

London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Morning Edition.
City. 10c per week. Outside city. 12c per week.
By mail. \$2.00 per year.
Evening Edition.
City. 10c per week. Outside city. 12c per week.
By mail. \$2.00 per year.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
3670 (Private Branch Exchange, Connecting All Departments, NIGHT CALLS.)
3671—Editors.
3672—Reporters.
3673—Job Printing Department.
To call night numbers use the word "ONLY" after giving the number.
[Entered at London Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second class matter.]

TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE:
P. W. Thompson, 56 Mail Building.
The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.
LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JAN 14, 1914

A REAL LIBERAL TRIUMPH.

The Manitoba Conservative Legislature has unanimously passed a resolution in favor of free wheat. Insofar as the whole of the grain-growing west is concerned Laurier's reciprocity platform is thereby fully endorsed. Alberta and Saskatchewan being already in line, and by the men who were so free with economic and patriotic fallacies less than three years ago. It would not be fair to argue that the adoption of the "free wheat" policy is not a manifest of the west's desire as a whole. Wheat is the principal goods that the west has to offer, and just as it wants the duty on the most important article removed, so will it want barley and oats and potatoes, or whatever else there is to sell, relieved of the tariff burden. It is simply a case of Liberal wisdom being adapted to the needs of the country. We have no slurs to throw at Manitoba because it did not stand with Laurier in 1911. We believe that Manitoba has come close to the bodies of that campaign, and has found everyone of them scare-crows at best. We believe that the whole country has had a similar awakening, and that it would sweep the Borden Government to defeat of the reciprocity issue tomorrow.

Free wheat is reciprocity. That the ultra-Conservative Roblin Government should demand it without one dissenting voice shows that public opinion is bound to find the firm ground if given time. It is not to be judged by panics ing voice shows that public opinion is

IS MILITANCY WANING?

It begins to look as if Mr. McKenna with his "cat and mouse law" had to some extent curbed the militancy of Mrs. Pankhurst's band. Compared to their activities of six months ago, the militant suffragettes today are passive as a pink tea caucus. The arson squad hasn't been heard from for weeks, and it is months since a cabinet minister has been jiu-jitsued. Leaderless, the most righteous of causes will disintegrate, and with Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters jailed, when they can get about, and in the hospital at other times, the rank and file are without their fiery example most of the time. However, we would advise Mr. McKenna not to be too confident that he has tamed the enemy. There may be something "cooking up." Experience has shown Mrs. Pankhurst and her aides wonderfully resourceful in recovering from a blow and leading new and surprising attacks. To strike unexpectedly and swiftly has ever been the motto, and recent setbacks may only bring one of these world-startling acts that have been promised as a last resort.

CANADIAN FOOD STUFFS IN BRITAIN.

Great Britain is a thickly settled country. It has about 380 people to the square mile, as compared with Canada's two to the mile. Besides which large tracts of the land are withdrawn from cultivation, being reserved for game and other purposes. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has to depend largely on other countries for its food supply, probably 75 per cent of its food is imported. And a great portion of this comes from many thousands of miles, from America and Australia. One would be inclined to expect that under these circumstances the cost of living would be very high; especially when compared with the cost in the countries from which Britain imports its food.

It is a fact, however, that the price of many articles of food is lower in England than it is in the countries from which they come. Bread is a little more than half what it is in Canada, though much of it is made from grain grown in Canada. Prime colonial beef costs in Britain 15 cents per pound. When did anybody in our city buy good roast beef for that figure? In England they pay 20 cents per pound for the best bacon. Can anyone buy it here below 30 cents? Canadian butter sells in England for 27 cents per pound. When did we pay as little as that for it? Canadian cheese made in our own neighborhood costs us 18 to 20 cents per pound; but they can buy the same article in England for 17 cents. And so with other articles of food. They are sold in England for less than the retail prices in the country where they are produced.

