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 LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 11.

Even the spools system must feel spoiled by this time.

That mysterious hole near Wingham will surely go dry now.

Huron County hanged John Barleycorn to the sour apple tree.

Sometimes one of his own bricks hits the man in a glass house.

It's money makes the wheels go around—especially those in an egg-beater.

If this weather continues, the fur-bearing animal may get a chance to come back.

The liquor interests' newspaper should send a broken bottle to its Huron brevered.

Manager Reising might stage his spring training camp right at home and get an early start.

As soon as Senator Ross came into the neighborhood, Sir James sat up and began to take notice.

There is many a man brings back his own umbrella from a banquet because he couldn't find a better one.

Bedticking for ladies' dresses is to be the vogue. That means that a lot of us will have to sleep on the floor.

Dispatch says that Lillian Russell's husband is ill. Evidently Lillian's health talks do not begin at home.

A journalist has refused to fight a duel with Kuropatkin. After what the Japs did to the latter why should anyone want to fight him?

Evelyn Thaw declares that Harry Thaw will kill her on sight, but she is quite safe so long as she remains in New York State.

The slaughter of the game birds on their annual migration to the marshes of Ontario, should call for the activity of every true sportsman in the land.

If the Dominion Government will enforce the temperance act in Huron it will do more than the Provincial Government is doing in local option localities.

We can't send men to the British navy, says Mr. Borden, or find them for a navy of our own. We have no men, he argues, that will fight, only rabbits on hind legs.

The world would far rather have a man wrong than a weak man hesitatingly right," says H. G. Wells. Quite true, H. G., so long as the firm man lets it happen with a ratio of about ten rights to one wrong.

Egyptian trade reports show that that country has for centuries been harvesting some of the biggest onion crops on record. At last the mystery of that grouchy look of the Sphinx has been solved.

"Oh, yes, I did hear something about that high commissionership. It seems that I am very favorably spoken of for the position in this country and elsewhere." Hon. Adam Beck was quoted as saying the above. Would Mr. Beck go so far if he were not reasonably certain that he was to secure the position?

The editor of the Woman's Page, tossing restlessly in sleep, mumbled as follows: "You may find a little gasoline helpful."—"See answer to Blue Eyes' question"—"You write a nice hand"—"Yes, if mother thinks it all right."—"No, I am not married"—"Try an onion poultice."

Sir Hugh Graham wanted to be High Commissioner. But his chances seemed slim. In order that no other young and distinguished Canadian might secure the honor, he advanced the name of Lord Mount-Stephen, a youth of 85 years. The Montreal Star, Graham's paper, shouts and howls in a most undignified manner for Mount-Stephen every day.

A LOCAL OPTION PROBLEM.

No matter how good a friend of local option a man may be he must admit that it breeds a system of abominable hotels. Local option has made more enemies through the weak soup and the mysterious hash than follows the abolition of the bar than through any sympathy for the liquor cause. In many instances the travelling public is received by a disgruntled individual who will try to force upon everyone the fact that local option has made it necessary for him to "skimp" his table and to conduct a poor house in general. To hear him talk one would get the im-

pression that he and his family are all but starving, and that he is simply receiving the same or higher rates than ever before on sufferance. In many cases it has no doubt been true that many a man got his excellent dinner before local option because the bar business was always good, but there are few men who want to eat their meals at the expense of some tippler who can ill afford even pennies.

It is surprising to The Advertiser that the temperance advocates, who have had no better friend than this newspaper, should not have made better provision for decent bed and board after the bars are gone. The Government or the towns should be forced to provide suitable places for public convenience. At the present time the ill-nature of men soured on life through losing their licenses is being taken out of the commercial men and others, and it is no wonder that some dread the spending of a night in one of these taverns run-to-seed. It is a big and pressing problem for the temperance cause and its advocates, and that cause should not be injured in the eyes of so important a class as the commercial men, because some liquor seller means to have out his grouch at the expense of the public in general.

FASHION.

EVERY now and then, proposals are started among clothes-designers and others for a departure in men's clothes from the comparative monotony that has long prevailed. The black evening uniform is held up to reprobation. Why not recover some of the old-time picturesqueness and variety? Why not a feather in the hat, like Yankee Doodle in his doddling days? Or put a buckle on behind.

