

London Advertiser.

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LONDON, TUESDAY, JAN. 9, 1906.

Britain's Wonderful Commerce.

David Lloyd-George, M. P., the new president of the British Board of Trade, scored a point at Croydon, Friday night, by producing the unpublished trade figures for the last calendar year, showing an immense increase over the previous year. Since 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain began to descend on the decay of British commerce, the exports have increased by \$175,000,000. The returns for the eleven months of 1905, which have been made public, show an advance in exports over the corresponding period in 1904 of \$28,625,000, or 10.5 per cent, and imports have advanced \$13,650,000, or 2.7 per cent. The past year holds the record. The details for the month of November as compared with November, 1904, show that the bulk of the increase was in manufactured goods. In cotton yarns and piece goods, woollens and worsteds, the showing was especially satisfactory. In iron and steel there were gains in almost every department. Machinery exports registered a gain of \$347,000; telegraph cables, \$244,000; chemicals, \$137,000, and leather \$80,000. In fact, there were increases under all headings of manufactured goods, excepting shipping, which records a decline of \$133,000, but British supremacy in this line is firmly established.

The Council's Debut.

The city council has begun the year in a spirit of harmony, which may or may not be due to a party equipoise, but which augurs well for civic affairs. The mayor's inaugural appears to cover the ground fairly well, though the experience has been that these deliveries are usually lost sight of by the council. It is satisfactory to note that he admits the immensity and importance of the Niagara power problem, and advises the council to put forth every effort to obtain cheap power. In the municipal campaign The Advertiser felt in duty bound to call attention to Mr. Judd's record as an opponent of electrical competition. In the case of the Sifton Company's application, and his interest in an existing power plant, but as the head of the city council he will be judged by his actions, whatever his motives may be.

The mayor's suggestion of the appointment of a special railway committee, upon which the council acted, is a good one. The Grand Trunk's plans for the improvement of its facilities in the city will involve negotiations requiring much time and attention. In addition the question of radial railways is of great importance and calls for some initiative on the part of the city. Regret is expressed that the council must start the year with a considerable deficit. Other civic bodies are responsible for the bulk of the overdraft, and the council would appear to have no power to remedy this chronic weakness in the administration of civic finances. It can only exercise moral suasion and endeavor to keep within its own estimates.

British Imports From To.

Russia	\$152,821,911	\$14,985,216
Germany	165,200,053	17,276,132
Holland	168,817,228	72,834,974
Belgium	134,066,612	65,573,616
France	109,083,384	59,696,532
Canada	112,109,810	56,327,343
Argentina	114,628,149	96,657,345
Australia	174,494,083	292,176,281
United States	580,322,038	191,219,295

The advocates of retaliation can found some plausible arguments upon these figures, which demonstrate the vast dependence of foreign countries upon the free British market. Great Britain has the power to inflict incalculable injury upon other nations by means of tariff reprisals. The Balfourites ask to be given this power—the power of negotiation—in order to force other countries to relax their tariffs against British products. The Liberals claim it is a weapon that cuts both ways, and that Britain is dependent upon her system of free imports, which emancipates her industry from taxation, and enables her to sell the products of her workshops to the best advantage in the markets of the world.

Peace or War.

France enters the international conference on Moroccan affairs in a strong moral position, and with the active sympathy of the British Government. The "yellow book" recently issued by the French Government, if no material facts have been suppressed, is a forceful indictment of Germany. The German foreign office realizes that it has been placed on the defensive and will issue a "white book," stating its side of the case. Germany must have a surprise in store if she can justify her own conduct before the court of the nations.

Morocco being coterminous with the French colony of Algeria, the French Government has been under the constant necessity of interfering to put down brigandage and insurrection in Morocco, which have infected Algerian tribes. The Sultan of Morocco finally consented to the establishment of a frontier police force in Algeria, and this was provided for in the Anglo-French convention of 1904. The "yellow book" records the statement of the German chancellor that Germany's only interest in Morocco was the preservation of the equality of commercial opportunity, which was expressly safeguarded in the Anglo-French treaty referred to. Against this treaty Germany for many months entered no protest, leaving it to be inferred that it in no way affected her interests. Then with dramatic suddenness came

the Kaiser's provocative speech at Tangle. The time and place of its delivery appeared to have been chosen with the intention of creating the maximum of disturbance, and confirming his own observation that "when-ever he journeyed abroad the world was troubled." The "yellow book" suggests, although it does not make the charge directly, that the change in Germany's attitude coincided with the overthrow of France's ally, Russia, in the battle of Mukden.