This is a problem that we fear our politicians of a certain class will have some difficulty in solving. To say, as is sometimes said, that the price of labor is lower in England

than with us, is no argument. People who have goods to sell do not suit the price to the size of the purchaser's pocketbook. The fact that an English mechanic is drawing less pay per week than one of the same class in Canada will not cause the British dealer to reduce the price of his Canadian butter, or cheese or beef. He will ask and receive the market price, irrespective of his customer's financial condition.

Of course, England admits her imports of food free of duty. In Canada we add to the cost by a customs tax, which the purchaser has to pay. But we are told the customs tax does not increase the cost of the imported article. Does it not? Then what does? Something increases it to such an extent that we can send it to England and, after the freight for four or five thousand miles of transportation has been added, it can be sold there for less than it is sold here. Would it not be just as well to try the experiment of taking off that tax? It cannot make prices any higher. It might possibly make them less. Not only possibly, but certainly.

A BRIGHT DAILY.

One of the brightest, newest dailies that comes to our exchange table is the Port Arthur Chronicle, recently acquired by Mr. Melville W. Rossie and Mr. Charles O. Smith, formerly of The Advertiser staff. The Chronicle from front to back page is eminently readable, being sane, clean, informing and instructive, and its editorial page is being widely and frequently quoted. The Chronicle is moving along right in the van of one of the busiest and most progressive corners of the Dominion.

THE TIMES' DECAY?

Canon Newbolt, of St. Paul's, Old London, says it was "left for our times to drag the death of John the Baptist into the travesties of a music hall, and as the setting for a dance. What are we coming to?" he asks. "All things seem moving and tossing around us in a vast chaos," he lamented, according to the London Times' report.

Really, now, there have been more tossing times than ours. Babies have been tossed on pikes in other centuries than the twentieth. Which is the worse age, that in which a head is served on a platter or that which represents it in cinema?

As for music hall shows, Gibbon has something to say about Constantine that would be highly instructive, but disheartening perhaps to the modern manager. Canon Newbolt's feeling that everything is tossing around St. Paul's is that of a bookman, who on occasion forgets his books and is mystified by the two-penny tube. But, still, a man must have navigated the tossing waves pretty well himself to get to be a Canon Newbolt. There have been ages in which his talents would not have been so recognized.

TRANSPLANTING THE EMERGENCY.

Will Mr. Borden transplant the emergency from the North Sea to the Mediterranean? The monster has splashed about and disported himself so long in northern waters that he may not easily make good in southern climes. There is also a certain slowness in the Italian peril that is to constitute the diet of a creature so large-framed and hungry. However, Mr. Borden's own emergency that begot this spectre of the seas is bigger and more urgent than ever and will do everything possible to keep its offspring alive.

The Mexican, like other mixed-blood mongrels, probably can't help it. If the yellow streak in a man is there it will show through in one form or another.

Those minaret skirts are very fetching and, besides, at a pinch, they can be used for lampshades.

We met a young woman the other day whose actions were so noisy that she even wore her hair with a bang.

Knockerberry is not a fruit, but a town in the north of Ireland, birthplace of the original hammer wielder.

Swat the fly! But no one had the heart to. He was discovered last night hiding under the office radiator.

Christabel Pankhurst denies that she is married. Chrissy is probably holding that extreme torture for the last man.

On the theory that beauty in babies denotes feeble-mindedness, the majority of us must possess monumental intellects.

French military authorities have withdrawn the chocolate, claiming it tends to feminize the soldiers. Why don't they try peppermint or ginger snaps?

Dismissing decent officials wholesale it is a wonder that the Borden Government has let Strathcona alone so far. Some Government papers are getting fussy, however.

Huerta provides a bull fight daily for the populace of his capital, knowing that the average Mexican, if he has a bull to torture, doesn't care much who tortures him—the Mexican, not the bull.

Yes, Cynthia, the mercury these days has a more modest, retiring disposition than the spinster lady we know who reverses the minister's photo on her dresser before she takes off her false hair.

