

# London Advertiser

Founded in 1853.

ADVERTISER BUILDING, London, Ont.  
Dundas Street.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
One week by carrier..... 10c  
One year by carrier..... \$5.00  
One year by mail, outside city..... \$5.00  
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Weekly Edition..... 15c

**TELEPHONE NUMBERS.**  
3670 (Private Branch Exchange, Connecting All Departments.)  
NIGHT CALLS:  
6 p.m. to 8:30 a.m., and Holidays  
3670—Business Department.  
3671—Editors.  
3672—Reporters.  
3673—Job Printing Department.  
To call night numbers use the word "ONLY" after giving the number.

[Entered at London Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.]  
The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.  
LONDON, MONDAY, AUG. 11.

**PARTY CONTRIBUTIONS.**  
The chief Conservative organ in Ontario has lately been lecturing the people of Canada on corruption in politics, and the evils that result from contributions to campaign funds by corporations, contractors, promoters and others who have a pecuniary interest in the success of either party. It gives expression to some very sound ideas, and suggests as a partial remedy the plan adopted in Great Britain, and in the United States at the last presidential election, of requiring the publication of subscription lists.

That sounds very well. The evil complained of undoubtedly exists; its effects are demoralizing, not only on the persons and parties directly concerned, but on the public conscience. Whether the remedy suggested would be effective may be uncertain, but the need of a remedy is undoubted. Unfortunately the sincerity of the preacher of political purity may be questioned. It was no secret that during the last general election certain powerful interests of the Dominion opened the money-bags to the Conservative party. Nor, if the reports are true, were the contributors to the party fund confined to Canada. Mr. Whelpley, in his article in the Century Magazine for August, discussing trade relations between the Dominion and the States, plainly intimates that the same interests that fought reciprocity across the border took a hand in the contest here, and rather sincerely suggests that our self-respect would not be gratified if we realized how much the defeat of reciprocity was due to help from the other side. Be that as it may, there is not much question as to the source from which the party funds were replenished, so far as Canadian contributors were concerned. But we did not hear anything about the impropriety of receiving these subscriptions at that time.

It is not so very long since it came out accidentally that a contractor who had a claim against the Ontario Government paid over \$500 to the Provincial Secretary. When it was discovered, and not before, the recipient and the Premier admitted that it was an indiscreet action, but the Government and its supporters showed how they felt by resisting all further inquiry, and by passing a vote of censure on the member who brought the transaction to light. We did not hear a word at that time from the new professor of morals on the immorality of this transaction. Its utterances now are either insincere, or else they indicate a very late repentance.

Admitting that in an election contest the Liberals would be perhaps prompt as the Conservatives to receive contributions without questioning too closely their source—fortunately or unfortunately as one may consider it, the Liberals have not as much to give for the money as their opponents, and therefore do not receive it.

That there is an evil, will be admitted in theory by all; whether in practice there would be a united effort to cure it, is doubtful. The remedy suggested, that of publicity, would be all right if it could be made effective. But it would be evaded to a greater or less degree. It might, however, be tried. If the law required all contributions to an election fund, either local or general, as well as all direct pecuniary assistance given any candidate, to be published, and severe penalties inflicted for any violation, something would be gained. The only remedy is a higher standard of public and private morals, opposed to political corruption, not only in its direct form, but even in the most indirect. We are far from that now, but it is not unattainable.

**"SCIENTIFIC GENTS."**  
Professors and scientists, especially perhaps geologists, are a common mark of the rude humorist. It is good fun to contemplate their bald heads, their spectacles, their abstraction, their often fine-spun or mistaken theories, their manifold eccentricities, the suggestive preoccupation with fossils. Is not the dyer's or the geologist's hand subdued to what it works in?

But the jesting covers a sort of envy, too. It is obvious that these students of nature's volume enjoy themselves. Their life, laborious though it may be, and painfully specialized, yields, to them mysterious sources of interest and joy that to the common uninitiated are almost magical. They incline their ear to unheard melodies, and to the unvoiced sermons of the stones. So many people weary more or less of life. The human scene affords no pleasure and even the simpler interests of nature lose their savor. But the geologist or the botanist or entomologist pursuing his unlimited material finds no end of study, excitement and the satisfaction of having

anticipation of more. The scientist is always following the gleam which so many people think they have passed by never to see again.

