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LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1912.
WILLIAM SMITH AND LYMAN SMITH.

The callous application of the spoils system in Oshawa at the instance of Mr. Wm. Smith, M. P., brings that statesman into the limelight again. In the Provincial election of 1898 he acted as the universal provider of his party in the riding of South Ontario, with such success that his beneficiary, Mr. Calder, captured the seat from Hon. John Dryden, by a majority of 96 votes. A petition was entered on behalf of Mr. Dryden, one of the charges being that money for buying votes was paid to one Baker by one Luke, on the written order of William Smith. Luke was missing at the trial, and Smith on oath denied the story. The court accepted Baker's word and unseated Calder. Shortly afterward the persons reported for bribery in the election were put on trial, and Smith then acknowledged the corn. Here is an extract from his cross-examination by Mr. Lount:

Q.—Did you use any money during that election? A.—I did.
Q.—For what purpose? A.—I suppose it was for buying votes.
Q.—How much did you use? A.—I cannot tell you.

Q.—About how much? A.—I cannot tell.
Q.—Over \$100? A.—Yes.
Q.—Over \$200? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$300? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$400? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$500? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$600? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$700? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$800? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$900? A.—It might be.
Q.—Over \$1,000? A.—It might be.

Q.—Then you were willing to use money for buying votes at that election? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How did you work it? Did you select persons to pay it out? A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—Do you decline to name the persons? A.—I do.

Mr. Lount—How many persons were there to whom you gave money? A.—Half a dozen.

In answer to further questions, witness admitted that Baker showed him a list of money that would be required in Cedar Dale, to the extent of \$100.

"Judge Ferguson—Can you tell us how much more than \$900 you paid? A.—No, I can't.

Q.—Can you say not as much as \$1,200? A.—It could not be more than \$1,200.

Q.—Will you say that it was not more than \$1,200? A.—No, I cannot.

Judge Ferguson—Have you any means of saying where Baker got the money that he actually did spend? Does he own a bank? A.—No, sir.

Judge Osler—I should not call Mr. Smith's manner candid.

Mr. Patterson (counsel for Smith)—He showed no disposition to fence with the counsel.

Judge Osler—I should call it brazen: that is the word.

Judge Ferguson—I think Mr. Smith's evidence cannot be too strongly condemned. As it bears on the question, it is discredited by his admission that he was guilty of this gigantic corruption. I have some regrets that this latter offender, Mr. Smith, is not before us. I have nothing to say to him, but that his evidence is the most glaring piece of corruption I ever heard of.

Ten months after this exposure, Mr. William Smith was unanimously nominated as the Conservative candidate for South Ontario, perhaps as a reward for spending his money. He was defeated, but he "came back" in the last election. This fine exponent of public morality has procured the dismissal from public office of Mr. Lyman C. Smith, a man of national distinction in letters, who has given a long life to high and useful service to his fellow-citizens of Oshawa. No charge has been laid against Mr. Lyman Smith, and he has had no opportunity of defending himself. He is the victim of the malice of a proved corruptionist, whose will has been made law by a Government pledged to civil service reform!

CONQUEST OF OLD AGE.

Prof. Metchnikoff, the head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, still holds to his theory that old age is a germ disease, which may be overcome or checked by means of a protective serum. Probably this theory is more interesting to those still young than to those already far gone in the thirties or forties. For it is of protection or prevention, not of cure, that Prof. Metchnikoff speaks.

Hitherto the one infallible prevention and cure has been death. Philosophers dreamed of their elixir of life and mythologists assured men of the virtues of unattainable ambrosias, but in actuality the infirmities of old age seem a more certain fate than death itself. Even grown men do not feel so vitally sure of death as of old age coming when they cannot work. Swift brings Gulliver to a country within

whose bourne the Struldbrugs live on in an endless wretchedness of old age, exempt from the deliverance of death. Senility has been always accepted in practice as the brass-bound certainty of age.

Perhaps "Punch" found an exception in the old woman whose husband, in extremis, had just received a visit from the doctor. "Well, what is the matter with him, doctor?" "Nothing, but senility." "Now, who'd have thought that. He never did 'old' by doctors, but maybe he'd never have had it, if he'd 'ad you before."