The death of A. J. Nixon at Ottawa on Monday removes one of Canada's

foremost railroad authorities, whom London had the good fortune to know and to admire in passing. Chosen as a technical adviser for the Dominion railway commission by the late Judge Mabey, he had a great influence upon some of the most important questions of the day, and was known to be sound, fair-minded, and able. Canada and the commission lose a valuable specialist.

SAME OLD ADAM.

(Atlantic Constitution.)
Adam is in de Garden of Eden today, des de same ez he wuz in de ole-times, an' he dunno de value of good real estate, an' he's still a fool 'bout de apple business.

HYMEN'S CAR.

(Judge.)
Automobiles are doubtless nice, But woman's charming carriage On all occasions should suffice To drive a man to marriage.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

(Toledo Blade.)
Life is full of changes. One day we have an office cat and no cat, and the next day we have plenty of catnip and no cat.

THE PRODIGAL'S MOTHER.

(New York Times.)
Ah! could I let the love flame of my heart Shine for thee through the darkness of the night, A ray to pierce the clinging mists of doubt, And for thy storms of soul a steadfast light!

Could I but see its light to guide thee home— And not this feeble candle in my room That strikes scarce further than a beckoning hand, So frail and white, outstretched into the gloom.

Could I but set my heart, a beacon high, Its quenchless fire aglow in darkness far, To make a path of radiance for thy feet, And brighter than the splendor of a star!

Ah! could love's steadfast light but lure thee home, To warmth, and rest, and tranquil surety! The dawn breaks cold; the night is nearly spent— I am a weary waiting, child, for thee!

TAPERING DOWN.

(Boston Transcript.)
Coolie—I figured out this morning how many ancestors I really had and found there were several thousand.
Miss Blunt—And just think of the insignificant result of all those ancestors.

PERPETUAL ANECDOTE.

(Kansas City Journal.)
When Oliver Goldsmith was a youth some young people at a gathering were



Memories of Long Ago.

A hardy naval man did wend His way through miles of ice and snow, Until he reached his chosen goal, Which chanced to be the frozen pole. Where's Peary? Anybody know?

A wireless operator sat With courage grim and worked his key. He got the wreath the hero wins. Let's see. His name. Oh, yes; Jack Blinn. Someone should know, oh, where is he?

The Diary of a Bonehead.

When I bought my home on the installment plan the agreement was that I was to pay \$4.00 and the balance eventually at the rate of \$25 per month. It looked great and I felt for it so hard that it is a wonder I didn't fracture a few bones.

I didn't sit down and figure it out until several months afterward, when I found it was costing me more to live than though I had stayed down town in a \$12 flat.

I found first of all that \$5 of this monthly payment applied on the principal, while only \$20 of it went for interest. In my own fool way I had figured that the entire \$25 would go on the principal and that each month I

would own \$25 worth more of the house than before. I had never considered interest.

The first thing that bobbed up to hit me in the face was an insurance policy for three years with a premium of \$38. The man who sold me the house was also the insurance agent and I feel very sure that he is a man who is going to succeed in life.

My next little surprise was a mess of taxes amounting to \$67.55. I had never thought of taxes. But the city has a way of remembering such things.

When we had pawned the family jewels and paid the taxes, the city decided to put in a sewer system and pave the street. I really hadn't looked at the street at all when I bought the house. I looked only at the house and took it because it had a beamed ceiling in the dining room and an outdoor sleeping porch. The street improvements amounted to \$245.

What is the use of having a beamed ceiling in the dining room if you have nothing to eat in it? And, furthermore, a man can save money by sleeping in the park if he is bound to sleep out of doors.

I have it figured out that, at the present rate of reducing the principal my great-grandchildren may get the front gate paid for if they are industrious, but the real estate man will still own the house and lot.

