

FOUR.

London Advertiser

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TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.
 F. W. Thompson, 55 Mail Building.
 The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, APRIL 20.

If the city continues to play fast and loose with finances, a commission of lunacy may be necessary.

Don't overlook lots of water and an occasional kind word for the ambitious sprouting things in your garden.

Was ever land more fair or full of promise than the Western-Ontario district? The depression has failed to impress us.

The fly may be coming, but the lady-bug has arrived. Anxious to display the high color of her gown before the season has flown, no doubt.

Have you done your rhapsodizing about spring yet? Neither have we, preferring to give April a certain season of parole on good behavior first.

Homer, the bard of bards, is now declared to have been a woman. Well, seeing that "Bertha M. Clay" was a man the score remains even.

The man who emerges from the background usually has backbone. The man who never emerges from the background sometimes has a wishbone where his backbone should be.

Commenting on continuous troubles with Latin-American neighbors the New York Sun thanks God for its neighbors to the north. Well, we are equally grateful for the people just across our borders.

An Ottawa man says that cigarette smoking is rampant amongst ladies of the "best class." Wrong! What he should have said was the "smart set" or "high society." In the best class, in the best sense of the word, ladies don't smoke. At that there are many women of the best class who by accident or circumstance are members of the smart set. They are in it but not of it. And they don't smoke.

Hon. W. J. Hanna has given his promise to the temperance people of Centre Huron that the licenses will be cut off on the first of May in accordance with the agreement entered into. He has been lax in allowing the misunderstanding to occur, in that the commissioners were not legally notified, but his word has been given, and if liquor is sold in this district after the first of next month, the Government may well look for its destruction.

Both Toronto and Hamilton expect to effect large savings by calling in expert examiners for their municipal problems.

"Tritley," says the London "Tizer." "If the horrors of war were known, the glory of it would soon be wiped out." Well, ever since the dawn of history the horrors and the glory have been fairly well assimilated and disseminated. And yet folks will scrap."—Hamilton Spectator.

Perhaps it was a bromide, but what isn't? The Spectator sticks to the dissemination of a certain number of the homely virtues. Should we stop hammering war because we lack originality?

The late McKee Rankin, one of the old school of actors who died the other day, was well known to many Londoners when he was touring. He was a warm personal friend of the late Archie Bremner, of The Advertiser staff, and spent considerable periods in this city. His brother, George Rankin, a man of versatile ability, resided on Talbot street for some years, and was engaged in mining operations near Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. He was the author of "The Canuck," a play in which McKee had a great success. The latter was for some time the sole owner of Bois Blanc Island, now Detroit's greatest playground. In fact, he financed the purchase of it in London. He died a poor man, but was regarded as one of the greatest Thespians of his day.

INFANT INDUSTRIES.

ONE of the strong arguments in favor of protection for manufacturers is that it helps infant industries, which without such help could not live. That sounds reasonable. But then the question arises, when does an industry cease to be a creeping infant and reach an age and size when it can stand alone? Mr. Cockshutt, the member for Brant, manufactures plows. He has had a large business in Canada. Under the high tariff of the United States he was able to send an occasional carload across the line, and sell at an advantage. With the reduced tariff he will have no trouble in securing a large trade with our neighbors. But his industry is still in an infantile stage, if we are to judge from the fact that the Government of which he is a supporter continues the protection he has had for years, even though the farmers are calling for free agricultural implements.

The Massey-Harris Company is a wealthy and prosperous corporation. It does a big business. But the president, Sir Melvin Jones, withdraws from the

Liberal party because it is in favor of giving the farmers their tools free of duty. Evidently, in the opinion of Senator Jones, his industry is still an infant; it cannot stand alone without the prop of protection.

In his budget speech, the Hon. Mr. White announced that a duty would be imposed on caustic soda and hypochlorite of lime, which have hitherto come in free. He said that a certain Ontario salt company had been manufacturing these articles for three years, "and was today producing one-third of Canada's requirements of caustic soda." Now here is an industry three years old which, without any help from protection, has been able to secure one-third of the Canadian business. One might think that that was going pretty well. This is a lusty youngster, which without any help has got control of one-third of the business of the Dominion. Evidently it can stand alone, and run alone. What more is required? Mr. White proceeds to coddle it. True, he says, it has got one-third of the business of the country, but if we give it a little help it may secure it all. So he puts on a duty, and gives it a monopoly. And the soap-makers throughout Canada will have to support this puffed monopoly. The "infant industry" argument is not available here, and Mr. White comes out candidly with the real protection argument. He is prepared to do what he can through his protection policy to give certain parties a monopoly. Of course, it may cost the soap-maker a little more for his chemicals. But then he can add that onto the price of his goods. It is the consumer who will have to pay in the end. And he does not count in the calculation of the protectionist.

RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

"TIME changes men as well as things" and "the crowd that cheers today will hiss tomorrow" are old sayings verified by long experience. Only a few years ago the people would get down on their knees and give anything in reason and out of reason to get a new railway. London was no exception. Look at Bathurst street entirely given up as a railway yard in the south. Look at Wellington street completely closed up in the north, each a permanent inconvenience and loss to the city; and other examples might be given. There was then all over the vicinity a great desire for railways, and their building was regarded as the best possible guarantee of present and future prosperity for cities. That the prosperity of the country did largely depend upon its railways cannot be doubted. For many years, if the Grand Trunk had been closed down, and that is largely true today. There are other large and powerful railway corporations now in Canada, such as the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, indispensable to the prosperity of the sections served by them.

In the United States at the present time, railways are having a hard time of it. The interstate commerce commission fixes the rates, and the railways are starving. As compared with the preceding year, the net income is over twenty per cent less. There is a demand by the railways for increased freight rates, one of the leading railways asking for an increase of five per cent. That the railways are being persecuted, and should be fairly dealt with by the interstate commission seems to be the almost universal opinion of the American press. It seems strange that in the space of so few years so great a change should take place in the attitude of the public towards railways. A short time has served to show that the prosperity of the whole country still depends, to a large extent, on its railways. Stocks have steadily gone down, the incomes of many people decreased, and the effect on the general prosperity of the country has been very marked.

The limit of depression and oppression that the American railways and the country itself can stand has been reached, and a turn for the better cannot long be delayed. Canada is too apt to imitate the mistakes of the United States, and as Canada is still in the condition that railways and more railways are a necessity to its prosperity and development, it is to be hoped that instead of imitating their mistakes Canada will take such warning and avoid whatever caused the existing railway conditions in the United States, which are much to be deplored.

SHAW IN BERLIN.

AN ARTICLE in Harper's Weekly of April 11 by Mr. Granville Barker, the English playwright and theatrical manager, gives an account of the production of Bernard Shaw's new play, Pygmalion, in Berlin.

Not long ago Mr. Shaw made a skit on the old Greek fable of Androcles and the Lion. Now he chooses to hang his wit upon a classic myth and amuses himself by giving it out first in their own tongue to his Berlin admirers. According to Mr. Barker, Shaw has a great grip on the Germans, those men of blood and iron, also of commerce and philosophy. It is, then, a peaceful and grateful tribute to the most intelligent theatrical public in the world, and not merely a Shavian whim, this new comedy in five acts in German.

While Shaw is still taken rather as a joke by the English, much as was the case with his compatriot, poor Noll Goldsmith, in his lifetime, the German critics have picked him out for a genius. They will soon be claiming to have discovered the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, in fact to have begotten him almost. That is what they say of Shakespeare, who was first fully explained to his own countrymen by Lessing and Goethe. Not to compare Shaw with Shakespeare, is it nevertheless quite possible that British critics will soon be repeating diligently the opinions of Teutonic Shavians, as they repeat the dicta of the Schlegels and the Wenders on the great Elizabethan.

What a paradise of the theatre goes

Berlin is. Mr. Barker observes that in one week this month could be seen in the high-priced houses eight plays of Shakespeare, two of Strindberg, one of Hauptmann, one of Ibsen (in two theatres at once), and Shaw's at the Lessing Theatre. At cheaper places, more Shakespeare, Schiller and the rest. Knowledge and taste are substantial in Berlin. It is suitable that Shaw's play should be given in the theatre named from Lessing, the first modern exponent of that far greater Briton, Shakespeare.

ON BLONDE COOKS.

