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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3.

Joe's Campaign Methods.

Mr. Chamberlain has been husbanding his strength to good purpose, and is able to throw himself into the present campaign with his old-time vigor. One feature of his propaganda is an effort to influence colonial sentiment, so that it may react in his favor in the field of British politics. In furtherance of this design, the chairman of his tariff commission, Mr. Alfred Mosely, has been making speeches in Canada, and urging Canadians to "keep the wires hot." It looks very much as though the Chamberlain managers are adroitly manipulating news agencies, and endeavoring to give a distinctly Chamberlain tone and color to the various mediums of information between the colonies and the mother country. The Canadian Associated Press is serving up Chamberlainism to Canadian readers with remarkable assiduity. There are only two commanding speakers—Chamberlain and Balfour—in the tariff reform ranks in Great Britain, but so far as the cable dispatches go, they are more in the limelight than the whole array of first-rate statesmen—Campbell—Bannerman, Morley, Asquith, Devonshire, Rosebery, Grey, Lord Hugh Cecil—to name a few—who are ardent opponents of Chamberlainism, and are combatting his arguments on Imperial grounds.

It is a clever idea of the Birmingham bureau to get hold of this leverage on public opinion, but Canadians want both sides of the question, and should be on their guard. They have no mind to be pawns in a party game in Great Britain. We imagine a good many of them resent the form of missionary work which Mr. Mosely has adopted. In every speech in Canada he has made a bitter attack upon the new British Administration. The people of this country do not view British politics through the spectacles of party prejudice, and they are not prepared to borrow their views from British partisans. At any rate, they are not inclined to prejudice the present British Government. If it suits the British people, and respects the principles of colonial self-government, it will suit the Canadian people. If the British electors want a government pledged to give Canada a trade preference, well and good; if they don't, it's their own business, not Canada's.

To the Pole by Airship.

In 1870, Henry M. Stanley, then a newspaper reporter, was told by the New York Herald to go to Africa and find Livingstone. Stanley found him. Walter Wellman has been commissioned by the Chicago Record-Herald to find the north pole by airship, but will he find it? A few years ago, under orders from the same journal, he made a dash for the pole by steamship but found too much ice in the way, a common experience of polar explorers. However, he partly achieved his purpose, which was to provide "copy" and a unique advertisement for his newspaper.

Wellman will have the aid of Santos-Dumont, who holds the record in aeronautics. Santos-Dumont is constructing the largest dirigible balloon ever built and expects to have it finished in April. The party will make its base at North Spitzbergen, Norway, whence the airship will start for the pole, 500 miles distant, early in July. With favorable weather the distance should be negotiated in 45 hours. If the winds are contrary, the airship will repose on the ice and await its opportunity. It will be equipped with wireless telegraphy, so that the world will be apprised from hour to hour of the fortunes of the expedition.

All this is reminiscent of one of Jules Verne's wildest romances. It even outstrips his dream of an aerial voyage to the pole, for he had not imagined wireless telegraphy. About eight years ago, the Norwegian, Andree, attempted to realize Verne's flight of fancy by heading for the pole in an ordinary balloon, trusting to a favorable current of air to blow him to his goal. Nothing more was seen or heard of Andree. The dirigible balloon is of course an improvement on the ordinary gas-bag, but it has not yet proved itself more than a dangerous toy. In the present case it ought to be worth some good newspaper copy, in any event.

The Record of Crime.

The Chicago Tribune makes a specialty of collecting the statistics of crimes of violence, and has brought the returns down to the end of the calendar year, 1905. The approximate number of deaths from violence during the year was 9,212, an increase of 730 over 1904. The most discouraging feature of the report is the continued increase of murders committed by burglars, thieves, and holdup men. The number in 1905 was 582, as compared with 464 in 1904. It would be some

so difficult in getting a large share of what we should consider the cream of immigration—that is, an incoming made up of English-speaking people. When the country becomes richer and possesses larger and more diversified industries, it may draw in an immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe, but this far it appears to be almost entirely exempted from that class of population.

