

London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Morning Edition.
City. 10c per week. Outside City. 12c per week.
By mail. \$5.00 per year. By mail. \$5.00 per year.
Evening Edition.
City. 10c per week. Outside City. 12c per week.
By mail. \$5.00 per year. By mail. \$5.00 per year.

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Entered at London Postoffice for
transmission through the mails as
second class matter.

TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.
F. W. Thompson, 66 Mail Building.

The London Advertiser Printing Co.,
Limited.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

Villa says, "No war." Will he prove to
be Mexico's iron man?

It is reported that Huerta is about to
purchase an aeroplane.

The Americans have a preponderance
of guns and men. But nature is Mexico's
ally.

Villa is laughing out loud at Huerta,
but what he has up his sleeve has not
been disclosed.

Over \$200,000,000 given away in the
United States and Canada last year. How
much did you get?

It is inconceivable that the American
army will start operations until Col.
Roosevelt reaches the scene.

In Government or in Opposition it is
the Liberal party for the people, and the
Conservatives for the interests.

The Menace is to be allowed to go
through Canadian mails after all. Hasn't
the Calgary Eye-Opener any rights?

Under Huerta at all, Mexico is not a
republic nor a kingdom. Commonwealth
will do for a name, where wealth tends
to be held in common.

Thursday is to be observed as the an-
niversary of the advent into this world
of William Shakespeare, master mind and
the one poet for all time.

Publisher McClure says that the man
behind the muckraker is about to dis-
appear, but the man behind the law-
mower is just about to reappear.

This strange silence on the part of
Colonel Roosevelt is rather annoying.
The colonel should have been climbing
some Mexican bluffs long before this.

The Liberal Opposition members at
Toronto have gained a triumph worthy
of all their efforts in securing promise
of legislation to put a crimp in political
contributions from interests which receive
Government favors.

These are the months of the year
with a character—March (winds), April
(showers), May (flowers). The others are
less distinctive, unless November be sig-
nified by its dark days, and the R
months in general for oysters.

A New York judge has decided that if
Bill Smith's hen wanders over to Tom
Jones' roof-garden and lays an egg, the
egg belongs to Tom. Now we may ex-
pect to hear of spite fences being built
on the skyscrapers of Broadway.

For the fiscal year 1912-1913 the Mas-
sey-Harris Company received the sum of
\$121,649.82 on account of drawback on
goods exported. Sir Melvin Jones is wil-
ling to accept tariff reductions when they
put something in his pocket. Otherwise
Sir Melvin is a straight line protection-
ist.

In all the gerrymander business of the
Ontario Redistribution Committee which
is claiming to seek to equalize the popu-
lation of the ridings we hear nothing
about changing West Lambton, which at
the last election had a population of
17,721, and gave Hon. W. J. Hanna a
majority of 1,061.

Australia is trying to grow a national
song. That is the hardest thing for a
civilized state to accomplish. A special
commission is needed to call a national song.
like a flash of lightning, from some live
heart. That is what happened to Ger-
many. You can't grow national songs;
they must spring forth themselves sud-
denly in full armor. We have a tune in
Canada, but no song.

THE TWO POLICIES.

THE amendment proposed to the tariff
resolutions by Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
and its prompt rejection by the Govern-
ment, marks the clear-cut division be-
tween the two parties. The Liberals want
to lessen the burdens of the farmer and
the consumer. The Conservatives propose
to retain these burdens in the interests of
the already flourishing manufacturers.
The former class is heavily taxed, and can
ill afford to pay. The latter have been so
fostered by protection that they are able
not only to control the home markets, but
can successfully compete in the markets
of other countries.

But there is another distinction between
the two parties. The Liberals would help
all classes. Greater freedom in trade,
while helping the consumer, will not ma-
terially injure the manufacturer. If his
condition is improved, the consumer will
be able to purchase more goods, and what
the manufacturer loses in direct profits
will be made up by increased business.
The Conservative fiscal policy is avowedly
one for the further advantage of the al-
ready well protected classes, while the
other class is allowed to bear all its bur-
dens without help.