So inevitable are the ills of old age that men have even made love to "the last of life for which the first was made." Yet praises of old age have been trumpeted by cheerful people all down the centuries. And it was before the society of "Optimists" that Prof. Metchnikoff recently spoke of the possibility of greatly prolonging life by some protective serum against the germ of old age. None of the optimists will be satisfied with the old-fashioned old age any longer, once the serum comes in to insure against it.

Having located the "disease," as he believes, in the kidneys and the main digestive tube, the renowned professor has already made experiments with a serum upon monkeys, which go to prove his theory. The next step is to perfect the serum for the inoculation of mankind against old age as against smallpox or any other plague. Great strides are being made in this new protective medicine, and we may expect shortly to have a system of handy home inoculation against disease in general, including old age and wrinkles, for use every morning after the dip.

Prof. Metchnikoff is already famous as the advocate of the sour milk preventive. That there is something in this will seem probable to common understanding from the prevalence of long life in Belgravia, for example, where yogurt is in general use. Recent figures show more, than three thousand centenarians in that little country, while there are only 75 in the German Empire.

But apart from sour milk or serums, we all know how easy it is to prolong life and mitigate "old age" by plain fare and attention to the obvious rules of health. We all want to live long, to enjoy old age in that sense, though nobody wants old age in the sense of weakness or senility. And yet we constantly reject the means to the end desired. Bishop Fallows says that there is no reason why a man should not live to be 120. An approximation to this may be secured by private and public hygiene, and perhaps even that limit may seem short if Prof. Metchnikoff's hopes are realized.

MISS GILCHRIST'S REPORT.

Citizens, especially parents, have something to think over in the report of Miss Gilchrist. She has examined several thousand school children of this city, and has found a depressingly large proportion of defectives. She reports 1,915 children suffering from diseased teeth; 252 from defective breathing; 236 from defective vision, and 37 from imperfect hearing. While this shows a physical standard higher than in the old country, where similar examinations have been made, it is sufficiently serious to arouse public interest and call for a discussion of remedies. The bulk of the cases reported by Miss Gilchrist will yield to treatment now, but neglect will mean chronic infirmity in many instances. A great deal of suffering and misfortune will be prevented by notifying parents of defects in their children which would otherwise be undetected until they reached a more serious stage. If proper attention is not given such cases in the homes, the public authority should be invoked.

Miss Gilchrist's appointment as school nurse has justified itself, and her request for assistance should be granted.

Prince Edward has three cabinet ministers with portfolios and six without. It is probably a wily method of squaring six importunate gentlemen by giving them the prefix of "Hon."

The Hill railway interests have bought 900 acres at Port Arthur for railway terminals. Hill was a terrible bogey in the reciprocity campaign. Can't he and his railways be kept out of the country?

Sir Edward Carson, leader of the Ulster Unionists, is urging riot, bloodshed, and lawlessness as a means of fighting home rule. This is the same brand of loyalty that burned the parliament buildings in Canada and mobbed the governor-general.

Colonel Hughes says Canada should present a Dreadnought to the mother country. He has no right to express any such opinion, when the cabinet as a unit dares not and will not. The irresponsible individual at the head of the militia department forgets the first principle of ministerial responsibility.

The Canadian Minister of Militia continues to talk at public gatherings of an armed invasion of this country by the United States. Such a mischief-maker should be muzzled by Mr. Borden, but this requires a backbone, which Mr. Borden failed to show when he allowed Colonel Hughes to force his way into the cabinet.

Lord Alverstone, through the London Standard, is appealing for assistance for the five daughters of Charles Dickens, jun., the novelist's eldest son. They are all unmarried, and in delicate health, and while attempting to make a living in various ways, have had but indifferent success. Subscriptions may be sent to Lord Alverstone, at Hornton Lodge, Kensington, London.

WANTED HOLIDAYS.

[Punch.]
All the school teachers at Lugano have gone on strike owing to a difference with the educational authorities. With splendid loyalty the little pupils are standing by the teachers and urging them not to give way.

NO MALICE.

[Tit-Bits.]
Farmer (to horse dealer)—No, I don't bear ye no malice. I only hope when you're chased by a pack of ravenin' junkies, you'll be a-drivin' that 'orse you sold me.

WHY THE MERCHANT FAINTED.

[Boston Transcript.]
Merchant (to stranger)—I thank you, sir, for helping my clerk throw that book agent out. Now, what can I do for you?
Stranger—Td like to sell you the Life of Washington.