A Drastic Reform.

(Thomas R. Ybarra, in New York Times.)
In the land of the -koffs and the -tches, Of syllables highly precarious, Where -skis are hobnobbing with -vities, And pronunciation's hilarious; Where life is explosive and various, And dramatics are in it, They've chosen a man To lead Freedom's van, Named—

Koilarandukoff? Not a bit!
Ivan Bowsowskivitch Kiecuparowskivitch Awfulpowskivitch? Not a bit!
Nik? Just Schmidt!
Shades of Rachmaninoff—Schmidt!

In the land of the muttonous scandal, Where frequently dukes are knocked silly; Where names have a seven-league handle Conveying the train of thought, Willy; Where mobs now are clanking shrilly, And Freedom her beacon his lit, They've chosen a chap To manage the scrap Named—

Ginkeyvitch? Not a bit!
Well, some old unkillable, Practice-until-able, And polysyllable? Not a bit!
Nik? Just Schmidt!

Shades of Nibelsdorff, Skobloff, Gortschakoff, Romanoff, It's all off—Schmidt!

Second Sober Thoughts.

(Philadelphia Press.)
Tourist—What's that crowd down at the court house?
Native—Oh, they're tryin' the case o' Sam Johnson, sir.
Tourist—Sam Johnson? Why, that was the man that was lynched yesterday, wasn't it?
Native—Yas, sir; but today some o' the boys got to feelin' curious to know whether he was innocent or guilty, sir.

Dinkelspielers.

(George V. Hobart, in New York American.)
Luck was a good thing to trust in—if you ain't got much of an appetite. Dink was a fellow who can keep dare troubles to himself. Dink is a fellow who has got many politemans. Peoples mit gut memories may be vider, but peoples mit gut forgetteries that more happiness. Dreams so by contrariness, vich should make you remember dot der heartiest handshaker was sometimes der strongest recaller. Success is vot ve dot for ourselves; failure is vot der under fellow dit for us. Always pick up der restaurant when you sit down to eat for something to turn up. Tomorrow is der only day in der year dot appears to a lazy man.

The Canny Crocodile.

(Life.)
There was once a crocodile, old and stout, And a little clumsy at getting about. He was chiefly found in the River Nile, This lumbering, cumbersome crocodile. Sometimes all day on the sand he'd lie, And deeply and thoughtfully wonder why, Then he'd smile a slow, inscrutable smile—This emotional, notional crocodile.

If a friend should come for a cosy chat, He would sit on his haunches on this or that, His opponent's opinions he would revile—This babbling, scabbling crocodile.

Sometimes he would stand up on the shore, And declaim in a voice like the ocean's roar. His sonorous speech could be heard a mile—This wonderful, thunderful crocodile. You see by his crafty and subtle art, He made people believe he was clever and smart. They praised his wisdom, his speech, his style—This notable, quotable crocodile!

Christmas at British Postoffice.

(Montreal Herald.)
In the Christmas number of the Pall Mall Gazette Magazine, there was a number of particulars concerning the amount of business transacted at the British general postoffice at the festive season. The Christmas increase twenty years ago was estimated at 100 per cent. Since then it has rapidly risen. In Christmas, 1905, will show an increase of 400 and 500 per cent. During the week ending on Boxing Day, the number of letters sent was 1,000,000,000, and it will reach the enormous total of 5,000,000,000, and it will be necessary for the authorities to enlist the services of 6,000 men for four or five weeks to supplement the regular staff of 24,000.

A London Fog.

(London Post.)
Six thousand tons of coal, it is said, are in suspension in the London atmosphere every day during the winter months—enough to encourage any fog and two million chimneys, all burning soft coal, smut-laden smoke. These are the things that scientific people talk about when they try to explain fogs. And then they go on to tell us that fogs are expensive; that a single day's fog causes the electric supply to be cut off; that fogs are a nuisance to the authorities; and that fogs leave behind them a deposit of six tons to the square mile.