While this difference between the two
parties is thus clearly emphasized it is
nothing new. When the Liberals came into
power in 1896, they revised the tariff, put-
ting binder twine, wire and corn on the
free list, and introducing the British pre-
ference. If they did not go as far as some

wished it was because they had no desire
to disturb business by too radical changes.
But moderate as was the reduction of
duties, it was loudly condemned by the
Conservatives as a ruinous policy. The
leader of the Opposition, Sir Charles Tupper,
was earnest in his protest, and most
mournful in his prophecy of ruined manu-
facturers. When these prophecies failed
to materialize, and the manufacturers be-
came more prosperous than ever, the Con-
servatives wheeled around and claimed
that the Liberal Government had retained
the National Policy in full force. It had
not. It had moved in the direction of leas-
ened taxation as fast as it thought pru-
dent. And it was prepared to go further,
for it went out of power in the effort to
give the producer larger markets, and the
consumer cheaper goods.

The tendency of national legislation is
towards freer trade. Britain, the greatest
of commercial countries, flourishes under
a fiscal system that is almost free. The
United States, whose people have no
superiors as businessmen, are cutting
down their tariff, and find prosperity
greater than under a high protection pol-
icy. Canada ought to be able to learn a
useful lesson from these two great and
prosperous countries. But there is a sec-
tion of Canadian politicians who know too
much to learn from anyone. They were
able to carry the people with them three
years ago, and the reactionary policy they
are now pursuing is only what might have
been expected.

GREECE AND MEXICO.

THE case of Mexico stumbling and
trotting in rebellion is something
like that of Greece a hundred years ago.
The corrupt and paralyzing despotism of
Diaz, the blight of the Spanish land-
lordism and the taxes recall the
tyranny of the Turk over the
Grecian population. Brigands of
Villa's type play a somewhat similar
part to men like Odysseus, whose sister
married Byron's wild friend, Trelawney,
or that fine Greek pirate described by
Byron as the "mildest-mannered man that
ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat."

The cigarette is a badge of both nation-
alities from birth to bier.
But those were romantic, these are
commercial times in poetry. No Byron
goes to twangle his harp in Mexico.
Whatever Aztec civilization lies behind
the poor Indian, whatever noble ruins
lend the more enchantment to that land
of volcano and sunshine, the Indian and
the "greaser" to us the Indian and the
"greaser" are and nothing more. Dis-
tinguished foreigners know them not at
all, while the common run of Americans
and British look upon them with a purely
business eye or mere aversion. Perhaps,
however, the intervention of American
war vessels may prove to be an aid to
the better forces in Mexico, wherever
they are, to get upon their feet, so that
in time Mexico may advance like Greece
to respected and self-respecting nation-
hood.

A SHAKESPEARE ANNIVERSARY.

MANY cities throughout the civilized
world have been planning to cele-
brate the 350th anniversary of the birth
of Shakespeare. The exact day is really
unknown, all of which history seems to
be certain is that it was in April, 1564.
Circumstantial evidence places it on the
23rd, and that is usually accepted. But
as that was the "old style" of chronology,
it would be equivalent to the 2nd of
May according to our present mode of
reckoning. It is known that he died on
the 23rd April, 1616, and tradition says
that he died on the anniversary of his
birth.

Except as a matter of historic truth it
is perhaps of little importance on what
day or at what precise moment he was
born. The outstanding fact is that such
a man was born; that, living, he enriched
English literature beyond all other men
that ever lived; and that, dying, he left
an imperishable name. Despite an ob-
scure birth, a limited education, and a
lowly life, the work he accomplished, and
the mass of literature that bears his
name, tell of a genius unparalleled in the
history of man. Indeed, so remarkable
has been his work that it has been
doubted whether he could possibly have
written the plays and poems attributed
to him, and the theory has arisen and
has been held by many that no less a
person than "the greatest, wisest, meanest
of mankind," Lord Bacon, was the
real author, and that for personal and
political reasons he used the name of the
London actor, William Shakespeare, as a
mask behind which to hide his identity.

It may be admitted that the theory is
plausible, and the evidence in its favor
has been cunningly marshalled. But there
are difficulties in the way of accepting
this theory that cannot be overcome.
And it is easier to accept the other alter-
native, that the man who was born at
Stratford three hundred and fifty years
ago was possessed of a genius that en-
abled him to rise superior to all disad-
vantages, and write as no man ever wrote
before.

