

# London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
Morning Edition. Outside City.  
10c per week. By mail, \$3.00 per year.  
Evening Edition. Outside City.  
10c per week. By mail, \$3.00 per year.  
By mail, \$2.00 per year by mail.

**TELEPHONE NUMBERS.**  
Private Branch Exchange.  
Connecting All Departments.  
NIGHT CALLS.  
6 p.m. to 3:30 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.]

**TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.**  
F. W. Thompson, 56 Mail Building.  
The London Advertiser Printing Co.,  
Limited.

**LONDON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13**

Was Sarnia playing possum?

The Old-Fashioned Winter Club  
should be in clove.

So long as the alcohol holds out  
Mexico's war will continue.

We have yet to hear of a reformer  
going after the sleigh ride parties.

London had all its semi-final eggs  
in the basket and Sarnia scrambled  
'em.

Are there not times when skating  
assumes the appearance of a sedentary  
exercise?

There are some love letters so  
eulogistic that they almost read like  
an epitaph.

Every town has a man who thinks  
he is a Napoleon who is really in the  
Huerta class.

Those ambitious to see themselves  
in print, as a last resort might try  
the testimonial route.

Can it be possible that Christabel's  
nature is sweetening at the approach  
of St. Valentine's Day?

When controlling interferes with  
your business cut out your business,  
seems to be the sense of it.

As flirtatious Algernon whispers  
sweet nothings into the ear of Arabella  
let him be careful. She reads  
the papers every day and may have  
a detectaphone tucked beneath the  
sofa cushion.

Sir James Ramsay advocates the  
doing away with the unit, but who  
will take the responsibility of deciding  
who is unit? To many of us, hooboes  
are useless, while not a few consider  
that kings encumber the earth.

**THE PORT NELSON MISHAPS.**

THE series of mishaps encountered  
by the Dominion Government on  
its Hudson Bay "harbor" was recently  
described by a member of the party  
sent to Port Nelson, writing in the  
Canadian Courier. The writer de-  
scribed the wrecking or stranding of  
several ships and lighters, fire aboard  
ship, and the loss of machinery. The  
great dredge about which so much ado  
was made lies a broken-backed hulk,  
and it is doubtful if it will ever be of  
service. The men hired under con-  
tract to carry out the work returned by  
the next ship, disgruntled with the ill-  
luck and mismanagement.

It appears that no ship of any size  
can come within miles of the port  
chosen, and when Hon. Frank Cochrane  
talks about having the harbor  
ready by the time steel is laid over-  
land to the port, he is keeping his  
courage up. The man on the spot who  
wrote to the Courier was pessimistic  
as to the outcome of operations. Up  
to the present there has been an  
enormous loss in equipment. Some-  
one apparently went at the work with  
little knowledge of the difficulties.  
Meanwhile Mr. Cochrane can keep on  
promising.

**MR. BORDEN AS HIGH COM-  
MISSIONER.**

THE latest report from Ottawa is  
to the effect that Mr. Borden may  
himself take the office of high com-  
missioner to England. We may say  
at once that we doubt if there is  
anything in the story. The position  
will be filled to suit party exigencies;  
or postponed to prevent party dis-  
putes and complications. And yet we  
can readily understand how Mr.  
Borden might be quite willing to  
escape from the position which he  
now holds, and take refuge from the  
worries and discomforts of the  
premiership in the calm dignity and  
political quietude of the commission-  
ership.

In his noted speech at Halifax,  
where he enunciated his policy when  
in Opposition, Mr. Borden referred  
to political evils, such as broken pledges,  
stolen elections, unjust dismissals  
from office, indecent appointments,  
robbery of public assets, and so on.  
And he said, that if he thought such  
things possible under a Conservative  
Administration, of which he was head,  
"I would turn with unspeakable  
aversion from the task before me."  
What has been the condition under  
his nominal premiership?

"Broken pledges." The Canadian  
navy be advocated exchanged for a  
policy of contribution which he con-  
demned, strict legislation to guard the  
purity of elections and punish promptly  
the offenders; civil service reform,

and other promises unfulfilled for  
three years, and not yet proposed.

"Stolen elections." The M. Donald  
case, rank with corruption, which  
smoldered for two years, and then  
terminated, not by exposure and pun-  
ishment, but by the defendant plead-  
ing guilty, and thus escaping inves-  
tigation.

"Unjust dismissals." Over two  
thousand during the first three months  
of his administration—most of them  
without investigation; and a list in  
his three years so long that the  
clerks have not been able to compile  
it in all its fullness of detail.

