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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 5.

THE LAURIER REVIVAL.

The response evoked by Laurier's tour of Ontario, which comes to a close with the meeting at Mount Forest, has surprised even the veteran himself, who is accustomed to crowds and enthusiasm. He witnessed no such scenes in this Province, even when he was prime minister, and had the prestige of office and patronage. Not in the political annals of Canada has a public man been so overwhelmingly acclaimed one year after a reverse of fortune. And this wonderful welcome has been his in the Province where the tide ran most strongly against him, and has been equally fervent in divisions where his candidates were defeated—in Northern Ontario, Stormont and Peterborough—as in Oxford and Kent which were loyal to him.

Shrewd observers see in the series of demonstrations a recession of the wave which swept his government out of office. No one today imagines that the conjuror's tricks, which gave his opponents all but fourteen of the Ontario seats a year ago, could be repeated with the same results tomorrow. The shifting of a few thousand electors from one party to the other may turn the scale under our present imperfect system of representation, and a number sufficient for this purpose were deceived in Ontario by the spurious loyalty cry and the stage-managed propaganda of Mr. Arthur Hawkes, coupled with whispered appeals to religious feeling, but not all of them can be fooled a second time. In the counties of Middlesex, Huron, Essex, Bruce, Oxford and Perth, a shifting of 600 voters might cost the Government nine ridings, where its aggregate majority was less than a thousand votes. Today Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his advisers would welcome an appeal to the sober second thought of Ontario. Every circumstance since the general election has worked to the advantage of the Liberal party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier made his present task easy when he took impregnable ground on the two dominant issues of the navy and the farmers' market, while in office. Out of office he has not had to abandon an inch of his ground, while his opponents are driven from pillar to post by exigencies growing out of their campaign tactics. They deserted the Conservative policy of reciprocity in natural products in order to make a false appeal to patriotic sentiment in the English-speaking provinces. They deserted the Canadian navy policy, of which they were joint authors, in order to appeal to Nationalist prejudices in Quebec. They are now paying the penalty in a loss of confidence and support in both Ontario and Quebec. Laurier's has not been long in eclipse. The shadow has passed, and is now beginning to dim the lustre of Mr. Borden, in the early dawn of his premiership.

THE FEELING IN THE WEST.

It has been matter for wonder that any western grain-grower, Liberal or Conservative, or indeed, any Western Canadian businessman at all depending directly on the products of the soil, could oppose the reciprocity pact last year. The question has arisen in many minds since the grain blockade of last winter whether many who voted Conservative in the election would be glad of another chance to express a changed opinion. The failure of Laurier's attempt to carry through what all parties had desired, the immediate results of that failure, and the grave prospects for the future in the West all seem so ludicrously unnecessary that one thinking over the situation can hardly imagine how Manitoba any more than Saskatchewan and Alberta will be so foolish as to acquiesce.

Mr. T. H. Race, of Mitchell, the veteran journalist, who directed the manufacturers' exhibition train through the West in the summer, supplies an answer to questioning about the attitude of the West. Writing to the St. Marys Argus he gives a mass of reasons for his prophecy that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be voted back to power at the first chance.

He quotes from letters and conversations of many who opposed reciprocity at the election but now would do anything to get it. This is what a prominent farmer at Shoal Lake told him:

"I grew six thousand bushels of barley last year, and in February I loaded up three cars and took half of it to Winnipeg. They held me up there for five days with an offer of 56 cents a bushel, having graded my barley No. 3 mailing. I had the Minneapolis market quotations, but they told me at Winnipeg that my barley would not pass the test at Minneapolis. After getting out of patience with what I considered a hold-up, I struck out with my three cars for Minneapolis. I paid the duty and freight and submitted a sample of my stuff. In less than five minutes my barley was graded No. 2 mailing, and I took the price quoted for the grade. After every expense was paid I took home just a clean

nine hundred dollars more than I would have got had I sold in Winnipeg. That \$900, he continued, says more to me than all the political talk they can put up, and as soon as I get time I am off to Minneapolis with the rest of my barley."

