

FOUR.

London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Morning Edition. Outside city. 10c per week. By mail, \$5.00 per year.
Neon Edition. Outside city. 10c per week. By mail, \$5.00 per year.
Evening Edition. Outside city. 10c per week. By mail, \$5.00 per year.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
3670 (Private Branch Exchange, Connecting All Departments. NIGHT CALLS.
6 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. and holidays.
3671—Editors.
3672—Reporters.
3673—Job Printing Department.
To call night numbers use the word "ONLY" after giving the number.

[Entered at London Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second class matter.]
TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE:
F. W. Thompson, 55 Main Building.
The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7.

MILITARIST CLAP-TRAP.

The foolishness of ordinary militarist arguments is something almost incredible. In Great Britain jingoism want a navy equal to all others combined. Why on earth or on sea should Great Britain keep up such a navy? Oh, she must meet Germany in the North Sea, and Italy and Austria in the Mediterranean. But when did Italy become the enemy of England? And if France should switch, would not Germany, too?

German war men get a tax levied on capital for two years, because, they say, an all-Slav combination threatens to unite with France to wipe Germany off the map. But a Russian alarmist urges in the St. Petersburg Novoye Vremya, that Russia need count on no Slavic union, when it has been seen what Serbia and Bulgaria did to each other. So the Balkan business frightens or encourages both German and Russian jingoes to greater armaments; it provokes two opposite and contradictory things, peril to Germany from Slavic power, and peril to Russia from Slavic disunion.

But the silliest jingoism of all is that which would extract money from a country like Canada for the benefit merely of British Dreadnought-builders, or that which would line our peaceful land frontier with forts and a red-coat line. There is not even an attempt at argument for the latter of these.

THE FORDS' GREAT GIFT.

From Detroit comes the announcement of the most stupendous profit-sharing plan for employees known to modern business. The Ford Motor Company announces that during the present year it will distribute a fund of \$10,000,000 amongst its workmen in addition to their regular salaries. Furthermore, five dollars has been set as the minimum wage on an eight-hour basis. A three shift plan will be adopted, and this means that four thousand more men will be taken on. Twenty-three thousand five hundred workers are affected, and the humblest laborer will get thirty dollars weekly. Needless to say there was a huge crowd of men at the company's office Monday morning struggling to secure a position.

Henry M. Ford, the head of the firm, has stated that this radical act is due to his feeling that the distribution of earnings between capital and labor has been too uneven. His gift is a resplendent one. Compared to it the benefactions of Carnegie, Rockefeller, and other philanthropic millionaires appear small. Its strongest appeal is the direct distribution of hard cash. Hereafter the ordinary, unskilled workers, who have had a bare living wage, will receive a salary greater than that of many skilled artisans or professional men. Skeptical persons will at once question the motive of Mr. Ford's act, probably charging that it is part of a huge advertising scheme, and a plan to attract the best in the automobile labor market. However, those of a more generous nature, considering the immediate benefits, will praise the magnificent gift.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

A prominent supporter of Mr. Borden has been urging in a speech before the Canadian Club at Toronto, that we should take the naval question out of politics by falling in line with the Government. It is all very well to talk platitudes about the inadvisability of making this matter a political football. The theory is all right; and all Liberals will agree with it. But who is to blame if the country is divided on what should be a non-partisan question? In 1910 both political parties were united; Mr. Borden's supporter, the Hon. George E. Foster, proposed in parliament that we should undertake the establishment of a Canadian navy. Both the Premier and the leader of the Opposition supported him; and the resolution passed almost unanimously. Then Sir Wilfrid Laurier began the work that both parties in the House had authorized. But Mr. Borden and his friends broke away from their agreement, and when they came into power on a trade question they swallowed all their previous utterances, and abandoned the policy they had formerly advocated. They are the people who brought the navy into politics. And if they want to get it out, they will have to go back to their own policy of 1910, which the Liberals still support.