"Indecent appointments." A man  
in a Nova Scotia jail, serving time  
for forgery, and liberated by the De-  
partment of Justice that he might be  
able to enter on the duties of his  
office.

"Robbery of public assets." The  
Prince Albert transaction, where pub-  
lic land worth \$100,000 was practically  
given away to a Conservative politi-  
cian under the guise of a home-  
stead.

Has not Mr. Borden, with his past  
three years' experience, turned with  
"unspeakable aversion" from his con-  
templation? In Opposition he was a  
virtuous man; in power he is doubt-  
less still virtuous in intention and  
desires. But the associations into  
which he has drifted compel him to  
condone political offences of the most  
degraded type. No one who has  
watched Mr. Borden's career as a  
public man will assume that he has  
lost the love and admiration for  
political rectitude which he professed  
when in Opposition. He has become  
enmeshed in a network of political  
turpitude contrary to his own better  
nature, and despite his higher ideals.  
The situation has been too much for  
him; his associates have been too  
strong. He may well feel "unspeak-  
able aversion," and long for an escape.  
But we doubt if there is any escape.  
The Canadian office in London may  
be far more attractive to him than  
the Premier's chamber at Ottawa, but  
the leader who is only able to follow  
must wait till the controlling powers  
liberate him from the traces which  
bind him to their chariot. Of his  
own volition he cannot escape.

**THE STREET PARADE.**

A labor mayor recently elected in  
the town of Batley, England, says  
he is going to do something for the  
crowds of young men and women who  
promenade the streets on Sunday  
nights. He proposes to inaugurate  
Sunday evening entertainments in the  
town hall, as better for them than  
"aimless promenade."

This getting people off the street is  
not so easy. There must be some-  
thing fundamentally natural in the  
young people's liking for the street  
parade. If Batley air is pleasant to  
breathe, and physicians are not  
violently opposed to walking as a  
recreation, perhaps the only way to  
corral the crowd into buildings, if the  
church has not succeeded, is to take  
up the sidewalks on Saturday night.

**CHINESE EGGS AGAIN.**

AS probably it will be pointed out  
very frequently the eggs which the  
United States is importing from  
China are not China eggs, and if the  
American hen has any pride left she  
will proceed to get busy and glut the  
egg market to keep the Oriental pro-  
duct out. It is, indeed, a sad state  
of affairs when the United States  
legislators are wrangling their heads  
off over the exclusion of "the yellow  
peril" in the interests of home labor,  
that the Chinese hen can "put one  
over" so easily. And it must hurt  
the feelings of the Canadian hen, if  
she has any feelings left, to know that  
those alien eggs landed at Vancouver  
and part of them will travel clean  
through the prairie provinces, Mani-  
toba, Ontario, and Quebec, on their  
way to the Yankee breakfast table.  
Not even the alien labor law can keep  
them out of the country. It is up to  
the American hen to do her duty, and  
it is up to the Canadian hen to take  
warning. Moreover, it might not be  
out of place to mention here that a  
Walkerton hen lost her head the other  
night because she refused to lay. Next  
morning she was found running  
around looking for a nest, but her  
owner was relentless, and he chopped  
more of her off and cooked her.

**A CROWN DEFENDER.**

IN Los Angeles, Cal., a new public  
office was newly created the other  
day, when Walton J. Wood was  
named as public defender of Los  
Angeles County. His duty, according  
to a reference in Collier's, is to work  
"as diligently in the defence of any  
accused person as the district attor-  
ney does in the prosecution."

The Western States have brought  
forward many ideas of value in pub-  
lic life, and this latest does not seem  
to be a bad one. In many cases in  
Canada when a prisoner is unable to  
secure counsel, an inexperienced or  
second-rate lawyer is chosen to de-  
fend him. The defence that such a  
counsel provides may be as good as  
money could buy, or it may be indif-  
ferent. It may be inspired by a duty  
to the crown. At any rate the man  
accused seldom gets the defence he  
would secure were he able to pay a  
big price for it. Where would Harry  
K. Thaw have been but for his won-  
derful pleaders?

A crown defender would be as much  
set on the securing of a dismissal for  
a client as a crown prosecutor is often  
set on the securing of a conviction.  
There are many crown attorneys who  
are impartial, but they set up the  
facts to prove the charge; the fairest

of them is seldom expected to pick  
loop-holes in the crown's own case,  
and it does not seem that they could  
be expected to defend the prisoner. One  
must defend and one must prosecute.  
That is the principle of law. Criminal  
practice is passing rapidly as a means  
of securing large remuneration. A  
great many lawyers do not give it  
any attention, and all regard it just  
as a sort of "side line." It might be  
well if in every Canadian court of  
justice there would be a man to de-  
fend as well as one to prosecute.