A WIDOWER of Port Credit, Ont., has been writing to the postmaster of Rochester, New York, asking Uncle Sam's official to secure for him a blonde, and specifies that the lady shall be a blonde. Setting aside the question as to why he should have to go outside this fair country for a fair cook—why the blonde? Are blondes natural cooks, good cooks? They look distractingly fetching fussing around a cooking range in one of those long aprons, and it is small wonder that a man is eager to help with the dishes, but an alluring appearance will not give the exact degree of spicing necessary to make a steak worthy of a place on the menu of the gods. However, in another part of his letter the cookless one confesses that he dotes on omelets, dreams of them, and has written orders to their loveliness. Perhaps this explains his desire for a blonde cook, for there is something appropriate about a golden-haired kitchen divinity evolving a glowing, golden-tinted omelet. And if one had a passion for French-fried potatoes, wouldn't it be nice to associate those delicious, crisp, olive-hued chips with the vivacious beauty of a brunette. However, if the omelet be overdone, or the potatoes underdone, the resultant dyspepsia is a stiff price to pay for poetry in the kitchen. Without wishing to interfere in another man's domestic affairs, we suggest that the Port Credit gentleman first assure himself as to the cooking ability of applicants. Then he can import one of those Parisian wigs of just the right shade, thus at one stroke saving his stomach and soothing his soul.

DIVORCED BY WIRELESS.

[Winnipeg Telegram.]
 A Honolulu woman claims to be the most progressive of her sex, because she has just secured her divorce decree by wireless.

CAPITAL.

[London Telegraph.]
 "Let me illustrate the difference between capital and labor," said the rich uncle to the impetuous nephew. "Suppose I give you £5—"
 "That's capital," replied the nephew, extending his hand for the money.

STAYING ON THE JOB.

[Ottawa Citizen.]
 Some day since workers for the olive good everywhere will learn the lesson that only by staying on the job will satisfactory results be obtained. The other side of the ways on the alert, and any relaxation by the reform forces is always taken advantage of.

MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BABY GIRL COMES TO EX-CITY WORKER TO HELP MAKE HIS FORTUNE ON FARM.

Ex-\$18-a-Week Clerk Doesn't Fear More Mouths to Feed, for His Land Makes Their Living.

BY W. M. J.
 CHAPTER V.

The three years that followed were filled with hard work, and at times the struggle was discouraging. We lost a fine helper by boat from turning her on clover when it was wet with dew. Twice weasels got into the coops and killed a lot of the pullets.

One June the frost killed the corn, and a second planting failed to ripen. I bought some snout-infected seed wheat and the crop was practically ruined. I discovered afterward that treating the seed with formaldehyde would have saved the crop.

Two weeks of rain ruined a fine hay crop. We lost a cow from milk fever before we learned to feed grain lightly the week before calving.

By rigid economy we made the second payment. Three acres of potatoes contributed \$300 toward it. Our herd of cows had increased to seven, and the quality of the younger stock was improved by breeding to better sires.

One of the sows farrowed eight pigs. These were kept on clover and rape pasture all summer, fattened on corn and tankage in the early winter, and in January six of them sold for \$100. Deducting cost of tankage, market value of corn and land rent, a profit of \$30 was left.

In other words, we got \$20 a ton for clover and 90 cents a bushel for corn fed to the hogs when hay was worth only \$12 and corn 60 cents on the market. I decided to raise more pork.

Fourth Step.

Clearly, live stock farming was the most profitable. Moreover, it was a necessity in the building up of the soil. The first two or three years I couldn't do much of that.

There were payments to meet, and that meant something to sell. We couldn't produce enough live stock products, so it had to be soil products. Potatoes were a good crop, as they removed the fertility. For the rest, thorough tillage, rotating crops, and gradually deepening the soil had to do. All of the manure was saved and that helped a great deal.

The third year I began the work of soil building in earnest. Ten acres had been sown to rye the fall before. This was plowed under in the spring.

"Good idea," the cheerful neighbor said. "Deepen yer soil and plow under all the manure an' green crops you kin. When it comes a dry year that's what saves the crops."

I had six acres in clover that spring, and seeded eight acres more. I found that nothing puts new life into old furrows like clover—unless it's alfalfa. I grew that later.

The blue bird is first among our feathered friends to arrive from the south. But the fourth spring from the farm a larger bird arrived two weeks earlier and left us a million dollars' worth of baby

age of it at once. It is also apparent that the mere election of a mayor or council pledged to certain needed changes is not sufficient to bring about the reforms sought.