The international conference is the outcome of diplomatic pourparlers in which France has striven to secure from Germany recognition of her privileged position in Morocco. It is believed that France will stand immovably upon this claim and will have the support of the neutral powers. Her hand has been strengthened by Great Britain in demanding that the scope of the conference be limited by this consideration.

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A Missouri attorney boasts that he will put trust magnates in jail. His good opinion of the law must be positively ridiculous to the magnates.

The Ottawa War is busy redistributing cabinet portfolios, and has made Mr. Hyman postmaster-general. He has another guess coming on this.

The Nationalists have decided not to oppose Tim Healey, who was prepared to put up the only scrap which Ireland had a chance to enjoy in the campaign. Perhaps Tim is disappointed, but the House of Commons will not lose its greatest wit.

It passes comprehension why the British general election is spread over two whole weeks. In ridings where the later polls are held, and where electors know how the country is going, there is a great temptation to swim with the current. The system is unfair to the under dog in the fight.

Increase of Golf.

It is estimated that the golf players of the United Kingdom now number 250,000, of whom 20,000 players are resident in London and find their recreation in links close to town. The past year has seen the opening of more than 200 new golf clubs, and 84 on the average each club claims at least 100 acres, 20,000 acres have been taken up since November last for the purpose of making links.

A Rockefeller Square Deal

Mr. Rockefeller has advised young men to turn their thoughts to higher things than money, which is not all there is in the world. If the young men will look after the higher things, Mr. Rockefeller will look after the money.

Where Babies Go in Swimming.

"I shall spend the winter in Samoa," said a traveler. "It is always summer there. There the babies swim." "Can you imagine a quainter, a more charming sight than a host of babies, none over 2 years old, laughing and crowing and swimming like fish in pools of clear sea water?"

"You will see this sight in Samoa, Samoan women believe sea baths benefit babies and in that equable climate they bathe their little ones daily the year round."

"The youngsters soon learn to swim. They can swim before they can walk. And to see these pretty brown babies swimming in the sea is well worth a 5,000-mile trip to Samoa."

The Canadian Winter.

It is a fact that the people of Canada like their winter season—it is only when

they miss it that they realize how much they do. They then have an opportunity of knowing how disagreeable is a land where there is no winter. The tropics have their soggy, enervating, humid "rainy season"; the temperate zones have their raw, cold rains and fogs, or their beastly dust blizzards, and both have a miscellaneous collection of insect pests and reptiles bred of the climate to add in making burdensome the lives of man and beast. What Canadian who was in South Africa would not prefer a Canadian blizzard to a February Cape dust storm? One thousand men we know of, after a year in the snowless south, sent us glad, spontaneous cheer when they saw the snow on the cabin roof of a tug that met the troopship off Halifax harbor.

A Precaution.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
Jigsaw—I just joined the Don't Worry Club.
Higson—Why?
Jigsaw—Going to be married next week.

Circumstantial Evidence.

[Exchange.]
"Is your fiancée a pretty girl?"
"Well, I don't like to say, but she manages always to get a seat in a crowded car."

Character.

[George D. Tripp.]
Character is a bundle of habits. Habits originate in the mind, and are registered on the body.

Golf on the Brain.

[New York Tribune.]
A parallel has been found for the young curate who said, "Here endeth the first inning." An Englishman on Saturday was beaten in golf tournament by a put on the last green. This seems to have proved on this point, for on the following day he gave out, for on the next day he was beaten in golf tournament by a put on the last green. This seems to have proved on this point, for on the following day he gave out, for on the next day he was beaten in golf tournament by a put on the last green.

She Score: Again.

[Exchange.]
They had had another quarrel.
"I won't say marriage is a failure," he began, "for some—He sneered violently. "Some are more fortunate in what they get than others."
She laughed the gay, hard laugh which annoyed him most.
"You are right, dear," she said. "You, for instance, got me; but I—I got only you!"