Formerly men's minds were so much alike, under test acts, uniformity acts, and universal traditionalism that variety simply had to be secured in externals. Nowadays our minds pursue such comparatively individual bents that some quiet foil must be found in a uniformity and permanence of fashion. Women in their traditionalism may have their plumes and frills, but men have to economize time. To spend time and thought on changing modes in dress is as though one should practice walking to the office in tango or waltz measures, or go to meals at changing hours, or part one's hair a new way every day.

FETTERS FOR THE PRESS.

THE condition of affairs in English journalism in the city of Montreal is somewhat peculiar, and by no means creditable. The three most important papers of this class during the past have been The Star, Conservative; The Herald, Liberal; and The Witness, which was more religious and temperance than anything else, though in its politics it leaned towards Liberalism. After a long and honorable career this latter passed out of existence. The reason given was that it was not supported by the people for whom it was published. But we are more inclined to think that there may have been a lack of business management and a failure to appreciate the necessity of catering to all classes of readers instead of only one. The Herald, which had been the Liberal standard-bearer for more than half a century, began to show signs of a change in its political views, and it became an open secret that there had been a change in proprietors, and that Sir Hugh Graham, of The Star, had secured a controlling interest.

To meet changing conditions it was proposed to take over the plant of The Witness, and start a straight Liberal paper. So The Telegraph came into existence, with the Hon. W. S. Fielding, former finance minister, as president and managing editor. There had been hints that Sir Hugh Graham was at the back of this movement also. Mr. Fielding made inquiry, but was informed that such was not the case, but that it was being financed by a wealthy Liberal.

Later developments, however, make it apparent that there was truth in the flying rumors, and that Sir Hugh was making an effort to form a newspaper trust, of which he would be the leading spirit. It would seem as though his intention was to be the owner of all the important English-speaking papers, irrespective of politics; and, further, that he proposed to run the papers on diverse lines. In other words, he was going to give his readers whatever politics suited them. There were no principles involved in the movement, except to make money for the combine.

The latest development was the amalgamation of The Herald and the Telegraph. Mr. Fielding was asked to be president of the rearranged journal, but he was not ever informed as to the nature of the business agreements. Of course he refused. He could not do otherwise. As a businessman he could not be president of a corporation into whose secrets he was not admitted. As an honest Liberal he could not be editor of a paper run by a trust, of which the leading spirit was apparently a rabid Conservative. So he withdraws, and the expected benefits to Canada from the advent of an experienced statesman as the editor of an influential paper are for the present in abeyance. It has been unfortunate for Mr. Fielding, personally, that he was induced to take part in a great enterprise under misrepresentations. It only adds to his reputation that he refuses to be

made a tool for the pecuniary advantage of Montreal capitalists.

So far as the journalistic situation thus revealed is concerned it can only be characterized by the expressive word "rotten." It has been the boast of the leading Canadian papers, both Conservative and Liberal, that they have been free, and that they have been honest. Owned by some individual or individuals with sincere political convictions, their utterances were in accord with the principles of their owners. Further than that it has always been understood that those who had charge of the editorial department should be free in their advocacy of the avowed principles of the paper, or of the party it supported. The business department was not to fetter or control the sanctum. But in Montreal we are to have capitalists whose political views are Tory of the most flamboyant type, undertaking to publish papers which shall nominally, at all events, advocate views which their owners profess to believe dangerous to Canada and the empire. If Sir Hugh Graham honestly believes what he says through the Star, then he will be a traitor to his country if he is responsible for promulgating Liberal policies. No matter what he believes, trying to ride two different political horses can scarcely be considered honest. Papers published under such conditions are unsafe guides of public opinion. They are fettered by their ownership, and exist only to make money for the trust that controls them.

LIGHT ON BALKAN WAR.

NOW that the facts of the two recent savage wars in the Balkans are coming to hand, it is becoming clear that Greece stands out from the other combatants in the matter of honorable and humane warfare. It is shown by reliable reports from neutral sources that the Greeks respected the lives and property of all non-combatants. As well today they are the one power that participates in the struggle that has not asked the civilized nations to contribute to the relief of those in distress. Greece has refused to beg, but without outside aid is sheltering 235,000 refugees despoiled by the Bulgarians, as well as looking after her own widows and orphans.

On the other hand Bulgaria, which in civilization and organization we were inclined to consider head and shoulders above the other Balkan people, has a black record. Non-combatants of means were compelled to give tribute, townspeople were massacred or driven into the open country, and their homes put to the torch, the officers meanwhile having shipped the loot to their homes. Frequently the savagery shown, if reports are to be believed, surpassed the wildest excesses of the Turks. And now that it is all over Bulgaria is crying to the world for help to take care of her starving peasantry while Greece, which fought for honor and the right instead of spoils, is sticking grimly to the task of caring for her war victims without a whimper. The Greeks have come out of the great struggle with honor unsullied and undaunted of spirit.

