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LONDON, MONDAY, JAN. 8.

The British Elections.

The Balfour Government had a majority of 75 over all parties combined at the end of the last session in the House of Commons. To overcome this majority and be independent of the Irish Nationalists, who had 82 seats in the late parliament, the Liberal Government must make enormous gains. It cannot expect much in Ireland, where the 21 seats which were not held by Nationalists were held by Unionists. It is probable the Nationalists will increase their representation in the next House, at the expense of the Unionists, although it is equally probable that several Unionists will be elected who will not oppose reforms in the administration of Irish affairs, such as have been advocated by Lord Dunraven and many Conservative landlords.

In Wales the Liberals already have 26 of the 30 seats, and cannot do much better. The Government, therefore, must look to England and Scotland to decide the issue.

Of the 72 Scottish seats, the Unionists captured 38, and the Liberals 34, in 1900, the first time in 70 years that a Conservative majority came from north of the Tweed. Since 1900, every bye-election in Scotland has gone Liberal, and there is every likelihood that the country will line up almost solidly behind the Scotch premier and his Scotch cabinet. In 1885 the Liberals captured 62 of the 72 Scottish ridings, and even on the home rule issue, Scotland was loyal to Gladstone.

In the English boroughs the Liberals have only 45 out of 120 seats, so that they have plenty of leeway to make up. They won 87 of these seats in 1885, and if the recent bye-elections signify anything they will do equally well in the approaching election. The manufacturing centers are strongly for free trade.

In the English counties the Conservatives, at the time of dissolution, had 160 seats and the Liberals 74. In 1885 the Liberals had a majority of 34 in the counties, and as they have won eight bye-elections since 1900, they may safely count on making great headway, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's bid for the agricultural vote by promising a duty on foreign foodstuffs.

It is said the Irish vote holds the balance of power in about 20 English constituencies. Mr. John Redmond has advised Irishmen in England to vote for Liberal or Labor candidates. This may be an important factor. There appears to be not the slightest doubt of the rout of the Conservative party, but it is not so certain that the Liberal party will be in a position to dispense with the aid of the Nationalists.

The Result in Compton.

"The campaign in Compton, judged by the large and enthusiastic Conservative meetings, gives fair promise of the election of Mr. Rufus Pope, the former member for the House of Commons."—Today's Free Press.

If our esteemed but somewhat neighbor will turn up its files of Jan. 5 it will find that Mr. Pope was buried beneath an adverse majority of nearly 400 on the previous day. Our contemporary is prophesying after the event.

Just here it may not be amiss to call attention to the nature of Mr. Pope's campaign. The population of Compton at the last census was 25,357, of whom 15,033 were Roman Catholics, mostly French-Canadians. Mr. Pope made a direct bid for the Roman Catholic vote. He denounced the amended school clauses of the autonomy bill as a shameful betrayal of Catholic rights. He told the French-Canadians that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had been false not only to his religion, but to his race, in refusing to make French an official language in the new western provinces, as demanded by the leader of the Quebec Conservatives, Mr. Monk. To their honor the Roman Catholics of Compton refused to be stampeded by these appeals to racial and religious prejudice, and they aided in electing Mr. Hunt, an English-speaking Protestant, like Mr. Pope.

Our neighbor's enthusiasm over Mr. Pope's candidature is hard to reconcile with its attitude toward the autonomy bill a few months ago during a bye-election near home. If a vote for Hyman was a vote for "Laurier, Sbarretti and the Hierarchy," a vote for Rufus Pope must have been a vote for Pope Plus himself.

Incidentally we would inform our neighbor that Confederation took place in 1867, and that any arguments in its favor at this late date would be supererogatory.

Municipal Good Resolutions.

The mayor of Denver, Col., some time ago issued a proclamation in which he suggested a number of resolutions of a civic character. As this is the time for good resolutions, citizens in every community cannot do better than heed the excellent advice of the mayor of Denver, which we reproduce from the Canadian Municipal Journal, as follows:

"If your store front, residence, or fence is dull or dingy, order it painted."

"If your awning is old, torn, or faded, get a new one."

