

FOUR

London Advertiser

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Connecting All Departments.
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Editors..... 3671
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LONDON, THURSDAY, JAN. 9.

PROSPEROUS LONDON.

London is at the threshold of a new era of growth and development.

All the conditions and portents are favorable. There will be an unexampled burst of building activity in the spring. The cost of the public institutions, factories, colleges, and churches to be erected this year, or in the very near future, is estimated at \$2,000,000. In addition there will be probably more house building than for years, following in the train of progress.

There is a more buoyant feeling in the air than for a long time. It looks as though London is suddenly making up the arrears of a period of comparative quiet. There has been no depression or recession, but we have not in the past few years had our proportionate share of the rapid industrial development in the province. Now all is changed. The city has received an impetus which is being felt in every department of activity—in manufacturing, in trade, in building, in real estate. It promises to carry us a long way; it should be permanent, and will be if the city is not prevented by its own mistakes from reaping the full harvest of its natural and other advantages.

This turn of the tide has come—London is enjoying this fresh access of prosperity—without the expenditure of a cent on the grandiose project which we are told is absolutely necessary to the city's welfare. The advocates of an outlay of a million dollars on the electrification of the London and Port Stanley Railway talk as though London had no future unless their scheme goes through.

As a matter of fact the one cloud on London's horizon is the fear of the wholesale, jobbing and manufacturing interests—London loses some of her present advantages in transportation. Today she occupies a favored position. Although by all the logic of Mr. Beck and his followers she is being strangled to death because the London and Port Stanley Railroad is under lease and is using steam as a motive power! The business community places a high value on the steam road connections afforded by the L. and P. S. R., and views with grave anxiety the prospect that these will be destroyed or impaired.

So here is London entering on a period of expansion, feeling the thrill of a new life; and all she needs and wants is an assurance, that the conditions under which these things have been brought about shall not be wrecked by costly, headlong and ill-considered adventures.

THE REVOLT AGAINST SIR JAMES.

There is a noise in the Ontario Conservative camp. Some of the tribes are growing restive under the rods and scorpions of the chief in Queen's Park. When Sulla grew old at Rome, the Roman Conservatives looked round to find in young Pompey another leader, and Sulla was told one day that more men were arising than the setting sun. His date was out. Is something similar to happen to Sir James?

Is there likely to be an upheaval something like that in the American Republican party last year? Progressive Conservatives like Mr. Southam are nearing the limit of endurance. But the Progressive platform in this province has been already occupied by Mr. Rowell. Those Conservatives who want reform need only rally to him. If Sir James does not yield in some matters, Mr. Rowell will benefit by the resulting ferment in the dominant party.

It must be acknowledged in the meantime that the Ottawa Citizen has courage in standing by its convictions. It is a Conservative paper, with strong party traditions. It has power in Ottawa at least. When a general election comes, there will be a delicate situation in that city. At the last general election the Ottawa Conservative candidates pledged themselves to tax reform and like the Ottawa Citizen have stood by it. What about the next election in case Sir James stands pat? The action of the Ottawa Conservative executive may be found to conflict with the sentiment of the majority of the party in that region much as the steam roller machinery of the Republicans last July ran against an ugly snag. The action of a mere office-seeking clique will not likely be endorsed by the rank and file in Ottawa.

As things now look, no Whitney machine candidate can be elected there. In all probability the situation in Ottawa will find a reflex elsewhere in the province. Mr. Rowell, the champion of tax reform and other progressive policies, is the logical leader of the dissatisfied Conservatives.

THE BRITISH INSURANCE ACT.

The last stumbling block in the path of the great British Insurance Act is being rapidly removed by the collapse of the strike which the British Medical Association tried to organize against it.

The association, which embraces about half the members of the profession in the Kingdom, stood unitedly in the early stages of the negotiations, and succeeded in wringing large concessions from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The controlling spirits of the association, whether from partisan feeling or not, spurned these generous overtures, but they could not whip the rank and file of the profession into line. In the final referendum 11,309 doctors voted to refuse the Chancellor's terms, and 2,422 in favor of acceptance, but over 16,000 doctors declined to mark their ballots.

The association bosses choosing to regard this minority vote as a mandate to make war on the Government, six eminent members of the council of the association resigned as a protest, and five of them threw in their lot with the National Insurance Practitioners' Association, an organization of doctors pledged to work the act. This was the beginning of the end of the strike.