ARMY AND NAVY.

THEY say that a contribution to Great Britain is the only form Canada's naval program should take. The homeland needs money for its navy. It must build ships and buy guns and submarines.

Lord Roberts says that the British army is in a much worse way than the navy. It needs men and equipment.

Then why are disloyal Canadians building armories in Canada? Why should this money be spent here when the home army needs bolstering up? If it is wrong to build a navy of our own and to man our own ships, is it right to build an army of our own and man our own armories? Or course, Mr. Borden would not agree to giving men for either an army or a navy, but surely it would be quite the thing to buy new rifles and a barracks for the British army rather than to spend it in Watford, Ingersoll, Owen Sound and other places for armories. These armories might be considered with some reason a parallel for the battle-ships.

THE DEMON RUM ON THE RUN.

JOHN BARLEYCORN, bully that he is, did a lot of blustering before the time for fighting came in Huron County. But when it came to squaring away he received a knockout in the first round. He was wallowed in Wellington and pummeled in Peel, but it remained for Huron to exhibit the old-fashioned temperance militancy that strikes hard and rejoices fervently.

What a picture were those meetings of celebration after it became known that the Demon Rum had been utterly cast out! The devoted gathered, and knelt in prayer and then burst into hymns of the old, ringing sort. There was Cromwellian sternness in the manner in which they entered the battle, and a spirit of meekness and thankfulness afterward. They were roused as though by the cross of fire, and well may their cross of fire which set the Huron heather blazing, be an omen to those who think the old-fashioned fighting temperance folk are all dead. They are alive and kicking the Demon Rum at every turn. No matter what their politics they will adopt the means they think best to gain the victory. They regard liquor as a poisonous serpent, trailing over the forms of women and children. There are times when fanaticism may be splendid. It was not fanaticism that won in Huron, however, but plain, quiet commonsense. The people gave

the imported orators a fair hearing, when there might have been justification for running them out of town.

In the abolition of the bars of three counties over night, Ontario may read a great prophecy. There is not a community in Ontario which, when the issue is removed from politics, would not abolish every bar from the face of the land. London would do it tomorrow, just as such a large centre as Goderich did it. It is time for the liquor interests' newspapers and the liquor interests' Government to open their eyes.

A USE FOR ARMORIES.

IF we were the farmers we should feel like taking these fancy new armories of Sam Hughes and stabling our cattle and storing our wheat in them. We would only be converting the money we pay in taxes to a more useful and sane purpose. Toryism! Red tape and jingoism! Millions for show! Millions for the Family Combine Compact! A fig for the farmers! A fig for Free Wheat! A fig for Free Food! On with the Hesitation Waltz! The Government is ready to do anything so long as the interests are unhurt. And no good can come to the country unless they are hurt.

THE HOUR HAND.

[Grantland Rice.]
 "What time is it?"
 It's time to move.
 From out the stolid-bordered frame:
 It's time to rustle from the groove
 And beat it back into the game;
 It's time to edge in with a start
 That's just a trifle more than bluff,
 And, whatever be the part,
 To give the game your keenest stuff.

"What time is it?"
 It's time to fight;
 To rally up the hosts of cheer,
 And, in the face of bitter night,
 To wipe away the useless tear.
 It's time to meet the foe called fate
 With valiant heart and head held high.
 And whatever score may wait,
 It's time to take the alibi.
 "What time is it?"
 It's time to be
 Out there among the battling throng;
 It's time to set your honor free
 From any taint of shame or wrong;
 It's time to be upon the square,
 And, when you've cut in with your sword,
 You'll find, out in the far somewhere,
 It's time enough to take your rest.

WHAT OF THAT.

[The Living Church.]
 "Tired?" Well, what of that?
 Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
 Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
 Come, rouse thee, while 'tis called
 Coward! Arise, go forth upon the way!

"Lonely?" And what of that?
 Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
 To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
 To blend another life into its own;
 Work may be done in loneliness;
 Work on!

"Dark?" Well, and what of that?
 Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
 Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
 Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
 Thy step will guided be the guided right.

