

THE DAILY STAR
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THE MAYORALTY.

The situation appears to be this in regard to the Mayoralty, and the people might as well be told the facts. Mr. Shaw was the first candidate to enter the field. He announced himself out of the silence that has surrounded him since he lip-toed out of the contest a year ago.

Mr. Howland also entered the field early to prevent mistakes. There was no popular demonstration of any kind urging him to come down and save the city. Yet he undoubtedly had some friends who welcomed the suggestion that he should run for the office—men largely of aesthetic tastes in municipal affairs.

Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Howland entered the field on their own feet, and with very little solicitation from anybody. What we wish to point out is that since entering the contest the friends of these men have been and still are busy striving with each other to secure possession of the machinery of the Conservative party.

Mr. Shaw's friends are passing the tip about the town that he is the candidate of the party, while supporters of Mr. Howland are doing exactly the same thing in his behalf.

The actual fact of the matter is, the Conservative party, as represented by its leading members, has no sympathy with either of the two men in the effort to get possession of the party wires, and declare that as they both entered the field on their own hook and with selfish haste, to prevent any other more acceptable person being a candidate, therefore the matter in no way concerns the party. Party politics, they say, should have nothing to do with the Mayoralty election, and more especially in a case where two men have seized the field each for his own sake, and attempt to coerce the party.

After John Shaw had entered the field there was a good deal of talk about bringing out Mr. Thomas Crawford. We are told that a deputation of the friends of Mr. Shaw in Conservative war paint—presidents, secretaries, or other officers of ward associations—waited on Mr. Crawford and asked him not to run, but to let John Shaw have it again, on the ground that he was a rich man and Mr. Shaw was not, and offering the intimation that Mr. Shaw would not retire, that his own defeat would not injure him, while if Mr. Crawford ran and were beaten if it would greatly weaken him for the future.

The News accuses the Telegram of scaring Mr. Crawford from the field by threatening him with personal abuse, but it seems that it was the deputation of John Shaw's friends—its candidate's friends—who scared Mr. Crawford from the field.

Politics are supposed to have nothing to do with the municipal elections. Of the large majority of citizens we believe it is true to say that they do not vote according to politics at all, except to this extent, that often being better acquainted with members of their own party than of the other, they vote for the man they know best, if their knowledge of him inspires their confidence.

But why should it be said in Toronto to-day by numbers of people that it is a mistake for Mr. Shaw and Mr. Howland to run; that one of them should have been called off; and why should the World urge this morning that the two men should meet and arrange for one of them to resign?

What for, if not for politics? What single thing is there in common between the two men as regards municipal matters that should induce them to meet and toss a copper to see which will drop out and which be elected? It won't do. They can't meet and decide by tossing a copper which of them will be Mayor of Toronto for 1901. Each man claims the position on the merits of his record or professions, and the merits of neither would be increased by the withdrawal of the other. If both these men should be beaten perhaps public opinion will be allowed to have more influence hereafter in the bringing out of candidates.

A DEAL PROPOSED.

This morning the World has an astonishing article on its front page suggesting that Messrs. Spence, Shaw, and Macdonald have been brought out by the same influences. The suggestion is absurd, and is written in contempt for the good sense of the reading public. Between the three men, there is nothing in common whatever—they are at variance on almost every single question that could come up. With regard to the Street Railway, Mr.

Spence is uncompromisingly hostile to both the records and the proposals made by both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Macdonald.

But the World utterly discredits its own suggestion before it gets through. It begins by representing Messrs. Spence and Shaw as having an understanding, and it ends by appealing to Mr. Shaw, on the basis of his hostility to Mr. Spence, to meet with Mr. Howland to-day and toss a copper to see which will retire, so that the other may beat Mr. Spence. The World says:

The only thing the citizens can do to force the situation and make it a straight fight between Mr. Spence and Mr. Howland or Mr. Spence and Mr. Shaw, is for Mr. Shaw or Mr. Howland to retire in one or the other's favor. They ought to talk it over to-day.