TO BE POPULAR.

[Princeton Tiger.]
1913—How do you make such a hit in society?
1911—Well, you see, I mistake all the debutantes for society leaders and all the society leaders for debutantes.

REMEMBER THE ACCENT.

[Tit-Bits.]
"Queen Mary," said the teacher, to the class in the history lesson, "loved France so much that she declared the word Calais would be found written on her heart after she was dead."

Pausing a moment, the teacher looked at a boy steadily.
"Jimmy Smith," she said, "you were not listening."

"Oh, yes, I was," Jimmy replied.
"Well, what did Queen Mary say would be found written across her heart?"
"Kelly," was Jimmy's triumphant reply.

NO GREAT GAIN.

[Washington Herald.]
"I thought you did your shopping early."
"I did."

"Then why must you rush down town every day now?"
"To exchange a few things."

POETRY MEANS PROSE.

[Boston Transcript.]
Marks—Here's an account of a military wedding where the wedding cake was cut with a sword.
Parks—Probably the bride's first biscuits will have to be cut with an axe.

HAD TO HEAR IT.

[Harper's Bazar.]
Mary—Fanny swore she'd never speak to Jess again. What brought about their reconciliation?
Ruth—Someone told Jess about a new reduction fad.

DEFINED.

[Chicago News.]
Little Willie—Pa, what's a financier?
Pa—A financier, my son, is a man who is capable of inducing other men to pile up a fortune for him.

A SCIENTIFIC THEORY.

[Pittsburg Post.]
"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."
"In what amount?"
"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."

NERVE.

[Flicker-Blatter.]
Lady—Why do you give me this bit of paper?
Tramp—Madam, I do not like to criticise your soup, but it is not like mother used to make. Allow me to give you her recipe.

TRAITOR.

[Puck.]
Hungry Artist—Ah, see what I have! I was going to buy an apple for three cents, but finally persuaded the shopkeeper to sell me two for five.
Hungrier Ditty—Bass churl, I see that even you, too, have caught the sordid spirit of commercialism.

TAKING NO RISKS.

[Lippincott's.]
A Philadelphia woman who is exceedingly fond of animals had an odd experience while waiting at a city railway station for a belated train.

In the seat next to her sat a small dog, which evidently belonged to an elaborately dressed woman just beyond.

He was a friendly little fellow, and looked up at the first-mentioned lady with a wag of his tail, as though desirous to make friends. She leaned down and patted him on the head.

His mistress immediately reached out and took the precious pet into her lap.
"Pardon me," she said apologetically, "but my dog is not allowed to kiss strangers."

SUGPLICATION.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Bind me in paper or bind me in boards.
If merit there be, let the text within show it.
Let nothing be added.
Don't let me be added.
And keep us from being an "Ooze Leather Post."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[Acheson Globe.]
It takes more than hot air to lift a mortgage.
Another remedy for insomnia—turn over a new leaf.

Some women are peculiar, and some others are more so.
Criticism often turns out to be a tribute of respect.

IT STAYS OFF.

[New York Times.]
It's easy enough to take a day off, but the trouble is you can't put it back.

SEEKING COVER.

[Washington Star.]
Some of the Christmas neckties constitute a great temptation to revive the fashion of wearing whiskers.

AN ARTISTIC APPETITE.

[Washington Star.]
"The young lady seems rather fragile," remarked the observant man.
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "she has one of those artistic appetites. She doesn't care what kind of patent food is in the box so long as the picture on the label is pretty."

MUCH IN A NAME.

[Birmingham Age-Herald.]
"Pa, what's the difference between a mortician and a undertaker?"
"They both do the same kind of work, son, but I am inclined to think a mortician will charge more."

A POLYGLOT.

[Buffalo Times.]
"How many foreign languages can Jones talk?"
"Well, he says he understands everything his baby says."

A Few Lines of Most Anything

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

HELP!

DAME BRAIDE PARIS HATS ONLY \$100

He hung on her dear words.

Some men are born miserable and others just try to make trouble for other people.

The Other Side.

We'd very likely see

The rose, the daisy, and the pink

All happy as could be,

And in some hidden corner met

The spring-time and the violet.

If we could hear the songs that flow

Beneath the waves of frost,

We'd know that in the winter time

The summer is not lost;

But where glad dreams of sunshine pass

It holds communion with the grass.

