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A Fair Warning.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who promises to become the enfant terrible of British politics, has thrown a new bone of contention into the party arena.

A storm of protest has broken out in the Conservative press. The London Express calls it a case of "colonial painter cutting," and "merely repeating the folly which lost the American colonies."

The Edinburgh Scotsman says that Churchill has not removed the impression that the present Government is out of sympathy with the colonies.

Mr. Chamberlain has yet to be heard from. No doubt Churchill has given him an opening of which he will take full advantage.

The Churchill pronouncement will cause no surprise or disappointment in this country. The Liberal party in Great Britain is fighting on a free trade platform, and even the titular leader of the Conservative party, Mr. Balfour, declares against the taxation of food.

Canadians have been given fair warning that preferential trade relations cannot be expected from a Liberal Government in Great Britain, and this warning has been merely couched in official and authoritative form by the Under Secretary for the Colonies.

It is a candid step; candid toward both the British people and the people of the colonies. If the Liberal party is returned to power, it will have a mandate to oppose any scheme of preferential trade which involves taxation on food.

It must respect the will of the people. The colonial representatives will not go into the approaching conference under any delusion. The colonial advocates of an imperial preference will be disappointed, but they have no right to quarrel with the judgment of the British electors.

Neither will the British people have any ground of complaint against tariff legislation by Canada, or any other colony, even to the extent of cancelling any preference upon British imports, though in Canada's case there is no such intention, no matter what course the mother country may take.

The relations of the various units of the empire will be on a basis of perfect freedom for each unit. Perhaps the empire will survive under these conditions, as well as under any other. Churchill may be right when he says there is no need to get "nervous and jumpy" over the prospect.

A Costly Enterprise.

"A monstrous scheme" is the term applied to rural mail delivery by General Rush C. Hawkins, in the North American Review. The system began in 1897 at the behest, he claims, of political spotters, who discovered in it a new and promising field for pull and patronage.

The farmer, he says, was a very much astonished man when told that he was to get free delivery, and had never dreamed that he was being deprived of any rights. This is how the system has grown:

Table with 2 columns: Year, Appropriations. Operation. 1897 \$40,000 44. 1898 50,000 148. 1899 150,000 391. 1900 450,000 1,276. 1901 1,750,000 4,391. 1902 3,893,740 8,466. 1903 8,054,400 15,119. 1904 12,921,700 24,596.

General Rush quotes the following extract from the report of the Postmaster-General of the United States for 1904:

"The number of pieces of mail collected during the fiscal year was 133,083,351. The value of stamps cancelled on mail collected by rural carriers amounted to \$2,501,815 23, and the pay of carriers for that period aggregated \$12,122,725 29."

This cost relates to carriers only—the pay of superintendents, rural agents, per diem agents, clerks at division headquarters, and various other employees, and the expense of maintaining the bureau organization, are not included. The cost of these items is estimated at \$798,975, making the total cost for the year \$10,819,884 92. At the present time there are in operation 35,000 routes, and there are enough more in sight to carry the number up to 60,000. This will mean an outlay of \$38,000,000, insuring a deficit of 28,851,000.

General Rush gives figures to show the stalwart Republican states capture most of the grants. He alleges that the system has had a bad effect on public morals, as a candidate for Congress is judged by his ability to get mail routes. "Of all the political machines," he adds, "never set in motion for the advantage of self-seeking politicians, the

rural free delivery shows promise of being the most far-reaching and potent in its malignant results. At the present rate of increase, or even much less, we may safely by 1915 count upon there being 100,000 routes in operation, whose carriers and other employees, if so disposed, would be able to control, besides their own, 500,000 other votes. This newly-organized political spoilsman force, acting with others already in existence, would constitute a unit of power, which would be irresistible."

Probably General Rush has not taken a strictly unprejudiced view of the question, and his language may be stronger than the facts warrant; but the official figures are impressive. The farmers of Canada, who are the aggressive champions of economy, would be the last class to urge a policy which would necessitate an increase of taxation. This is a country of great distances and sparse population, and the cost of rural mail delivery would be relatively higher than in the more thickly-settled states of the Union.

It would be impossible to restrict the system to a limited area; every district would claim the same privilege, and there would be a repetition of the experience of the United States. The result of the experiment there so far is not such as to encourage us to copy it. It will be well to watch it for some years before making a decision.

The British Woolen Industry.

The Advertiser acknowledges the receipt of four volumes from the Chamberlain tariff commission, containing its reports on the woolen, hosiery, lace and carpet industries. These volumes are put together in attractive and durable form, the typography being especially fine. Each report includes a mass of testimony given by manufacturers in the branches of the textile trade under investigation. It would be a surprising thing if any class of men should express perfect satisfaction with the conditions of their particular business. Human nature is prone to grumble, and the majority of witnesses before Mr. Chamberlain's tariff commission have dismal tales of declining trade, foreign competition, loss of markets, etc. The Canadian tariff commission has heard the same story from many Canadian producers in this season of plenty and prosperity, and it is probably equally safe to discount this calamity talk in the old country.