The Right Kind of Work.

[Life.]
"Want my daughter, eh? What are your prospects?"
"Well, I own a gold mine."
"Working it?"
"No—working the public with it."
"Take her and be happy."

Forgone Conclusion.

[Tom Watson's Magazine.]
Flippin—How was it that statesman wasn't elected?
Flippin—He ran against a politician.

Lynch Law Suggested.

[Springfield Republican.]
In open defiance of public sentiment, the expiring city council of Cincinnati, controlled by Boss Cox, who was thrown down so violently by the voters at the last election, has rushed through an ordinance extending the local gas monopoly's franchise and presumably it will be signed by the outgoing mayor, who is a tool of the boss. Indignant business men and others crowded the council chamber and loudly protested against the passage of the ordinance, but they were kept to one side by a large force of police. If it is possible, in law and equity as now operative, for a corrupt and legislated body to thus mortgage a whole community to some monopoly for a generation or so ahead, the practice obtaining in our western cities of invading a council chamber with noise-makers is likely to become popular for the time being.

A Natural Division.

[Toronto Star.]
Party government should be a great success in Russia, the people falling naturally into two great divisions—the "vitchies" and the "iskis."

Taken at His Word.

[Philadelphia Record.]
She—Dear, dear, hubby, I need a new dress.
He—Dresses, always dresses! Can't you conceive something higher than that?
She—Oh, yes; I also need a new hat.

That Sufficed.

[Florence Blaxter.]
Husband—I saw the doctor today. He advised me to take a rest trip.
Wife—Did you show him your tongue?
Husband—No, but I told him about yours.

Euthanasia.

[Hamilton Herald.]
In good time the prejudice in favor of prolonging the life of the suffering sufferer to the last gasp will give way to a more reasonable view, and the merciful, kindly instincts of humanity will be allowed to have freer play. Then the feeling of those at the bedside of the hopeless sufferer will be somewhat like that which was expressed at the sight of the dying Lear:

"O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

With Her Own Hands.

[Chicago Record.]
"There," said Mrs. Younglove, triumphantly, "I made that pie with my own hands. It's delicious!"
"Um—m!" he said, trying to bite through a piece of it, "with those dear, little soft white hands, so gentle and so weak. I'll never believe in miracles again."

Had a Different Job.

[The Sketch.]
The Traveler—Are these all the sandwiches you've got to eat?
The Attendant—I haven't got to eat 'em, bless yer. I've got to try and sell 'em.

Editor's Life Saved.

[Hardenham (Tenn.) Free Press.]
We got the other night to get a drink, and by mistake we drank a half pint of close claret. The young man at the drug store told us it would have him fatal, but for the alcohol in our system, which he said was a anecdote. This ain't the first time our habits have saved our life.

The Kaiser's Sausages.

[Berlin Dispatch to the London Telegraph.]
It is announced that the hundredweight of sausage prepared annually for the Kaiser by the Prussian government is to be sent to the Kaiser for a very short time. The Kaiser is ready, and will be shortly presented to his majesty—not the entire hundredweight, but a representative sample. The Kaiser receives two sausages, highly seasoned in accordance with his taste. The Emperor also receives two, and the princes and princesses of each of the gifts, which are, in accordance with immemorial usage, presented in decorated baskets.

Campaign Scenes
In Great Britain.

[Correspondent of the Montreal Witness.]