After saying that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Spence are "stable mates," the World reaches the conclusion that if Mr. Howland loses the toss it will be quite willing to accept Mr. Shaw.

The fact is the World advances the suggestion that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Howland are "stable mates" in the political sense, and it in a cold-blooded way proposes "a deal" for political purposes and without regard in any respect to municipal interests.

Perhaps John Shaw would be willing to win or lose on the toss of a copper, but O. A. Howland's friends will require to entirely change the lines of their advocacy of his claims if he should consent to any such deal.

THE WORLD'S DISCOVERY.

Mr. Howland's friends have expressed the belief that there was a conspiracy on the part of the newspapers to keep their candidate's name out of sight so as to destroy his last chance of winning. The News, in its support of Mr. Shaw, has urged upon its readers day after day the fact that votes for Mr. Howland would be lost, because the only men in the race are Mr. Spence and Mr. Shaw. Heretofore the World has laid low. This morning it says its first word, and it is this:

Three in the running are of the one stable. The gentlemen who have made the three nominations have done so on the well-known racing principle of two of the companion entries making the running for Mr. Spence. In other words, his backers hope to win on Mr. Spence by keeping Mr. John Shaw and Mr. E. A. Macdonald in the race to kill off Mr. Howland. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Howland, Mr. Macdonald admit, being "coupled with the stable" do not yet know, but all the surface indications show such a policy on the part of Mr. Spence's backers. It is in the interests of the citizens and good government that this kind of dealing should cease. We had enough of it when Mr. Fleming made way for Mr. Shaw some three years ago, and took an office in the City Hall; we had enough of it in the sale of the Athletic Club to the city a few months ago; what more we may have of it if Mr. Spence is elected we can as yet only surmise. The only thing the citizens can do is to force the situation and make it a straight fight between Mr. Spence and Mr. Howland, or Mr. Spence and Mr. Shaw, or Mr. Howland ought to retire in one or the other's favor. They ought to talk it over to-day.

Now, isn't that a curious situation? Our readers will notice the confusion into which the World falls. Surely the World, if it believes what it says, would not have the citizens subjected to the repetition of such deals as it charges against Mr. Shaw; surely, therefore, it would not have Mr. Howland retire and leave the field to such a man as it describes Mr. Shaw to be. Besides, how foolish to expect the gentlemen who nominated Mr. Shaw as a "stable entry" to withdraw him simply because the World believes they will "win on Mr. Spence." The World's purpose is plain. It is going to support Mr. Howland, and as a preliminary to trying to draw off Mr. Shaw, whom the News says is the only serious candidate besides Mr. Spence. It looks as though the World was accusing the Conservative News that it has been a tool of "Mr. Robert Fleming, the Globe, and the Liberals."

THEY SEEK TO BELITTLE HIM.

The yarn to the effect that the Telegram will nominate Frank Spence if he is elected Mayor is absurd. The Star is not trying to elect a Mayor who will do chores for the Telegram. Of all the men in the field Mr. Spence is the last one to be dominated by anybody.

Mr. Hopkins, in his essay published this morning, complains that Mr. Spence has too much "force." E. A. Macdonald complains that he antagonized the president of the Street Railway Company so much by his plain talk that that gentleman left the room. This occurred at a time when Mayor Macdonald was showing enough "conciliation" to suit even Mr. Hopkins, unless he is unreasonable. Mr. Spence's opponents should not make contradictory criticisms of him which destroy each other.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

How they abhor "deals" in the World office! In recommending Mr. Maclean for the leadership of his party let us mention his deep-seated aversion to "deals."

Mr. George Lee is a candidate for school trustee who is especially qualified to do good service, and the people of Ward Five should consider his claims.

Considerably more than half a million dollars is spent each year by the Public School Board, and the people should select trustees as carefully as they do aldermen.

Mr. Hopkins writes to say that the city wants "a conciliatory Mayor." Why should the city supply all the conciliation? Let the people the city

deals with supply a few thunks. It's their turn.

This is a new idea—it must be a twentieth century one—advanced by the World, when it suggests that Mr. Howland and Mr. Shaw should shoot craps for the Mayoralty.