"If your sidewalk, fence, or gate needs repairing, fix it."

"If your advertising sign is old and faded, take it down and paint it."

"Destroy the young weeds that are starting on your property, and on your neighbor's property."

"Resolve never to throw paper in the streets."

"Take all dandelions out of your lawn—they spoil the beauty of it."

"Burn all the rubbish possible, allow no one in your house to throw it on the streets, alleys, or vacant lots."

"Promise not to spit on the sidewalks."

"Organize a block improvement society, and permit no weeds to grow on sidewalk, area or vacant property in your block."

"Ask your milkmen, grocers, and expressmen to have their wagons painted."

"Irrespective of the size of your house make your lawn the finest on the street."

"Illuminate the front of your store in the business section."

"Every effort put forth or dollar spent to improve our city's appearance will be returned twofold."

It is claimed that these suggestions have been cordially carried out by the people of Denver, and that they are perfectly delighted with the result. What has been done there can be done here.

The Ontario Minister of Mines will have public opinion behind him if his latest move is an attack on monopolistic tendencies in the Cobalt district.

The report that Dr. Osler will return to Baltimore is not confirmed. Perhaps it had its origin in the fact that in England the leaders in all departments are past the chloroform age.

Only a fifth of the number of women entitled to vote in Toronto went to the polls. They might easily have carried the license reduction bylaw, if they had been sufficiently interested. Find the moral.

Mr. Chamberlain compares protectionism to trades unionism. This is only half true. The manufacturers get protection against foreign products, but the workmen get no protection against foreign labor.

The Hamilton Herald thinks Mr. Beck's estimate of \$22 per horse-power per year for Niagara power, delivered in London, is too optimistic. "It is only a few weeks since representatives of the Toronto company said that its power could not be profitably delivered in Toronto for less than \$40—and London is about 50 miles further from the source of power than Toronto is," says the Herald. It would be interesting to know whether the power company in question, and the Toronto concerns which have contracted for Niagara power at \$40, are controlled by the same group of capitalists. Rumors says they are.

Ubiquitous.

[Tales.]

Sportsman (displaying trophies of hunt): Yes, I shot this crocodile, this tiger and this polar bear—all within three days.

Encouraging.

[Judge.]

Patient—What do you think about my eye, doctor?
Doctor (replacing the bandage)—Oh, your eye will come out all right in a week or two.

Unchanged.

[Yonkers Statesman.]

Patience—That long-haired man with the diamonds at the piano, I just heard.
Fair witness—Twenty-nine years, my son. A man is a grifter before he is sixty, and a philanthropist afterwards."

The Difference.

[Life.]

"Papa, what is the difference between a grifter and a philanthropist?"
"Merely one of years, my son. A man is a grifter before he is sixty, and a philanthropist afterwards."

Her Donation.

[Chicago Journal.]

"I have nothing but praise for our new minister."
"So I noticed when the plate came round."

Location.

[Puck.]

Missionary—Do my brothers camp here as a rule, or do they go further into the interior?
Native—All depends on big chief's appetite.

A Deep Dig.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Miss Bute—Horace Smith, I'm told, remarked that I was a very beautiful girl.
Miss Cutting—Indeed? That can't be. The Horace Smith I met the other evening.

Mark Twain's Philosophy.

[New York World.]

Mark Twain is growing old gracefully. He has achieved the philosophy of life by keeping humor in it. Most philosophers fall of individual happiness because they lack a proper sense of humor. Most humorists omit the philosophic contemplations which temper adversity. Most lives become

rigid when the flexibility of youth departs.

Mr. Clemens combines the lightness of youth with the experience of age. His speech at the dinner in his honor on "The Seventieth Birthday" excels in its point of view Cicero and Horace. "To stand unafraid and unabashed upon your seven-terrace summit" is a reward in itself for a life nobly and honorably spent. Byron's "Thespisopolis" does not better summarize the end of a righteous life than that its possessor may with Mark Twain "step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart."

The humor of this birthday speech is as wise as its philosophy. It covers diet, sleep, smoking, drinking and medicine. What advice could be better than this?

"When the others drink I like to help; otherwise I remain dry by habit and preference. I have no rule about it."