London, Dec. 22.—The country is bracing itself to engage, after a brief calm over Christmas, in what is bound to be one of the most momentous election fights of our history. Perhaps your readers will accompany me to a rural gathering of Liberals at which I was present a few days ago, and see how in the districts remote from London the political issues of the hour are treated. It was the annual meeting of the County Liberal Federation, and delegates from all parts of the county assembled in conference in the afternoon. This was a meeting of the leaders and workers of the party and admission was granted by ticket only. The first hour passed in a free discussion of the ways and means of working an election. A party organizer gave hints as to methods of canvassing, and the difficulties of amateur canvassers were graphically presented by one and another. It was stated that the secretary, absolute and unquestionable, of the ballot, still needed to be made clear to the public mind. The man stated that the agricultural laborer was more awake and less dominated by the farmer or the landlord than ever before, but it was agreed that he was still liable to fear his "master," and it still needed untiring effort if he was to be "poled," and in him lay the hope of the Liberal party in that county. A speaker—a Radical clergyman of conspicuously "advanced" views—advised Liberal electors to ride in Tory carriages to the polls, if convenient, for it pleased both parties—the Tories pleased to see their carriages well filled with voters, and the Liberals were pleased to see men they knew they could count on getting to the polling station. At the end of an hour the conference became more formal. The president of the federation, the present head of an old Liberal county family long held in high respect as good landlords, as well as Liberals, spoke with considerable weight, declaring that in this important crisis the Liberal party was, by the action of the Conservatives themselves, the one supreme issue to be decided. "They chose to put the fiscal question before the country," said he, "and now they shall have it," a sentiment cheered to the echo. Then came a series of resolutions moved and seconded by the various Liberal candidates who are aspiring in that county to replace Conservative members of Parliament. They began by assuring the Prime Minister of "you absolute confidence and support," and continued by declaring "our adherence to free trade and the other chief points of the Liberal programme."

After a tea, appropriately provided for us by the women Liberal of the place, came the event of the day—a great public meeting in the large hall. We found the place gaily decorated, the party color prevailing, and the walls adorned with the names of the Liberal leaders. The audience must have numbered nearly two thousand, for the hall was full, the people standing at the lower end. The half-hour of waiting till the meeting opened was enlivened by the singing of "Liberal songs," led by a few violins and a cornet. One of the most popular was written by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the son of Sir William, and the crowd did not for the time tire of repeating its refrain:

Stamp, stamp, stamp, upon Protection,
No more Cox Laws in the land, etc.

It was amusing to see the solemn earnestness with which such sentiments as the following, to the tune of "Poor Old Joe," was sung:

J. C. soliloquizes:
"Where is my pledge of Three Acres and a cow?
Where is the faith in my Old Age Pension now?
Gone where the good (and the wicked) niggers go;
I hear their angry voices calling 'No more Joe!'"

Chorus, sing slowly, and with pathos:
"He's running, he's running, he's running very low,
He hears their angry voices calling, 'No more Joe!'"

Then the fiddles took a livelier turn and the people, though still solemn, sang with spirit:

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what have we lived to see?
Oh, dear, who would have thought that we
Wanted Protection again?"

Of course, they did not end without singing that grand old Chartist song, which is not doggerel, by Ebenezer Elliott:

"When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when wilt thou?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Forsake thy heart, O God, are they.
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
God save the people!"

At length the speakers appeared and the buoyancy and hope of the situation for a party which for ten years had been out of power, was expressed in the chairman's opening remarks and which his hearers took them up. "At last the long inquiry is at an end," he said, "and we have in power a government to be proud of," and the people seemed to breathe more freely as their songs dwelt on the promise of the time to come. Then men who spoke were practical politicians and the burden of the message they wanted to impress on their hearers was that the new ministry was powerless unless and until the people by their votes confirmed them in their position, and that it was the duty of every citizen to realize his responsibility and give his vote and influence on the "right side."

The most popular Liberal M. P. in the county was present. Here is one of his points of order: "Mr. Balfour will have to come into line with Mr. Chamberlain. He and his followers may think they can maintain a separate position—but they cannot. A man had a very thin horse; he sent to the saddler for a collar for the horse, but when it came he had to turn it, saying it was quite too small; he could not get it over the horse's head. The saddler said it back, saying, 'Of course you can't get it over his head, man; I did not expect you to. You must back him into it.' (Roars of laughter.) 'Yes, and Mr. Balfour will be backed into it.'"

No such meeting is complete until a

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & COMPANY

"HAPPY WEEK" IS RIGHTLY NAMED

Everybody in this store today was smiling. "Happy week" promises to be the most unusually successful and enjoyable event ever known in merchandising circles in this city.

No matter what you want—in good, timely, modish merchandise—yot'll find it here—priced so remarkably and agreeably that while you buy just exactly what you want—what you need and must buy—you'll enjoy paying our small prices.