For the purpose of administering the act the country has been divided into districts, each district having an insurance committee, composed of physicians and laymen appointed by a central committee. Each local committee invited the doctors of the district to register their names on an insurance panel, from which insured persons would make their own choice. In Scotland, the great majority of the members of the profession joined the panels, except in Edinburgh and a few localities. In the mining and industrial districts of England the response was also satisfactory. Fewer doctors were forthcoming in the rural parts, where the social boycott instituted by the British Medical Association against all who work under the act, is more potent than in the cities. But it is now certain that the insurance commissioners will be able to provide an adequate medical service in nearly every district on Jan. 15, when the act goes into operation. This demonstration is expected to decide wavering physicians to join the panels with a rush. Thus 12,000,000 persons will soon be assured of free medical attendance and a cash payment of \$2.50 a week, during illness, in return for a weekly insurance tax of 6 to 8 cents, according to sex. It is a colossal undertaking, and will be a lasting monument to the man of genius who conceived it, and has carried it to a successful issue in spite of obstacles that seemed insurmountable.

The Unionists, with their food tax policy, made the mistake of coming between the Englishman and his dinner.

It would be unfair to accuse Sir James Whitney of being Janus-faced. His face is set resolutely in one direction—the past.

The wholesale houses and manufacturing concerns of this city are "private interests," but in the aggregate they are London's interests. He is no friend of London who would deny these interests a right to be heard in regard to the railway situation.

The peace conference is still sitting at London, but no echo of the storm within the walls of St. James' Palace reaching the outside world. The destinies of nations are being weighed, over a table, but nothing is settled until it is settled right. The Treaty of Berlin taught a lesson by which the great powers should profit today.

Pulp and paper manufacturers who opposed the reciprocity agreement have induced the Quebec Government to remove the restrictions on the export of pulpwood, so that Canadian paper may enter the United States duty-free. But they would still send money and wave the old flag to prevent Canadian farmers getting the same advantages.

The Advertiser agrees with the Globe that if the Liberals in parliament intend to force a dissolution so as to test the country's feeling on the navy question, the Opposition in the House of Commons should not leave it to the Senate to throw out the bill. The Advertiser also believes that if the Opposition in the House forces the Government to go to the people, the people will declare against a policy of tribute, and in favor of a Canadian navy.

Mr. Beck never fought a more difficult battle, because of the array of private interests and the subtle character of a campaign that contended that all it desired was information.—London Free Press.

At last the Free Press has some light. The property-owners vote money as a bonus or loan and also give fixed assessments to keep and encourage private interests or enterprises.

Mr. Beck and the Free Press never fought "a more difficult battle" against an "array of private interests" or enterprises.

The property owners vote money to save? Mr. Beck and his supporters fight to destroy.

Why?

If the Unionists drop food taxes, they drop imperial preferential trade. There can be no preference to Canada without food taxes in Britain. The majority of Canadians do not want to take toll of the British masses in this way, but if the Unionists throw overboard this plank of

their platform, those Canadians who have been preaching that imperial unity depends on fiscal ties, will look supremely foolish. It will serve them right.

LONG ENOUGH.

[Baltimore American.]
"Did she love him long?"
"I'll be short."

HALF-TRAINED.

[Life.]
Minister—Young man, do you know how to dance?
Young Man—Well, parson, I know the holds, but I don't know the steps.

WHERE IT BEGAN.

[Life.]
The building of the Tower of Babel was progressing nicely when suddenly someone asked: "How are we going to solve the trust question?"

Thence arose such a confusion of tongues that no one has been able to understand anyone else ever since.

THE DISRAELI DIFFERENCES.

[Public Opinion, London Eng.]
The unbroken harmony of the Disraelis' married life might be claimed as evidence in support of the theory that husbands and wives should be of opposing temperaments. Here is Lady Beaconsfield's estimate of her husband's and her own characteristics, given in Mr. Montagu's "Life of Disraeli":

HE IS. SHE IS.
Very calm. Very effervescent.
Manners grave and almost sad. Gay and happy-looking when speaking.
Never irritable. Very irritable.
Warm in love, but cold in friendship. Warm in love, but cold in friendship.
Very patient. No patience.
Very studious. Very idle.

Often says what he does not think. Only generous to those she loves. Never says anything she does not think.
It is impossible to find out what he likes or dislikes. Her manner is quite different, and to those who know her she shows his feelings.
No vanity. Much vanity.
Concealed. No self-love.
No self-love. Much self-love.
Amused. Everything amuses her.
He is a genius. She is a dunce.
He is to be depended on. She is not to be depended on.
His whole soul is devoted to politics and ambition.

MATERNAL PRIDE.

[Life.]
Jm Laferty had brought his mother to that haven of many of the city's unfortunate, Molly Laferty was still an active woman, but she bore no grudge to spend her last years in a city institution. After a time the matron, a kindly woman, suggested she help with the mending. But Molly scornfully threw up her head and said: "Indeed, and it's not my son that would be letting his old mother work."