The chief objection raised by Mr. Borden in opposition to the Liberal

Government's Canadian navy was that it was on too small a scale—merely a tin-pot navy. Well, that was only a matter of detail. The Liberal Government assumed as heavy an expenditure as it was thought the sentiment of the country would indorse at that time. When Mr. Borden became Premier he said to parliament: "We were united in favor of a Canadian navy; but this attempt on the part of the late Government does not come up to the requirements of the case; we propose to do something better, and have a navy of which we can be proud." And if he had then assumed the responsibility for a more liberal expenditure there would have been little if any opposition. There would have been some criticism; he might have been charged by some with an extravagance not justified. But with the rapidly increasing income of the country that criticism would have lost its force. The Liberals could not have said there was not enough money. And they could not have reversed their own policy. The two parties would still be united on the general principle even though they differed on some of the details. The naval question would have been out of politics for all practical purposes. If that is not the case now, Mr. Borden and his friends are the people responsible.

INTERMITTENT EXCITEMENT.

There seems to be no excitement over Ulster just now in Great Britain. It is only when some Unionist leader makes a speech to "keep the pot a-bubbling," or after some election won by a Unionist that we hear of any dreadful crisis. Not before an election! The Unionist cry during a by-election campaign is always against the insurance act. If they win, they then say home rule did it. As a matter of fact the British people is not to any depth perturbed over Ireland. The bill will be passed, the parliament will be set up at Dublin, and marrying and giving in marriage will go on just as before.

SHACKLETON'S LATEST.

We are inclined to think that having reached the poles Peary and Amundsen achieved the most perilous of Arctic and Antarctic journeys, but Sir Ernest Shackleton is planning an expedition that will eclipse all others, considered as a physical feat. He proposes to explore the Antarctic continent, the south pole being taken in passing, a mere incident. It is a bold plan, one that stirs the imagination, and if successful, one that will bring glory to Sir Ernest and his men. To go from one hemisphere to another across a frozen continent, a seventeen hundred mile journey, is one that will call for the highest courage and stamina and great resourcefulness. Having reached their respective goals Peary and Amundsen rushed back to safety over paths that were studded with supply stations. Shackleton's band, however, must ever advance. Once fairly started there can be no retreat no matter how stupendous the obstacles encountered. The program is to sail from Buenos Ayres next October, and traverse the Antarctic continent between Weddell and Ross Seas. Shackleton is a trained scientist, so the expedition should yield something besides the heroic. There are many geographical problems that the British explorer, with his enthusiasm and his thoroughness is certain to clear up. Britishers the world over will wish him good luck and a safe return.

JUG-HANDLE TRADE.

A Liberal paper having pointed out the evils that will result if Canada is to be drained of its young cattle by the new United States tariff, some short-sighted Conservatives are jubilant. "See," they cry, "he is coming around to our view; this shows how sound our position was when we opposed reciprocity." But the Liberal policy did not provide for jug-handle trade; the current was to run both ways. Rather, it may be said, we have now going to be a good thing for us. They knew, they said, that the United States would adopt a low tariff; and so we would get everything without giving anything in return. Now we are getting not the results of the Liberal policy, but the results of Conservative blundering.

Don't offer any bad money in London.

London's hockey team starts out like a winner.

When bore meets bore then comes the tug-of-war.

That was quite a moving picture provided by the counterfeilers and the local police.

The friendships of a man's opulence are very seldom the friendships of his exposures.

That underground river in Huron County would make great local color for H. G. Wells.

Man is dead after a residence in Toronto of ninety years. A sort of life in death existence.

Mexico has generals by the wholesale while our minister of militia remains a mere colonel.

Someone has barred the tango in this city. Now watch it fill the dance halls with those anxious to learn it.

Those counterfeilers were heading for Toronto for a harvest. But un-

fortunately they tried to pass some bad money in London first.

Ragtime has been kicked to death by popularity says a New York theatrical manager. And many a piano has been kicked to death by ragtime.

With the land in Huron County "bobbing up and down," and rinks falling in every day, that Hamilton preacher's prediction of the end of the world may have something in it.

ALWAYS SOMETHING WRONG

[Chicago News.]
Office Seeker—Is there anything else in the job you speak of besides the salary?
Political Boss—There's a little work on the side!
Office Seeker—Ah! I knew there was some string to it!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

[Boston Post.]
Familiar spirit, help me now: Assist and lend your aid, I pray, That I may keep each pledge and vow I made on New Year's Day.

Tobacco, which I do not need, No more shall hold me in its yoke; I will not touch the filthy weed (Unless I wish to smoke).

I will not cuss or imprecate, Or wax profane as heretofore, I'm through with oaths and Billingsgate (Unless I'm very sore).