In their summary of the evidence the commissioners claim that the British woolen industry has deteriorated in late years from two causes; the closing of foreign markets by tariffs, and the increase of foreign competition in the British market. The cheap fancy tweed trade has been seriously injured in the markets of Europe, but "has been greatly improved," the commissioners find, "under the influence of the Canadian preference."

Probably this report inspired Mr. Chamberlain in his speech the other day at Leeds, a center of the textile trade, to say that the city should support his policy as it would give it the British woolen industry "command" of the growing Canadian market. These are not pleasant words in the ears of the Canadian woolen manufacturers, who are very lugubrious over British competition and the most persistent suitors for tariff favors. It is curious to note that they are always emphatic in denying that their alleged troubles are in any way due to inferior equipment or management; while the Chamberlain commissioners report that the British woolen makers "maintain that their mills are better equipped than those of the United States or Canada."

It is unfair to attempt to beguile the Yorkshiremen into the belief that if Mr. Chamberlain succeeds they will command the Canadian market, as if the Canadian woolen industry were a negligible quantity. The Canadian Government, in its mercy for consumers, has not yet framed a tariff satisfactory to the Canadian woolen men. To frame one satisfactory to both British and Canadian woolen interests would be a task beyond the powers of Canadian statesmanship. If Mr. Chamberlain can do it, he is an even greater man than is commonly supposed.

The Ontario Government intends to increase Toronto's representation in the Legislature, thereby enlarging Boss Nesbitt's sphere of operations.

A slight earthquake tremor was felt yesterday in the Niagara Peninsula. It is thought that Niagara power was merely throwing out a hint of its capabilities.

Sir Conan Doyle, an Irish Roman Catholic, is running in Scotland on an anti-home rule platform. This is an ingenious situation, worthy of the author of Sherlock Holmes.

The New York stock market has recovered its equilibrium, much to the disappointment of Tom Lawson. He may be sincere in his attack on the "system," but many people are out of pocket by following his misleading advice, and unloading their stocks on a rising market. In sporting parlance, Lawson is a "busted phenomenon."

United States Secretary Root is credited with a desire to clear up all

disputed matters with Canada. It is to be hoped that some day this task will be accomplished. We have got rid of land boundary disputes. Now the water boundaries are in question.

The London Morning Post, the organ of British snobocracy, is talking through its tall silk hat when it says Canada will fly into the arms of the United States if Chamberlain is defeated, by giving the Americans the benefit of her minimum tariff if they offer her favors in return. If the Post had followed Canadian affairs it would not fall into this stupid blunder. The new Canadian tariff will provide for a preference on British goods, below the minimum tariff.

Soft Soap.

[Philadelphia Press.] "Yes, dear," said the potted young wife, examining her Christmas gift, "these diamond earrings are pretty, but the stones are awfully small."

"Of course, my dear," replied the diplomatic husband, "but if they were any larger they'd be all out of proportion to the size of your ears."

The Martyr.

[Brooklyn Eagle.] Polly—So Mrs. Highmore's husband has developed bad habits. How did you hear about it?

Dolly—Oh, Mrs. Highmore invited us all to an afternoon tea, so she could tell us how she suffered in silence.

Less Discard.

[Philadelphia Press.] "Has that girl next door to you still got her parlor maid?"

"No, she exchanged it for a cornet, I'm glad to say."

"But, gracious, if she plays the cornet that's worse, isn't it?"

"Not at all. It's only half as bad. She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."

The Heart of Man.

[Owen Meredith.] I am part of the things I despise. Since my life is bound by their common span;

And next I'll meet in square or street Hath within him what all that's outside him believes.

The miraculous infinite heart of man, With its countless capabilities, The sleekest guest at the general feast, That at every sip, as he sips, says grace, Hath within him a touch of the untamed beast.

And change of nature is change of place.

Costly Bads for Royalty.

[London Tailor.] A certain hotel in New York boasts of a bed worth £2,500. It is by no means the most costly in existence, which distinction belongs to one in Potsdam, Germany, presented by the Shah of Persia 70 years ago to the then Czar. It is made of crystal, cut glass, and a fountain throws streams of scented water in the air. One of the native Indian rulers owns a musical bed; the weight of the body sets the works in motion, and it plays for half an hour before the reporter is exhausted, while life-sized figures of Grecian maidens at the head and foot of the bed finger stringed instruments.

And the reporter, who keeps them going the whole night long.

An Expressive Idiom.

