

London Advertiser.

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FOUNDER AND MANAGER, John Cameron.

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Will Go to the Country With a Strong Record.

In the near future the Legislature of Ontario will be dissolved, and the constituencies will be called upon to pronounce upon the records of the past parties. The Government of Ontario, even by the confession of many of those who have entertained Conservative views with regard to national affairs, is able to present a record that the Opposition find it hard to combat. This view is strengthened by the attempt which Mr. Whitney and his associates have made to get away from their past declarations on the stump, allowing canvassers to privately say what they deem it bad policy to affirm in public. They are pursuing the Opposition policy of 1894, but not on the platform, and they hope by this hide-and-seek expedient to win votes that would be against them were they at all times open and above board.

In marked contrast with the Opposition policy is that of the Administration. The Ontario Government presents a record of careful management of the affairs of the people. The reply of the Opposition is that the Government ought to be defeated because it did not assume the functions of Providence and prevent the outbreak of hog cholera at the Humber piggery. In 1894 there was much loss to the Dominion because of the prevalence of virulent disease among cattle owned by Canada at the experimental farm, Ottawa. But no one was so absolutely foolish or unfair as to suggest that the late Ottawa Government ought to be defeated because of that outbreak. That kind of argument was left to Mr. St. John, the Toronto lawyer, in default of any more weighty accusation. Surely when the Minister in charge placed the management of the piggery and of the outbreak in the hands of the most experienced veterinary surgeons in the Dominion, with orders that the public interest should be the one point to be aimed at, he did his full duty. The evidence given by these veterinary experts proves that these orders were carried out.

By the fruits of the management of the Government it must be judged, and as experienced investigators who have visited this Province assert that nowhere the world over are the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and those otherwise afflicted, looked after with greater care than in Ontario, they can appeal with confidence to their fellow-countrymen. Nowhere are the public institutions managed more economically than in this Province. In his late budget speech the Provincial Treasurer proved this to a demonstration. Opposition critics, it is true, maintain that this record could be improved upon; but they are hardly sincere, since they gave their warmest support to the late Government at Ottawa, whose management of public institutions, like the penitentiary at Kingston, made a most unfavorable contrast with Provincial administration of the Central Prison. The Ontario penal institution was conducted at a cost to the taxpayer very much less than that attending the management of the Dominion penitentiary.

Let us take, as critics of the manner in which the Ontario Government has administered the resources of the Province, not avowedly Liberal journals, but newspapers conducted by avowed Conservatives, and generally found ranged with the Opposition. The Montreal Star is a newspaper of this description. It contrasted the expenditures of Ontario for the present year with those of the sister Province of Quebec in an interesting manner the other day. Said this Conservative contemporary:

"The estimated expenditure of the Province of Ontario for the coming year is \$3,257,000, while the Quebec total is \$4,955,000. Of the Quebec estimated expenditure \$1,044,000 is for the interest on the provincial debt, and \$311,942 for railway subsidies, thus leaving scarcely more than half of the total revenue to be used for other purposes. In Ontario \$21,000 is to be spent on education, \$25,000 on agriculture, Quebec, \$159,000. For maintenance of prisons, reformatories, asylums and hospitals, Ontario will pay \$355,000; Quebec, \$334,000. It will cost Quebec \$190,470 for legislation, while Ontario will get along with only \$127,000 for that item. Civil government will cost \$270,826 in Quebec, while Ontario will have to pay only \$252,232 under the same head."

Let it not be forgotten that Ontario had a population at last census of 2,114,321, while Quebec had only 1,485,235 inhabitants. Even stronger testimony to the Government's careful administration of the affairs of the Province is given by the Toronto Telegram, controlled by Mr. John Ross Robertson, Independent Conservative M. P. for East Toronto. It takes this ground:

"The financial critics of the Opposition may go through the motions of an attack upon the financial and administrative records of the Ontario Government, but their speeches are not likely to alter the general public feeling that the record of the Liberal party in Ontario is in this respect on the whole creditable. It would be well for Toronto if its administrators had guarded the public resources as carefully and spent the public money as frugally as the resources of Ontario have been guarded and the money of Ontario expended."