To the geologist a walk in the country may not be in a general way entertaining. It depends on what kind of country it is, and he pretty soon knows where to find what he wants. A botanist may start out on a walk with you and he lights upon some old dead twigs in a brush pile or a scrubby bush with fading leaves. There is a scurf on the bark of those twigs or a blight on the leaves that may amazingly interest him. He lets you help him gather a few hundred samples and has several evenings' amusement ahead, sorting, microscoping, selecting, smoothing and cataloguing the discovery, and then mailing specimens to distant brothers in the mystery who receive them with mingled feelings of envy and delight and later counter upon their friend with feats of their own.

To the scientist the world is very exciting at all times. Modern education is not even yet doing what it might to stimulate the scientific spirit with its openings upon the enjoyment of life. Most of us find ourselves shut out from the temple of subtler pleasures that the botanist or geologist knows.

The great men gathered from all lands at Toronto deserve our respect for their joie de vivre hardly less than for their contributions to human welfare. They may spend long hours over books and papers and chemical tests, but much of their work must of necessity be done on foot in the open, often in the wilds. Canada offers a glorious field to the visitors. If our human history is slight in comparison with some countries, our geological history is a long one. Northern Ontario, for example, is one of the oldest regions of the world. The mineralogical field is extraordinarily rich and in spite of great labors by Canadian geologists not more than grazed over as yet. The right men have come to visit the right country, and we all hope that they are having the time of their life, and to be candid, that we shall make something out of it ourselves.

The Minister of Militia continues to scatter drill halls over a smiling land.

Governor Sulzer of New York has fallen off his pedestal. The man who climbs there with a Tammany ladder is not likely to stay there.

The dockmen helping Sylvia Pankhurst break London's Sabbath and policemen's heads had no doubt other reasons than a zeal for woman suffrage.

President Huerta of Mexico has promised to hold a general election in three months and let the people choose a ruler. But these general election promises may be worth no more, in Mexico than in Canada.

The San Jose scale has been found in unsprayed orchards in this country. This is not one of the things that can be permitted to "stay in Middlesex."

A delegate to the World's Medical Congress estimates that between 250,000,000 and 500,000,000 teeth are lost or decayed in Great Britain every year. This would be more serious if Britain were a country where they eat corn on the cob.

The city of New York is to experience another Titanic battle between the forces of good and evil in the civic arena. The enemies of Tammany have sunk party differences and will put up a fusion ticket against the Tiger. The fusion nominee for mayor is John P. Mitchell, a Democrat, with a clean municipal record. Charles S. Whitman, the gallant Republican lawyer, who has been fighting for the public in the Rosenthal case, has accepted a renomination as district attorney. He aspired to the mayoralty, but having been beaten by Mitchell in convention, he showed his quality by taking the minor place on the ticket. The Tammany choice for mayor will probably again fall on Gaynor, who, after a show of virtue and independence early in his term, has thrown himself into the arms of the Tammany bosses.

**MY CONSCIENCE.**  
[James Whitcomb Riley, in Century.]  
Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,  
"Don't you know me?"  
And I, says I, sneered through and through,  
"Of course I do."  
"You air a nice chap ever way,"  
I'm here to say!  
You make me cry—you make me pray,  
And all them good things that away—  
That is, at night. Where do you stay  
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, on't more,  
"You know me—shore?"  
"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,  
"You're jes' a saint!"  
"Your ways is all so holy-right,  
I love you better ever night  
You come around—tel plum daylight,  
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits  
His teeth, and spits  
On his two hands and grabs, of course,  
Some old remorse,  
And beats me with the big butt-end,  
O' that thing—tel my closest friend,  
"Be hardy know me." "Now," says he,  
"Be kerful as you'd orto be,  
And allus think o' me!"

**DRESS REFORM NEEDED.**  
[Detroit Free Press.]  
If the "right people" would only set out to combat this foolish, even wicked extravagance in dress by refusing to regard a garment as "out of style" because it is three months old, they might do something toward counteracting feminine folly. Because the mass of women do deprecate this casting aside of good garments because they are "out of style," and many of them would brave fashion if they felt a little encourage-

ment from those whose position, social standing and wealth count in society. The newly-rich will not do it, because spending money is their chief diversion; the fashionists cannot; the only hope is in people of our truly "best" society who will limit their own dress expenditures.

**ASSAULT.**  
[New York Sun.]  
Algy—Why do you think she is a window-smashing suffragette?  
Cholly—She looked vewy viciously at my monocle.

**ACCEPTED.**  
[Life.]  
"Early is in financial difficulties."  
"How?"  
"Offered his creditors ten cents on the dollar, and they accepted it."

**BASEBALL.**  
[Detroit Free Press.]  
"Did your son graduate with honors?"  
"I should say he did. He had a batting average of .375."

