

London Advertiser

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TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE:

F. W. Thompson, 56 Mail Building.

The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, FEB. 9.

Today the sun is just where it was on Nov. 1. Does it feel the same?

Carranza's ships won't leave a stone unturned in Mexico City. It will be like the fall of Jerusalem.

Quarrels can be made up, but there are fine and delicate edges of tender feelings so broken they can never be repaired.

No doubt the squads do the work in Mexico. The braves are too busy with their game. It is a great holiday country for men.

Somehow we sympathize with the ice man more than with the coal-burner in a mild winter. The price of ice next summer!

Federal, National and American League magnates are warring madly over who will get the players, but the real fight is over who is to get the fan.

There are more dreambooks sold in New England than anywhere else in the United States. But what else could one expect from the great American pie belt?

Should those factions of the English militant suffragettes ever meet in a head-on collision, wouldn't it make one of the saddest incidents in Mr. Asquith's career?

Long before this the Christmas toys, men and horses, cannons, armored trains and battleships, have been scrapped. Behold, vain militarist, the image of thy glory.

Dr. Canada in diagnosing the case of the Borden Government might be uncertain whether to operate or kill, but the patient refusing all advice or treatment, solves the medical question himself.

English real estate changes hands at colossal figures. The land is not worth it, but then the people are thrown in with the land, in a sense. They are like the grass, as Solomon would say.

The first municipal voting by women in Chicago proved a great success, over one hundred thousand casting the ballot, but we haven't heard yet how many babies were nearly drowned by falling into washtubs during the absence of their mothers.

Pronounced with a snarling thrill, that name Carranza sounds like a Southern oath. It must be a very bad word at Huerta's court, but when they see the man come flying down from the clouds over the capital in his new Yankee airship, even his own name will seem too good for him.

"Man has no right to take what he cannot give, and the man who is not fit for earth is not fit for heaven," said Mr. Bickerdike, advocating the abolition of capital punishment. But it is not exactly orthodox to consider the murderer as sent to heaven. Or, if the unfortunate man has repented at the last hour, he may be better off where he will have no chance to backslide.

THE MINISTER OF PLAY.

OF the entire heterogeneous combination that surrounds Mr. Borden as a cabinet, probably no member is so marked a misfit as the gentleman officially termed the minister of labor, but whose more correct title would seem to be that of minister of play. Taken into the Government for reasons that no outsider can understand, he was given the portfolio which was evidently considered of the least importance. It is one that under ordinary circumstances does not involve the work or impose the responsibilities that attach to many other positions in the Government. But to fill it successfully requires certain qualifications which in the Hon. Mr. Crothers appear to be conspicuous by their absence. It requires a man in sympathy with the toiling masses, and independent of the corporations. It calls for judgment, tact, patience and courage. The general attack on the administration of the labor department when the estimates were under consideration last Friday night showed nothing new. It only emphasized the inefficiency and unfitness of the official head.

While the career of the minister gives many examples of neglect and incapacity, the most disastrous case was that of the miners' strike in British Columbia—one of the most serious disputes between labor and capital that ever occurred in this country. That the dispute was becoming serious was known in the beginning of the year. The minister's own official paper, the Labor Gazette, in its April issue, announced that the

strike was pending; and when it was fully developed in May, nothing had been done by the department, and its chief was still sitting in idleness, waiting for the disturbance to settle itself. But it grew worse, and he or some one in his department, could only write a letter or two—about as ineffectual a method of dealing with angry men as could be devised. Finally, as weeks passed into months, and the conflict became more intense, spurred into some measure of activity, the minister admitted his incompetence by taking his former law partner, Mr. Price, with him to the coast, in order to investigate, looked around for a few days, left Mr. Price in charge of the work he should have done himself, returned to Ottawa, and started on a holiday trip to Britain. It was the clearest confession of failure any man could make.

After scenes of violence and bloodshed; after the military forces had been called out to repress rioting; after much loss of life and serious damage to property; the strike has been apparently settled. Some of the men have gone back to work. About 500 Chinese and Japanese took the places of others and there was a semblance of peace. What, if any, effect the Government may have had in controlling matters, does not appear from the record. But certainly, if anything at all has been done by influences from Ottawa, Mr. Crothers is entitled to no credit, for he deserted his post in time of danger, and sought ease and safety in a transatlantic voyage. There is force in the criticism made by one of the speakers during the debate, that if the Government cannot find a better man to fill the position of minister of labor, the office should be abolished.

It is quite evident that this is not the last that will be heard of Mr. Crothers. The debate terminated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier announcing that he would move for the production of all the papers in the British Columbia case and we may expect a more thorough investigation of the labor department, and its nominal head.

THE OLD JAIL LATCH.