For three hundred years the world has
enjoyed and benefitted by the marvellous
productions of this unique personage. The
men and women he created are as real to
us today as though they actually moved
and spoke and acted a few years ago.
The humor and pathos, the philosophy
and the psychology of these masterpieces
of literary creation are as fresh and as
impressive now as they ever were. The
best writers of Shakespeare's time are all
forgotten save by the scholar and the
historian. But he is known to every
school boy, and his name is familiar even
to the most ignorant who have never
read a line of what he wrote. Literary
customs and fashions change with the
changing years; but his plays still hold
that place on the stage. No one at-
tempts to write who does not quote his
words. His influence on the minds and
thoughts of men grows greater with every
passing century. And though it is but a
fitting tribute for the civilized world to
recognize an anniversary of Shakespeare's

birth, yet no ceremonies nor memorial
services are needed to keep his name
fresh wherever the English language is
read or spoken.

HENRY JAMES ON NOVELISTS.

FUN is often made of American fiction
as dull or clumsy or pompous. One
of the characters in a book of Ryder
Haggard uses the expression "as dull as
an American novel." While there is some
truth in such gibes, and while that prince
of American fiction, the anglicized Henry
James, is anathema to the common run
of novel-readers, still it is noteworthy
that he has come to occupy a position
of something like primacy in England
itself, in the regard of connoisseurs of
British fiction.

Since the death of George Meredith he
is the surviving philosopher-novelist.
Since Hardy took to poetry and recently
got married, the stage is all the clearer
for the great American. For a year or
two past he has been celebrating in-
cipient old age by begging out his auto-
biography, of which two installments, "A
Small Boy and Others," and "Notes of a
Son and Brother," (dealing particularly
with his wise father and famous elder
brother, William James), have now ap-
peared, and a third is hoped for.

He has been writing for the London
Times a sort of survey of the immense
field of current prose fiction. Gently, and
in his subtle, philosophic manner, he
sums up the tendencies and a few of the
outstanding individuals. To some of the
leading lights he shows rather freezing
courtesy, some he damns with faint
praise. It is the easy tone of the assured
arbitrator, the master, somewhat past, of
those who write novels; he is never un-
kind, always impartial, in appearance at
least, graceful and wrapped up in big words
that have to be read over several times.

What he has to say of Wells and Ben-
nett may be most generally interesting.
These, he says, and many others in a
lesser way, give us rather the material
of fiction in chunks than works of art.
Like Anthony Trollope or like Kipling in
his "Kim," they cut for their readers
generous slices from life, but they do not
select, interpret and arrange. As a
philosophic novelist himself Mr. James
looks for interpretation and a scheme.
Some exceptions to this present "un-
organized" fiction he finds in Galsworthy,
Hewlett and Mrs. Wharton. It is hard to
make out what he really does think of
Joseph Conrad.

But is there not a new kind of organiza-
tion in the works of Wells and Bennett?
Dictator as he may be, or arbitrator
of taste, Mr. Henry James seems to be like
the rest of dictators, like Dr. Johnson,
for instance, in understanding the past
better than the growing hour. If in the
author of "The American" we have the
consummate psychologist in fiction, H.
G. Wells is an economist and a civil
engineer turned novelist in his command
of sociology and science combined.
Psychology gives away to more im-
mediately practical sciences as a main-
spring of fiction; life replaces little sys-
tems of life.

APRIL IN ENGLAND.

(By Margaret L. Woods.)
O come across the hillside! The April
month is here,
The lamb-time, the lark-time, the
child-time of the year.
The wren sings on the willow,
The lark above the fallow,
The birds sing everywhere.
With whistle and with holla,
The laborers follow
The shining shroul,
And sing upon the hillside in the seed-
time of the year.

O come into the woodland! The prim-
roses are here,
And down in the woodland beneath the
grasses sere,
As in a wide dominion,
How many a pretty minion
Of Spring day,
Where warm the sunshine passes
Thro' the forest of the grasses,
Awakes to play,
To sport here in the sun-time, the
playtime of the year.

O come across the hillside, for now the
Spring is here,
Come, child, with your laughter, your
pretty April cheer!
Your fantasy possesses
The shrill lark's downer,
The forest and the blossom,
The earth and in her bosom
The mouse's bowser;
The sunlight and the starlight of the
Springtime of the year.

IN THE FAMILY.

[New York Mail.]
It was Mrs. Malloon's birthday and she
felt a trifle disappointed that there was
no gift beside her plate. It was the first
time in twenty years that her husband
had forgotten the occasion. Mr. Malloon
smiled at her frankly.
"My dear," he said, "I have been so
busy lately that I have not had time to
buy you a birthday gift; but I'll give you
the cow."

She thanked him graciously. "Daisy is a
beautiful cow," she said.
Two months later Mr. Malloon's birth-
day came around. When he appeared at
breakfast his wife greeted him with a
radiant smile. "My dear," she said, "I
have been so busy lately sewing for the
children that I haven't had time to make
you a birthday gift; but I'll give you the
cow."