POOR BUSINESS.

[Ottawa Free Press.]
 Sylvia Pankhurst was prohibited from addressing a public meeting in Dresden. That city cannot have a very live publicity bureau.

CHEER UP.

[Cincinnati Inquirer.]
 There's blood and strife in Mexico. That faded land is filled with woe. And Uncle Sam's mailed hand is slow. But 'neath my window is a tree That stretches forth its arms to me, With buds all bursting to be free.

I know there's strife in Ireland now. And home rule's caused an awful row. And bloody war the leaders vow. But in the tree I see a nest: The tenant wears a gaudy vest And whistles to his mate with zest.

I hear of wreck and flood and fire. Of foreign foes who would conspire. They say the future's dark and dire. But, oh, the grass is sweet and green! My garden wears a mossy sheen. And, oh, the air is soft and clean!

ANDREWS WENT OUT.

[Pearson's Weekly.]
 Andrews was at a concert the other day and behind him sat a lady with a child on her lap, which was crying unceasingly. Unable to stand it any longer, Andrews turned smilingly to the lady and asked: "Has that infant of yours been christened yet, madam?"
 "No, sir," replied the lady.
 "If I were you, I would call it 'Good Idea,'" said Andrews.
 "And why 'Good Idea'?" said the lady, indignantly.
 "Because," said Andrews, "it should be carried out."
 It was Andrews who had to be carried out.

A BUSINESS AGENT.

[Hamilton Times.]
 "Now," said the professor, "when you have taken a few lessons in acting, I think I can commend you as a highly competent dentist."
 "Why do I want lessons in acting?"
 "After you have assured a patient that you are not going to hurt him you must show great skill in displaying grief and surprise when he yells."

THE CARPENTER.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]
 My, but the carpenter is slow. With him my patience fails; He even stops his work to go And manicure his nails.

BUCKWHEAT CAKE RECORD.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]
 The world's record of eating buckwheat cakes is believed to have been established at Jefferson, near Washington, Tuesday, when John Shriver met and defeated Albert Fowler in a contest to determine who could put away the most. Shriver downed 22 cakes, averaging eight inches in diameter. Fowler stopped at the 24th cake.

KENTUCKY MAN KILLED.

[Cohasset, April 19.]—Gordon Green, whose home was in Louisville, Ky., where his father is connected with the Ivanhoe Sugar Mills, was killed yesterday near the Grand Trunk station here while attempting to board a moving freight train. He was 23 years old.

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N. B. CABINET MINISTERS ALSO PRACTICE PROFESSIONS

H. F. McLeod, Former Provincial Secretary, Says He Does Not Fear Probe.

[Special to The Advertiser.]
 Ottawa, April 19.—"I have nothing to fear from an investigation," said H. F. McLeod tonight. Mr. McLeod, who is the member representing York, New Brunswick, was formerly solicitor general of New Brunswick and after becoming provincial secretary he resigned his provincial portfolio to contest the riding for the Federal House. Last Friday L. A. Dugal, leader of the New Brunswick Opposition, bracketed Mr. McLeod with Premier Flemming in serious charges connected with the construction of the Valley Railway which the Province is financing. Mr. McLeod is charged with having received a payment of fifteen hundred dollars before a contractor could obtain a contract for work on the road.

Tonight Mr. McLeod said that the salary of a minister in New Brunswick was not sufficient to sustain him and that it was the custom for them to practice their profession when they were lawyers. He had done so and had acted as legal advisor for one or more contractors who had been paid for his professional services. However he is maintaining that these services in no way were to the disadvantage of the Province or constituted abuse of his position as Provincial Secretary in the Flemming Government.

FIVE YEARS FOR FUR THEFT

Quebec, April 19.—Five years in the penitentiary was the sentence meted out by Judge Gervais in the criminal court on Saturday to Paul Vincent Morgan, alias Lemieux, found guilty of the theft of furs from the store of L'Heureux & Gauvin in St. Roch in January, 1913.

In pronouncing sentence on Morgan Judge Gervais scathingly denounced him, telling the prisoner that he was one of the worst types of criminals. John Sahayane, the Indian who was indicted for attempted murder, but which charge was reduced to simple assault by the jury who heard his trial, was given twelve days, but during this period he must find security in the amount of \$100 to keep the peace for one month, or in default will have to serve three months more.