A letter from a merchant firm in London tells a similar story about oats:

"This elevator here is loading out two cars of oats for Oregon, and they can pay the duty of 20 cents a bushel and freight and sell them in Oregon at a profit of 9 cents a bushel over our markets. This will show you that the farmers of this district could realize 23 cents a bushel more for their oats had we got reciprocity, which would have opened a big market for Alberta oats."

There is a note of resentment that is not to be mistaken and should not be ignored. Mr. Race received some surprising proofs. A newspaper article by a Conservative clergyman of Milestone, Sask., who opposed reciprocity in 1911, advocates secession if reciprocity is not granted. "He has changed since last September," said his wife, "and everybody has changed here." The situation as affecting the eastern manufacturer himself is well voiced in a letter from an Alberta real estate broker:

"There is no hostility to the eastern manufacturer's goods, but there will be a strong protest against his action in refusing the western farmer free access to his nearest market." Mr. Race finds the West more than willing to continue a moderate protection of the eastern industries. But even the Conservative province of Manitoba now wants reciprocity, which means to the West freedom to sell in the American market. Mr. Race expects to see Macdonald, Mann, won by the Liberals. A wave is arising all over the West of exasperation against the hold-up combines who have placed Mr. Borden in power, and would like to make Canada their milch cow. The country is returning to Laurier for larger markets.

THE DISHONESTY OF IT.

The Winnipeg Telegram, the leading Conservative journal of the prairie provinces, standing in close relation to Hon. Robert Rogers, said in Wednesday's edition:

"Nothing more grossly unfair has characterized the political struggle in the west than the attack on Arthur Meighen, M. P., in the matter of the duty on agricultural implements. Mr. Meighen has done more solid work for the farmers in connection with farm implement duties than any other one man in either party. He has had able and sympathetic assistance from Conservative members, but the question has been his particular study and he is an authority on the subject. "When he brought the matter before the House of Commons he did so from the point of view of a man who has convinced himself that duties are excessive, unfair and oppressive, and by his demonstration, he convinced the greater portion of the Conservatives in the House. He did not carry the House with him, however, because the agricultural implement trust had the ear of the Laurier Government, and its arguments against the reduction of duties on implements carried more weight with the Government than Mr. Meighen's in favor of such reduction."

Readers are asked to contrast this with the assertion of the Conservative organ in this city on the eve of the last campaign, that a reduction of 5 per cent. in the duty of agricultural implements would close down the implement works of George White & Sons. This was and is the two-faced attitude of Laurier's enemies toward the tariff. They had one cry for the east, and a different cry for the west on this question, just as they had one cry for Ontario on the navy, and another for Quebec.

So far the Balkan war cloud has restricted its operations to the stock market. The submarine and the airship are running each other close in the race of death.

A contemporary explains that Laurier's tour was undertaken with the object of "heartening" the old man. There is no sign that the old man ever lost heart, but his present welcome must be disheartening to his enemies.

Hon. Robert Rogers says the West has lost nothing by the defeat of reciprocity. With the market reports staring him in the face, Mr. Rogers is like the man in the familiar story, who saw a giraffe for the first time and remarked, "There ain't no such animal!"

Under Laurier Washington came to Ottawa to beg for favors. Under Borden Ottawa goes to Washington to beg for them. The Ottawa Government's request for a cheaper rate on American railways for Canadian grain is the height of impertinence after its anti-American campaign.

Laurier will be 71 on Nov. 20, and is making fine speeches a day in good voice. Yet in his youth he was so frail that he was refused insurance. It often happens that persons who are forced to take care of their health outlive those who are born with good constitutions and let their health take care of itself.

The editor of the Toronto News writes to the London Times:

"Admittedly the former Nationalists who support Mr. Borden are in a difficult position, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attack is deadly. In his attitude towards the navy Sir Wilfrid shows consistency, candor, and dignity, and there is nothing in his observations of which Mr. Borden can fairly complain."

Why not insert this in the Toronto News?

USEFUL INFORMATION.

[Current Literature.]

Donald and Jeanie were putting down a carpet. Donald slammed the end of his thumb with the hammer and began to pour forth his soul in language befitting the occasion.