"Hard?" Well, and what of that?
 Didst fancy life one long summer holiday,
 With lessons none to learn and
 nought but play?
 Go, get thee to thy task; conquer or die!
 It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

"No help?" Nay, 'tis not so!
 Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
 Who hears the ravens hear his children cry;
 He's near thee; whoso'er thy footsteps roam,
 And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

From Western Ontario Press

THE THAMES CUTOFF.
 [Chatham News.]
 Kent County Council acting on the motion of Reeve Fraser of Thamesville has decided to consider active steps looking to a relief of the expensive flood conditions which have existed each spring along the Thames valley in Kent County.

CHILD LABOR LAW.
 [Brantford Expositor.]
 A deputation representing the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress is to wait upon the various provincial governments, including that of Ontario, to secure the passage of certain legislation which the toilers desire, including the "Child Labor Law." Unfortunately there is no such law, and as regards Ontario the Government has refused to accede to practically all proposals for improving the condition of juvenile toilers.

SERIOUS FOR GUELPH.
 [Guelph Mercury.]
 The changes in the local postoffice for the parcels post system are going to be a serious affair for Guelph. It will lessen the space which the young people can occupy when waiting to keep their dates at nights, and will also make less elbow room to be used for a street car waiting room.

CONSERVING THE MEAT SUPPLY.
 [St. Thomas Journal.]
 For every calf that is killed, there will be one less steer or cow to be made into beef a little later on. The difference between the amount of meat obtained from it, if it were allowed to get its full growth, is the loss sustained by the country's prospective meat supply whenever a calf is slaughtered. Some hotels in this country have taken a wise step in agreeing to fill no more orders for veal.

The policy of these hotels might well be followed everywhere. If it were, there would be, of course, a temporary shortage of meat, but the shortage would be more than compensated for later. The hotels can cut down the slaughter of calves to a very great extent by an agreement to mark well off their bills of fare.

Voice of the People

SUNDAY CARS TO BYRON

To the Editor of The Advertiser:
 By all means let the cars run to Springbank on Sundays, but may we be spared the disgraceful scenes almost daily witnessed of crowding almost 100 adults on a car whose seating capacity is only 35. Quite recently I was a passenger on the 2 o'clock car leaving Springbank. About 40 boarded the car at Byron and by the time we reached the Woodland Cemetery the conductor had registered 90 cash fares. May I be allowed to ask, Mr. Editor, how long this state of things is to exist? In England no passenger is allowed to stand upon a car, but it is quite a rare thing for a male patron of the Springbank car to be able to get a seat. Perhaps if Controller Rose lived west of the Coves we should get something better than a 5 hour service, i.e. 8 o'clock and 2 o'clock. Consensus of opinion of residents on this route favor an evening car from the city each night about 9.30. Yours truly,
 STRAP-HANGER.

Inspect Our Food.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:
 In your edition of January 29 is an interesting letter of Dr. H. W. Hill, dated the 27th inst. It is full of points, and shows some good from meat inspection. More good points would follow more rigid inspection. Dairy herds, of course, should be inspected, and also the milk. In Toronto the milk supply has been for the past two years tested daily. The saving in water last year, I think (the second year of such testing), was very great (\$300,000, if I remember correctly. I was told by one of the city officials, and this not always clear water, but dirty and polluted water. That was a big price to pay for water in the milk. In other respects, too, testing of the milk helps to keep the supply purer and more abundant. In London, England, should follow the example of Toronto. Perhaps the Institute of Public Health could be utilized for this purpose. All food should be inspected before sold for consumption, especially meat. The convenient place for that is the abattoir, preferably a civic abattoir for meat sold in a city. If with a partial inspection the public are protected to some extent from diseased meat, to a proportionately greater extent would be the protection with more general and thorough inspection of food animals, before and after being slaughtered. Any regulation to aid in securing pure and wholesome food is for the public benefit. To argue contra is reductio ad absurdum.
 London, Jan. 30, 1914.

The Other Side of It.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:
 Though not a subscriber to your valuable paper, a few days ago I was handed a clipping taken from The Advertiser of January 16, alluding to "Alleged Cruelty to an Englishman By an Oxford County Farmer," contributed by M. W. Lyons, of the Men's Federation.
 From the small thread of truth running through the statement, I conclude that I am the farmer to whom reference is made.

Now, while commending Mr. Lyons for his zeal in the cause of the downtrodden, I think it would have been better had he investigated the farmer's side of the question before having it published in a newspaper.