You'll smile all the time you're here—the spirit of good nature will be everywhere—but at the same time, apart from the smiling side of the occasion, there's an intensely practical and helpful side to the sale—and there's not anyone who reads this, who can afford to stay away from the sale during "Happy Week."

For One Day All Ribbons at 1-4 Off.

Let this offer sink deep in your memory—from store opening tomorrow until store closing tomorrow night, we will give unrestricted choice of every yard of ribbon in stock at a straight discount of one-quarter off. This is a big offer and perhaps you have not grasped its full meaning. Well, come to the ribbon counter tomorrow with a list of the ribbons together with the shades you desire and you'll soon be in the thick of the crowd picking out what you want. One-quarter off the price of everything in our ribbon stock—tens upon tens of thousands of yards—for one day only reduced. Below is a partial scale of prices:

3c yard Ribbons at2c	12½c yard Ribbons at10c	40c yard Ribbons at30c
5c yard Ribbons at4c	15c yard Ribbons at11c	50c yard Ribbons at39c
7c yard Ribbons at5c	20c yard Ribbons at15c	60c yard Ribbons at45c
8c yard Ribbons at6c	25c yard Ribbons at19c	75c yard Ribbons at59c
10c yard Ribbons at8c	30c yard Ribbons at22c	\$1.00 yard Ribbons at75c

Black and every shade in the catalogue—every width made.

"Happy Week" Fur Specials.

No one can be happy out-of-doors these days without furs—here they are at sharp price reductions:

12 only, Colored Sable, Rock Marten and Chinchilla Muffs, medium size, satin lined, Regular \$5.00 and \$7.50	Tomorrow, choice\$3.50
12 only, New Style Capelines and Stoles, of German Mink, some trimmed with chenille, some with tails. Regular \$10.00 and \$12.50; choice.....	\$6.50
4 dozen Ladies' Astrachan Gaudettes, black and gray, lined with wool. Were 85c and \$1, choice	50c

Fur-Lined Capes.

Tomorrow all these garments at just half price. Black, navy and cardinal shells. Thibet collars, squirrel lock.

\$15.00 Capes at \$7.50.	\$18.50 Capes at \$9.25.
\$20.00 Capes at \$10.00.	\$25.00 Capes at \$12.50.

Ladies' Black Coats \$5.

We clear out lines of \$8.50 to \$12.00 Black Coats this week at \$5.00. Lined throughout; full sleeves.

Misses' Fur-Lined Coats.

8 only, Misses' Fur-lined Coats, tweed covers; 36 inches long. We clear them, for choice, at.....\$5.00
Tailored Suits, long and short Coats, sizes 34, 36, 38; were \$15.50 and \$20.00. Clearing at\$8.50
Black Sateen Petticoats, well finished seams, deep flounce. Special 50c

If you don't need anything but Linens, come to the Happy Week Sale.

60-inch Unbleached Tabling 25c for	19c
60-inch Unbleached Tabling, 32c for	25c
70-inch Unbleached Tabling, 35c, for	23c
Extra Heavy Unbleached Tabling, 50c, for	42c

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

POEMS THAT LIVE

Memory.

[William Browne.]
So shuts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun;
So from the honeysuckle sheaves
The bee goes when the day is done.
So sits the turtle when she is alone,
And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

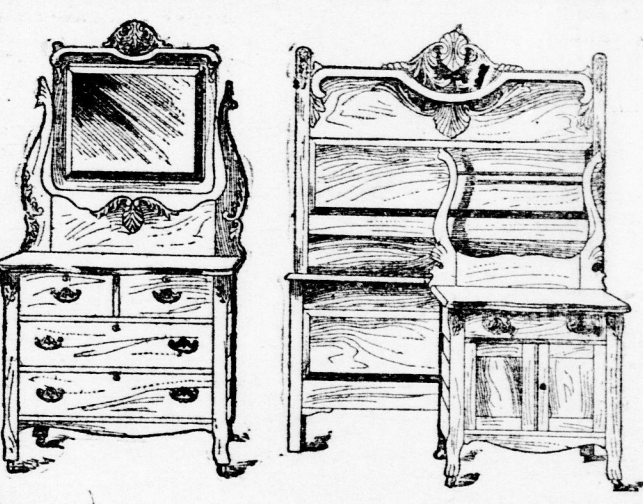
To some few birds kind Nature hath
Made all the summer as one day;
Which once enjoyed, cold winter's wrath
As night they sleeping pass away.
Those happy creatures are, that know not yet
The pair to be deprived or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there be
Some that with confidence profess
The helpful Art of Memory;
But could they teach Forgetfulness,
I'd learn; and by what further art could
To make me love her and forget her, too.