Justice is supposed to hold an even  
balance—but is it evenly balanced  
when on one side there is an officer  
of the crown, and on the other side  
a man that may be hired or ap-  
pointed for a penniless prisoner? If  
justice is represented on both sides,  
theoretically, why should law or hu-  
man nature demand a public officer  
to prosecute and not one to defend?  
The country should be more interest-  
ed in proving men innocent than in sen-  
tencing them to prison.

Another point is that a crown de-  
fender would be of the same high order  
of honor as the crown prosecutor. If  
a man were known to be guilty he  
could not be freed through connivance  
of the crown defender with jurymen,  
or by some other artifice. The de-  
fender would be as much interested in  
the just enforcement of the law as the  
crown prosecutor. Justice has two  
sides. Why should a country support  
but one of them?

**ONLY ONE DANGER.**

[Judge.]  
Mr. Rocks—"So you want to marry  
my daughter. Well, young man, what  
are your prospects?"  
Young Man—"Excellent—if you don't  
spoil them."

**THREE.**

[Indianapolis Star.]  
Professor at Agricultural School—  
What kinds of farming are there?  
New Student—Extensive, intensive  
and pretentious.

**UNCONSCIOUS SARCASM.**

[London Opinion.]  
Mother—Helen, little girls must  
talk all the time at the table.  
Helen—When will I be old enough  
to, mother?

**ALL MADE CLEAR.**

[Illinois Siren.]  
Customer—I think this meat is  
spoiled.  
Meat Market Proprietor—Perhaps  
so, mum, but that meat came from a  
prize lamb, and it may have been pet-  
ted too much.

**WE'RE WRONG AGAIN.**

[Washington Star.]  
"Of course, you have your little the-  
ory about the cause of the high cost  
of living," replied Mr. Growcher; "too  
many people are trying to make politi-  
cal economy take the place of do-  
mestic economy."

**HIS BEST.**

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]  
"We miss President Wilson's quiet  
and trenchant wit sadly here at  
Princeton," said an instructor in  
Greek.

"I remember at one of President  
Wilson's receptions, I complained of a  
man who boasted of his bad habits."  
"When a man," said the President,  
boasts of his bad habits, you may rest  
assured that they're the best he has."

**NOT A KNOCKER.**

[Harper's Magazine.]  
A worker in one of the mission set-  
tlements was speaking to some water-  
front boys with reference to Roman  
history. He touched upon the doings  
of Nero, giving a vivid picture of the  
cruelty of the Emperor. It seemed to  
the speaker that he had hit the idea of

## ABE MARTIN

OUR OWN EGGS

Thirford Moots, who has been waitin' for  
the new manager to make a blunder, has  
gone back to work at the saw mill. A  
boy never begins to appreciate his mother  
till his father tells him to go to work.

Injustice and wickedness in the minds  
of his hearers. Then he began to ask  
a few questions.

"Boys, what do you think of Nero?"

Silence, broken only by an uneasy  
shifting of the lads in their seats.

"Well, Clancy," said the lecturer,  
making an individual appeal, "what do  
you think of Nero? Would you say he  
was a good man? Would you like to  
know him?"

Clancy hesitated. Finally, after again  
being urged to reply, he did so in  
these words:

"Well, he never done nothin' to me."

**JUST LIKE THE COLORS.**

[Buffalo Express.]  
"And I suppose like a brave soldier, you  
followed your colors?"

"Yes; whenever there was a battle, I  
noticed that the colors were flying, so I  
fled, too."

**FULL INITIATION.**

[Judge.]  
Flora—I gave Jack the thirty-second de-  
gree last night.

Dora—Are you a Mason?

Flora—No; but that's the freezing-  
point, isn't it?

**FOR P. M. DUTY.**

[Green Bag.]  
Senator Ollie James told of a young  
man in Louisville who not long since  
hung up his shingle as attorney-at-  
law.

One afternoon a friend, upon enter-  
ing the office, observed upon the desk  
of the new legal light a dollar alarm-  
clock.

"That's a good idea," said the friend.  
"One is very apt to oversleep these fine  
spring mornings."

"The youthful attorney smiled sadly.  
"This alarm-clock was not bought for  
the reason you mention," said he. "I  
merely keep it here to wake me when  
it is time to go home."