Along the trail of Graft are Vice and Death, Horror and woe, disease with fetid breath, Wrecked homes and ruined souls and needless pain, Truth, Justice, Honor sacrificed for Gain— And there's your jest, your light and merry quip, Which drops so smoothly from your smiling lip! Look on it now and know its every deed, Its ruthlessness, its blind, insatiate greed: This is the joke at which you're wont to chaff— Lift up your voice and laugh and laugh and laugh!

BERTON BRALEY.

Along the trail of Graft are Vice and Death, Horror and woe, disease with fetid breath, Wrecked homes and ruined souls and needless pain, Truth, Justice, Honor sacrificed for Gain— And there's your jest, your light and merry quip, Which drops so smoothly from your smiling lip! Look on it now and know its every deed, Its ruthlessness, its blind, insatiate greed: This is the joke at which you're wont to chaff— Lift up your voice and laugh and laugh and laugh!

BERTON BRALEY.

ABE MARTIN



Uncle Lem Moots, who died at the poor farm yesterday, left an orange grove in Florida. There's a time in ever feller's life when he wonders why he bought a planner.

amusing themselves by trying to see who could make the ugliest face. Many extravagant facial contortions were on display.
At the conclusion, the master of ceremonies stepped up to Goldsmith and said: "Sir, I think you have won the prize."
"Oh," responded the poet, "I wasn't playing."

This incident also happened to Frederick the Great, Dean Swift, William the Silent, Louis XIV., Mr. Pepys, Ivan the Terrible, Julius Caesar, Socrates and Attila the Hun.

BAD FOR MILITARISM.

(Ottawa Citizen.)
Militarism in Germany does not seem to be having a particularly happy time just now. The playful practice of sticking one's bayonet into the back of a cripple who can't run fast enough is actually being frowned upon. Are the Germans losing their sense of humor?

THE LAW OF CHANCE.

[Puck.]
May Kissam—I'm afraid papa would make a scene if he came home and found you here.
Jack Willing—I just left him at the club; he won't be home very early.
Miss Kissam—How do you know?
Jack Willing—He was two hundred in the hole when I left.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

(New York Sun.)
A reporter asked Oscar Hammerstein the other day if he believed in the new therapeutic idea that music was a medicine.
"Believe in it? Of course I do," the impresario replied. "I know at least three operas that are a drug on the market, while as for popular songs, there isn't one of them that doesn't make me ill."

A NEW INSURGENT APPEARS IN MEXICO



Terrible Stories of Starvation and Even Cannibalism Are Beginning to Filter Through From Interior Sections of Mexico.—News Item.

RETAILERS TO WAGE BATTLE FOR NEW ZONE

London Merchants Organize New Section Board of Trade.

PARCEL POST THE ISSUE

Advertiser's Agitation for Western Ontario Goes Further.

The London Board of Trade will get behind The Advertiser's demand for fair treatment for London and Western Ontario in the formation of parcel post zones.

At an enthusiastic meeting in the city hall last night, a retailers' section of the board was formed, and the secretary, Gordon Philip, was instructed to draft a resolution covering London's desires, the same to be passed upon at a meeting of the council of the board at noon today, and then sent on for consideration at the meeting of the Ontario Associated Boards of Trade, to be held in Toronto next month. Backed then, it is anticipated, by the arguments of the associated boards, the agitation will be carried to the postoffice department at Ottawa.

Following the formation of the new section and the election of officers, W. T. Strong asked for information on the parcel post question.

Mr. Stevely Gives Instance.
Secretary Philip briefly outlined the movement to prevent the discrimination that is threatened against London in the proposals of the department, and ex-Mayor Samuel Stevely, chairman of the meeting, referred to the fact that, under the proposed regulations, a parcel could be sent from Toronto to Hyde Park for the same amount as from London to Hyde Park. This would naturally work against London wholesalers and retailers, as people would be able to secure goods from Toronto stores as cheaply as from London, and the tendency was, where conditions were parallel, to patronize the larger centres.