THEY took the latch off the old door at the county jail a day or two ago. It was a clumsy, heavy piece of wrought iron that had done service for 60 years or more, hammered out in some rude smithy by a broad-chested man, over whose face the ruddy glow may have played while he turned it and pounded it into form. When he had finished his work, it became cold iron and it has never been warm since. Its glowing heart passed out for all time when the smith withdrew it from the forge a last time. It might have been, had the fates willed, a hearth stand for logs or a hook for an old kitchen pot or a handle for a home. But, instead, it became the latch of a jail door and for 60 years it has clicked and rattled its song through dismal halls. There is only one song for an old jail latch, and it is the same desolate song that is sung by prison chains.

The hands that have pressed it! The hand that writes pressed it years ago and it sent a tremor through his boyish frame with its insistence of the mystery within. The hands of felons passing in, the hands of felons passing out. Hands that were calloused and cold, with thick, brutish fingers; hands that were weak and trembling with fear; hands that had clutched for gold and grasped their doom; childish hands, boyish hands, mothers' hands and fathers' hands. Hands that had clasped a hand that would not come to press the latch again; stealthy hands, honest hands, branded hands, hangmen's hands, clean hands and foul hands. Some only pressed it going in; the latch of an eternal home was to be open for them. Others went out free men, never to hear the voice of the latch again. But if all the hand pressings and finger prints could call out from the old latch, they would be transformed into a moan of human despair.

THE QUEBEC CONSPIRACY.

NOT only Quebec but all Canada is interested in the disclosures made as to the bribery of certain members of the Provincial Legislature. The case is now in process of investigation and until it is finished, its full extent, and the relative degree of guilt of the several parties cannot well be discussed. Enough, however, has come to light to show a discreditable condition of affairs.

Ostensibly to discover how far the members of the Legislature were susceptible to the influences of the grafters, a sham bill was prepared for introduction into the Legislature for the incorporation of a Fair Association. Professional detectives were brought from the United States to buy the support of such members as were thought approachable. The promoters of the scheme were careful to select the friends of the Government as the objects of attack. They seem to have been satisfied with the integrity of the Opposition or possibly they did not want these latter exposed to temptation for fear they might succumb to the wiles of the tempter. Had they approached men of both parties it would have given some color to the ostensible object of the scheme. To confine their operations to members of one political party makes the real object apparent. While the indications already given that the money was provided by a prominent Conservative capitalist, if true, will be additional evidence.

Of course, the fact that the whole scheme was concocted and carried out with a view to blacken the character

of certain supporters of the Government, and as far as possible cast reflections on the Government itself, does not excuse the men who accepted the money and promised to use their influence for the sham bill. So far as they knew, the bill was submitted in good faith, and its promoters were sincere in desiring to have it pass. The fact that it was only a trick does not render their guilt any the less, if they were guilty. The investigation will doubtless be thorough; and those who are proven guilty will have to suffer the consequences of their folly. But the public will have some difficulty in apportioning the degree of moral turpitude attaching to tempter and tempted. To persuade a man to commit a crime in order to secure his exposure and punishment makes the tempter accessory to the crime. Legally he should be entitled to the same punishment. Morally, we should place him on a much lower level than the actual criminal. The Quebec Government promised immunity as far as it was concerned to the foreign detectives who were employed. In this case that was the only course to follow; otherwise it would have been accused of trying to shield the offenders. But what about the men who put up the money, and hired the detectives? Doubtless they will all claim that their work was intended for the public good; and that, therefore, the end justified the means. But that is an excuse of doubtful validity in any case; and one which if encouraged can be carried too far. It has been said that in some large cities unworthy members of the police force have been known to tempt a man to commit burglary, and even assist him in all his preparations for the sole purpose of securing an arrest and a conviction. Public sentiment does not indorse that kind of police activity. It is a question whether it is excusable in the case of the most hardened criminals. It is less excusable as a scheme to discredit political opponents.

FOR MARRIED MEN.

OVER in France all kinds of desperate schemes are put forward for checking the depopulation. The latest idea, a rather good one, is to give every married man two votes and one more for each child.

There is a fairness in this plan. The family needs protection and it can get it more securely if the father has a proxy for each member of the house.

In this country our French friends of Quebec would see no point in such a scheme except so far as certain districts outside Quebec were concerned. There they would become supreme, until the law worked to even things up.

BORROW FROM BORDEN.

[Brandon News.] Estimates are said to have been settled. The Unionist hope of a split in the cabinet of the old hand has fallen through. Their only hope now is in getting up another scare. Couldn't Mr. Borden lend them his emergency, it did no good in Canada, but re-

furbard, it might prove of some service over home.

SPREADS TO TORONTO.

[Montreal Herald.] The Kikuyu controversy is now on the eve of breaking out in Toronto, where an eminent divine has taken the law church stand. From now till the baseball season eminent divine has taken the law church stand, where theology and battling averages have always been more or less staples of conversation.