With Goldwin Smith on John Shaw's nomination paper and with J. Castell Hopkins backing up O. A. Howland, the Mayoralty campaign may, to people at a distance, look like a struggle for literary supremacy.

What the people require to remember is that if Mr. Spence were beaten for the Mayoralty he would be absent from Council. Is there among his opponents a man capable of doing the work he has done this year?

"It may be that Ald. Spence's motive points to a higher place than the Board of Control. If so, he is going the right way to win it by standing up for the people."—Toronto Evening News.

Ald. Denison has been a diligent worker in Council, and will no doubt be re-elected, as he deserves. He is one of the aldermen who does not straddle questions, but has the courage always to say what he thinks.

"The two men who did the actual work of cutting down the estimates this year were F. S. Spence and O. B. Sheppard, and the credit—such as there is—belongs to these gentlemen in the above order."—Toronto Evening News.

Mr. J. R. L. Starr is sure to make a good run for alderman in the Fifth Ward. He is a man of ability and rectitude, and among the new men in the field this year is none entitled to a more cordial welcome by the ballot-boxes.

Mr. Howland is not a logical reasoner. He showed this in his speech at the nomination Monday, when he represented himself as a man opposed to the old order of things, to the way everything had been run, and to the men who had run everything in recent years. Then, in criticism of Mr. Spence's speech, he said he had noticed the list of things Mr. Spence claimed to have favored and opposed, and found he had favored only about five things during the year and had opposed about twenty. He spoke of this as a reproach, yet he himself declared a moment before that he was out in "opposition to everything." Mr. Spence should prove to be a Mayor after Mr. Howland's own heart.

A Lesson From Chicago.

One would hardly look to Chicago for lessons in civic government; and yet Chicago can show the largest municipal lighting system in the world. The city electric light plant has been increased in three years from 1,160 to 4,200 arc lights, while the cost of each light has been reduced from \$96 a year to \$58, as against \$135 charged by the company which formerly owned the plant and furnished street lighting under contract. The Mayor is now advocating the acquisition by the city of the gas plants, which are controlled by a trust, which keeps up the price of gas. He also favors the municipalization of the street railway system. What wonderful progress this municipal ownership idea has made in the last three or four years!

We'll Name it Ourselves.

What to name the new hotel which is shortly to mount Heavenward in King street is the question bothering the directorate of the company in charge of the project.—Toronto Star.

A Special Need.

The War Office has decided that khaki is too prominent a color, and is to adopt a greyish fawn stuff. A new headgear is also adopted. Invisibility would certainly be useful, at times, but what is needed most in Africa is a new style of head.

The Sunny Side of Life.

"I believe I know what ailed Hamlet." "What?" "He couldn't think what to get Ophelia for a Christmas gift."—Chicago Record.

He—Why so quiet, dear? I haven't heard you open your mouth hardly once to-day. She—Oh, I'm saving myself for the what party to-night.—Yonkers Statesman.

Young Mother (to butcher)—I have brought my little 'baby, Mr. Bulwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him? Butcher—Yes, ma'am; bones an' all, I s'pose?—Tit-Bits.

He—Some men can't keep their eyes off the ladies. She—Unless those men happen to be sitting in a street car, while the ladies are standing.—Philadelphia Press.

Mamma—Once upon a time there was a goose that laid golden eggs—Little Eddie (interrupting)—As we believe this story, mamma? Mamma (amused)—Just as you please. Little Eddie (with a sigh of relief)—Oh, I thought perhaps it was a Bible story.—Brooklyn Life.

"Feller name o' Shakspeare fooled our folks party well las' week," said Mr. Medders. "He gave a show called Julius Caesar down to the o'ry-houses, an' blamed of the whole thing wasn't made up out o' pieces that's been spoke at the school."—Baltimore American.

"Do you want a Christmas tree this year, my little man?" asked Bobby's Uncle. "Oj, yes, sh," came the reply, in a sweet, childish treble. "Last year father burnt his whiskers all off lighting the wax candles, and Aunt Jane fell off the step-ladder, and I wouldn't have blessed it for anything."—Washington Star.