"Donald, Donald," shrieked Jeanie, horrified. "Don't say that way that way!"

"Wummm!" vociferated Donald; "gin ye know any better way, now is the time to let me know it!"

THE AGING PROCESS.

[Boston Transcript.]

She—So you've seen, papa. Did he say anything about your being too young?

He—Yes; but he said when I once began to pay your bills I would age rapidly enough.

RATHER CUTTING.

[London Opinion.]

He—I must apologize for not turning up at your party last night.

She—Oh, weren't you there?

STRANGE GIRL.

[Judge's Library.]

"A very singular incident happened at the theatre last night."

"Yes, what was it?"

"A beautiful girl came in wearing a gorgeous gown."

"But what was singular about that?"

"Why, she came in only 15 minutes before it was time for the show to begin."

THE FLAT RATE.

[Stratford Beacon.]

The London Advertiser, the most reliable journal, quoted London's industrial commissioner as having stated that in order to obtain new industries London should have a flat power rate.

The Stratford Herald reproduces a paragraph from the Free Press, in which the commissioner is made to say that he was speaking of an ideal condition, which, he added, was impossible.

The commissioner had better stick to his ideals as expressed in The Advertiser if he hopes to do much for London's industrial expansion.

A VISITING BLUNDERBUSS.

[Toronto Star.]

Mr. Walter Long was once described by Mr. Winston Churchill as that sportsman who must always be letting off his blunderbuss, "sometimes hitting the wrong man and sometimes hitting himself." The description seems to have been an apt one.

A CHANCE FOR THE CANADIAN RICH.

[Toronto Globe.]

Miss McCormick, an American lady not long resident in Toronto, has put \$25,000 into the playgrounds movement in this city. Where are the native-born rich, for whom Sir Edmund Osler set such an excellent example?

EATING AND DRINKING.

[London Chronicle.]

The advice which Sydney Smith gave to Lord Murray on the subject of diet was probably sound. If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life," he wrote, "eat and drink about one-half of what you could eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculations about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon, so as to preserve health and strength, and what I did live upon, I found that, between 10 and 15 years of age, I had eaten and drunk 44 horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nourishment I considered to be worth 27,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully 100 persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true."

THE POSTMAN'S LUCK.

[Toronto News.]

An English suffragette put a stamp on herself, addressed herself to Winston Churchill, and presented herself at the postoffice as a package. She was delivered at the admiralty office, but Churchill was out. How would like to be the postman?

HIS FEED.

[Obar, N. M. Press.]

Watermelons are getting so plentiful around Obar that farmers are feeding them to the hogs. We had several this week.

SOME SATISFACTION.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

"Are you the landlord of this hotel?" asked the guest who had his baggage on the porch.

"I guess I be," answered the man with the pale eyes.

"Well, I want to hand this little sentiment to you. Your hotel is positively the worst I have ever seen in this country, and I've travelled all over it."

"I know it," answered the landlord.

"And I have a kinder pride in it. Lemme tell you something about it. Every time we get better a board bill it's sure some satisfaction to know that we got the best of the feiler that done it."

A THEOLOGICAL MERGER.

[Hamilton Times.]

The Presbyterian, Anglican, Methodist and Congregational colleges of Montreal will merge their lectures, thus saving expense, and showing the way to union of the churches.

SURE SIGN.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Crawford—"Do you think he's hen-pecked?"

Crabshaw—"He never mentioned it, but I've noticed that the portraits over his fireplace are those of his wife's folks."

REAL PUZZLE.

[Yonkers Statesman.]

Mrs. Bacon—"I never saw a puzzle my brother couldn't do. He's really a wonder."

Mr. Bacon—"I wish you'd take this timetable down to him and see if he can make anything out of it."

WISE HUSBY.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"Hubby, we must give a reception."

"It will cost too much."

"Oh, no. I can rent some plants and some dishes and some palms."

"But you can't rent the sandwiches and the ice-cream."

HIS PROUD BOAST.

[Kansas City Star.]

"Ah!" interestingly ejaculated the city visitor, "and that is your oldest inhabitant?"

