

London Advertiser

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LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 16.

A BLANK SHEET.

With the conventional proud array that marks the opening of Canadian Parliament, the Borden Government has entered upon the greatest negative program in the country's history. The Borden Government will not touch the naval question. That is acknowledged by its press allies, and made certain by lack of reference in the speech from the throne. The Government will seek to blame the Liberal Senate for blocking the Borden "emergency" naval proposals. But would it not have been a more masterful action to have appealed to the country, as it had asked the Liberals to appeal; and would it not have made the senators tremble to have had the verdict of the people hurled into their faces.

Three western provinces and the Dominion Grange have passed unanimous appeals for free wheat. The demand presses upon Borden, yet he ignores it, or saves it for a final play to the grandstand—a grandstand that may be frantic for a square game by that time. Free wheat and free food are Liberal demands. The country wants both of them. Yet Bordenism has neither acceptance nor alternative. He is beset with fears of impending disaster, and will listen again to the voice of Sir Canadian Combines, who placed him where he is.

A few months ago senate reform or abolition was to be effected. Now it's twelve new senators and control the upper house by any means!

If you were to ask the man on the street to name a single act of constructive legislation originally devised and carried through in the twenty-eight months of Borden rule, he would have difficulty in naming it. Laurier and his cabinet brought some outstanding act of statesmanship into every session of parliament, penny postage, immigration, Grand Trunk Pacific, canals, a Canadian navy for Canadians, and they went down to defeat on the greatest proposal of the chief's career. The Laurier Government produced the builders of Canada's century.

The only builder in the Borden Government is Sam Hughes, and all he can build is armories.

Borden's Government, never strong, is becoming more feeble with each session. It cannot remain in power by blaming senators and redistributing the country. The country wants action!

WHAT'S STEWING?

It looks as though a big gerrymander may be cooked up. No other important measure than redistribution seems promised. The Government, perhaps, has reason to expect that the Liberals will fight like wildcats, and that there will not be time for much else than to ram it through. Every indication, in fact, is that the session will not be less free from the same contentions, and if necessary aggressively contentious conduct on the part of the Opposition, as made the stirring times before the application of the closure.

Borden has one other session after the present one is finished, and with redistribution and filling his hand in the Senate, it is likely that his whole effort will be to strengthen the Government as a machine rather than as the first institution of the nation's progress. Borden wants the physical side of his Government renovated in a hurry. The second session may then be devoted to the people's work, the naval bill, free wheat, and other minor matters that appeal at the time may be taken up. They may be taken up too late, two sessions away, Mr. Borden. It may be too late now, in fact. You have the dragging handicap of a bad start, and we do not think you are the favorite in the race, either.

GOOD INDICATIONS.

Not long since a dinner was tendered to Judge Cullen of the New York supreme court on the occasion of his retirement. One of the principal speakers was Justice Hughes, of the United States supreme court. Among other things, Justice Hughes said: "More depends upon the man sitting in trial upon a case than upon any rules of procedure you may lay down. More depends upon the tradition behind him than on any statutory enactment."

This statement is true beyond a doubt. Good men on the bench are an absolute necessity if justice is to be administered, and the best are none too good. All men have their limitations. A judge should be the best man who can be selected. Before reaching the bench he should have had a long experience at the bar, which

should have developed and perfected his knowledge and judgment. He should have a fair mind and a broad one. Then add to that the justice or sense of justice that comes only from active contact with the world. The result will be the best obtainable, a good natural disposition, knowledge acquired by education and experience, a broad mind and sound common sense. There are few judges who possess all these requisites, or in varying degree they possess them so well they reach or fall short of the highest degree of perfection as judges.

Canada has had many good judges, on the whole better than the judges of the United States, and it is a good indication of better days for the administration of justice there that men like Mr. Justice Hughes are speaking out.

WHY BOOKS DON'T SELL.

A noted publisher of fiction declares that books don't sell or circulate as formerly, and lays the blame at the door of the social follies of the time. In other words, the tango, the turkey trot and kindred frivolities have so taken up the time and attention that there is no time for reading. Doubtless this is true to some extent, but we think the real reason is the poor stuff that is handed out in the name of light literature. A good story, like a good drama, is sure of an audience, but unfortunately at present they are as scarce as hen's teeth. Also, the public is wearying of the deluge of salacious novels just as it is of the salacious play and in disgust is turning from any kind of reading.

When the sex problem (so-called) has run its course in book, magazine and theatre, perhaps the demand for wholesome entertaining reading will be met.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

In introducing Miss Keller on Saturday evening, her teacher spoke of her career at Harvard University, and declared that except for the English studies the four years at college had been lost time to her charge. So the Greek, Latin, philosophy, etc., according to Mrs. Macey, went for nothing.

She seemed to think that this was not merely the individual case of Miss Keller, and inclined to an unfriendly generalization on college courses. Doubtless some of her audience, especially those without personal experience of college work, would be disposed to agree with her as to the impractical nature of higher studies.