The man with the good understanding.

CANADIANS COMING HOME

THE Toronto world is quite excited over the prospect of a return early in the spring of thousands of French-Canadian in order to be numbered in the census! The World sees in this a desire to swell the population of Quebec immediately, says the Kingston Whig, and so get undue representation in the Commons. Is there any ground for this talk? Not very much. There is a movement to repatriate the French-Canadians from the State of Maine, and for three distinct reasons: (1) That the factory work in which so many of the French have been engaged has become scarce; (2) that the French have had religious difficulties, culminating in the refusal of the Church to give them priests who can speak their own tongue; and (3) that the Quebec Government, through organizing agents, have been sending out inducements to their people to settle in the Province and develop its agricultural and mineral resources. The people are not coming back to Canada, therefore, for the census and for political and sentimental reasons, as the World intones. The movement is a general one, for colonization purposes, and it is hoped R. will be successful. There are hundreds of thousands of Canadians in the United States, and many of them, besides the French, have their faces turned towards their old homes with longing and hopeful hearts.

Socialism.

Editor of The Star: A correspondent in your paper insinuates that those who fail to vote for the candidate of the Socialist Labor Party are not genuine Socialists. What sort of everlasting boss is this? No man or party has a patent on Socialism or a clutch on the Socialist vote. Anyone who says that the votes cast for Mr. Woodley are an indication of the strength of the Socialist cause in this city is simply talking through his hat. The attempt on the part of the Socialist Labor Party to introduce party lines in our municipal elections, far from being applauded, is deplored by many others who like myself are Non-Partisan Socialists.

The Right Kind of Alderman.

Editor of The Star—The Toronto Morning World contained the notice that Mr. J. G. Ramsden will be a candidate for aldermanic honors. I believe I voice the opinion of his fellow-citizens, who will be proud to support him. The metal in him has the right ring, and the city may truly congratulate itself to have a chance to elect a man of his stamp. It is a great pity that more men of his caliber do not present themselves as candidates.

He is a young man of exceptionally good qualities, such as are badly needed in the city's Council. He possesses intelligence far above the average man, is honest beyond cavil, a thoroughly level-headed business man, coupled with a splendid disposition. In a word, he would make an ideal alderman. May success crown his efforts! D. W. Livingstone.

The Mayoralty Candidates.

Editor of The Star: The list of mayoralty candidates thus far announced is an interesting one, by reason of the widely distinct types of men involved, which permit of effective comparison. Take Messrs. Shaw and Howland as examples. As to the former, it is no exaggeration to say that he was a failure during his previous terms of office. Not only did he lack energy and initiative, but civic matters were to a large extent paralyzed. He played the fox in the Mayor's chair; as proved to be an out-and-out opportunist, and as such accomplished no reform, gave direction to no improvement in civic government, and left behind a purely negative record. He was, and is still, one of the old school of ward politicians, who has outlived his usefulness. Toronto has grown too big for such a civic ruler as John Shaw.

In Mr. Howland the voter has a totally different candidate—one who has had no civic experience, and, moreover, one who made a flat failure of his short-lived legislative career. Mr. Howland's bent of mind betrays him for the seclusion of a literary workshop than for any public position. He cannot object to being judged by his term in the Local House. Everyone knows that he was a sad failure, from the very start. While posing as a model of erudition and an authority on public questions, he speedily revealed his weakness either as a debater or as a party man. He soon killed whatever influence he might have had by long and dreary speeches, uttered with a superior air that was deliciously refreshing, while the House wondered what in the name of the north pole he was driving at. His suggestions were as a rule impracticable, his discussions were involved and wordy, and dealt chiefly with abstract subjects. The result was a pitiful exhibition of helplessness and uselessness. The one fad of his legislative term was the advocacy, in season and out of season, of a Cabot celebration, which, as all know, was a lamentable fiasco. If judged therefore by his Parliamentary term—as is the

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