OTTAWA MOTHER KILLS DAUGHTER

Ottawa, April 19.—Wielding an axe as the instrument of death, Mrs. Placide Massie, aged 45, wife of a plasterer residing at Adelaide and Alfred streets, Hull, murdered her 19-year-old daughter, Marie, the oldest of a family of seven children.

The woman had been acting strangely for about a week, and it is thought she committed the crime in an insane frenzy. The cause of the crime, it is believed, was the mother's objection to a young man, an acquaintance of her daughter. So far as known there were no witnesses to the events leading up to the crime. The screams of the girl were heard by a neighbor, Felix Charron, who reached the house, but was too late to save her. He held the woman until the police arrived.

The body of the girl was horribly mutilated, though she lived a few minutes after Dr. Bellisle had reached her.

She was, however, unable to make any statement. Mrs. Massie was immediately taken into custody by a squad of police, and on being placed in a cell at headquarters tried to suicide by battering her head against the wall. She appears to be violently insane.

From Western Ontario Press

ONE FOR TORONTO.
 [Guelph Mercury.]
 A new charter for the city of Toronto has been suggested. Well, it really would be a good idea for that place to tear up its old records, and start all over again.

THE HAVOC OF TIME.
 [Galt Reporter.]
 The Montreal Herald is moved to exclaim: "How sad, the havoc of time! There has been another death in the ranks of the Penian-raid veterans this week. Turning to the statistics, Saturday Night now finds that there are only 14,999 veterans left out of the original 8,000 that participated in the memorable event. Yet, all things die, in time."

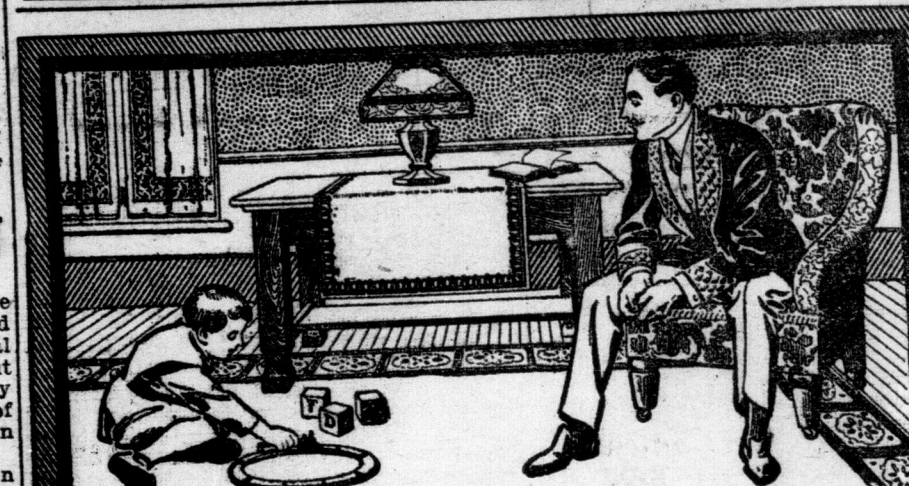
UP TO THE TEACHER.
 [Tara Leader.]
 According to a recent order issued by Dr. John Seath, deputy minister of edu-

ECONOMICAL—Heats the house well without burning all the coal you can buy.

McClary's Sunshine

Furnace Gives steady, even heat on least fuel. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. Sold by J. A. PAGE, 807 Dundas Street, and J. H. BULL, Hamilton Road and Rectory.

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A Father's Soliloquy--No. 1 The Boy's Future

"His future prosperity will demand more knowledge than I had the opportunity of acquiring in my youth. Competition in his day will be much keener than it is right now, and goodness knows it's been enough. I have felt the need of a university training, again and again. His success in life will demand it. How best insure his future? A ten or twelve year endowment policy in The London Life Insurance Company would make my dreams, regarding his success, come true whether I live or die. The cost would be small—I would never miss the annual payments. And—The London Life makes about all the profit a solid and safely-managed financial concern can make."

The London Life Insurance Company
 LONDON - CANADA

GEO. McBRID, Inspector.
R. T. HARDING, General Agent.
R. P. PEARCE, Superintendent Industrial Branch.

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