"Since I was 7 years old I have seldom taken a dose of medicine and have still seldom needed one."

"I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time."

"For 30 years I have taken coffee and bread in the morning and no bite or sup till evening."

"I have lived a severely moral life. The only thing that can extirpate sin microbes is morals."

"If you find you can't make 70 by any but an uncomfortable road don't you go."

Mark Twain's humor is unexcelled except by his philosophy.

The Single Life.

[Hagerstown (Md.) Mail.]

Franklin Hykes, near Mason and Dixon, on Thursday slaughtered a big porker, probably the best one killed in this section this fall. It weighed 68 pounds, and Calvin Talmeh, who guessed nearest the weight, was awarded a 10-pound turkey. About 50 men helped at the butchering. A turkey dinner was served.

Daring Love.

[Buffalo News.]

He proposed in the conservatory—
He took an awful chance—
It's dangerous to speak so near—
So many rubber plants

Economy.

[Baltimore American.]

"An heiress is rather a contradiction to the usual order of things."

"Why so?"

"If she wants to save her money about the last thing she should do is to husband her resources."

His Record.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Full sixteen summers, Geraldine, have passed since you agreed to wait in spite of what might intervene, and here I am before the gate.

"Twas here you—see, I don't forget—I kissed you—not upon the brow—
You wept so hard the grass was wet—
How many children have you now?"

You told me then that you would wait
With sure and constant trust in me;
My oldest boy is yearly eight,
My little girl will soon be three.

"Twas here I vowed that I would earn
The world's sincere regard somehow;
You married the next fall, I learn—
How many children have you now?"

A Wiling Subject.

[Yonkers Statesman.]

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I would like to have a few words with you.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—All right, dear; the fewer the better.

Frank.

[Washington Star.]

"What will be your chief aim now you are in Congress?" asked the interviewer.

"To stay there," answered the laconic young statesman.

For Condensed Apartments.

[Tales.]

"Mamma, what is the use of condensed milk?"

"Oh, it's for people who live in flats and have small kitchens."

A Difference.

[Tales.]

Wearry Raggle—Say, is Sing Sing far from here?

Handsome Harry—Well, it took me an hour to go there and a year to get back.

The Two Consciences.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Dear me! All we four nowadays is graft! Isn't it awful?" said she.

"Awful!" he repeated. "I'm not getting a cent of it."

Cheerful Truth Teller.

[Tales.]

Justin Gaged—Good evening, Freddy. Do you know who I am?

Freddy (aged 7)—Yes, mamma said you were sister Clara's last hope.

Consistent.

[Tales.]

Judge—What is your age?

Fair Witness—Twenty-nine years, your honor.

"That's exactly what you said two years ago."

"Well, I'm not going to say one thing today and another thing tomorrow."

Don't Forget This.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

To make the year a happy one
More wishing will never be
If happiness be safely won
Depends a lot on you.

The Spoils System.

[Toronto News.]

No charge was more frequently made against the late Government than that it administered the license law for its own political advantage, and brought pressure to bear upon hotelkeepers to help it in election contests. The new Government promised to reform this evil. Instead of that, it has taken a step that makes the political administration of the law not a possibility, but an absolute necessity. The logical result of its action is to force the inspector into politics in order to defend his position. Once established, the precedent will be followed by both parties. When the Liberals return to power the Conservative inspectors will go. The general elections will take the form of a grand combat between the inspectors in office and those who want their jobs, with each side backed by its friends in the liquor business. The demoralizing effects of such a contest need not be emphasized. It would have been better to select inspectors at random from the civil service for the application of the spoils methods.

His Only Error.

[Cleveland Leader.]

Boss—You'll find when you get your check, Mr. Pennink, that I have added \$4 a month to your salary. I believe that you didn't make a single mistake during the entire year."

Bookkeeper—Yes, I did—just one.

Boss—What was that?

Bookkeeper—I figured on a bigger raise.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Biography

[From the New York Post, Jan. 6.]