It must be true that the university curriculum and work, like the work done in high and public schools, cannot well help including a mass of things not adaptable to immediate use. When a public school grade is required to leave off the names of the months in the year, or the rivers of Siberia, it is crossing rivers before it comes to them quite as much as the class that pegs at the irregular verbs in Latin. All through our educational system, from bottom to top, the pupils are made to learn things that may or may not be of use years hence. Knowledge is taken to be like money, to be acquired as rapidly and as much of it as possible, to be put into the savings bank of memory, and to be applied to needs as they arise, or drawn upon in the rainy days of illness and old age or to be hoarded any way for the satisfaction of possession.

To have Greek is to have a diamond ring, except that it will not sell for anything, and it can as easily be lost. Philosophy recalls Dr. Johnson's friend who said he tried to be philosophical, but cheerfulness would keep stealing in; or Goldwin Smith's saying that "Hegel is as dead as Pythagoras."

But, on the other hand, what better use of time, under present conditions, can be made by the average young man or woman than to go to university? Why make money if one does not know what to do with it? And if our system of education is imperfect, shall one prefer nothing to a partial good? Perhaps it is no great harm to store up some items of knowledge ahead of time, build a bridge before crossing the river. Storing knowledge may have the advantages as well as the faults of storing money. The modern university does not require Greek, and certainly Harvard, where you can take any studies you like for a degree, did not compel Miss Keller to the courses which she chose at her own sweet will. She would have wasted her time much more surely had she studied these favorite subjects of hers without the system imposed by a university.

A university organizes self-training. One of the greatest factors in a university education is the history study. As Mr. G. M. Trevelyan says in a recent book, "Clio," history teaches us "to know the past and enjoy it for ever." It "trains the political judgment by widening the range of sympathy and deepening the approval and disapproval of conscience; it stimulates by example youth to aspire and age to endure; it should not only remove prejudice, it should breed enthusiasm."

That last word is interesting. Life is made more worth while by the university, it generates enthusiasm, promotes friendship and more generous citizenship.

The country knows what the Government will not take up at any rate.

The only thing to mar the grand opening of the big show at Ottawa was the apparent coolness between

Sam Hughes and the gilded coach of state.

Be careful, Mr. Borden. No wheat reciprocity, or pop, we become an adjunct.

And nothing said about Senate Reform? With emergencies waiting or dying?

The U. S. Government is going after the Ice Trust. Well, it should be easy to dissolve.

All records for rapid dressing in the mornings were broken during the recent cold spell.

Could you call it a house of mirth because it makes a lot of funny cracks when thawing out after a cold spell?

When a man presents a girl with a proposal of marriage she doesn't respond with "a few well-chosen words"—one is enough.

Tailors in convention have decreed that man must go in the gayest colors this year. Order your magenta and baby cerise trousers early.

Harry Thaw announces that he is going to Europe never to return, and Jack Johnson declares that he is coming back to America for good. Thus does life to keep the balance.

The Windsor Record says in a headline:

"Arthur very low
Wednesday A. M.
Arthur who? Why our
Thermometer!"

IT'S McPHERSON IN SCOTLAND.

[London Sketch.]
Timekeeper (arranging starts for golf tournament)—Name, please.
Golfier—M. de Valmont.
Timekeeper—Tuts, mon; we cannot bother ourselves with names like that here. You'll start at 9:30 the mornin' mornin' to the name o' McPhereson.

A VERY GOOD REASON.

[Boston Transcript.]
Dutton—You should pay more attention to your personal appearance, old chap. Remember that the clothes make the man.
De Broke—Yes, but for me the man refuses to make any more clothes.

THE TRIALS OF THE RICH.

[Kansas City Journal.]
"So you are opposed to grand opera at popular prices?"
"Yes; next they'll be having terrapin at popular prices and orchids at bargain rates. And then what interest will a rich man have in life?"

THE NEW DRUG STORE.

[Pittsburg Post.]
"How long must I wait for the prescription?"
"About thirty minutes," answered the druggist; "but you can occupy your time pleasantly. Here is a coupon which entitles you to admission to our moving-picture show."

ERROR OF HIS WAYS.

[Washington Star.]
"A good New Year resolution for a middle-aged, married man?" said George Ade at a dinner in Chicago. "Well, the best resolution a middle-aged, married man could make, according to my view, would be for him to swear off telling his wife and children about the girls he used to kiss in his young days."

"I'd say to the middle-aged, married man of this type."
"Suppose, friend, your wife fell into a reminiscence, jovial mood some evening after supper and started to tell about the boys who used to kiss her by the wood stove in the dim parlor. Wouldn't the dove of peace fly to her wings and light out p. d. q. just?"

WHEN PHOTOGRAPHY WAS DISCOVERED.

[January Atlantic.]
Perhaps it is difficult fully to understand the panic into which the followers of the art of painting were thrown on the discovery of photography, since to us the place of the two arts is so thoroughly assured and so assuredly separate. But we must remember that to an unphotographed age the art of painting necessarily meant something quite different from what it means to our own kodaked generation. "Figure

That Suffrage Paper.