Familiar Plea.

(Pittsburg Post.)
It was at the church fair. "Chances are 40-60," said the pretty girl. "The man was equal to the emergency. 'All I want is half a chance,' murmured he.

Difference.

(Charles Mackay.)
The king can drink the best of wine—So can I. And has enough when he would dine—So have I. And cannot order rain or shine.

Then where's the difference—let me see, Betwixt my lord the king and me? Do trusty friends surround the throne—Night and day? Or make his interest their own?

No, not they. Mine love me for myself alone—Blessed be they! And that's the difference which I see Betwixt my lord the king and me. Do know around me live and wait To do what I please.

Or fawn and flatter when they hate? Or would I grieve? Or cruel puns oppress my state By my leave? No, heaven be thanked! and here you see More differences 'twixt the king and me. He has his fools with jests and quips, When he'd play.

He has his armies and his ships—Great are they. But not a child to kiss his lips—Well-a-day! And that's the difference that I see Betwixt the lord my king and me. I wear a cap and he a crown—What of that? And he's a king and I'm a clown—What of that?

Now happy I and wretched he, Perhaps the king would change with me.

THE LESSON OF YERKES.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

When Charles T. Yerkes died it might be said that from the standpoint of material achievement he was one of the most successful men in the world. There were few who had made such a large fortune as he, for most of those possessing larger ones had started with more than a competence. The figures as to the Yerkes fortune are variously given, and most of them are probably exaggerations. Nevertheless, he had the unusual experience of having accumulated several fortunes in his lifetime, and in widely separated places. Philadelphia, Chicago, New York and London have been spheres of his financial activities, and omitting any reference to those transactions of his which have been adversely criticised, he was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary intellectual force, and indomitable courage. Any one of half a dozen events in his life would have completely crushed many a strong man.

It may be admitted that in some respects, Yerkes was unfortunate from a worldly point of view, in that he was made to suffer for things from which others have escaped unscathed. The fact remains that he did suffer many things, and was punished by the law and society for what he dared to do. He was a constructive financier who used all the methods at hand to further his interests, and whatever his moral and ethical shortcomings, he achieved many things that of themselves were desirable. He made the underground railways of London a public convenience and comfortable avenues of traffic. His imagination ran to the practical, and he could foresee things and the ways to accomplish them in a degree that few have equaled.

And yet, how many could wish to parallel such a career? Its successes were never darkened with tragedies of various kinds. He yearned for social recognition which never came. He built one of the finest observatories in the world, but the people of Chicago who praised his munificence did not ask him to dinner. He built a mansion in New York and filled it with some of the finest art treasures in the world, but no line of carriages from the ranks of those he sought to enter waited before his palace. He even died in a hotel with the ministrations of a wife, who came to see him only when he had lost consciousness.

Such a life cannot be called successful in any proper sense. No right feeling man would care to live it, not for ten times its yield in gold. This country contains now a million men really more successful than Yerkes.

POEMS THAT LIVE

To the Night.

(Shelley.)
Swiftly walk over the western wave, Out of the misty eastern cave Where, all the long and lone daylight, Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear, Which make thee terrible and drear— Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray, Star-inwrought, Blind with thine hair the eyes of day, And her unit shawl be woven out, Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land, Touching all with thy opiate wand— Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn, I sighed for thee; When light rode high, and the dew was gone, And noon lay heavy on flower and tree, And the weary Day turned to her rest, Lingered like an unloved guest, I sighed for thee!

Thy brother Death came and cried, 'I wouldst thou meet me'; Thy sweet child sleep, and the filmy-eyed, Murremured like a noontide bee, 'Shall I nestle near thy side?' 'Wouldst thou meet me?'—I replied, 'No, not thee!'

Death will come when thou art dead, Soon, too soon— Sleep will come when thou art fled; Of no avail to ask for noon I ask of thee, beloved Night, Swift be thine approaching flight, Come, soon, soon!