**NOT GUILTY.**

[Boston Transcript.]  
Mother—Well, Bobbie, I hope you  
were a good boy at Mrs. Bond's and  
didn't ask for two pieces of pie.

Bobbie—No, ma, I didn't ask for two  
pieces; I only asked if there wasn't  
goin' to be any.

**TIP TO TRANSGRESSORS.**

[Atlanta Constitution.]  
"Et, ex deo say," observed Bror  
Williams, "de devil invented de tango  
dance, sinners should practice it night  
an' day, kaze it'll be a life-saver ter  
'um wen dey hits de hot pavement  
down below ter know how ter hop  
high."

**DREADED.**

[Trenton.]  
Landlord (of Dinktown Hotel)—  
That feller who just swaggered past?  
Oh, that's Lem Badgeley, an' he's a  
terror to autumobilists. I tell you!

Guest—Aha! the village constable,  
eh?

Landlord—Worse; he's the only auty  
repair man within ten miles.

## On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton

Saving Money.  
Our dads all tell us we should save  
our money all the while.  
For every penny helps to make 'n time  
a fine large pile.  
But it takes quite a lot more now for  
folks to keep all.  
Where they paid 15 cents for steak, we  
must pay forty-five.

They saved their money, without  
doubt, but then it was no trick.  
No food trusts then were passing  
out to them the golden brick.  
At 15 cents a dozen, eggs were quite  
within their reach.  
But when we now buy one or two,  
they cost us five cents each.

They used to go and grab a hen at 13  
cents a pound.  
But 25 cents nowadays is how the  
chickens sound.  
They used to get their butter by the  
crock, ten pounds or so,  
But now it strains us to acquire one  
pound of oleo.

The olden days are past and gone, our  
fathers used to know,  
When they all had fat bank accounts  
and sat and watched them  
grow.  
They saved their money, yet, they  
did, and that we must allow.  
We'd like to have them tell us just  
how much they're saving  
NOW.

It's a Mortal Sinch.  
That the fellow who calls you up 3  
a.m. on the telephone by mistake is  
going to call you down. He is going  
to say: "What? Ain't this six-eleven-  
sixty-six? Well, why in blazes ain't it?"

That the pie that comes home from  
the grocery is going to have a cracked  
top and part of the edge peeled off.  
That the telephone is going to be  
busy for half an hour when you want  
to get your wife in a hurry.

That the fellow is going to marry  
the girl before you get to the end of  
the book.

That the good things on the quick  
lunch bill of fare are going to be gone  
before you get there.

That your automobile is going to

talk just as soon as you pick up some-  
one to whom you have been praising  
your car.

That the lady with the large hat will  
get peevish at you when she runs into  
you and twists it out of shape.

Smile.

"Smile," says the optimist, "smile all  
the time."  
All your troubles will fade away.  
To solve all problems, of any style,  
Just smile and you'll do it, smile,  
smile, smile.

I owed a tailor for my last year's  
suit.  
He sent many bills; his grouch was a  
beast.  
I went to my tailor with a smile on  
my face.  
Then he sued me in court and he won  
his case.

The landlord came round and he  
wanted his rent;  
He came without warning; I hadn't a  
cent.

I thought of the optimist, tried the  
smile game,  
But he moved me right out in the  
street just the same.

The optimist sure is a well-meaning  
feller;  
His words they are soft and his man-  
ner is mellow;  
But his smile stunt is punk; I am  
right here to shout  
That he doesn't know what he is talk-  
ing about.

According to Uncle Abner.

After all is said and done, the  
bunk shooters seem to be gettin'  
along urly well in this world.

Don't despise the little ones. Four  
duces have accomplished a great  
deal, from time to time.

Nothing seems to be growing  
faster than the automobile industry.  
The 1913 models are out of style  
before a feller can wear out his 1912  
model.

When a feller goes job hunting  
with a grease spot on his vest it  
knocks \$10 a week off his salary.

Lookin' like famous men is one  
popular way to get noticed, but  
posteriority is goin' to have a hard time  
trying to resemble Wilson.

## J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

# Cold Weather Needs Are Specially Priced at Chapman's. Read This Week-End List Today and Saturday Bargains

New Idea Patterns, 10c each. The only ten cent pattern with a seam allowance. March number of the New Idea Magazine is here and subscribers are asked to call for it.

Have you seen the new Kate Greenaway wash goods?

Do your shopping by mail if you live out of London. Our service is prompt and satisfactory.

