

London Advertiser

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The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, MARCH 16.

The Shamrock blooms over the wide earth for the 17th.

"No favors for the farmers." These colors are nailed to the Conservative masthead.

We venture the opinion that "King" Carson will not feel quite so "toppy" on the glorious 17th.

The suffragettes are at war on art pictures. The suggestion of even "old masters" is anathema to them.

Redistribution being delayed so long leads the country to wonder what terrible hacking is in progress.

The honk of the wild goose heralds the approach of spring all right, but not more so than the honk of the automobile.

Villa says that he will be president of Mexico or dead, but the way things have been going down there a president is as good as dead anyway.

Something was wanted to offset the diminution of Nova Scotia's representation. As a result most of the population is let into the Fenian Reid grants.

Marvelous have been the products of the steam, telegraph, telephone and wireless eras, but there may be coming an age of radium that will develop still more stupendous wonders.

The grand Orange Mullah beat Farmer Crothers to the treasury. Both have the Tammany idea of how to keep a government in power. Feed the lambs and you can shear the sheep.

American paragraphers are in death grips over which was the better advertising for the United States, Comiskey's globe trip with the Giants and Sox, or Fighting Bob Evans' world-circling battleship tour.

Unionists are already predicting the resignation of Mr. Asquith and the wreck of his Government, but that splendid intellect and clean, justice-loving soul can be depended upon to make a thorough job of his work before stepping out.

There is a big bounty office at Ottawa. Handsome prizes are given to all old warriors, battle-scarred or not, even a few old battle-scarred not barred. I O, U's are awarded to Farmers' Bank depositors and shareholders; apply at Crothers' wicket.

News of the appointment of Fred A. Rutherford to a high post with the Grand Trunk, at Chicago, will be received with general satisfaction. London has "turned out" a number of capable railway executives, and Mr. Rutherford has mounted the ladder steadily.

The Mad Mullah will propose shortly to donate \$100 to every man or boy that ever turned out in an Orange procession. Such veterans or their widows, whether death took place on parade, or of spontaneous combustion, should be honored and fed by a gratified country.

They had a Conservative gathering in Hamilton the other night, and next morning one of the papers credited Mr. Gordon Wilson, M. P. for Wentworth, with the statement that he hoped "Providence would aid the Conservatives by removing some of the obstacles in the Senate." It is not a very nice way for a public man to talk, and while it is possible there are others besides Mr. Wilson who gloat over the death of every Liberal senator, most of them have the grace not to show their feelings as plainly as the Wentworth man.

The tragic death of J. N. Langridge in Saskatchewan came as a shock to his many boyhood friends who had watched his career with gratification. Mr. Langridge was a Huron and Erie "graduate" and had made a name for himself since he went west for the Manufacturers' Life, to which company he became attached after George A. Somerville, of this city, took over the management. Mr. Langridge was a young man of fine companionable qualities, and he had placed himself in a position of high trust by his sterling integrity and his unusual ability.

The Government of British Columbia is legislating with a view to regulating the Douthobos. These people, with some good qualities, have some customs that do not chime in with Anglo-Saxon ideas. And the Douthobos threaten to retaliate. They will not enlist an army for violent resistance like Mr. Carson, of Ulster, for they are a peaceful people. But they threaten to take off their clothes and walk about the streets. This will be very embarrassing for the police, almost as bad as dealing with the mil-

itants of old England. But there is no sense in it, no more than in cutting up valuable pictures or burning empty houses.

THE FIGHT AT BATTLE HILL.

IN SATURDAY'S issue a correspondent in the correctness of the sketch of the locality where occurred the fight in the Longwoods a hundred years ago, and which accompanied our account of that engagement. We are informed by an officer of the historical society that the sketch was made a few days after the fight, and doubtless represents the lie of the land as it appeared to those who took part in the affair. It was copied some years ago by Mr. J. I. Poole, who lived in the neighborhood, and made a special study of the subject. Mr. Poole is now, we understand, in the Northwest, and may have something to say about it later.

A GREAT EDITOR.

ONCE upon a time a man wrote a book called "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." It was the first great dramatization of modern business; the first handful of life that had been given of this new era, which we all understand and know has come to pass, yet can't describe; this era with its wonders of truth and its wonders of fakism, this era of democracy and the revealing of democracy as undemocratic, this striving for the inside, the intimate, the invisible psychology of everything. Then after the man had done this thing he became an editor. He put his name upon his publication, but few think of him more consciously than they think of the name of his publication. There are no more "letters" with his name. He is seldom heard of outside of the college of writers he has built, yet it seems that he is one of the strongest personalities in the United States.

George Horace Lorimer is the man, his work The Saturday Evening Post. Have you seen any brain product that has so seized on human nature as The Post? Do you read anything more conscious of this age or more rational in its principles? Lorimer, the impersonal part of it, seems the greatest part of it. He is the heart-meter of the American people. His reporting staff chronicles the drama of life; but Lorimer first must tell them what it means. He is Uncle Sam's autobiographer.