KEEP OFF THE ICE.

[Detroit Free Press.] She sat between them on the sofa, distributing her smiles impartially from side to side. She looked wonderful in a morning gown, caught at the shoulders with tango fillets and her corse hair was piled in a great knot at the back of her head. "Boys," she said suddenly. "I want

to make the old man fork over on Saturday night."

Lem Higgins had a good joke on four highwaymen who held him up going home the other night. The beat him over the head and left him unconscious and got away with what they thought was a pound of butter that he had bought at the grocery earlier in the evening. Lem says the joke is that it wasn't butter at all, but cheese.

Hank Tumms says the sensible clothing women are now wearing is just the most nonsensical he has yet seen.

Ansie Judson doesn't know just where he is going to get off. He bought a horseless piano on the installment plan and has worn it out before he has got it paid for.

The Easter Hat

Oh, Easter hat, of thee I sing, Thou art a most deceiving thing. A ten cent frame, Five yards of lace, A rooster's tail In forefront place The total cost Is ninety cents; That is to say The first expense. They pay for it in The window and The women say "It's simply grand." The price they charge, Sad to relate, We've got to pay—\$12.98.

In the Wake of the News

Michigan girl dislodged a pin from her throat by singing ragtime. This is the only practical use for ragtime that has ever been discovered.

Twenty radium hospitals are to be given in this country, but who, oh, who will furnish the radium.

Speaking of the nation-wide get-together movement, several pigs have been doing it lately.

ABE MARTIN

There's gittin' to be too many thirty-cent people who look like a million dollars. When there's life there's hope—and when there's hope there's a quick specialist.

to learn to skate. Oh, I do, I do. Who will teach me?"

"I," cried Winthrop Skiffins.

"Oh, fine!" she exclaimed. "Let's go right away. There's skating tonight. You'll excuse us, won't you, Mr. Limmines?"

Burford Limmines made an inarticulate sound and gnawed his downy moustache, for he was not a skater.

"You should have been along, Mr. Limmines," she told him the next evening. "I had the gorgeousest evening. I fell on Mr. Skiffins' every time, so, of course, I didn't hurt myself a bit. The doctors at the hospital say Mr. Skiffins will be out in fourteen days, and that only three ribs are broken."

On the thirteenth day young Limmines, who had taken advantage of the otherwise deserted field by pushing his suit tirelessly, was accepted and presented her with a magnificent seven-ounce diamond solitaire. The next day he asked Winthrop Skiffins, walking with the aid of a cane down the hospital steps, to congratulate him.

SPARRING.

[Detroit Free Press.] "If I were to propose to you—would you reject me?" said he.

"If I were to reject you would you dare to propose again?" she said.

"But if I should propose and you should reject me and I should propose again, what would you say?"

"Suppose you should propose and I should reject you, and you should propose again, and I should still reject you, would you still persist?"

"If I persisted after you had rejected me after I had persisted after you had rejected me, would it make any difference?"

"But if it made no difference after I had rejected you after you had persisted after I had rejected you after you had first proposed, would it discourage you?"

And the wonder is that this couple ever got married at all.

From Western Ontario Press

PRICE OF FARM LANDS.

[Joseph Mercury.] A large number of farms have recently been sold in Wellington, at about \$50 per acre. The price of land is on the up-grade in this country, and these same farms will soon be around the \$100 per acre mark. They're worth it, too.

PNEUMONIA, THE KING OF DESTROYERS.

[St. Thomas Journal.] Fully 80 per cent of the deaths in this district, as reported in the local press, are caused by pneumonia, and every day at this season the journal records the

fact that someone is down with the disease in city or county and is not expected to recover. What is true of St. Thomas and Elgin County is true of Ontario as a whole according to the records of illness and death which are published every day.

Pneumonia is an insidious disease, stealing upon the victim unawares and having him four points down before he realizes that anything is amiss with him. Its course is generally rapid and its end too often fatal. Even if the patient recovers there is probably no illness from which the average mortal recuperates so slowly. Complete recovery may be a matter of years and perhaps is never thoroughly attained. There is always to be guarded against that tendency to a recurrence of the malady.

Medical science appears these days to be devoting all its energy to the discovery of a preventative or a specific for tuberculosis, cancer or some other disease which, virulent as it may be, is comparatively rare.

Pneumonia goes on claiming its many victims almost daily. For a part of the year, at least, especially in this climate, it is the one human affliction to be dreaded. And yet we never hear of any new methods either for warding it off or curing it when it has fastened upon its prey.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

[St. Nicholas.] Of all the things the clock can say, The one I do not like, Is "Eight o'clock," that twice a day, The clocks and bells all strike.

For Eight is "Time-for-School," you know, And Eight is "Time-for-Red," And when it strikes, you have to go— There's nothing to be said.

Sometimes it's "Circuses" at Two, And sometimes "Matinee," And Three o'clock is "School-is-Through."