Churchill's public career, now set forth all too copiously by his son Winston, is perhaps the best illustration of the chances which English political conditions offer to one who is half-statesman, half-agitator. Of noble family, he yet described himself as one who was "never respectable." "Society," he hated; the big-wigs of his own class and party he openly flouted. He was always quarrelling with somebody, always insubordinate, never willing. In Mr. Gladstone's phrase, to "throw his mind to the common stock." His rough methods of speech and fierce campaigning brought on his head such epithets as "Cheeky Randy," "the Champagne Charley of politics," "Yahoo Churchill." His first resort was to the bludgeon. Even when he had to support a man or measure, his plan was to do it "with a kick and not with a caress." A large part of his Parliamentary fame was won by his remorseless baiting of Gladstone. That old lion was too easily drawn by the yelping of small dogs and used to spend needless hours in reading the nagging Churchill. Yet the latter had at bottom a profound respect for Gladstone. Once when, in the heat of debate, he used language of the Liberal leader which the latter indignantly denounced as "foul," Lord Randolph apologized with tears. "You will kill Mr. Gladstone one of these days," some one said to him. "Oh, no," he rejoined, "he will survive me." I often tell my wife what a beautiful letter he will write her, proposing my burial in Westminster Abbey."

It would be a mistake to infer that Churchill had nothing in him but heeling impudence. He possessed unbounded energy, an enormous power of work, and made himself an authority on several great questions of the day. One of them was the Irish question. He had lived five years in Ireland when his father was Lord Lieutenant. Many Irishmen of note were his personal friends. His able Earl Carnarvon were Lord Salisbury's unofficial negotiators with Parnell, in 1885, when, as the latter said openly to Parliament, they gave him to understand that the Tories would go no farther than the Liberals in meeting the desires of Ireland. Afterwards, of course, Lord Randolph became a fierce opponent of Home Rule. Yet he always had a kindly feeling for Irishmen, and a keen appreciation of their eloquence and their wit. In a letter to Lord Salisbury in 1886 he wrote: "Ashbourne was commenting last night on the fact that Archbishop Walsh had swallowed John Morley's atheism. 'Ah,' said Morris, 'John Morley spells God with a small g, but he spells Gladstone with a big G, and that satisfies the Archbishop.'"

POEMS THAT LIVE

Nothing Lost.

[George MacDonald.]

I know that nothing made is lost;
That not a moon has ever shone,
That not a cloud my eyes hath crost,
But to my soul hath gone.

And all the dead years garnered life
In this gem-crust, my dim soul,
And that thy hand may, once, apply
The key that opens the whole.

In Memoriam.

[New York Times.]

Admire of Mark Twain believe he has never written anything more effective than he little verse he had cut in the modest block marble which marks the resting place of his wife in Woodlawn Cemetery, Elmira, N. Y.:

Warm summer sun
Shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind
Blow softly here,
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light,
Good-night, dear heart,
Good-night, good-night.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE

Woman, While Asleep, Dresses as Man and Robs Herself.

Paris, Jan. 8.—A psychological puzzle has been discovered at Lille in the person of an old woman, who at midnight dresses as a man, with a burglar's kit, robs herself, then retires in a dressing gown, and replaces the goods she has taken.

She is Mile. Godron, a rich old maid, who returned recently from Lourdes, saying she had been cured of an incurable disease. A week ago she went to the police, and said she had been robbed of \$5,000 in bank notes. The police made careful inquiries, and as the result they persuaded Mile. Godron to engage a new maid. This maid was a private detective in the pay of the police, and she watched Mile. Godron night and day.

She soon discovered that her mistress was a confirmed somnambulist. She usually retired at 10, and fell asleep immediately. At midnight she rose and produced from a box a man's clothes, in which she dressed herself.

She next tied a crepe mask over her face, pulled a rough cap tightly on her head, took a gimmy and other burglar's tools from a drawer, and stowing a revolver in her hip pocket, stole quietly out of the room.

The first night she took the silver off the dining-room sideboard, pushed it into a bag which she slung across her shoulders, and stole back to her bedroom. She then undressed, put on a dressing gown, and carried the silver back to the dining-room, piece by piece.

Another night she let herself out by the door, broke in through the drawing-room window, opened up the desk with a skeleton key and abstracted some money replacing it as before.