[Westminster Gazette.]
Beneath the moon the little town
Sleeps on the shadowy hill;
The very houses seem to rest.
They are so white and still.

The noisy men and woman lie
In silence, and so keep
Their little fretful passions drowned
In the calm sea of sleep.

And hanging in the void amid
Those star-flowered fields of light
The earth, a tiny spinning ball,
Sleeps in the lap of Night.

—F. Gerald Miller.

THOUGHT IT A CIRCUS.

[Pearson's Weekly.]
At the Haymarket Theatre they are tel-
ling a story of a country horse dealer who
appeared to have been in London on a
holiday recently.

One of the posters advertising "Within
the Law," the play now running at the
theatre, shows a smartly turned-out four-
in-hand being driven through a mass of
documents, mostly acts of parliament,
the idea being to illustrate the old saying
that you can "drive a coach-and-four
through an act of parliament."

--and the Worst Is Yet to Come



pression that "Within the Law" was some
sort of circus performance, and, after
waiting in vain for the appearance of
the horses, he went upon an attendant
between the acts and remonstrated:
"Look here, when do the 'osses come
on?" he asked, "I shan't wait if they
ain't coming on soon!"

"DIED IN POVERTY."

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
(Fernand Forest, Frenchman, inventor
of the gasoline engine that made motor-
cars and automobiles and aeroplanes pos-
sible, has just died in poverty, aged 71.
Others got the rewards of his invention—
News.)

'Twas ever thus, the Genius is unpaid,
Unless he has the art of money-making;
Far littler minds his earned rewards are
taking.

In every land where patent laws are made,
It must be so for aye, I am afraid,
If Solons find no way to stop the taking
With jugged, purchased claims, all ethics
breaking;

Starvation cannot balk th' exploiter's
raid,
But wretched statutes cannot bar the
race
From what inventors give, or stop their
pace;

Their true reward is not in paltry gold;
And Genius, working not for fame or pelf,
Must always be her energetic self!

OBBLIGING.

[Puck.]
A commercial man was rash enough to
make a telephone call when exceedingly
short of time, and found when he spoke he
had been put on to the wrong number.
The number he wanted was the sim-
plest possible—one.
In shortness of time he thereupon added
shortness of temper, and somewhat
angrily complained to the operator of her
mistake.

"What I want," he finished by declaring
with savage distinctness, "is 'one' on the
trunk."

And the operator retorted quietly:
"Yes, you do, and I'd like to give it to
you."

MODEL BOY.

[Exchange.]
A popular member of the L— school
board tells a good story of a certain
schoolboy who enjoys the unique distinc-
tion of having attended one school for
eleven years without being once absent or
late. In evidence of this, the youth is the
proud owner of eleven medals. When the
eleventh medal was conferred the boy's
mother was asked whether her son ever
had any illness.
"Oh, yes," she replied.
"Measles!"
"Yes."
"Whooping cough?"
"Yes."
"How is it, then, that he has been able
to make so remarkable a record at school?"
"Well, he generally had 'em in his holi-
days," was the proud mother's interesting
reply.

THE LITTLE BELLS OF SEVILLA.

[Dora Sigerson Shorter.]
The ladies of Sevilla go forth to take the
air,
They pop their lace mantillas, a red rose
in their hair,
Upon the road Delicias their little horses
run
And tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, the bells go
every one.

Beside the Guadalquivir, by orange-scent-
ed way,
The ladies of Sevilla they come at cool of
day;
They wave their fans coquettish, their
black eyes gleam and glow,
And all their little carriages tell a-jingle,
Jingle, go.

There, too, the caballeros drive in the
perfumed breeze
Upon the road Delicias among the flower-
ing trees;
Beneath their brown sombreros their dark
eyes flame and flash,
And all their little horses' bells ring mer-
rily, they crash.

Beside the Guadalquivir the hours are
very fair,
The nightingale is tuning upon the scented
air;
Oh, laughing Andalusia, beloved of the
sun,
Your merry, merry little bells they call me
every one.

A BROAD VIEW.