[Success.] Once in a while a bit of slang is so expressive that it becomes incorporated into the language as an allowable idiom. One of the most striking of these is "making good."

It is a general but a specific meaning. It illustrates the idea of competition; it indicates that one intense modern method is only he who succeeds but can in the long run, win recognition. Recommendations, testimonials, requests from eminent men, all fall before the stern decree that you must "make good."

Story of Barnum.

[Magazine of Fun.] Barnum, the great showman, hearing of an old negro woman down in Tennessee who claimed to be 125 years old, called to see her with a view of securing her for a sideshow. He found that the old woman was really ancient, and commenced to question her to find out just how old she really was. He said to her: "Auntie, do you remember George Washington?"

"I reckon I dux sah; I've played wid him many a day."

"Do you remember anything about the revolutionary war?" asked Barnum.

"Well, I should say I remember the old lady. 'I' members when de bullets wuz a-flyin' and a-zoonin' round here lak bumblebees, sah."

"What do you remember about the fall of the Roman Empire?" said Barnum.

The old woman, who was dumfounded for a moment, but, recovering herself, replied: "I wuz a mighty leele gal den, but I heerd sumpin' drap."

Ownership of Extracted Teeth.

[Pall Mall Gazette.] It is well known that a corpse is not property; but what about an extracted tooth? So far as we know, the point has not arisen in the courts of this country. At Gera, in Germany, however, it has just been decided that a tooth still belongs to the man after it has left his jaw. The dentist contended that a tooth, evicted in cooperation with the full consent of his landlord, became ownerless and a derelict, and as the particular tooth in question was curiously shaped he proposed to keep it. But the patient wished to have it. And the patient won.

No Violence Necessary.

[Catholic Standard.] "I submitted some humorous sketches here the other day," said Jolkley. "They haven't appeared yet. Did you kill them?"

"I passed upon them," replied the editor, "but I didn't kill them."

"No. They just died naturally, of old age."

Expressive Enough.

[Washington Star.] "Which is the higher, a count or an earl?" asked the girl who had just come out.

"I don't know," replied old man Scaddelley. "The only one we have in our family is a count, but if it's any higher I'm mighty glad we took the first one that happened to come along."

The Bishop's Thousand Pounds.

[London Standard.] The Bishop of London tells the following story: "I was sitting in my room one morning, very busy, when I was told that a lady wanted to see me. I was very busy, and almost said 'No.' But I thought, and said, 'No. I have made a case it is someone in trouble.' She came, and the first thing she said to me was, 'This is my going to ask you whether you can find a use in your work for \$1,000.' I said, 'It is the very thing I have been wondering all the morning how I was to get.' I showed her exactly what I was going to spend her \$1,000 on, and the whole scheme was carried out."

POLITICS AS A CAREER.

[From the Boston Herald.]

The appointment of John Burns, the labor leader, to a cabinet office in the new ministry of Great Britain is cited by T. P. O'Connor as a high and well-deserved success, crowning a singular and interesting history. Burns began life as "that kind of a lad who is called a tiger"—a mere appendage to an equipage. "He was earning his own living when 99 out of every 100 of those around him were still in a fashionable boarding school." But he was drawn into politics by his natural aptitude for it, and it is "T. P.'s" opinion that though "there are many politicians in the House of Commons, there is not one of them who is more to the manner born than John Burns." It is "his life, his pleasure, his sole absorbing thought." And this is regarded as an enormous advantage, both to him and to politics, for, says his eulogist, "it is too much the fashion for men to regard politics as a pastime, as something to which they give the dregs of their life and the scraps of their time and attention." But politics has been Mr. Burns' sole mistress. He has declined all other occupations or avocations, and, says Mr. O'Connor, "he has had his reward. He would not have been frittered away in journalism, or in the pursuit of wealth, or in any of the other side issues by which men allow themselves to be diverted from the career of politics—the noblest of all human pursuits."

"Politics" is here used in the English sense to denote "the art of science of conducting the affairs of a country," which includes necessarily the control of parties for authority and power to conduct the government. In this sense why should politics not be regarded as "the noblest of all human pursuits"? What ambition, what labor, can make so high and strenuous an appeal to a man with aptitude for the task, as that which leads to a part in directing the government of a great nation? Could Pitt, or Peel, or Disraeli, or Gladstone, or Salisbury have had a higher ambition or a nobler pursuit? In our own country politics has too much been considered the mere art of party management—the pursuit of office rather than the practice of statescraft. But we have not lacked examples of the career which is well called "the noblest of all human pursuits." Charles Sumner was as undiverted in his way as John Burns has been; and so, in the earlier days, were Jefferson and Adams. Lincoln, like so many of our politicians who deserve to rank as statesmen, followed the law as a vocation up to the time of his election as President, with politics as a avocation—absorbing, it is true, his best thoughts and energies, but the law still essential as a means of support. The leaders of the senate a generation and more ago were good examples of men who adopted the career of politics as a pursuit worthy of their ambition and abilities. There are some survivors of this class in Congress now, but too many men have adopted politics as a means of "getting on" or of serving special interests. President Roosevelt has devoted himself very closely to politics since his first advent into public life, with literary work as a diversion, but his interest has been largely personal, so much so that even now his name is not associated with any completed act of high statesmanship. His cabinet contains no man whose career has been or is shaped on the lines of a life work. And yet why should not such a career be considered here, as it is in England, as "the noblest of all human pursuits"?