I hired this "man" (I suppose I must call him a man, as he had the appearance of one), on the condition that if he suited I would keep him. Out of the five days that I kept him I only got one day's work out of him. Besides, he not only made a nuisance of himself in my home, but in the neighborhood as well. Taking him into my home, using him as one of the family, giving him three good meals a day, a warm sleeping room, the door of his room being within four feet of a stove in which a fire was kept burning night and day;—also letting him feed his "dog" all the new milk it could drink, but refusing to let him keep it in the house and take it to bed with him, as he wished.

Was that unfairness, do you think? As to his helping to milk 26 cows, the fact is he milked six while my son and myself milked the other twenty. He never was left to care for the large number of cattle and horses alone, my son or myself being with him always, with the exception of a couple of hours. When I returned and found him neglecting the work, I set him to pull a set of horse clippers to pieces to oil them. He said I spoke sharply to him, and sent him to do the work he should have been doing for eggs.

On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

In the Future,
 And then, again, when the suffragists assume control of things in this country and we have a woman president we may perhaps expect to see a cabinet made up of the following:
 Secretary of Millinery.
 Secretary of Social Functions.
 Secretary of the Drawn.
 Secretary of Eugenics.
 Secretary of Cosmetics and Manicuring.
 Secretary of Bridge Whist.
 Secretary of Psychological Research.
 Ethical Culture General.
 Secretary of Music and Art.
 Sociological Problem General.

Hicksville Happenings.
 The Silver Comet Band threatens to give a popular concert, but they have never given a concert yet that has been so very popular. A movement is on foot to steal the uniforms out of the town hall before the concert. The band can't play without the uniforms.

The Ladies' Aid gave a minstrel show at Tibbitts' ope house last week and borrowed old Cap Whipple's cork leg to black up with. They burned about four inches off it, and old Cap is walking some lopsided at present. He has been pinched three times for intoxication, but the Ladies' Aid has come to the rescue and explained the matter each time.

The culprit who broke into this office night afore last and stole Ye Editor's trousers is requested in the name of humanity to return same and there will be no prosecution. The Clarion will not be much of a paper if we cannot get out and get the news, and we can't do it wrapped up in a horse blanket.

According to Uncle Abner,
 A lot of fellers are foolish. They buy luxuries like bread and take it home when they haven't got a pint of gasoline to run their car.

ABE MARTIN



It ought t' please th' joy riders t' know that hell's paved. I don't think much of a dance where th' girl looks like she wuz bein' carried out o' a burnin' buildin'.

(That must have been the farm equipment he helped repair.)
 After eating a dinner that would soon make another advance in the high cost of living if we all ate in comparison, he retired to his room lying on his bed in his dirty clothes and smoking his pipe, when I looked him up. He claimed that the colt had kicked him, which we have only his word for. As he walked a distance of five miles that afternoon in going to Thamesford, which is only three miles distant, and also tramped to London the next day, does that look as though he was very seriously injured?

As to my inhumanity in refusing him a dollar to get medical attention for his leg. The day before, immediately after breakfast, he wished to go and get medical attention for his hand, a distance of three miles. (But he said not a word about money.) He was gone all day until 11 o'clock at night. When he asked for the dollar, I had no change, but offered to keep him that night and would pay him the next day when I would drive him to Ingersoll if he wished.

Another thing: he had no need to tramp to London to air his grievances, as his clergyman could have investigated for him, as I only live three miles from him.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you would kindly print this, that people may know that the farmer is not always as black as he is painted. One of the greatest drawbacks that the farmer has to contend with is the getting of competent help. Therefore such statements as the one sent in by Mr. Lyons touches a very tender spot, and, out of ten, there is no more truth than in the one by Mr. Lyons, which I am prepared to prove an untruthful statement.

Thanking you for your valuable space, I am, yours truly,
 LAWRENCE MACLEOD,
 Thamesford P. O.

Special



Never have a front view photograph taken of you. I took like you'd been caught in a graft net. Even folks who are used t' sayin' "Oh, what's the difference, we only live once anyhow!" are refusin' t' pay forty cents a dozen for eggs.

Hod Peters also swore off the use of tobacco on New Year's Day. He says he's goin' to use no more. He's smoking cigarettes now.

Miss Amy Pringle has got a fine new spring line of millinery direct from Paris (Ill.).

It is impossible to do a favor for some folks without gettin' in bad.

Ben Higgins had an egg for breakfast the other morning, and, owing to the high price of eggs, the constable is investigating, as fowl play is suspected.