**DIVERSE IMPRESSIONS.**  
[Washington Star.]  
"My new gown," said Mrs. Flinngit, "is a dream."  
"It may be a dream for you," replied her husband, "but it's insomnia for me."

**FOOLING THE POSTOFFICE.**  
[Philadelphia Ledger.]  
"James, my son, did you take that letter to the postoffice and pay postage on it?"  
"Father, I saw a lot of men putting letters in a place, and when no one was looking I slipped yours in for nothing."

**TRUTH WILL OUT.**  
[Boston Transcript.]  
She—If I'd known you'd be such a brute to poor Fido, I'd never have married you.  
He—The anticipated pleasure of kicking that miserable little beast was one of my chief reasons for proposing.

**NOT A HERO.**  
[Saskatoon Phoenix.]  
The one thing that marred the visit of the real estate men was the regrettable flag incident. Trifling as it was in reality, the undue importance and prominence given to it by the Star was unfortunate. The little flag, instead of being the "hero" is quite the opposite. Self-control and obedience are the marks of a soldier, not meddlesomeness and impertinence.

**RIGHT KIND OF CONTRIBUTION.**  
[Toronto Star.]  
The British navy may get its oil from the Athabasca district. This is the kind of Canadian contribution that might well be permanent.

**A MARRIAGE RING.**  
[George Crabbe.]  
The ring, so worn as you behold,  
Often breaks at the interesting place.

**AROUND THE CITY HALL**

**Simple Life Cult Grows.**  
Since City Clerk Samuel Baker has returned from his successful simple-life holiday, there is talk of forming a "simple life" cult around the city hall. The general improvement in the city clerk's health has been such that the other city officials are envying him now, and a multitude of promises for a simple life holiday have been made since Mr. Baker again resumed his duties.

**Mayor Is Away.**  
Mayor Graham was out of town this morning, and Ald. William Spittal acted in the capacity of chief magistrate of London.

**Big Funeral For Accident Victim**  
[Special to The Advertiser.]  
Glanworth, Aug. 9.—An immense gathering of friends and relatives assembled at the home of James Fowler, Glanworth, yesterday afternoon, to attend the funeral of his son, Thomas Fowler, who met death by accident in a gravel pit last Saturday. A very impressive funeral service was conducted by Rev. T. L. Fowler, of West London, at the residence of the deceased. The hymns, "Jesus Lover of My Soul" and "Nearer My God to Thee" were rendered by the choir of the Eighth Presbyterian Church. After the service the remains were taken to St. Thomas Cemetery, where a large number of friends from the city and surrounding country awaited the cortege. The pallbearers were George and Archie, Thomson, Earl and Daniel Fowler, George and Archie V. Coulter, cousins of the deceased.

**Start Bridge Work Soon.**  
It is expected that work will be started shortly on the construction of the new Wharfedale road bridge, across the Thames. It is believed that the piers can be placed this year, and their is a possibility that if the structure is ordered soon, the entire structure will be ready before spring traffic next year.

**Court of Revision Tonight.**  
The court of revision has a session at the city hall tonight. Revision of the Ward 3 assessments will be given a hearing. Nothing out of the ordinary is calculated to come before the members of the court. And of the revision work has been rather strenuous this year though, the amount of the changes has been below the average.

**Smothered in Checks.**  
Tax Collector G. W. Hayes and his department are still smothered in checks sent in during the first payment of 1913 taxes. There were more checks than ever this year by several hundreds, and there are still many that have not yet been "worked up" by the tax department. It is expected that the last of the checks will not have been finished by the end of the week. Tax payment by check is easier for the collector, and for the ratepayer, and has proved more than popular since it was inaugurated in London.

**Is Above the Estimate.**  
While more money than the \$3,100 estimate for dog taxes has come knocking over the counter in License Inspector J. W. McCallum's office, the department has not yet let up on its efforts to swell the city treasury balance by additional dog taxes. There are several hundred notices yet to be served on dog owners, and it is expected that there will be a surplus of several hundred dollars in the dog tax account for the current year.

**Dr. T. V. Hutchinson's medical health officer, has returned to duty after his summer vacation.**

**G. M. Is Pleased.**  
General Manager H. J. Glaubitz, of the water commission, expressed his

pleasure this morning at the way the hydro had stood up to the severe electrical storms of Friday and Saturday. The fact that the two severest electrical disturbances of years left the local service unaffected, was gratifying, after the recent breakdowns in the high power transmission wires.

**IT TALKS AND IS UNDERSTOOD.**  
[Cincinnati Enquirer.]  
Willie: "Paw, what is a universal language?"  
Paw: "Money, my son."