A SILLY JIBE.

OF THE many small attempts to utilize the Ephanture affair to the injury of the Liberals, the smallest is to condemn the Liberal leader because the member for Prescott professed to be a Liberal, and voted with the Liberals. To judge from their jibes, when Mr. Rowell found that Mr. Ephanture was not in favor of the temperance plank he should have forbidden him to vote for any other Liberal measure, and if he did so to read him out of the party. That would have been a silly performance. It is no unusual thing for a member of a Legislature to be opposed to some particular plank in his party's platform. If he is a Conservative he will probably keep quiet and vote for it; if a Liberal he is more likely to speak out and vote against it. But the leader of the party will always accept the support of his dissenting follower as far as the latter will give it. So he will gladly accept support from the other side for any measure if he can get it. Mr. Ephanture made no secret of his opposition to his leader's temperance policy; but he considered himself a Liberal, and voted with his party on other questions. No leader will refuse partial support if he cannot get the whole. Mr. Rowell did not read Mr. Ephanture out of the party because he could not agree with the whole party platform, but because he offered to sell his services as a legislator—an offense which no Liberal party leader would or could disregard.

THE LUXURY OF A FAMILY.

DEMAND for more babies in the household. And every one will admit that he is right, so far as other people's houses are concerned. The Anglo-Saxon birth-rate is steadily going down, especially among the classes who can best afford the luxury of a large family. Social conditions have changed. There used to be a time when a large family was an asset; now it is a liability. This is more especially true of what may be termed the middle classes—the moderately well to do. A large family costs money, for clothes, for education, for social pleasures. Children have expensive tastes. They acquire these at home, and in society. A man with a moderate salary may feel excused if he is satisfied with a moderate family. The poor man is really in a better condition. He is compelled to send his children to school, but he is not likely to keep them there any longer than the law requires. He gets the benefit of their services at home in early childhood between school hours, and as soon as they are old enough to work they go out and commence to earn their own living, and even contribute somewhat to the family treasury. The wealthy man can afford a large family, but the labors of social life are apt to make them unwelcome. The middle class men can scarcely afford the luxury. So we have to depend on the poor man to keep up the birth rate. It may be admitted this is not a satisfactory state of affairs. But then how is it to be helped? The state spends much money now on the education of children. Is the time approaching when it will have to assume their support entirely?

ARTISTIC MILITANTS.

A barbed wire fence trimmed with flowers is the latest artistic and effective ruse of the British militants. It is said that it made a distinct impression upon the police, although they failed to see the point.

AN AWFUL CHARGE.
[Montreal Herald.]
Two men singing songs in Gaelic in the streets of Toronto have been arrested on the charge of using bad language. The Queen City seems determined to deserve its title of "Toronto the Good."

RELIEF IN RHYME.
When matters go askew sometimes, I find much help in making rhymes. For instance, when I dorkly "grope," It helps a lot to think of "hope." And when the night is black as "ink," It helps to think that dawn is "pink." When scenes are steeped in "misery," I like to think of "charity."

"Glad" rhymes with "sad," and "light" with "night," and "spite" suggest "de-light." And as for "jeer," and "sneer" and "fear," My rhyming scheme leads on to "cheer." Just try it when your days are "blue," Your rhymes may show the "skies are, too."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

MYSTIFIED.

Little Elizabeth was telling her first dream to her grandma and her auntie. Her mother, who was listening, asked her a question about it, whereupon Elizabeth looked up wonderingly and said:

"Why, you were there, mamma. Don't you remember?"

HER FEELINGS NOT MENTIONED.

A minister was in love with a member of his choir. He himself was musically inclined, and frequently the two would sing duets. Recently he arose to announce the music for the morning service, and this is what he said in his agitation: "Miss Blank will now sing, 'O, Had I the Wings of a Dove, I Would Fly Away,' accompanied by the pastor."

A POOR CROP.

The first specimens of the spring-poetry crop have been received. The quality leaves much to be desired.

CARSON'S BESIIEGERS.

Add to the heroines and mighty women of history, Deborah and Miriam and Jael, Lucretia and "Veturia and Volturna gray," Cornelia Charlotte Corday and so forth, the Ulster suffragettes who for three—or was it four?—days and nights sat on the steps of Sir Edward Carson's house waiting for the great man to come out on his way to the House of Commons. Three nights and days—or was it four?—that undaunted band waited, munching multitudes of "chocolates" meanwhile. Many are the paths to fame.

WHAT ABOUT THE AUDITORS?

[Kingston Whig.]
Grafting is alleged to have been practiced in connection with the Trent Canal accounts for years—under the Laurier Government and under the Borden Government—by the padding of the pay sheets. Money is said to have been spent on personal divisions and for political purposes, without check, until now. Where have the auditors been all these years?

UPSIDE DOWN DINNER.

[Kansas City Journal.]
"Went to a freak dinner last night, an upside down dinner."

HAVE I FAILED?