I will not leathe my neighbor's cats, The singing cook that he employs, Nor yet his fresh and rowdy brats (Unless they make a noise).

I will not waste my sustenance— My all-too-scanty store of tin— By betting it on games of chance (Unless I'm sure to win).

I'll do no things that I might rue: I will not loaf; I will not shrink; I'll do the things I ought to do (And now and then I'll work).

Familiar spirit, help me now: Assist and lend your aid, I pray, That I may keep each pledge and vow I made on New Year's Day.

NOT SO CALLED.

[Toronto Star]
Robert McIntyre, of London, charged with raffling a horse, says that there are raffles at church bazaars. This is a cruel misrepresentation. There may be cases where numbered tickets are sold, and a certain number entitles the holder to a prize, but the word raffle is never used in this connection.

WHY WORRY?

[Everybody's.]
A large, slouchy, colored man went shuffling down the road, whistling like a lark. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were out at toes and heels, and he appeared to be in the depths of poverty for all his mirth. As he passed a prosperous-looking house a man stepped from the doorway and hailed him. "Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?"
"No, sah," said the ragged one. "I done got a quarter."

SENSE OF HUMOR.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
"For," said the humorist, who was endeavoring to throw the woman's club into the "convulsions," as Shakespeare says in "Paradise Lost," "a man's not a man for a that."
"Mercy, what ignorance," the second vice-president whispered to the recording secretary. "Shakespeare didn't write 'Paradise Lost.'"

"PASSE ROSA."

[By Louise Driscoll.]
(Cecilia del Balzo, wife of Amadeus IV, Duke of Savoy, was called in the twelfth century throughout all Europe.)
More beautiful than roses! Eight centuries have rolled Their hundred cycles o'er you. And still we may adore you. Reading the printed pages where your history is told.

More beautiful than roses! O lady, dear and dead, The daughters of a strange new race Ponder on your amazing grace, And picture your white hands and sunny head.

More beautiful than roses! You have been dead so long! Where is the sweet, white breast of you?

And where the golden crest of you? And where the men who bled for you, fighting through right and wrong?

More beautiful than roses! Upon your grave today The violets that were your eyes Are smiling to Aosta's skies, Eight hundred years ago you want that way.

More beautiful than roses! Sometimes your eyes were filled With bitter tears you might not shed, And now your griefs and you are dead. And yet, through Time, the crucible, your perfume is distilled.

THE DIFFERENCE.

[Liverpool Mercury.]
Madge—Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man?
Dolly—I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one.

METEOR AS CONTRABAND.

[London Chronicle.]
Lecturing about shooting-stars, Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, used to interject the adventures of a meteorite which fell in the United States. The mass of molten iron was found by a farmer, who began to exhibit it for profit. Then came along the owner of the land, who pointed out that he retained all mineral rights, so that the meteorite was his property. Their dispute was never settled, for the customs officials intervened and confiscated the meteorite as unmanufactured iron which had entered the United States without paying the 25 per cent ad valorem duty.

A RED, RED ROSE.

[Robert Burns.]
O, my love is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O, my love is like the melody, That's sweetly play'd in tune!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt with the sun; I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love, And fare thee weel a' while! And I will come again, my love, Tho' it were ten thousand miles!



On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

WEDNESDAY

Retribution.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea;
A load of gay joy riders pass that way,
Their speed much greater than it ought to be.

They pass a farmer's rig as in a dream,
They make his horses climb up on the bank,
They make fun of his whiskers and his team,
And give their speed control an other yank.

The touring car speeds madly on its way,
Then something happens as it sometimes will;
There's something wrong, but what no one can say,
For full an hour the stubborn thing stands still.

They crank, they oil, they pound, they softly swear,
They oft inspect the car in every part;
They screw up and unscrew things everywhere,
But nothing they can do will make it start.

The patient farmer and his plodding nag,
Come jogging down the highway leisurely,
No longer doth the chauffeur make his brags,
The farmer is a welcome sight to see.

They plead with him, they argue and entreat;
He listens with an ever-growing sweet—
For twenty-five he pulls them into town.

The Horse and the Auto.

Former Governor Osborn, of Michigan, was driving his touring car to Lansing one day when he met a venerable farmer and his wife who were driving a weak-kneed, tottering old horse.