**ROCKFELLER'S MONOPOLY.**  
[Buffalo Courier.]  
John D. Rockefeller says he is still only a boy. But if that is true, surely by the time he becomes an old man nobody else in the country will have a dollar left.

**LOOKS LIKE IT.**  
[Hamilton Times.]  
We are afraid that the future chronicler will write down the Minister of Labor as a failure. He has been particularly unfortunate in his attempts to settle the labor disputes that have come before him.

**GOOD ROADS.**  
[Montreal Telegram.]  
Good roads do benefit the automobile. But never let us forget that they make it easier to live in the country, easier to farm, easier to have neighbors, easier to use church and school. Let us not forget either that they make it easier for the farmer to market his produce, in short, that they contribute to land values both on the industrial and social sides.

**FORCE OF EXAMPLE.**  
[Punch.]  
Old Lady (offering policeman a tract): "I often think you poor policemen run a risk of becoming bad, being so constantly mixed up with crime."  
Policeman: "You needn't fear, mum. It's the criminals who run the risk of becomin' saints mixed up with us."

**ONE VIEW OF A VEXED QUESTION.**  
[Punch.]  
"I shouldn't mind, myself, if they closed the 'pubs' a couple o' hours sooner. What a nuisance it is to be out full of 'air' past ten, 'e ain't trying."

**EARLY GENIUS.**  
[Penny Pictorial.]  
Proud Father—Why the other boy of mine will be a wonder!  
Friend (wearily)—What wonderful things has he done now?  
Proud Father—Why, the other day he ate all the preserves in the pantry. I overheard him say, as he smeared the cat's face with the stuff: "I'm sorry, Tom, to do this, but I can't have the old folks suspect me."

**FATE.**  
[Judge.]  
Life is a moving picture, and the film often breaks at the interesting place.

## DEMAND FOR GIRLS AT CHILDREN'S AID BEYOND SUPPLY

Very Few of the Lassies Remain in the Shelter For Long.

But of Boys There Are Four Bright Little Fellows Awaiting Adoption.

Femininity has an allurements and an appeal that every gallant person of the masculine gender is willing to concede. From the Biblical times of Adam, when he followed Eve's pleading, to the present age and generation, it has been the feminine sex that has appealed to the world at large, more than the "mere man." It is the "female of the species" that has the inside track of human feelings.

Home for Little Girls. Eve might be taken as an example of that, but it is unnecessary to go back to the creation of the world to find its truth. Right in London at the present time it is being demonstrated in a thousand and one ways. One of these examples may be found at the Children's Shelter on the Wharfedale road south. Homeless little waifs, deserted children, tots who have been removed from environments and surroundings detrimental to their moral and physical training, all find a shelter there till foster-homes are found for them by the Children's Aid Society. It is a matter of record that not a little girl, except she be sickly or otherwise unfit to go out to a foster-home ever remains in the shelter for any length of time.

Supply and Demand. When the law of supply and demand is applied to little girls for adoption, it is found that the supply falls far short of the demand. There are not enough little girls under the care of the Children's Aid Society at any time to supply the demands for girls for adoption. Little boys may remain in the home for some time before desirable homes are found for them, but with the little girls it is a different proposition.

Just why this should be is a social question that has apparently never been settled. It is true of every children's aid society in the country, and not of London alone. One explanation that has been offered is a truly feminine one. It is the woman's voice which rules the home, says this explanation, and it is the woman's voice that determines just who shall be adopted.

Something to Fuss Over. With true feminine instinct the woman wants something to "fuss over." There is too much of what some are inclined to call "the devil" in the midst of the average boy to stand for this "fussing," and it is therefore to the little girls of the Children's Shelter that the woman who desires a child for adoption turns. She wants a companion, wants more than that—some one that she can dress, can wash and comb and "fuss up." She wants a girl.

Boys are all right, but the feminine instinct can hardly be true out-let in dressing and caring for a boy. There are no creations to think up for the boys, no little touches, and little furbelows to add to his dress. Half-coming to a boy is torture. To a little girl it is a pleasure and a luxury.

This, then, is the reason why the girls are taken from the home and the boys are left. Not all the latter, of course, remain there, but it is a fact that under 10 years of age there is little or no demand for mere boys. On the other hand, girls of all ages, from the infant, right on up through the different ages, are in demand. At present there are four bright little boys of about 8 years of age who are in the home waiting for adoption. They are too young to understand the fine points of feminine instinct that keeps them there, while their girl companions come, stay only a short time, and then go away, adopted by someone who wants a girl—any kind of a girl, any age of a girl, as long as it is a girl.