The action of the new retailers' section came as the result of a resolution moved by Gordon Ingram and seconded by David Ross. Both mover and seconder spoke strongly against the proposed discrimination in favor of Toronto, and Mr. Ingram referred to The Advertiser's suggestion in the matter as being eminently fair.

Mr. Ross was convinced that London had a real grievance, and was for pushing the agitation for recognition to the last notch. W. T. Strong and others present added their word of approval to the movement, and it will be vigorously prosecuted.

Appreciate the Agitation.
London merchants—wholesalers and retailers—have come to an early realization of the pointedness of the demands for the recognition of the

Forest City and the upholding of Western Ontario in the arrangement of parcel post zones, and will stoutly oppose the apparent effort that is being made to give Toronto the big end of the mail order business.

The executive of the board of trade will meet at twelve noon today to pass upon the resolution to be drawn up by Secretary Philip.

UNDERSELLS COAL DEALERS AND MAKES A PROFIT

Toronto Carpenter Causes a Controversy Over the Price of Anthracite.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Toronto, Jan. 12.—What is coal really worth per ton? This is a question now going the rounds of the city.

An east end carpenter, out of work, thought he could make some money in the coal business. He went to a reliable dealer handling a good grade of Scranton coal, and purchased two carloads which he sold to his friends at \$7.25 per ton, and pocketed a substantial profit. He extended his business until he had disposed of fifteen carloads at the same price, and considered it as satisfactory as building houses.

Then the oldtime coal dealers heard

about it and sent a delegation to the wholesaler, who was obliged to raise his price to the carpenter-retailer, but the latter was still able to undersell the regular merchants to the extent of 50 cents a ton. Their uniform price is \$8.25.

TEN-DOLLAR SHOES NEXT.

New York, Jan. 13.—In the opinion of speakers at the annual convention of the National Shoe Retailers' Association, which closes with a banquet tonight, the retail price of shoes may soon reach \$10 per pair.

Whooping Cough

SPASMIC CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Resolene

ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vapo-Resolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a B.O.O.N. to sufferers from Asthma. The air-carrying antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children. Send postal for descriptive booklet.

ALL DRUGGISTS.
Vapo-Resolene Co., 62 Cortlandt St., N.Y.

Learnings Mills Building, Montreal, Can.

DON'T HAWK, SPIT, SNEEZE---CURE YOURSELF! BREATHE "CATARRHOZONE"

Gives Instant Reliefs, Clears Out Nose, Throat and All Breathing Organs.

In this fickle climate, repeated colds very easily drift into Catarrh. The natural tendency of Catarrh is to extend through the system in every direction.

Exposure to cold or dampness intensifies the trouble, and nasal catarrh is the result. Unless a complete cure is effected, inflammation passes rapidly to the throat, bronchial tubes, and then to the lungs.

You can't make new lungs—hence Consumption is practically incurable. But Catarrh can be cured, except in its final and always fatal stage. Catarrh sufferers, meaning those

with colds, sore throat, bronchial trouble, etc., can all be cured right at home by inhaling "Catarrhozone."

In using Catarrhozone you don't take medicine into the stomach—you just breathe a healing piney vapor direct to the lungs and air passages.

The purest balsams and the greatest antiseptics are thus sent to every spot where catarrhal trouble exists, germs are killed, foul secretions are destroyed, nature is given a chance, and cure comes quickly.

Colds and throat troubles can't last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhozone is breathed; sneezing and coughing cease at once, because irritation is removed.

Use Catarrhozone to prevent—use it to cure your winter ills. It's pleasant, safe and guaranteed in every case. Complete outfit, \$1. Smaller sizes, 50c at all dealers.

SAVE YOUR HAIR! IF FALLING OUT OR DANDRUFF--25-CENT DANDERINE

Ladies! Men! Here's the Quick-est, Surest Dandruff Cure Known.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scourge. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots

to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.