The farmer held up his hand with a warning to Governor Osborn to stop his car. The latter did so and at the same time the farmer's horse stopped and began nibbling grass at the side of the road, paying no attention at all to the automobile.

"What's the matter?" called Governor Osborn. "Why don't you drive by? Your horse isn't afraid of the automobile."

"No," yelled the farmer, "my horse ain't afraid of it, but my wife is."

According to Uncle Abner.
Mrs. Hank Tumms has made a crazy quilt out of Christmas neckties she has given her husband and which he has refused to wear.

Lem Higgins ain't smoked cigarettes since they quit giving away pictures of actresses in tights with every package. He is now smoking a pipe and trying to save enough coupons to get an automobile. The way he has got it figured now he will get the automobile when he is 146 years of age.

Elmer Jones has bought one of the infidel watches for \$1, and says it keeps better time than the gold watch which was given him by the fire department a year ago. A feller should never look a gift watch in the face.

A blind feller came through here the other day sellin' shoe polish, and lost his entire stock before he got half way down Main street. Only one feller paid the blind man for the polish, and that was Deacon Pringle. He put a quarter in the blind man's cup and took out a half dollar.

'Tis not in money nor in land That life's happiness reveals; It is in dodging microbes and Assimilating three square meals.

BRALEY'S POEM TODAY

PEACE

When the shadows begin to gather and the sun is sinking low
And off on the edge of nothing the rosy cloud banks glow,
I love to sit in the gloaming, to loiter in my chair of ease,<
And dream as your slender fingers are wandering over the keys.

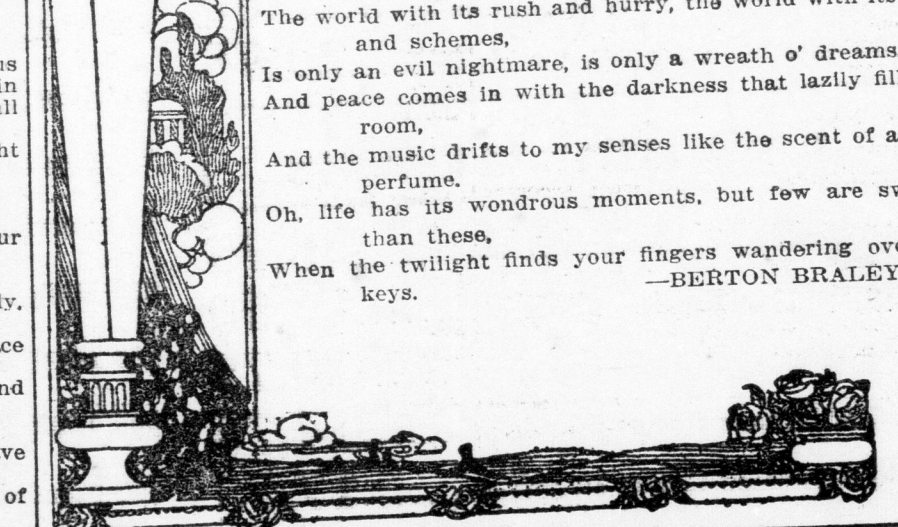
It may be a classic study of intricate shades and tones—
Or the song of the sea-surf breaking in fury upon the stones—
Or a vagrant gypsy ballad that maketh the blood to stir,
Or an orient chant of passion—a song from the land of myrrh.

I thrill to the wailing minors, I sway to the melodies
As they come from your slender fingers wandering over the keys.

The world with its rush and hurry, the world with its plots and schemes,
Is only an evil nightmare, is only a wreath of dreams,
And peace comes in with the darkness that lazily fills the room,
And the music drifts to my senses like the scent of a faint perfume.

Oh, life has its wondrous moments, but few are sweeter than these,
When the twilight finds your fingers wandering over the keys.

—BERTON BRALEY.



GERMANY'S CROWN PRINCE IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN

Newspapers Criticise His Position in Zabern Affair.

[Canadian Press.]
Berlin, Jan. 6.—Crown Prince Frederick William has again struck a blow at his own popularity, the telegram which he recently sent to Lieut.-General Delmwig and Colonel Von Reuter, commanding their stand in the Zabern affair, being made today the subject of angry editorials in the leading Berlin newspapers.