"A venerable figure, truly. I fancy he looks back on a life as full of useful achievement as it has been long."

"Well, not to hurt, exactly," a trifle pessimistically replied the landlord of the Skeedee tavern. "About all he's ever done, that I know of, is to brag that he had a second cousin a good many years ago who got arrested on suspicion of being Jesse James."

NOT AT THE FINISH.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"You say you spent your vacation canoeing with friends?"

"We were friends when the expedition started."

LEACOCK, THE MARK TWAIN OF CANADA

[By Special Arrangement with the Winnipeg Telegram.]

Stephen Leacock, professor of political economy in McGill University, Montreal, might well be called the Mark Twain of Canada. He is our national humorist. He has still several hundred miles to travel before he will reach Mark's standard, but he has all the whimsical egotism and gift for exaggeration which characterized the great American funmaker. In "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" (Bell & Cockburn, Toronto), Professor Leacock has given to the public his best work, and it is a book of which he need not feel ashamed, a book which every Canadian will recognize as a literary product of the soil.

There is a preface to this book which no reader should skip. Usually it is best to pass on to the first chapter in any book, but this preface is in a class by itself, and is so interesting that I wish to occupy the rest of my space today in giving some idea of it to those who may not believe that it is their patriotic duty to buy the professor's book. In this preface the author attempts the very daring feat of giving an account of his own life. It is almost impossible to write an autobiography without trying to impress the public with your solid worth. Professor Leacock has done this, but he has done it in a very foxy way. He throws bouquets at himself, but at the same time he winks his other eye, as if to say, "Do not take me too seriously." He pokes a good deal of fun at himself, but, just the same, when you get to the book side of the preface you have come to the conclusion that this gentleman, who professes political economy at McGill, is a rather brilliant citizen of the great Dominion. It takes nerve to write this kind of preface, a great deal of nerve, and I question whether the average reader will appreciate it.

Professor Leacock tells us that he was born in England, but was brought to this country by his parents when he was a boy of seven years of age. He was brought up on the farm, but is evidently glad that he did not stay there. "My father," he says, "took up a farm near Lake Simcoe, in Ontario. This was during the hard times of Ontario farming, and my father was just able by great diligence to pay the hired men, and in years of plenty, to raise enough grain to have seed for the next year's crop without buying any. By this process my brothers and I were inevitably driven off the land, and have become professors, businessmen and engineers, instead of being able to grow up as farm laborers." This is rather unpleasant egotism. And this passage is like unto it: "I was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, of which I was head boy in 1887. From there I went to the University of Toronto, where I graduated in 1891. At the university, I spent my entire time in the acquisition of languages, living, dead, and half-dead, and knew nothing of the outside world. In this diligent pursuit of words I spent about sixteen hours of each day. Very soon after graduation I had forgotten the languages, and found myself intellectually bankrupt. In other words I was what is called a distinguished graduate, and, as such, I took to school teaching as the only trade I could find that needed neither experience nor intellect."

He also informs us that he went to the University of Chicago and took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy there in 1903, but he breaks the force of this news by making the comment: "The meaning of this degree is that the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. After this, no new ideas can be imparted to him." Referring to his present position, he calls it one of the prizes of his profession, but evidently he is not too much lifted up in mind because he is head of his department in a large university. The smallness of the salary tends to keep him humble, or he says: "The emolument is so high as to place me distinctly above the policemen, postmen, street-car conductors, and other salaried officials of the neighborhood, while I am able to mix with the poorer of the businessmen of the city on terms of something like equality." He is glad, however, when he remembers that he has "what the businessman can never enjoy, an ability to think, and what is still better, to stop thinking altogether for months at a time." From these quotations it can be seen what an original affair this preface really is. It has its defects, but even the most modest of men can become obnoxious when he writes an account of his own career.

Have you declared for the recall of the umbrella yet? Neither have we.

Talk about rare days in June, but give us a few well-done ones in October.

The old-fashioned balloon that killed a man and a boy Friday must have been inspired by jealousy.

Funny how great minds have the same brainstorms. Toronto wants a federal square, too.