JANUARY.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]
January, crowned with snow,
Crystallized, diamonded, agleam,
Deep within thy heart we know
Dwelleth June, a fair, fair dream.

Sunset hints her distant hues,
Sunrise flushes rose and gold;
Lovely memory reviews,
Spring's warm beauty, through the cold.

Proud or beguiled, glad or meek,
Nature grants this gracious boon;
We must share with all who seek
January's dream of June.

IF.

[Somerville Journal.]
If all things were just what they seem,
If drops were really gold,
If milk were always rich with cream,
If women never grew old,
If life were all a time of joy,
If love would always last,
If pleasure never had alloy,
If we were paid for having fun,
If wishes would come true,
If Fate were kind to every one,
If we had autos, too;
If all our luck were always good,
If men were free from guile,
If people did just what they should,
If clothes would stay in style,
If ashes only burned like coal,
If maidens all were fair,
If humorists were always droll,
If we were each an heir,
If rent day didn't come around,
If sirloin steaks were free,
If turkey cost ten cents a pound,
How happy we would be!

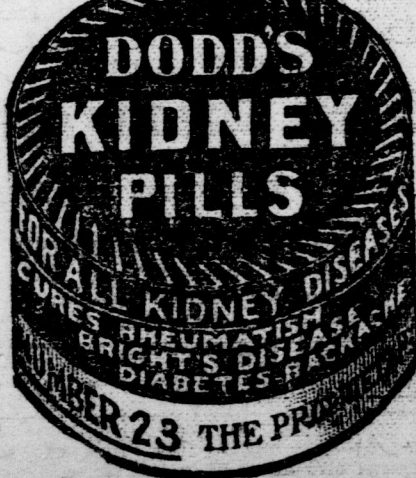
AN EXCELLENT DEVICE.

[Judge.]
An excellent device against slipping on your front doorsteps these icy mornings is to cover them from top to bottom with your last summer's sofa cushions. These suitably placed will prevent your falling and chipping the brownstone or granite steps with the back of your celluloid collar.

WILL OF POETS' SON.

[London Daily News.]
Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, of Asolo, Veneto, Italy, who died last July, aged 63 years, only son of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, left estate valued for purposes of the English grant at £1,259. His will reads: "This is my last will and testament. I leave and bequeath to Caroline Betto the sum of fifteen thousand lire to be paid to her free of succession duty.—(Signed), Robert Barrett Browning, Jan. 15, 1912."

It will be seen that he named no executor and made no general disposition of his property. He died without child or parent, and his wife now resides in Germany, and his cousin, and one of the next-of-kin being now resident in Jamaica, letters of administration have been granted to their attorneys.



NOVELS THE WORLD ONCE WEPT OVER

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

A new get-learning-quick series of books is called the Regent Library.

It is a series which aims at giving the busy reader extracts connected by summarizing notes that afford one the opportunity of getting the best of an author in the shortest possible time. As these books are very reasonable in price, their sale will probably be enormous. Many will rise to call the editors blessed, for they will be saved time and labor. The volume which offers to our quick gaze the essence of Samuel Richardson will bring to the notice of hustling readers a novelist whom they could not possibly take time to read. The world has rushed past Richardson and his leisurely style has been voted by the majority of those who have lingered to nibble at him a profound bore. But Richardson was a great man in his day. He began life as a poor boy, served as an apprentice to a printer for years, married his master's daughter, came into the business, and built up a fortune. He published his first novel at the age of fifty, and instantly leaped into fame. "Pamela" will always be famous, because it was the first English novel to be written in the epistolary form; it was designed to teach high morals in the age of Fielding.

How many books of today could hope to have such a lachrymal way with lovely lady readers as "Clarissa Harlowe"? The wife of a Lancashire baronet wrote a letter to Richardson in which she said: "I verily believe I have shed a pint of tears, my heart is still bursting though they cease to flow at this moment, nor will I fear for some time. . . . Had you seen me I surely would have moved your pity. When alone in agonies would I lay down the book, take it up again, walk about the room, let fall a flood of tears, wipe my eyes, read again, perhaps not three lines, throw away the book, crying out: 'Excuse me, good Mr. Richardson; I cannot go on; it is your fault; you have done more than I can bear'; threw myself upon my couch to compose; again I read, again I acted the same part, sometimes agreeably interrupted by my good man, who was at that time laboring through the sixth volume with a heart capable of impressions equal to my own—tho' the effects shown in a more justifiable manner—which I believe may be compared to what Mr. Belfort felt when he found the beautiful sufferer in her prison-room. Something rose in my throat, I knew not what, which made me guggle as it were for speech." This, gentle reader, you will say, must have been a bundle of emotions, but Clarissa had just the same effect upon ladies of sterner stuff. Take Lady Mary Wortley Montague—what a name is that!—for example. Lady Mary was the new woman of her day; worldly, blasé, witty, wise. She despised Richardson because he was a plebeian and she made fun of his descriptions of high life. And yet the little printer of Fleet street turned on the tears for Lady Mary. "This Richardson," she writes, "is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him and equally read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner." It was certainly a great feat to make this witty Amazon sob!