[Kington Standard.]
A Chinaman in Vancouver is accused
of murdering his mistress and now it is
said there is a demand for the wholesale
dismissal of all Chinese servants. There
is even talk of boycotting hotels and res-
taurants that employ Chinese help. How
easy it is to appeal to race prejudice. A
dozen Canadian servants in different parts
of the country might kill their mistresses
without attracting any special attention
outside of the localities specially inter-
ested. As a matter of fact the Chinese
people who come to this country do not

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE

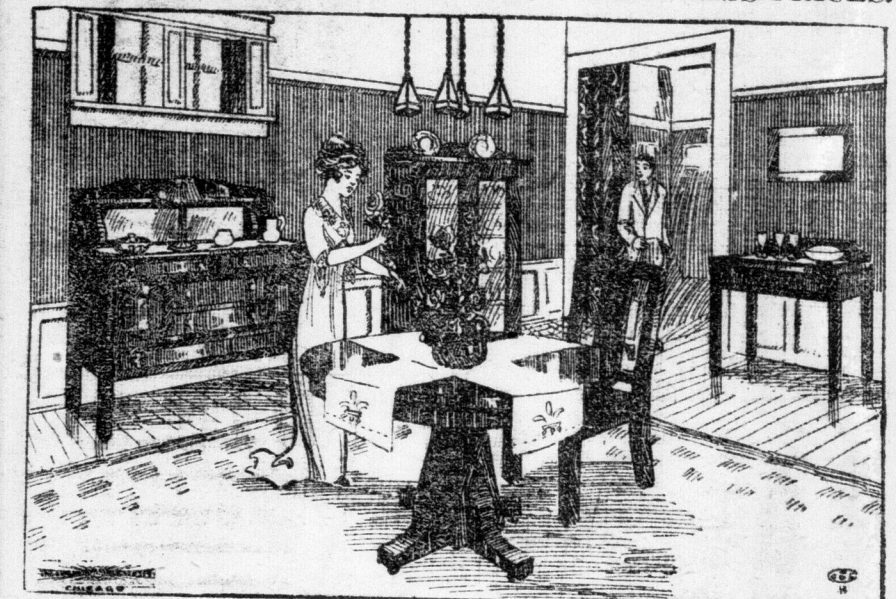
OF PLEASING DESIGN

Every good housewife takes pardonable pride in the ap-
pearance and comfort of the dining-room. No room of the
house has such a subtle influence upon the health and happi-
ness of the family.

A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF DINING-ROOM FURNI-
TURE just received will interest you. It includes numerous
new ideas that will be sure to offer suggestions in home-
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Beautiful Solid Quartered
Oak Pedestal Extension
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\$15.86 to \$45

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in fumed or golden quartered
oak. A full assortment
at reduced prices.
\$19.76 \$68

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culture and refinement who appreciate perfect service, delightful
surroundings and excellent cuisine. Rates are moderate. Many rooms
overlook the Hudson River. Apartments single or en suite.

Write for Moses King's new illustrated Book In colors. It contains 150
photo views of things worth seeing in the metropolis of America.
It is free to those contemplating a visit to the Hotel Belleclaire.

ROBERT D. BLACKMAN, Manager

A CALL FOR BACHELORS.

[Montreal Mail.]
A call for 65 bachelors has reached Mon-
treal from a village near Syracuse, where
there are 65 widows owning property.
Railway time-tables may be obtained at
any hotel.

SUSPICIOUS.

[Montreal Mail.]
A man leaves a will with very gen-
erous provisions in it, and is found
to have been insane. Suspicion was
aroused by the unusual generosity of
the deceased.



Now Is Your Chance to Secure a Desirable Building Lot in Manor Park

(CORNER WHARNCLIFFE AND TECUMSEH)

SIZE From 32 to 40 feet wide.
From 100 to 137 feet deep. PRICE From \$137 to \$240 a lot.
\$5 down and \$5 monthly.

TERMS No interest whatever, no taxes for first two years.

Your landlord will eventually sell the house, and you will have to move or pay still more
rent. Don't wait until then.

Now is the time to prepare for that day which may not be far away.

Mrs. E. J. Quick, of 58 Tecumseh avenue, called at our office last Monday, April 20, and
told us she wanted to buy a lot in MANOR PARK, and start the building of her house at
once, for she must move out before next Saturday.

She bought Lot No. 203, MANOR PARK (it is on Briscoe street) and started to build
the following morning, and expects to be living in her temporary home today.

You also may have to move out in a hurry, and MANOR PARK lots will not wait for
you. Now is the best time to secure one.

MANOR PARK building lots are nice, high and level, within twenty minutes' easy
walking distance from Richmond and Dundas streets, and only one block to street cars.

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