Hod Peters and his wife got a phonograph for Christmas. She can't stand the poplar music and he won't listen to grand opey. So they ain't played the machine yet. For which the neighbors are duly thankful.

Elmer Spink asked Rev. Hudnutt how much salary a feller ort to have to support a wife, and the Rev. told him he ort to have all the salary he could get, which is more or less true.

Short and Ugly.
 A poet sang, with fire,
 There's only one comment to make,
 That poet was a liar.

Signs of the Times.
 What has become of the folk who were going to smash the egg trust?
 Yes, and you can sometimes get a heavy bill from a light company.

A congressman resigned the other day, and still some folks say the world is not growing better.

A Kentucky man has been shot dead by his seventh wife. If the first wife had done it, she would have saved the six others a lot of trouble.

Eighty per cent of the people in Mexico cannot read. But then, the newspapers are all censored until they contain no news, anyhow.

The Life Story of Evelyn Thaw is one of the six worst smellers.

COUNCIL FAVORS INDUSTRIAL FARM

Will Lend Support to New Jail Scheme.

SHERIFF CAMERON'S IDEA

Tells Middlesex Solons of Good That Can Be Accomplished by New Idea in Treatment of Prisoners.

Middlesex County councillors received with practically unanimous favor, Sheriff D. M. Cameron's presentation of the industrial prison farm project at the afternoon session of the county council yesterday. In the discussion which followed Sheriff Cameron's address, Councillors R. Oakes, C. W. Hawkshaw, and L. W. Beach spoke strongly in support of the plan. Sheriff Cameron proposed that the county council should purchase a piece of land, about 100 acres, near the town of Elgin, and build a new jail on it. The jail would be a self-sustaining institution, and would return a revenue, which should be paid to the families of prisoners. He referred to the profits made by private individuals out of convict labor before the custom of hiring out such labor at a few cents an hour was abandoned at the protest of the labor unions. Such profits should have gone to the dependent families of the convicts.

Jail Overcrowded.
 The Middlesex County jail was overcrowded, so much so that as many as ten mattresses had to be laid out on the floors one night recently to provide additional accommodation for the prisoners.

He chiefly emphasized the reformative nature of an industrial farm. It is the idle man inside the jail who cogitates how to annoy the turnkeys, which could be strenuously discouraged by labor, under proper conditions, he declared. Ninety-eight per cent of young delinquents are such because of adverse environment. The industrial farm would correct the delinquency of a great number of adult prisoners just as the industrial schools reform youthful delinquents. The Children's Aid Societies are successful in reforming adult but two per cent of the children which come under their attention.

New Jail Unnecessary.
 In reply to a question, Sheriff Cameron said that a new jail would not be necessary, in connection with the establishment of the industrial farm. There was a little use for the present jail. At the present time, he could only think of two prisoners whom it would be necessary to keep in the cells.

Councillor S. Oakes spoke in support of the industrial farm plan, and expressed the opinion that there was too much restriction in the jail, too much of "the club hanging over the prisoners' heads."
 "Our penal system has been wrong for centuries," said Sheriff Cameron. In 1836, a girl of 16, was hanged for stealing a sheep, not in this country, thank God, but in England.

Sheriff Cameron suggested a committee to consider the industrial farm project.

Councillor C. W. Hawkshaw also spoke in favor of the plan, and suggested that representatives of the county confer with representatives of the city and Elgin, and, perhaps, other counties, and report at the June session. An industrial farm, under good management, would be an economical move, he said.

Says Jails No Longer Needed.
 From the results of the Huron County temperance vote, Councillor Beach expressed the opinion that before long jails would be unnecessary. Prospects were so bright that the drink evil would soon be wiped out. He was heartily in favor of the prison farm.

Councillor Sullivan said that a vote of thanks was due Sheriff Cameron for the humanitarian move he had taken.

Councillor Rush asked if it were true that 90 per cent of prisoners were incarcerated because of their drinking propensities. From his own experience with prisoners Sheriff Cameron would not indicate the percentage, but said he believed many got into trouble through intemperance. He was inclined to think that whiskey was more of an effect than a cause. Men drank to escape from conditions of poverty and misery, but the community should be broad enough to realize that the elimination of the liquor traffic would not eliminate all evils.

Mayor C. B. Graham addressed the council along lines of publicity work, and explained the operations of the city publicity department. He held that the work of the London Industrial Bureau reacted to the advantage of the county as well as that of the city