But the men were as much touched by this protracted story as the women. They also steeped the pages in tears. One sober John Bull declared in a long letter to the pleased author that he intended to read all his works at least once a year—and this was no little thing to do for there were nineteen volumes in all—and he also opened his heart. "I have been this day," he says, "weeping over the seventh volume of Clarissa as if I had attended her dying bed and assisted at her funeral procession. Oh, may my latter end be like hers." This was very good for England, but where John Bull shed a pint, the bewhiskered readers of France and Germany shed gallons' over this novel. Napoleon spoke of Richardson in a voice full of emotion; Rousseau was inspired by Clarissa to write his "Nouvelle Heloise," which had much to do with the French Revolution; a whole generation of German sentimentalists agonized over the great English masterpiece. The sentimental has always been at a premium on the continent, and this is the reason why Sterne and Richardson and Byron have had more influence abroad than any other English writers. But for all that, and in spite of the oceans of tears which have been poured upon Clarissa, I cannot and will not follow her through the seven volumes or even one volume in which she clamors for homage. To me, Clarissa is horribly silly and tiresome. And this is a confession to which a whole army of modern readers will cry "Amen!"

The woman who boasts that she attends to her furnace in the presence of company does not love her husband.

Park Superintendent Dilger was walking toward Victoria Park. In his wake were half a dozen stray dogs, who seemed to feel a companionship for the "super's."

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. See a box; all dealers, or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

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CHAPMAN'S Friday & Saturday Bargains

Single and Double Berlin Wool, black and colors. Ounce 6¢

Together With Important January Sales

LINEN SALE

CHINA SALE

Embroidery Sale

WHITE SALE

Clearance in Ladies' READY-TO-WEAR

Petticoats

13 only Ladies' Colored Moire Petticoats. Colors are brown, green, red and pink. Worth 85c and \$1.00. On sale Friday and Saturday at..... **59c**

Ladies' Long Coats

A SPECIAL PRICE REDUCTION FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

21 only Ladies' Black Cloth and Tweed Coats, principally high neck facings; all comfortable winter coats. Formerly priced at \$15, \$16 and \$17. On sale Friday and Saturday..... **\$9.75**

Final Suit Clearance

14 only Ladies' Serge and Tweed Suits, in grays, brown and navy. Every one a bargain. Worth \$10 and \$12. On sale Friday and Saturday at..... **\$5.50**

47 only Ladies' Black and Navy Serge Suits, also whipcords in the same colors. All this season's styles. Sizes from 34 to 42. Worth \$15, \$17 and \$18. On sale Friday and Saturday at..... **\$10.00**

Kimonos

Flowered Flannelette Kimonos, long sleeve, Empire style, trimmed with pink satin. Worth \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. Friday and Saturday..... **\$1.29**

Waists

Black Poplinette Waists, long sleeves, high collar and front fastenings, trimmed with buttons. Regular \$1.25. On sale at, each..... **79c**

Half-Price China Sale Continued

You will find among the China and Bric-a-Brac at half price many pieces that you wished for at Christmas time. Sale continues Friday and Saturday. The assortment is being added Special sale of Dinner Sets in a few days.

Gloves

14 pairs only Ladies' and Men's Fur-Lined Gloves, tan and gray mocha, also tan kid, lined with hare or rabbit fur. Were \$2.00. Friday and Saturday, a pair..... **\$1.49**

Ladies' Gloves—A few odd pairs to clear, including tan kid and tan or gray mocha, knitted wool lining. These are high-grade gloves, Perin's make. Sizes 6 to 8. Were \$1.50 pair. Friday and Saturday, a pair..... **\$1.19**

Ladies' and Children's Mitts

Plain or fancy knit Wool Mitts, for children, misses and women, assorted sizes, in navy, brown, scarlet, cardinal and black. Friday and Saturday, a pair..... **21c**

Children's and Misses' Wool Gauntlet Mitts, in scarlet, white and black; fine and warm. Friday and Saturday, a pair..... **29c**