## All-Wool Blankets and Sateen Comforts

With the real cold weather we are having, Blankets and Comforters are very interest- ing, especially the following, which bear reduced price tickets.

**SCOTCH WOOL BLANKETS**, of abso- lutely pure, soft wool, thoroughly scoured and cleansed. We can highly recommend these Superior Quality Blankets. Size 74x90 inches. Reduced price, per pair ... \$6.75

**SATEEN COMFORTERS**, thickly filled with pure white batting and covered with figured sateen, reversible sides. Size 72x72 inches. Regular price \$3.25. Reduced price, each ... \$2.98

## Boys' Winter Stockings

**BOYS' RIBBED WOOL STOCKINGS**, 2-1 rib, extra heavy and warm, nearly all wool, sizes 9, 9½ and 10. Best 25c brand. On sale today and Saturday, per pair ... 21c

**10 DOZEN BOYS' WORSTED WOOL STOCK- INGS**, warranted pure wool and reinforced in feet and knees. The heaviest and best 50c make. Sizes 6 to 10. Special price for today and Saturday only, 39c per pair

## Gloves Reduced

**MEN'S AND WOMEN'S GLOVES.** A clearance of broken lines, including Tan Kid and Mocha, for men; Tan and Brown Kid or Gray and Black Mocha for women. All styles are warmly lined and regularly priced at \$1.00. Reduced price, per pair. 79c

**WOMEN'S LONG CHAMOISETTE GLOVES**, similar to real leather, easily washed. Were \$1.00. Now, per pair ... 79c

## Underwear

**VESTS**, guaranteed pure wool, fine rib, natural color. Were \$1.25. Clearance price, each ... 98c

**DRAWERS**, ankle length, heavy union wool, white only. All sizes. Sale price, per pair ... 49c

**CHILDREN'S GRAY WOOL DRAWERS**, 35c and 40c sizes. Now ... 31c

45c, 50c and 55c sizes. Now ... 39c

**Women's Flannelette Night Gowns**, neat stripes, 49c well made

## Ginghams

Absolutely fast color Ging- hams, in stripes, checks and plain shades. All new 1914 spring designs. Price 10c yard. Today and Saturday, 12 yards for \$1.00.

You save 20c on the dol- lar's worth.

## Silk Waists \$1.98

300 in Black and Colors

A special purchase of 300 Silk Waists, made of French Paillette Silk, in navy, Copenhagen, sky, pearl gray, pink, golden brown and tan, drop shoulder style, in high and low neck effects, trimmed with lace. Choice of three styles in black and two styles in colors. Sizes 34 to 42. \$1.98 is a bargain price. Mail Orders Filled.

# CHAPMAN'S 239, 241, 243 Dundas Street

## From Western Ontario Press

**THAT TRIP ABROAD.**

[Sentinel Review.]  
The little trip abroad of Col. Sam Hughes and his officers last year will cost the country between twenty-four and twenty-five thousand dollars. Well, they had a good time and made no doubt, a Europe. The bill is a pretty long one, but if the people of Canada want a real war minister, who takes himself and his office very seriously, they must expect to pay the price.

**FIRST CLAIM ON GAS.**

[Windsor Record-Herald.]  
The low supply of natural gas on Sun- day Monday goes to show that the Tilbury field is becoming exhausted, and our only salvation is for the Government to prohibit the further drain on this limited territory by the recent piping of gas all the way down the line to London, St. Thomas, Galt, Woodstock and Brantford. It's a case of "safety first" with the people of Essex and Kent, who have first claim on the Tilbury field.

**SANCTUARIES FOR THE BIRDS.**

[Guelph Herald.]  
The Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club has adopted a sensible scheme for the protec- tion and encouragement of the native birds around Ottawa. For this purpose it is proposed to establish local bird sanctu- aries in which the birds will be carefully protected. Nesting boxes will be provided for them and their general welfare will be looked after.

There is much to be said in favor of the scheme proposed; nothing need be said about its expediency, for if there is one thing more than another that vexes the lover of birds, it is to see the reckless manner in which the native birds have been pelted, trapped and shot until so very few are left of even the most com- mon birds. The establishment of sanctu- aries will do more good than is perhaps generally imagined.

**KEYS.**

[Detroit Free Press.]  
Long ago in old Granada, when the Moors were forced to flee, Each man looked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key: Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come when they Should return from their long exile to their homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime Vanished, as the years rolled onward, "neath the crumbling touch of time Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be, And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key: Our fair country lies behind us, we are exiles, far, in truth, For no more shall we behold her—our Granada's names is Youth.