On a third night she stole into her cook's bedroom, rifled her pockets, and again returned the money.

At the end of the week the burglarious routine was varied. Mile. Godron dressed as usual, but went to an outdoor house and took a spade. She then proceeded some distance down the garden, and began to dig, ultimately un-



Little Girls' Coats, \$1.85.



Lace Curtains, per pair, 50c.



HAPPY WEEK

We announce the merriest, jolliest sale of the year, to open tomorrow morning.

"Happy Week" it is called—don't you like the idea? Well you will like everything about the sale—the goods, the bargains and last, but not least the idea. Come and have a good time. Here are a very few of the bargains.

Blankets for Happy Week—\$3.50 and \$3.75 Blankets for \$2.95.

The blankets will "warm the cockles of your heart," and the price will be easy on your pocket-book. White wool blankets, some slightly soiled.

Oxford Shirting.

Light and medium shades, good patterns. Worth 10c and 12½c yard, Happy Week sale price 8½c

A Comfortable Wrap.

Ladies' Golf Capes, 34 inches long, high collar, neatly stitched. Regular price \$4.50 and \$5, for \$2.85

A Ticklish Price for Ladies' Waists.

ONE DOLLAR instead of \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.25—fine black saten, prettily made. Choice \$1.00

A Smile and 57c

Buy a first-class American Alarm Clock, instead of 75 cents.

J. H. Chapman & Co.

126, 128, 128½ DUNDAS STREET.



\$7 only, Boys' Two-Piece Suits, tweed and serges, both single and double-breasted. These will fit boys from 6 to 9 years old, best \$25 to \$40 sellers. Happy Week only

\$2.25



Outing Flannel Night-gowns, 47c.



Crepe Cretennes, 10c Yard.



The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Wilson's Invalids' Port

R Oporto Wine, Extract of Peruvian Cinchona Bark.

A TRIAL will demonstrate that this is one of the very best combinations of these ingredients, the tonic properties of which are well recognized by all pharmacopoeias. Physicians recommend it for Anemia, Chlorosis, General Debility, and in convalescence.

ALL DRUGGISTS

The Canada Life Assurance Company

announces that the

Applications Received Policies Issued and New Business Actually Paid for in '05

were all materially greater than in any previous year in the Company's history.

HANGED IN ROLLER TOWEL DYNAMITE IN SHIP'S COAL

Little Girl Meets Strange Death—May Be Suicide Case.

Pittsburg, Penn., Jan. 6. — The lifeless body of Stella Doyle, aged 7 years, was found swinging in the lavatory of the Thirty-Fourth Ward School this afternoon, and while the circumstances indicate suicide, the developments of tonight show that it may possibly have been a case of accidental death.

The child, who had been sick and cross, left the room in school about 2:30 p.m., without permission, and an hour later was found hanging dead in the little lavatory, her neck being in the grip of a stout roller towel. The body was carried into the principal's room and was seen by a score of little ones, who became panic-stricken.

The child was the daughter of William Doyle, of West Carson street, and was considered one of the bright pupils of the school. The coroner believes that the child fell into the roller towel accidentally or wrapped it in play around her neck and then could not extricate herself. Miss Mary McDonough, the child's teacher, is prosecuted tonight.

Two Sticks of It Found on Transport—Said Japs Put It There.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 5.—That two sticks of dynamite were found hidden in the coal of the transport Thomas on her last trip to the United States was the story told by Lewis E. Davis, of Vancouver, a passenger on board the boat and now in Seattle.

About 2,000 miles from Nagasaki the coal passers discovered the two sticks. The passengers were panic-stricken when the news got around the ship and great caution was taken in handling the coal. Davis says the officers stated that they believed Japanese stevedores put the dynamite in the coal when loading it, because of their feeling over America's part in the making of an unpopular peace treaty.

The Thomas was carrying 1,500 soldiers of the Seventeenth Infantry and 400 saloon passengers. Four thousand tons of coal was put aboard at Nagasaki, and it was in this dynamite was found.

The salt of the earth will have no sour virtues. True charity knows nothing of absent treatment.