The Monetary Times, the leading commercial journal of the Province, allied with neither of the political parties, says that the finances of the Province are in a flourishing condition, and that the Ontario budget speech,

given the other day, differed from all others, in that it dealt with a permanent surplus and not with a deficit.

With such testimony to their careful administration of the affairs of Ontario from independent sources, Premier Hardy and his associates can certainly go to the Province, with assurance that the great majority of the people are ready to vote for their return to power.

The Ontario Government's receipts for the year ending Dec. 31 last were \$372,172 over the expenditure. This is a nice little nest egg with which to begin the year 1898. It is also an effective answer to the statements made by Messrs. Whitney and Matheson, Opposition orators, on the stump last fall. Then they asserted that there would be a deficit of \$600,000! They thought a general election would take place on a session of the Legislature, and before the financial statement could be officially made.

Cheap Feed and Good Hogs.

Rye, corn, oats and peas are all bringing higher prices today than was paid for them at this time last year. This, too, in spite of the fact that corn for feeding purposes is much more freely imported now than formerly. In this connection we notice a foolish charge, recently made by a trade restrictionist contemporary. It said:

"The Ottawa Government took the duty off western corn, largely with the idea that they were encouraging our pork raisers by inducing them to feed this corn, instead of the coarse grains grown in this country."

The Ottawa Government did nothing of the kind. The farmers of Canada found that in feeding the United States cattle raisers had a distinct advantage over them because of cheap corn, and many petitions were presented to Parliament for the removal of the duty on this commodity. This being done, we have seen that the price for the home-grown coarse grains has not been decreased, while our farmers have been able to get an abundance of feed on an equality with their competitors in the United States. Our contemporary seems to regard the farmers of Canada as men of an extremely low type of intellect. It insinuates that all these years in which they have been bringing to a high standard their hog products they were groping in the dark, and that they will feed corn, or any other commodity, exclusively to their pigs merely because it has been cheaper! As the Farmer Advocate well puts it, "there is no particular secret about the success of Canadian bacon. For a good many years our breeders and farmers have been breeding for the ideal bacon type, and this, coupled with an intelligent method of feeding and management, has left the Western States hog-man, with his unclean, wholesale methods, and big, fat animals, far in the rear. The moral for the Canadian is that he cannot now afford in any particular to relax the efforts that have proved advantageous in the past. So says the Dominion Minister of Agriculture and every authority on the subject."

The Advertiser said the other day: "It is understood that the newly-elected London City Council will appoint two women trustees to take the place of the Collegiate Institute trustees who retire this year. A woman trustee will be a novelty in London. Whereupon the Brantford Examiner talked up: 'Here's a tip for Brantford aldermen! The Telephone City cannot afford to be outdone in gallantry where members of the fair sex are concerned.'"

East Lambton's Coming Member.

H. J. Pettypiece, the Liberal candidate in East Lambton for the Ontario Legislature, is the editor and proprietor of the Forest Free Press, one of the many prosperous local papers in Western Ontario. Mr. Pettypiece was born 42 years ago in Essex county, and there spent the first 24 years of his life on the farm. But as has been the case on hundreds of other Ontario farms, the number of acres was not sufficient to give employment to all the boys, and he went into the employ of the Amherstburg Echo as reporter, and local writer. After four years service there he went to Forest in 1888, and with Mr. W. H. Auld, now of Essex, purchased the Free Press. In 1888 he bought out Mr. Auld's interest in the paper, and has since been its sole proprietor. Mr. Pettypiece served one year as town councillor in Forest very acceptably, but declined to stand for re-election. He was for two years a member of the East Lambton board of license commissioners, and with his colleagues on the board wiped out every shop license in the riding, none of which have since been renewed. This effective and advanced movement in the cause of temperance was made by the board without any agitation or outside influence, and stands to the credit of the commissioners as a move in the right direction. Mr. Pettypiece has for many years been one of the most active directors of the East Lambton Farmers' Institute, in which he takes a deep interest. He received his early political training with the late provincial secretary, Hon. W. D. Balfour, of Essex, and since he went to Lambton has taken an active part in every political contest in that county, always doing effective work, especially in the last Dominion election campaign, when he was ably assisted by Mr. John Fraser in redeeming East Lambton. It was principally in recognition of these services, in which he spared neither time nor money, that he was given the nomination for the riding a few days ago. An Advertiser representative, who has been through a considerable portion of the riding during the past month, found that there is a general feeling that Mr. Pettypiece will be elected by a large majority, and a useful parliamentary career is predicted for him.