Another "Seven Sleepers." A Hensall correspondent sends the following:

Talk about a London chipmunk going to sleep for the winter, we have seven men in one of our churches who sleep regularly through the Sunday services the year round.

Have You a Red Boy in Your Home? Sign in store window.

RED BOYS' SWEATERS AT A BARGAIN.

Why should anyone take carboles when aviation is so much quicker?

Between the auctioneers and the peach salesmen the market place is a pretty fair imitation of a gift-tongues meeting.

How to Understand Electricity. They tell the story of a deaf Richter that when he began his public career and came in touch with the affairs of the hydro-electric commission he immediately began a professional course in electricity and mastered it. He secured the assistance of the best electrical experts in the city, and came to have an understanding of the subject not possessed by many public men. It is not to be wondered that he can so forcefully undertake a criticism, nor that many citizens are endeavoring to have him take his place on the board of water commissioners.

A SURE-ENOUGH GERMAN PERIL. Swat the Kaiser! Swat the Kaiser! Black his eyes and muss his hair! This the cry of Premier Borden. As he raves in black despair.

'Tis the cry of Premier Borden. As he raves in black despair.

This the cry that we must stand for. All this winter, everywhere!

He is planning (we are told so by a member of his crew), To exploit the German bogey, To scare me and to scare you.

And the plan that he has chosen. Bold, and by an evil hand, Is to make his cabinet misfits March forth as a German band.

"Wacht am Rhine, and 'Ach der Lieber!'" Horrors never heard before! This will be a stalking peril, Mad'n'ing us from shore to shore.

This is sure a German peril. We will have the Kaiser's gore If those imitation Dutchmen Toot each day before our door.

Having paid \$2.50 for a soft shirt in July, it's a pleasant thing to see its bosom companion hung up with a "Take me for 62 cents" card in October.

Is This Intended as a Pun? [Simcoe Examiner.]

The cannery factory is running day and night to catch up with their work.

Dangers of Turning Them Too Low. [Strathroy Dispatch.]

Talk about your small farm houses. A young man in his vicinity recently lost his way in one—Metcalfe correspondence.

How It Happened. [Beamsville Express.]

Among the Baker's wedding is mentioned the wedding of the Miller nuptials. That baker must have gone to see the miller's daughter as well as for the dough.

Please Omit Flowers. [Ailsa Craig Banner.]

This is a strange word and you can never tell when a change is coming. A few weeks ago the oceanic Steamer and happy and today he's married. Let Ed the tailor and the big Dr. beware—Riverside correspondence.

Why Travellers Get Black Eyes. [Hensall Observer.]

Here's something easy. A commercial man, while in town yesterday offered to bet \$25 that during the coming winter there would not be a week of continuous sleighing. He based his estimate on the fur-bearing animals' condition, and the scarcity of nuts.

Called It Most Everything. [Harriston Review.]

"Yankee" Green, of Arthur, was in town on Tuesday with a six-wheeled automobile at least that's what he called it was, but John McKenzie called it a contraption and its right name is a pile-driver, according to that eminent mechanical engineer, George McIntosh.

TITANIC LIABILITY

Company Liable Only to Extent of \$95,000, Court's Decision.

[Canadian Press.]

New York, Oct. 5.—The limit of liability for the owners of the steamship Titanic, which sank on April 15, was set yesterday at \$95,000, as compared with claims for damages which aggregate over a million dollars.

The limit was set by Justice Hough, of the United States district court, upon petition of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, Limited, which owned the vessel. The company furnished bond for the amount as security for paying the claims pro rata.

A few weeks ago the oceanic Steamer, connected with the steamer, except the fourteen lifeboats, became a total loss in the disaster. The pet owners claimed exemption from liability under the statutes of the United States and the general rule in admiralty.

Another Wreck Victim.

Kingston, Oct. 5.—Mrs. Augusta Fahland, of Cram Falls, Wis., died in Hotel Dieu this morning, making the second victim of the wreck on the Bay of Quinte Railway at Sydenham road, 4 miles from here, Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Fahland was returning to her home from a visit in this district when the train was wrecked. Deceased was 65 years of age.



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