LOST PICTURE IN BOSTON
Mrs. Jack Gardner Has Giorgione's Christ With the Cross.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 3. — Mrs. John L. Gardner, who owns the art collection in the Fenway, this city, would not discuss today the dispatch from Rome concerning the disappearance of the picture "Christ with the Cross," by Giorgione, except to say that she knew nothing of the disappearance of a noted painting from Vicenza.

However, the public catalogue of Mrs. Gardner's art collection indicated that it contains Giorgione's picture, "Christ with the Cross," and that this picture came from the Casa Loschi, at Vicenza.

An inquiry among artists in this city today developed the opinion that the Giorgione picture catalogued in Mrs. Gardner's collection is undoubtedly the same referred to as having disappeared from the Loschi Palace at Vicenza.

It was pointed out that in a book upon Giorgione the statement is found that the picture known as "Christ Bearing the Cross," formerly in the Casa Loschi at Vicenza, now belongs to Mrs. Gardner, of Boston, and the same book dealing with the works of Giorgione points out in the catalogue of its works that the picture is now in the collection of Mrs. Gardner, and that until about six years ago it was in the Casa Loschi at Vicenza.

The picture is about 1 foot 8 inches by 1 foot 4 inches, and is painted on wood. It represents the head and shoulders of Christ. The cross is borne over the right shoulder and behind the head.

Local artists today pointed out that whatever importance may be attached to the disappearance of this picture in Italy, no secrecy prevails in this country with reference to the painting.

It has been seen by the public in Mrs. Gardner's collection for several years past, and has been referred to in

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & COMPANY

Man-Tailoring Department for Ladies'

SUITS, SKIRTS AND WAISTS.

Prices Greatly Reduced for Dull Month of January—Seven dollars off regular price for making long coat suits, five dollars off regular price for making short and medium coat suits, and big reductions in skirt and waist making prices. All strictly man-tailored.

\$7 Seven dollars off the regular price for making long coat Suits.

\$5 Five dollars off regular price for making short and medium coat suits.

During the Month These Cut Prices Will Be in Force.

We do not need to dwell on the marked success this department has achieved this season. It is sufficient to say that utmost satisfaction has been given and customers have been thoroughly pleased. It is now our intention to make special price inducements to keep up a brisk business during what might otherwise be a dull January. Every garment is strictly man-tailored, suits, skirts and waists, workmanship is of the very highest order and satisfaction guaranteed. We advise our customers to think this proposition over carefully and it is sure to result in deciding to have the Spring Suit made NOW—the price temptation being irresistible, \$7.00 off the regular price of making suits in long coat style and \$5.00 off the regular price for making suits in short and medium coat style.

Orders filled in order received.

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

Skirts and Waists Strictly Man-Tailored.

The following reduced prices on tailor-made waists and skirts go into effect at once. Orders will come thick and fast—get yours in early.

Making that formerly cost

\$1 50, January sale rate\$1 00
\$1 75, January sale rate\$1 25
\$2 50, January sale rate\$1 50
\$3 00, January sale rate\$2 00
\$4 00 and \$5 00, January sale rate\$3 00

Kimonos at Half.

20 only full length Elderdown Kimonos, were \$6 50 and \$7 00, tomorrow\$3 50
10 only Molted Fannel Kimonos, full length, sizes 34 to 38, were \$4 50, tomorrow\$2 25
4 dozen Flannel, Luster and Cashmere Waists, clearing for choice\$1 00
Mixed lot of Walking Skirts, serge, panama, broadcloth and tweed, selling for \$5 00 to \$8 50, clearing at\$3 25
4 only Fur-lined Coats, brown, navy and green, fur collar and revers, fur lined, regular \$40 and \$50, to clear\$28 00
20 only Ladies' Black Coats, extra fine quality broadcloth, 32 inch length, lined through, tight fitting, regular price \$22 50, reduced price\$13 50

First shipment of New Spring Dress Goods just received.

several books on art as being the property of Mrs. Gardner.

"WAITS" A FAD IN LONDON
Much Interest Shown This Year in Odd Minstrelsy Role.

