out. Yes, Ambrose, the electrification is a black cat.

Some more of Mr. Beck's prestige will be shorn, when he explains away the blocking of the Grand Trunk elevation and new station in London.

Personal abuse doesn't go down with the electors of London. Mark it well, ye yellow journalists.

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Ald. Wright says "the funny man" of this paper said he was "left at the post." Not quite right, Mr. Wright. We simply printed "left at the post." Being in the hat business, you put the cap on. Now it's "distanced."

All honor to Ald. Coles. He sacrificed himself for the first time in London.

Only one "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

MR. S. F. GLASS, Elected an Alderman for the first time in London.

CHAPMAN'S JANUARY LINEN SALE

Housekeepers, Attention!

Starting today, January 2nd, the big annual linen event comes on. As usual, we have arranged a list of particular interest to the housekeeper, in the home, the hotel and the boarding-house. Prices are reduced to induce buying this month. It is a chance to lay in a supply of Table Linen, Towels and Towelling.

Unbleached TABLE LINEN

54-inch Half-Bleached Table Linen. Special January Sale price, a yard. . . . . 22¢

60-inch Half-Bleached Table Linen, regular 35c yard. January Sale price, yard. 29¢

60-inch Half-Bleached Table Linen; every thread pure Irish linen. Special, per yard . . . . . 36¢

64-inch Half-Bleached Table Linen, sale price, a yard . . . . . 47¢

66-inch extra heavy loom Damask Tabling, pure linen, worth 75c a yard. Sale price, a yard . . . . . 63¢

72-inch Half-Bleached Tabling, pure linen and very fine quality. Worth 90c. Sale price, a yard . . . . . 72¢

Towels

Linen Type Tea Towels, size 19x27 inches, hemmed ready to use. Sale price. . . . . 9¢ each, \$1.00 a dozen

Extra large Huck Towels, plain white, hemmed ready for use. Size 24x38 inches. Special. . . . . 12½¢ each, \$1.40 dozen

Pure Linen Huck Towels, size 22x40. Best 25c quality. Sale price, each. . . . . 20¢

Wool Caps and Sashes

Children's Knitted Wool Hockey Caps, in cardinal, navy, black and white, also navy Aviation Caps. Were 50c, to clear. 44¢

Children's Wool Sashes, full length, with tassel. Cardinal or scarlet. Were 50c. To clear at . . . . . 44¢

Bleached Table Linen

62-inch Bleached Tabling, pure linen, extra heavy. Sale price, a yard . . . . . 42¢

60-inch Bleached Tabling, extra heavy pure linen. Sale price, a yard. . . . . 48¢

68-inch Bleached Tabling, fine quality, pure linen. Sale price, a yard. . . . . 65¢

72-inch Bleached Tabling, heavy damask. Regular price \$1.15. Sale price, yard. 98¢

Towelling

Linen Crash Towelling, 16 inches wide. Sale price, a yard . . . . . 5¢

Linen Crash Towelling, with red border, 17 inches wide. Sale price . . . . . 6½¢ a yard, 16 yards for \$1.00

Brown and White Stripe Linen Towelling, extra heavy, at 8½¢ yard, 12 yards \$1

Scotch Crash Towelling with red border, 17 inches wide. Regular 12½¢ a yard. Sale price. . . . . 10¢ yard, 10 yards \$1.00

TEA CRASH TOWELLING.

Usual 18c Tea Crash, a yard. . . . . 14¢

23-inch Tea Crash, a yard. . . . . 11¢

27-inch Tea Crash, a yard. . . . . 10¢

22-inch Tea Crash, a yard . . . . . 8½¢

16-inch Check Tea Towelling, at yard. . . . . 5¢, 20 yards for \$1.00

Gloves at Special Prices

4½ dozen French and Luxemburg Kid Gloves, odd pairs left from Christmas selling; black, tan and gray, in nearly all sizes, 5¼ to 7¼. Were \$1.25. Sale price, pair . . . . . 98¢

Chamoisette Gloves, 12-button length, looks like real chamois; in gray, white and chamois; sizes 6 to 7½. A pair. . . . . 89¢

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO., 239-243 Dundas Street



A FEW LINES MOST ANYTHING

One of the noble steeds at 231 Wellington street, upon interviewed, stated that it was time the base calumnies portraying himself and his stable mates as enemies of hydro should cease.

As the reporter gazed upon the row of hides, otherwise the hide-row, he was ready to believe it. "But you surely don't regard yourself as part of the plant?" he asked.

"Sure," responded the horse. "Don't we make the wheels go around?" "Are you in favor of electrification?" "Neigh! Neigh!" responded the horse.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR EDDY'S TOILET PAPERS

They are made and sold in Over One Hundred Different Brands

We ask for particular attention to our extra fine ONLIWON, put up in sheets. COTTAGE, put up in rolls and cartons, 12,000 sheets and fixture. } \$1.00

The E. B. Eddy Co., Limited, Hull, Canada LONDON BRANCH—155 CARLING STREET. DONALD McLEAN, Manager.

He faced himself for his scheme. He gained good friends by the hundred. In the year one thousand, nine hundred and THIRTEEN.

What Mr. Beck wanted was a council ready to submit a plebiscite—and he hasn't got it. Beck's silence last night was born of his soreness.

We know at least two men on that "electrification" slate who never committed themselves to electrification.

CHINESE BUDGET. London, Jan. 2.—A dispatch to the Daily Telegraph from Peking says that the Chinese budget, which shortly will be submitted to the advisory council, will reach the immense total of 900,000,000 Mexican dollars. It will include \$30,000,000 for reforming the salt gabelle, \$30,000,000 to establish a gold exchange standard and \$100,000,000 for the conversion of short-term domestic loans.

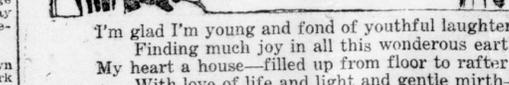
NEW BERLIN RULE. Berlin, Germany, Jan. 2.—Right angles in crossing the street are required by local police rules, which have been adopted in the fashionable Schoenberg and Charlottenberg residential districts of Berlin. The instructions now being distributed make it nominally unlawful to cross streets diagonally. The rule is in line with many new regulations recently announced for traffic conditions in the city.

Commissioner Stevenson may say that he has twice done more than Wright.

In spite of all claims, watch this council divulge a few surprises.

Don't let any spineless person try to tell you otherwise, it was a glorious victory for our side.

And the fall of Adam was written city.



I'm glad I'm young and fond of youthful laughter, Finding much joy in all this wonderful earth, My heart a house—filled up from floor to rafters With love of life and light and gentle mirth— I'm glad I'm young, with eyes that still can twinkle, With ears that pleasure when the songs are sung, And lips that still recall the way to crinkle At jest and whimsy—ah, I'm glad I'm young!

I'm glad I'm young, although my hair has whitened, And I am near my three-score years and ten; Youth in my heart has kept my spirits lightened, The ways of youth are still within my ken; And if I cannot dance—I watch and listen, Thinking of memories to which I've clung; My blood still leaps, my eyes are still aglister, And, though I'm old, I'm glad that I am young!