And Four o'clock is "Play," And Five o'clock, and Nine, and Ten, Eleven o'clock and One, Why, nice "Perhaps-Things" happen then— ("Perhaps" is always fun).

And Twelve and Six go very fast, With "Things-upon-a-Plate," But soon as Seven hurries past, You hear the clock strike Eight!

So when I'm grown and have my say, And help to make things go, I'm going to take the "Eight" away, From every clock I know!

THE DIAGNOSIS.

[Detroit Free Press.] "There's nothing especially the matter with me, doc," concluded the pale young man, "except that I'm all in, down and almost out. Just look at me tremble."

The doctor watched him tremble for a full minute. There was no sound in the office save the purring of a stethoscope and the occasional uneasy whine of some test tubes.

"I know," said the doctor at length. "You ought to get married. You're too unsteady. The idea of a man of your age."

"But, doc?"

TIGHT MONEY PINCHING MANY.

Thousands more are being squeezed by aching corns which can be cured quickly with Putnam's Corn Extractor. Being free from caution, Putnam's is painless. Used successfully for fifty years. Use no other, \$5c. at all druggists.



There's gittin' to be too many thirty-cent people who look like a million dollars. When there's life there's hope—and when there's hope there's a quick specialist.

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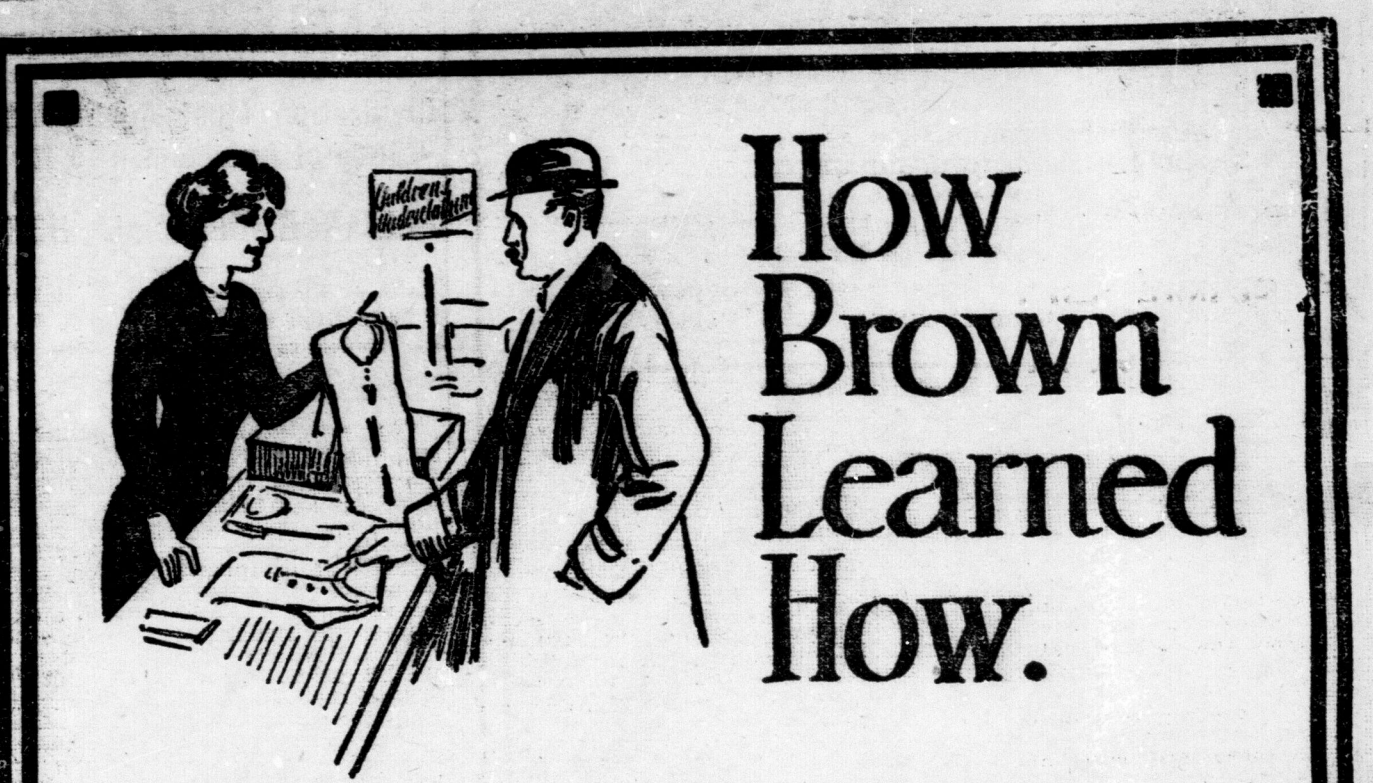
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