Cheap Sugar. See India Tea Company's ad., sixth page, tomorrow. WY.

PERCHED ON THE PEDESTAL OF SUPERIORITY

INDO-CYLON TEA.

HAS NO EQUAL, PURE, FRAGRANT AND DELICIOUS. ALL GROCERS, LEAD PACKETS.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c Per Pound.

Good and Bad Club Houses.

Characteristic Discourse by Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.

Dr. Talmage's discourse will be helpful to those who want to find places with healthful and improving surroundings, and to avoid places deleterious. His text is II. Samuel, ii, 14: "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got a unlucky clip or in some way had his fire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contest by the hair and then with his sword thrusting him in the side! So that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of the danger of the club-house? In the one case it may become a healthful recreation, like the contest of the 24 men in the pool when they began their play; in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the sword, who they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes. In the one case they are gathered by the blunt, old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club."

If you have read history you know that there was a King's Head Club, a Ben Johnson Club, a Brother's Club, a Club of the Swift, a Club of the Longed, a Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; a Jacobin Club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto Club. Some of these to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to destroy the bad, some to destroy the soul. If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France and the United States for the last one hundred years, he will write the history of the world. The club was an institution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere. Who shall tell how many belong to that kind of club where men put purses together and open house, apportioning the expense of caterer and servants and room and have a sort of domestic establishment—a style of club house which in my opinion is far better than the ordinary hotel or boarding house? But my object now is to speak of club houses of a different sort, such as the Cosmos, or Chevy Chase, or Lincoln Clubs, of this capital, or the "Union Leagues" of many cities; the United Service Club, of London, the Lotus Club of New York, where journalists, dramatists, sculptors, painters and artists, from all branches, gather together to discuss newspapers, theaters and elaborate art, like the Americle, which camps out in summer time, dimpling the pool with its hook and around the trees the stars of the hunt; like the Century Club, which has its large group of venerable lawyers and poets; like the Army and Navy Club, where those who engaged in war-like service once on land or the sea now come together to talk over the days of carnage; like the New York Yacht Club, with its floating palaces of beauty; the fleet of pleasure boats belonging to the club have cost over \$2,000,000; like the American Jockey Club, like the Travelers Club, the Blossom Club, the Pacific Club, the Commercial Club, the Liberal Club, the Stable Gang Club, the Amateur Boat Club, the gambling clubs, the wine clubs, the clubs as can be, clubs innumerable. During the day they are comparatively lazy and do nothing, but when the curtain of the night falls, then the curtain of the club-house hoists for votes will be taken. Let us hasten up, now, the marble stairs. What an imperial hall! See! here are parlors on the side, with the holocaust of the Kremlin and the Tuilleries; and here are dining-halls that challenge you to mention any luxury that they cannot afford; and here are galleries with sculpture, and paintings, and lithographs, and drawings from the best of artists. On this side there are reading rooms where you can find all newspapers and magazines, and on that side there is a library, where you find all books, from hermetics to the fairy tale. Coming in and out there are gentlemen, some of whom stay ten minutes, others stay many hours. Some of these are from luxurious homes, and they have excused themselves for a while from the domestic circle that they may enjoy the larger sociability of the club house. But for the most part, they are men who, and they have a plain lodging somewhere, but they come to this club-house to have their chief enjoyment. One black and amid ten votes will be cast for a man's becoming a member. For rowdiness, for drunkenness, for gambling, for any kind of misdeeds, a member is dropped out. Brilliant club house from top to bottom. The chamber of the prince, the furniture, the companionship, the literature, the social prestige, a complete enchantment. We hasten out into the street, and so come to another style of club house. Opening the door, we find the fumes of strong drink and tobacco smoking almost intolerable. These young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at, from the flushed

cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice, or of moving the "chips." They are gambling. At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three-fourths intoxicated, and between 12 and 1 o'clock they will go staggering, howling, swearing, shouting, on their way home. That is an only son. On him kindness, all the culture has been bestowed. He is paying his parents in this way for their kindness. That is a young married man, who only a few months ago, at the altar, made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all of the implements of dissipation and of quick death. As the hour of the night goes away, the small conversation becomes imbecile and more deluding. Now it is time to shut up, those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and stand against the lamp-post, or against the railings of the fence. The young man who is not able to stand will have a bed improvised for him in the club house, or two not quite so over-come with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the door bell, and the door will open, and two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastly and most heinous spectacle that ever enters a front door—a drunken man. If the dissipating club houses of this country would make a contract with the inferno to provide it ten thousand men a year, and for twenty years, on condition that no more should be asked of them, the club houses could afford to make that contract, and I have no doubt that they would. I have been longed to four clubs: A theological club, a ball club, and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member, or the club to which you have been invited, is a legitimate or an illegitimate club house.

First of all I want you to test your club by its influence on the home. If you have a home, I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three-fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervous and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and benevolence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his club door step, and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic, or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity, is breaking her own acceptor of power. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated. But let not men sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrifice. They are as genial as angels as the club house, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine, supper, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dresses and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and is guilty of moral bigamy.

The influence which some of the club houses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men. The admission fee sits out the penurious, and leaves only the best fellows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole-souled, they are talented. Oh, I begrudge the devil such a price. Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. Let me say to young men who do not know, He knows all about it. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea-hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea-table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table, the father shakes back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, come back after midnight, and that is the history of three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year. Does any man want to satisfy himself by saying that that is healthy, that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

Time will pass on, and the son will be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and you will be at the tea-table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the club-house, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night-key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more by initially dragged than that that you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes ropemakers will take very small threads and wind them together until after a while they make a very strong rope, and am going to take some very small, delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together, and have one of the strongest ropes that ever was made. Then, I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of darkness that precedes a very stout thread of light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarlet that lit up the street, and I twist them together, and have one of the strongest threads that ever was made. And then I twist all these threads together, and I have another thread. Then I take a thread of

SECOND WEEK.

1898 Runians & Butler 1898

JANUARY

WHITE GOODS

SALE

We'll open today (Tuesday) with a sale of White Goods that will surpass anything ever attempted in the city of London. For months past we've been making preparations for this White Goods Sale, and just now, when the tide's at the ebb, we're prepared to show shoppers such values in White Underwear and White Goods generally as they have never seen before.

SEE OUR BIG EAST WINDOW FOR STYLES AND PRICES.

Ladies' White Underwear, latest American styles, brand new goods, and different to what you'll see anywhere else. White Linens, White Cottons, White Lawns, White Muslins, White Quilts, White Sheetings, White Pillow Casings, etc., etc.

Dress Goods.

The success already achieved in our Big Dress Goods Department has stimulated the management to greater efforts, and tomorrow morning we will place on sale three lots of the most fashionable Fancy Dress Goods at just one half the regular price to clear.

50c Goods for 25c
75c Goods for 40c
\$1 Goods for 50c

SEE OUR BIG WEST WINDOW FOR GOODS AND PRICES.

Millinery, Mantles and Furs at close prices to clear. Boots and Shoes at manufacturers' prices. Special prices in Crockery, Glassware, Chinaware and Lamps.

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ASK FOR THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO.'S WELL KNOWN BRANDS.

BEST QUALITY LATEST STYLES

All Dealers... keep them... STANDARD NEVER LOWERED.

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Aerated Ovens

Occupy the Proudest Position of all Stoves in the World.

WHY?

BECAUSE they stand today the recognized representative of the highest development in artistic and scientific stove-building. Their position was not gained and is not maintained by purchased influence. Actual merit and superiority must rise above ordinary competition.

Souvenirs Are Sold Everywhere. One Will Last a Lifetime.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN COMPANY, LIMITED, HAMILTON.

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the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones, before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubim, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world." No, I will take these strands and I will fasten them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed—not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages, but I wind it 'round and 'round the

cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

Poverty wants some things, luxury many, avarice, all things.—Covetous. If you have ever seen a little child in a paroxysm of Croup, or if you have been annoyed by a constant tickling in the throat, you can appreciate the value of Ransom's HIVE Syrup and Tolu, which gives quick relief. 25 cents.