The Liberal organs lament that the heir-apparent, in spite of his undoubted democracy, never ventures into politics without offending the popular sentiment. These newspapers call the latest appearances of the crown prince four grave mistakes, citing them as follows: The crown prince's attack on Gerhart Hauptmann's "Centenary festival play" at Breslau last June; his act in applauding the anti-British speech delivered by Herr Von Heydebrand, the Conservative leader in the Reichstag in November, 1911; his protest against the accession of Prince Ernest August of Cumberland to the Duchy of Brunswick; and finally, his congratulations to the soldiers for aggressiveness against the civil population of Alsace-Lorraine.

NEW MAYOR ECONOMICAL.
Brandon, Man., Jan. 6.—Mayor Hughes, in his inaugural address today to the city council, proposes a general reduction in salaries all around, and dismissal of all officials in order to facilitate any changes that might be desirable.

"CASCARETS" CLEANS LIVER AND BOWELS

Feel Bully! No Headache, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. Are you keeping your liver, stomach and bowels clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets—or merely forcing a passage every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil? This is important.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels.

No odds how sick, headachy, bilious and constipated you feel, a Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a gentle cleansing, too.

DIED AT CLINTON.

Clinton, Jan. 6.—There passed away here today at her residence, after an illness of some years, Mrs. K. East. Deceased was 64 years old, and had been a resident here for some time. She leaves one son, Earl, and one daughter, Mae. The remains will be buried.

Interred in Clinton cemetery on Wednesday. Services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Routledge, of the Methodist Church, of which deceased was a member.

A BREAKFAST IN CEYLON

would not bring you a more delicious cup of tea than you may have at your own table by using

"SALADA"

It is the world's choicest tea, at its best—the finest hill-grown Ceylon—in sealed lead packets.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

GET OUR PRICES FOR

Tin, Lead, Zinc, Babbitt, Solder, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe

The Canada Metal Co., Limited
FACTORIES: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

FANCY HAIR ORNAMENTS

Just received from France a shipment of most artistic designs.

500 Fancy Combs
95c Each

Our Wigs for ladies and gents are manufactured right in our workshop, and are guaranteed for fit and style. The prices are from \$15.00 to \$35.00. No need to go out of town or pay fancy prices.

PROF. MICHEEL,
PHONE 2336. 221 DUNDAS STREET

GIRLS! CLEAN AND BEAUTIFY HAIR

NO DANDRUFF--25 CENT DANDERINE

Stop Washing Hair! Try This! Makes It Glossy, Soft and Abundant.

Surely try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance.

Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair and lots of it, if you will just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

ORIGINAL CHARTER 1864

This institution was originally established as a savings bank to afford a safe repository for the savings of wage earners. In the past sixty years it has carried an increasing volume of this class of business. Full compound interest paid on savings accounts of one dollar and upwards.

Head office and nine branches in Toronto. James Mason, General Manager.

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA:
LONDON, 394 RICHMOND STREET
OFFICE. Branches in Middlesex County:
LONDON, ILBERTON, THORNDALE, MELBOURNE, DELAWARE, KIMIKO, LAWRENCE STATION.

From Atlantic to Pacific

DE JONG'S

Gloria Cocoa

Is the Finest

SAYS BORDEN WILL YIELD HEAD STUFFED? GOT A COLD? TRY PAPE'S

Duty Off Wheat Inside of Another Year.

"Pape's Cold Compound" Ends Colds and Grippe in a Few Hours.

Brandon, Man., Jan. 6.—That free wheat will be in vogue throughout the west before the next crop is garnered is the opinion of R. McKenzie, secretary of the Manitoba Grain Growers' whose convention opens a three-day session here tomorrow. He says he believes public sentiment will be such as to cause the Borden Government to yield.

STEAM-FITTER INJURED.
Ottawa, Jan. 6.—G. Currie, a steam-fitter, sustained terrible injuries while testing a hotwater boiler at Westboro, near here. The boiler exploded, one piece of the metal tearing away and striking the unfortunate man's jaw. He was rushed to a hospital, and it is said he will probably recover.

No odds how sick, headachy, bilious and constipated you feel, a Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a gentle cleansing, too.

Interred in Clinton cemetery on Wednesday. Services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Routledge, of the Methodist Church, of which deceased was a member.