THANKS RETURNED

The Convalescent Home Trustees
Acknowledge Many Donations.

The trustees of the Convalescent Home return their sincere thanks to the many kind friends for the following donations: Miss Harding, a pair of chickens, candied peel, currants, figs, tea, fancy biscuits, cauliflower, butter, celery and apples; Mr. W. L. Carrie, stationery and a minute book; Mrs. R. Fox, literature; Mrs. W. T. Strong, sirloin roast of beef; Mrs. R. Kidner, useful articles and vegetables; Mrs. Callard, plum pudding, preserves and mince; Mr. Alfred Tyler, 5 pounds tea; Mrs. Joseph Smith, preserves; a friend, 6 cans of vegetables, dates, rolled oats, box of soda biscuits, bag flour, tea, raisins, oranges, bag of potatoes; Mrs. St. John Hytten, rauch, olleoth; Mrs. Bullen, figs, dates, oranges and men's clothing; T. McCormick Manufacturing Company, butter, celery and apples; Mrs. L. L. batt, turkey; Memorial Church, jelly, cakes; A. M. Hamilton & Son, bag of salt, two packages of peas, cream of wheat, linseed meal, cornmeal, pearl barley; Mrs. Street, two packages of rolled oats and rice; Mrs. Beattie, Elmhurst, goose; Mr. John Stevely, goose; Mrs. H. A. Boomer, beef, peas, rice; Mrs. Graydon, turkey; Mrs. M. G. Brenner, bacon; Mrs. A. Fleghorn, 5 pounds tea; Mayor Campbell, large box of fancy biscuits; Mrs. Macbeth, pair of chickens; Mr. Frank Reid, grapes, oranges and fancy biscuits; English Church Bible Flower Mission, 4 plants and Christmas motines; Mr. George Robinson, turkey; Miss McDonough, Dundas street, oranges; Mrs. Gilmour, bag of turnips and cabbage; Mrs. Edge, prunes, 3 cans of vegetables, rice, rolled oats and box of soda biscuits; Mr. A. Talbot, Christmas Echoes; A. McCormick, grocer, 2 cans of concentrated bouillon, can of maple syrup, bottle of tomato catsup, 2 packages of maple flake; Mrs. Niven, bag of potatoes; a friend, plum puddings; Kerry, Watson & Co., wholesale, drugist, a large box of toilet soap; Mrs. Archdeacon Marsh, preserves; Chantler & Bros., turkey; Mr. Phoenix, 2 pounds of milk tickets; Mrs. Bullen, 1; Mrs. W. H. Abbott, 1; Mrs. De la Hooke, 1; Miss Meredith, 2; Miss S. Macklin, 1; from the pupils of grade 7, Talbot street school, 75 cents; St. John's Lodge, No. 20, 10; Mrs. R. M. Graham, 2; Mrs. Crony, 5; Hon. of Mrs. Adam Beck, 5; Green & Co., coal 37; Mrs. Labatt, 5; Mrs. B. A. Mitchell, 1; Mr. R. Fox, 32; Mrs. Blinn, 1; Mr. John Wright, 1.



This Suite

in golden oak finish, with large British bevel mirror, well finished throughout, rounded cor.

ners, heavily carved standard and top of mirror frame, regular price \$21. This week \$17.50

The Ontario Furniture Co
228 and 230 DUNDAS STREET.

Communion Cups.

Toronto, Jan. 8.—"The session has decided," said Rev. Dr. Milligan, at the morning service in Old St. Andrew's yesterday, "that at the Communion next Sunday individual cups shall be used."

No matter how long and heavy a pendulum may be, it will swing back if you only wait.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome constiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them is retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.

Can anything be fairer? If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH
25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.