THE PARADOX.

And now Success has failed! The excellent magazine of that name has just been placed in bankruptcy. An ironic comment is to be sure, that the very symbol of prosperity must carry the white flag to the head office of its enemy, Failure—the receiver's court.

The axiom that "Nothing succeeds like success" shows spots of tarnish. But perhaps Success succeeded even though it failed. Perhaps it had carried its message of hope into all the citadels of social and business distress. Perhaps it served to lighten the whole lot of periodical publication.

Perhaps we needed no more preaching to be successful. It might have been a sadder sign had a magazine named Failure succeeded, than that Success failed.

Eight London hens laid 124 eggs in the last month. Who believed there were so many eggs in the world?

The man who tried to burn the Mall and the Grosvenor Gardens, realizing that both those journals use asbestos paper. He was no doubt some misguided Torontonian who had his name left out of the Yacht Club ball report.

An English critic says there are no plums in a plum pudding. Well neither are there:

Cottages in cottage puddings, Swiss in Swiss cheese, Oysters in oyster sauce, Marble in marble cake, Angels in angel cake, Snow in snow pudding, nor Rocks in rock cake, although some blunders are said to show traces of mineral formation.

Exclusive West End, London, is to wear coarser clothes. Pearl button magnate at the bottom of this.

And Albert Chevalier won't have to change his make-up.

Citizens expect action from the rejuvenated city council, and it is not expected that the new members will be hampered by unfamiliarity with local parliamentary procedure. Most of them have been keen observers of the municipal show. It behooves some of the whining brotherhood to close its lips or stay its pen.

Another to be entered in the "less" class is the extinguishless fire extinguisher.

Ever notice how men turn a corner? Some curve around it easily, others at right angles, while some have to tack like a fishing smack. Grace of the feet counts for something.

Montreal is making known its millions, and its newspapers are telling of the champagne parties of New Year's eve. It evidently has no objection to importing the tenderloin features of the United States.

Mr. Hanna's department is said to have developed a fine milk system in his hospitals for the insane, but the friends of patients would be glad to see the water production brought to a standard.

If the police force is called upon to help the firemen they will be able to stamp out anything but a severe conflagration.

Then they can also handcuff themselves in a human chain and haul the hose up from the roof.

Criticism often turns out to be a tribute of respect.

And think of the convenience of those young lighthouses they carry for throwing a shaft on the flames.

A Hint to Subscribers.

[Glencoe Transcript.]
These are the short days, and these are the days we are short.

Acquired a High Polish.

[East Elgin Reformer.]
Mr. John Richards is somewhat brighter.

The Review's Menagerie.

[Mount Forest Confederate.]
The Harrison Review has added crowing hens to its roosting ducks and other curiosities.

Hang Them Peaky Play Actors.

[Glencoe Transcript.]
Fuller's minstrels, billed for the opera house last Thursday evening, failed to put in an appearance, and some debts contracted by their advance agent have not yet been met.

Hasn't He Gone Yet?

[East Elgin Reformer.]
James Berry, of London, Eng., an ex-hangman, addressed two meetings in St. Thomas on Sunday. The afternoon meeting was for men only. The Times and Journal men kept quiet in that meeting.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

248 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

Children's Sleepers

Of heavy fleece cotton, natural color, buttoned down the back. This sleeping suit keeps the child well covered while sleeping.

Two-year size 55c
Four-year size 60c
Six-year size 65c
Eight-year size 70c
Ten-year size 75c

Winter Underwear

VESTS—Women's Long-Sleeved Merino Vests, heavy weight. Sale price, 47c per garment

VESTS for women, heavy wool plush. Regular \$1.00, sale price, per garment 75c

DRAWERS, ribbed and fleece-finished cotton, ankle length. A pair 21c

DRAWERS, heavy ribbed cotton, open or closed, mill seconds, at a pair 31c

Blankets

A seasonable bargain in White Wool Blankets at \$2.79 a pair, thoroughly scoured and shrunken, white wool, soft and fluffy; size 60x80 inches. January sale \$2.79

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Limoges China

Another shipment of our Pink Pattern French Haviland Limoges China has arrived, including Cups and Saucers, Plates, Platters, Covered Dishes, Soup Coupes and a variety of small pieces. Although this is not a large shipment it will supply the