Men made me, and my will Is to my maker still; Whom now the currents oon, the rollers steer— Lifting forlorn to spy Trailed smoke along the sky, Falling afraid lest any keel come near.

Wrenched as the lips of thirst, Wried, dried, and split and burst, Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining; And jarred at every roll. The gear that was my soul Answers the anguish of my beams complaining.

For life that crammed me full, Gangs of the prying gull and the riven That shriek and scabble on the riven hatches, For fear that dumbed the gale My haws-pipes guttering wall, Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches.

Blind in the hot blue ring Through all my points I swing— Swing and return to shift the sun awed. Blind in my well-known sky I hear the stars go by, Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true!

White on my wasted path Wave after wave in wrath Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to fling forward, heaved aside, Whited and dazed I bide The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs career, The spray of seas unseen, Smokes round my head and freezes in the south; Where the corals breed, The footless, floating weed Folds me and fouls me, strike on strike upwearing.

I that was clean to run My race against the sun— Strength on the deep, am bawd to all rule never to refuse to anybody, I whited with the reef to meet My sister's careless feet, And with a kiss betray her to my master!

Men made me, and my will Is to my maker still; To him and his, our peoples at their pier; I rising in hope to say, "I had smoke along the sky; Falling afraid lest any keel come near!"

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POEMS THAT LIVE

The Ocean Derelict. [Rudyard Kipling.] I was the staunchest of our fleet Till the sea rose beneath our feet Unheeded, in hatred past all measure, Into his pits he stamped my crew. Buffeted, blinded, bound and thraw, Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.

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J. H. CHAPMAN & COMPANY. OPEN TONIGHT AS USUAL.

UNCOMMONLY Cheap Black Coats

Handsome Black Coats that originally were \$22.50 are \$13.50. They're particularly well tailored, fine looking garments, 32 inches long, lined throughout, tight fitting, made of finest broadcloth. It will pay you to come early. At \$13.50

CHILDREN'S COATS. Still a good assortment of Girls' Coats at \$1.85. Dark navy blue chevriots and fancy tweeds, capes trimmed with braid; sizes 3 to 12 years. See these tonight \$1.85

ANOTHER COAT LINE. For women and misses—on special bargain table—to clear up odd numbers of \$7.50 to \$9.00 Coats. Among them are black, tawn and fancies. Choice \$3.50

Kid Gloves 59c---Wool Ones Reduced. The "Princess" Kid Glove at 59c is too big a bargain for tonight's shoppers to let pass. Worth 95c and \$1.00. Two clasps, fancy embroidered backs. In black, white, gray, tan and brown. All sizes. 59c

Men's Seal Caps. In driving and high wedge shape, of prime electric seal, rich and glossy, quilted lining, regular \$5 value at... \$3.95

Boys' Overcoats, \$2.95. No need to let the old one do when a dandy, fine new one can be bought here for \$2.95, regular price \$3.50, full length, all sizes for boys to 12 years; both plain and fancy grays.

Neck Furs Reduced. Large Colonial Sable Muffs, full block, satin lined, reduced to... \$5.75

Ribbons at 12 1/2c and 25c Yard. Double-Faced Black Satin Ribbon, 2 1/4 inches wide, regular price 20c, tonight, 12 1/2c

Three-Dollar Golf Coats, \$2.69. Ladies' Knitted Coats, in popular Norfolk style, hip length with belt, jaunty collar, full sleeves; red, cream and black, the warmest garment for this cold weather.

Fire, Water and Smoke Sale

I have purchased the stock of The Consumers' Wall Paper Co., of Windsor, the largest jobbers of wall paper in Canada. This stock was slightly damaged by water, in Windsor, on December 15th, 1905.

I will, today, place on sale, and continue from day to day until all is sold, this complete stock of over \$10,000 of the Finest Imported and Domestic Wall Papers

nearly all of which are 1906 patterns, at far less than half regular prices. Come early and get the choice of patterns. It will pay the people of London, and surrounding country, to take advantage of these marvelous bargains, even should you not wish to use the paper for one or even two years.

Sale Runs for Thirty Days Only and is Strictly Cash

W.M. SCARROW 233 DUNDAS STREET.