[S. E. Kiser, in Leslie's Weekly.]
I have worked and I have won. Certain pleasing victories. If the things that I have done Be not heard of overseas, Or their merits be denied, Or unnoticed by the crowd, Still, to me they have supplied Moments when my heart was proud.

A BULL FROM ULSTER.

[British Weekly.]
The Ulsterman is not incapable of a bull. It was an Ulster marquis who endeared himself to his tenants by the memorable bull uttered in his speech at an agricultural dinner: "I wish my farmers would use iron plows, because they last forever, and will afterwards sell as old iron."

OUR OLD FOLKS.

[La Patrie, Montreal.]
Some of our newspapers have shown conclusions from the census reports that our people are generally young but they failed to reckon with our old folks. In the 7,206,549 souls who make up the population of Canada there are included 44,342 octogenarians and 4,622 nonagenarians. And the census officers discovered 20 over a hundred years old.

VICTIMS OF THE SYSTEM.

[Grain Growers' Guide.]
There are undoubtedly a number of the financial magnates who have a sincere desire to do something for the benefit of the common people. We give such men full credit for their sincerity of purpose. The trouble is, however, that their life-long activities in amassing wealth have given them a viewpoint that makes it impossible for them to realize or sympathize with the needs of the common people.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

by Roy K. Moulton.

Grand Opera.

Grand opera as a form of entertainment can't be beat.

I love to cough up ten good bones and buy myself a seat.

To hear some howling tenor from some low-browed foreign land

Come forth and yell a lot of stuff that I can't understand.

I simply dote on listenin' for sev'ral mor'—at hours.

While them high-priced sopranos exercise their vocal powers;

I think I get my money's worth, oh yes, of course, I do.

And I am always sorry when the jam-boree is through.

There's nothing I like half so well and for a chance to go.

I'd walk five miles in my bare feet right through the ice and snow.

I know what you are thinking, I've got your thought wave quite.

You're thinking I'm a liar, and I guess you're thinking right.

Uncle Abner.

You can't always tell by the size of a fellow's head. There may be something in it, but there may not.

Hank Tumms calls it a punk vaudeville show that ain't got any livin' stationery in it.

It is safer to imitate the birds by singin' than by flyin'.

If all the troubles a fellow expects should actually happen to him he would not last more'n a day and a half.

There is always one safe bet, the postmaster of any town will never be agin' the administration.

The difference between a warm house and a cold house is generally just the amount of coal you are willing to burn.

There are lots of people who like to see a fellow get along if he happens to be goin' in the right direction—down hill.

If it wasn't for the crooks and shysters and scandalmongers this earth would be almost a good enough heaven for anybody.

What has become of the old-fashioned barber who used to curl yer hair up over his fingers?

Little Bibbins made some dunnuts for the church school and now the boys are usin' 'em for quot pitchin' out back of the postoffice, instid of horseshoes.

The worst thing about bein' a wooden

ABE MARTIN

From Western Ontario Press

A TOOTHsome TRAP.

[Guelph Mercury.]
A valuable fox has escaped from a ranch near Strathroy, and a handsome reward is offered for its capture. A couple of fat chickens with the hen-house door open, may pull down the reward.

CIVIC RIGHTNESS.

[Berlin Telegraph.]
Any movement having for its object the elevation of the standards of business ethics and civic righteousness in a community, like that which has just been launched in the Twin-City, deserves the hearty sympathy and active co-operation of all classes.

LASH FOR DRUNKARD.

[Guelph Herald.]
That Lindsay fatality, in which three lives were lost by the carelessness of a drunken man, seems to make it worth while considering whether the lash should not be applied to drunkards at the discretion of the magistrate. Drinking is said to be a disease; no doubt it is, and one easily led to by a great many. A cat-o-nine-tails might supply a strong deterrent influence on those who are a menace to others as well as themselves.

MARBLE.

[Stratford Beacon.]
The Montreal Mail in noting the arrival of the marble season, a sure sign of the early advent of springs, says: "Marbles is a good game." It was once, but in Ontario, at all events, those who have looked into it tell us that skill is no longer required to play it as it once was. "Big ring" and "little ring" are abandoned, and "knuckle down tight," "fan slap and taw," and "fan dubs" are admonitions no longer heard. The boys merely throw the marbles.

THE MURDERING OF CHILDREN.

[Chatham Planet.]
Surely it is high time that a decided and emphatic stand was taken in Canada against the continued perpetration of crimes against women and children. There are enough gruesome incidents to absolutely establish the fact that Canada is writing a dark, unreadable chapter in this regard. Hardly a day passes but the news items from various centres contain reference to the finding of the body of an infant, sometimes buried, sometimes dumped in an ash box. The long list of such cases, can point to Toronto police department, can point to a long list of such cases, in the morning of which they have been unable to name the guilty parties. In London, on Tuesday, a man noticed an object in the river which he thought was a stone. Upon further investigation it was found to be the body of an infant, that had been horribly mutilated before being thrown in the water. There is little or no chance at all of the murderer ever being brought to justice, as there is not a clue to work on.

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