**Beautiful Tribute To Col. Little**

Referring to the death of Col. J. W. Little, the Christian Guardian in its last issue has the following:  
It is with sincere regret that we note the death of Lieut.-Col. J. W. Little, of London, on July 22, at his country residence, Hazeldene. In his death London has lost one of her most illustrious sons, a large-hearted, public-spirited citizen, and the First Methodist Church, one who has ever been faithful in attendance at divine worship, and who has been a loyal and generous supporter of all the schemes of the church. Mr. Little had been actively associated with the organization and development of several great business enterprises, until he came to be recognized as one of the leading financial figures of the Dominion. He was twice mayor of London, and might have held the portfolio of a cabinet minister had he aspired to a public life. In his death, too, a home is bereft of an affectionate husband and a strong yet tender father, whose pride and confidence in his seven sons will be justified by the fruitage of the coming years. To these mourning ones whose hearts know their own sorrow we would extend our profound sympathy, and pray that divine grace may comfort and sustain them in these hours when the shadows of a great and unspoken grief gather about them. The funeral service, simple but beautiful, was in charge of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Flanders, who was assisted by Rev. James Kennedy and two former pastors of the deceased, Rev. Dr. Rutledge and Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham.

**DIES IN THE WEST**

Alex. McRae Was a Former Resident of Muncey.

[Special to The Advertiser.]  
Muncey, Aug. 9.—Mr. Alex. McRae, a former resident of Muncey, was buried in the Cowal Cemetery yesterday. Mr. McRae went west some years ago and took up a homestead in Saskatchewan, where he died a few days ago. Mrs. John Vennor, a sister, and a number of other relatives and friends from here, attended the funeral.

**QUALIFIED FOR A CRITIC.**  
[Puck.]  
Mother (impatiently)—I don't know what will ever become of that child. Nothing pleases him.  
Father (serenely)—Well, make an art critic out of him.

By its **QUALITY**

# Stephens Ink

has for 81 years held the home market and has **FORCED** its way through every **Tariff** abroad.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA

## Battle Cruiser Is Off to Frisco

[Canadian Press.]  
Victoria, B. C., Aug. 11.—The last interchange of courtesies between British Columbia and the battle cruiser New Zealand, were performed on Saturday on board the warship just before she steamed out on her way to San Francisco. There were speeches by Sir Richard McBride in handing over a message sent by Premier R. L. Borden on behalf of Canada as a whole; by Lieut.-Governor Patterson, in presenting a loving cup to the ship in token of its visit to these waters; and by Captain Halsey in response.

**Low Rates to Hamilton for "Old Home Week" via Canadian Pacific Railway.**  
To accommodate those wishing to attend the "Centennial Industrial Exhibition and Old Home Week" single fare will be in effect to Hamilton from all points in Ontario where the one-way first-class fare does not exceed \$2.50. Good going Aug. 11 to 16, inclusive. Minimum charge, 25 cents. Return limit Aug. 20, 1913. Full particulars from C. P. R. Agent "W." at Vancouver, Dundas and Richmond streets.

## Case of Pellagra Found in England

[Canadian Press.]  
London, Aug. 11.—The publication of a photograph led to the discovery of pellagra in England within the last month. In July the photograph of a boy victim of pellagra under treatment at St. Thomas Hospital appeared in a medical journal, and since then doctors in various parts of the country reported cases of the disease. Symptoms, which had been very puzzling to them, were explained by the photograph.

## Old Home Week Closed at Aylmer

[Special to The Advertiser.]  
Aylmer, Aug. 11.—The Old Home Week, which came to a close on Saturday night, was a great success. Thousands of people from all over Canada and the States visited Aylmer during the week, and all had the best kind of a time.

Several of the shows that were on the midway at the exhibition grounds owing to lack of business there, moved up town and did good business, as also did several street men.

The Twenty-fifth Regiment Band of St. Thomas furnished abundance of music, and the crowds had a rollicking evening. Roughness was conspicuous.

## Sanol's Blood Salt

An excellent remedy for Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn and Constipation. This salt is compounded to resemble in essence and effect the salty parts of the human blood. Price, 50c. The Sanol Mfg. Company, Limited, Winnipeg, Man. Special selling agents, Anderson & Nelles, Dundas St. E.

## THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND  
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, September 1st, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,  
JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

## HOUSE BUYERS

DON'T wait till the Fall rush for houses is on, or you will miss the snaps we have on our list.

We can show you homes of all kinds at prices to suit your pocket.

Don't fail to call and see us; or phone for our auto to call and show what we have.

**THE METCALFE AGENCIES**  
PHONE 3400—252 DUNDAS ST.