London, Jan. 3.—Society "waits" in evening dress are a pleasing variation of the old-fashioned type of Christmas minstrels. At the same time they are a more expensive luxury than their predecessors. The takings of the Highbury strollers and a band of amateur musicians who netted \$600 in three nights' serenade of the suburbs would open the eyes of the old style "waits," who cheerfully sang "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen" throughout the night and thought small coin an adequate return for their labors.

Even the Highbury's record pales before that of a band of masked singers who have been singing carols nightly outside west end houses.

An element of mystery surrounds these society "waits." The men wore ordinary evening dress and the women were wrapped in furs, but a black crepe mask hid the whole of the upper part of their features. Their west end audiences appeared to find listening to carols as they were sung by the mysterious "waits" a novel way of spending the interval between dinner and bridge.

VORDAMAN ON THE NEGRO
Governor of Mississippi Declares That the Race Is Deteriorating.

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 8. — Governor Vardaman, in his annual message to the Mississippi Legislature, which assembled yesterday, again took a strong stand against spending public money for the education of the negro, saying in part:

"As the race the negro is deteriorating morally every day. Time has demonstrated that he is more criminal as a free man than as a slave; that he is increasing in criminality with fearful rapidity, being one-third more criminal in 1890 than he was in 1880."

"In the south, Mississippi particularly, I know he is growing worse every year. You can scarcely pick up a newspaper whose pages are not blackened with an account of an unmentionable crime committed by a black brute, and this crime, I want to impress upon you, is but the manifestation of the negro's aspiration for social equality, encouraged largely by the character of free education in vogue, which the state is levying tribute upon the white people to maintain."

Babbitt Metals All Grades The Canada Metal Co., Toronto, Ont.

Brains and Brawn.

A leading weekly attributes part of the good impression created by Count Witte to the fact that "he is a big man physically," and adds that the American people compare "a big body with a big brain and a big heart." It is, however, a noticeable fact that the Southern Confederacy was a small crumple; Chief Justice Fuller was an unusually small-sized man. Grant was considerably below average height, and Fighting Phil Sheridan, who did not know the meaning of fear, was known as "Little Phil." Stephen A. Douglas was under size, and was affectionately called "The Little Giant."

Instances of this sort could be cited by the hundred.

The size of a man's body has no more to do with the size or quality of his brain than it has with the rise and fall of the tide.—Four-Track News.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPSS'S COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

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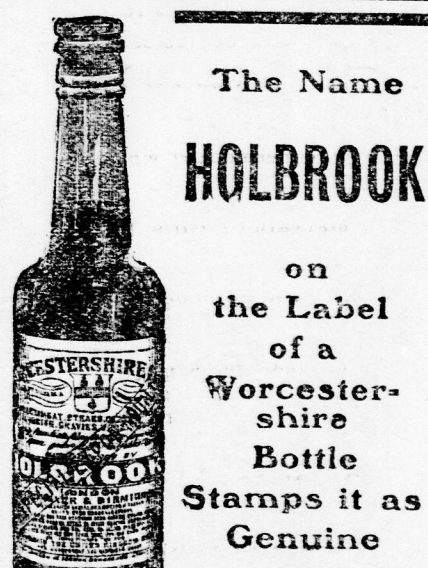
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Bottle
Stamps it as
Genuine

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SAUCE

Is a Perfect Flavoring with All Kinds of Meats, Salads, Fish and Soups.

PRICE—25 CENTS A BOTTLE

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LADIES! MADAME DUVONT'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS

Are the most efficient remedy for Delayed Menstruation and Irregularities.

Full-sized 22 box set in plain sealed package, on receipt of \$1. DUVONT MEDICINE CO., TORONTO.

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Catalano & Sansone

Put up in tins and bottles. For sale at any grocery store in the city or at the Importers, 282 Dundas street.

Price, 25 cents bottle, or \$2 tin.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big 6 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes.

Painless, and not irritating.

Sold by Druggists.

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