LONG BLACK TIGHTS for women and misses. A pair..... **47c**

Infants' Coats

Twelve only Infants' White Bearcloth Coats, different sizes. Regular prices \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3.00. On sale Friday and Saturday at..... **HALF PRICE**

Padded Poets

Handsomely padded books, including the popular poets: Scott, Longfellow, Burns, Browning, and many others. Were 75c. On sale Friday and Saturday..... **50c**

January Linen Sale Attractions

58-inch Half Bleached Table Linen, regular 35c per yard. Sale price, a **29c**

60-inch Half Bleached Table Linen, every thread pure linen. Sale price, a yard..... **36c**

Bleached Pure Linen Tablecloth, extra heavy, 60 inches wide. Sale price, a **44c**

Bleached Damask Tablecloth, satin stripe and floral patterns. \$1.15 value. Sale price, a yard..... **98c**

22-inch Tea Crash Toweling, with and without borders. Sale price, **8½c** a yard, 12 yards **\$1.00**

Scotch Tea Crash Toweling, pure linen, best 12½c quality. Sale price, **10c** a yard.

Kimono Cloths and Wrapperettes 12½c

Regular 15c, 20c and 25c Kimono Cloths, Velours and Wrapperettes, also Serpentine Crepes, in light and dark shades. Over one thousand yards in the lot. On sale Friday and Saturday, at per yard..... **12½c**

White Flannelette Regular 18c for 15c Yard

500 yards pure White Flannelette, soft Saxony weave, close and firm, 35 inches wide. On sale Friday and Saturday, at a yard..... **15c**

75c to \$1.00 Tweeds for 59c

Two-tone Gray and Brown Diagonal Tweeds, also handsome Striped and Camel's Hair Tweeds, in blues, grays and browns. Some of these are only suit length. Of others, full pieces. Friday and Saturday at..... **59c**

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO., 239 and 243 Dundas St.



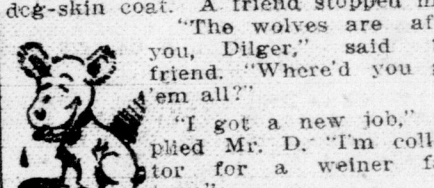
The Free Press parrot has learned to say a number of things since yesterday. Among them are:
"Shine, Mr. Beck!"
"Ma too!"
"Say Hydro!"

"Private interests!"
"Perseverance, boys!"
"Polly wants a power plant!"
"Dollar seventeen!"
"Anything you want, Mr. Beck!"
"Polly is a ditiograph."
"Hope it chokes him!"

The bird showed an aptitude for saying "Adam," but in such a manner as to complicate matters. This parrot has a bill. So has the P. P. for \$1.17. It might also be noted that this parrot is a quack.

The woman who boasts that she attends to her furnace in the presence of company does not love her husband.

Park Superintendent Dilger was walking toward Victoria Park. In his wake were half a dozen stray dogs, who seemed to feel a companionship for the "super's."



The Free Press management have issued and caused to be posted at 221 Wellington street and the private power plant a placard bearing the following:

NOTICE—BEEWAIR ANY GUYS SEEN SNOOPING AROUND THESE PREMISES WITH A CAMERA WILL BE SHOT ON SITE.

Someone ought to give us a municipal act that is jokers proof.

"I reckon we better not tech this 'lectrication thing," said Uncle Hub. "Pears to me as its chuck full of dynamite."

Someone suggests that hereafter a certain western city be known as Winterpeg.

One can always pick out a Toronto man by the shine on the elbow of his right-arm coat sleeve.

While everyone coming from Hamilton may be distinguished by the shortness of one leg, caused by climbing the mountain sideways.

There are many kinds of courage, not the least of which is required to enable a chap to stand up in a crowded theatre and turn the binoculars on the audience.

U. S. GOLD PRODUCT

Less Produced During 1912 Than Any Year Since 1907.

[Canadian Press.]

Washington, Jan. 9.—Less gold was produced in the United States in 1912 than in any year since 1907, according to official estimates made public today by the United States geological survey. It was declared, however, that more silver was mined during the twelve months than during any similar period since 1892. The passing of the picturesque prospector with his pack-mule and pick leads the survey to fear that rich gold "fields" will be made in the future. None was made in 1912. The value of the gold mined during 1912 will approximate \$91,885,168, a decrease of more than \$5,200,000 from the value of the output of 1911. The value of silver, conservatively figured, will total 62,369,974 fine ounces, valued at \$37,982,414.

TOO LATE.

[Boston Transcript.]
Briggs—Everybody should lay up something for a rainy day.
Griggs—True! But too many wait until it begins to sprinkle before starting to do so.

SHILOH quickly stops coughs, cures