The suffs are going to start a daily newspaper. It will be edited by women exclusively. The following will probably be the make-up of the pages:

Page 1.
Paris Cable on the Latest Spring Gowns.
Stunning Ideas for Spring Hats.
Prominent Women Start Swimming Fund.

Page 2.
Beatrice Sparer's Beauty Hints.
Society Woman Loses Pearl Necklace.
Hints for the Lover.

Page 3.
Society and Personal.
Exciting Auction Whist Contest.
Continued Story by Ellnor Glyn.

Page 4.
Daily Fashion Pictures.
Questions and Answers.
Side Talks With Girls.
The Evening Chit-Chat.

Page 5.
How to Dress on \$500 a Week.
Editorial by Mrs. Pankhurst.
How to Take Cherry Stain Out of Silk Gowns.

Page 6.
Poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
What Paris Milliners Are Showing.

The Diary of a Bonehead.
A short time ago I noticed an advertisement in one of the fifteen-cent magazines which interested me. It read:

"SEND US ONE DOLLAR and we will tell you how to amass a great fortune." The more I read the advertisement the more it impressed upon me that this was just what I wanted to do. I had done almost everything else in my life and amassing a fortune would be a new experience to me. I imagined that it would be a pleasant experience, as serv-

BE MARTIN



It's never too late to get another week out of a blue serge suit. Th' fool killer seems to be gittin' further back on his orders all the time.

To yourself," cries a writer in shrill excitement in the Monitor Universal, Jan. 14, 1839, "figure to yourself a mirror, which, after receiving your image, presents you your portrait, as indelible as a painting and much more faithful! And in rendering the image of nature, how immensely significant becomes the language of the bill which was introduced before the French Chamber to pension M. Daguerre: 'To the traveller the apparatus of M. Daguerre would become a continual and indispensable necessity. It will enable them to fix their impressions without having recourse to the hand of a stranger!'"

SHE HAD HIS GOAT.

[Truth Seeker.]
Lawyer—I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment, but do you think your husband will fight the suit?
Woman—Fight! Why, the little shrimp hasn't even come into a room where I am!

MR. BECK AND HYDRO.

[Toronto News, Con.]
No one who desires the welfare of the Conservative party will seek to have Mr. Beck removed from provincial politics. The "plot" which exists in certain quarters is a sheer product of the imagination. It may be that he is not universally beloved, but he has undoubted strength throughout the province.

But whether Mr. Beck goes or stays there is no fear that the hydro-electric party in the Legislature will not continue to be inspired by the service with which his name is so conspicuously associated, nor will the Liberal party render its province in Ontario still more hopeless by any display of hostility to the provincial electric system.

LONDON'S PLAYING FIELDS.

[The London Times.]
According to a return issued by the parks and open spaces committee of the L. C. C. 124,396 games of bowls, 23,152 games of cricket, 1,912 games of croquet, 15,514 games of football, 1,837 games of hockey, 69 games of lacrosse, 14,642 games of lawn tennis and 3,050 games of quoits were played in the council's parks and open spaces during the year ended Sept. 30. Other games for which facilities are provided at certain places are golf, rugby, netball, badminton, basketball, hurling and shinty. Under an arrangement with the education committee, about 19,800 organized games were played at 46 parks and open spaces during the year, as against 15,800 games at 44 places during 1912.

ONLY DEAD, THAT'S ALL.

[Boston Transcript.]
"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" a parvenu once said to Lady Bulwer. "I should like to invite him to my reception," "Alas, madam," replied Lady Bulwer, "the dean has done something that has shut him out of society." "Dear me, what was that?" "Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

eral of my neighbors who had amassed

fortunes seemed to be enjoying life. My wife had often told me that I should amass a great fortune and this magazine advertisement happened along at just the psychological moment. I wasn't doing anything else at the time and I felt I could expend a little energy on this matter without having it detract from my other business. "Alas, madam," replied Lady Bulwer, "the dean has done something that has shut him out of society." "Dear me, what was that?" "Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

I sent the dollar and broke the news to my wife. "We are about to amass a great fortune," said I. "Of course it will change our social status to some extent. We will move in the six-cylinder set, whereas heretofore we have been in the runabout class."

Of course my wife went out immediately and blew \$400 for clothes and I placed a mortgage on the house and bought a larger automobile than the peanut roaster which we had before we thought of amassing a great fortune.

In due time we received a letter from the firm which had advertised in the magazine. The letter read: "Dear sir: We said we would tell you how to amass a great fortune. The way to amass a great fortune is to make a great deal of money and hang onto it."

Afterthoughts.
Down south they are giving eggs for wedding presents. That is to say, the very rich are giving them.

Some editor is puzzled to know why an egg should be considered so much dearer at five cents than a middling egg. Perhaps it is because the egg is for family use, while the cigar is for personal use of the family head. But few families are so poor that the worthy head finds it necessary to cut out tobacco or booze if he uses either or both.

General Villa is said to rank with Huerta. Yes, indeed, and if anything, he is a little ranker.

Those who are boycotting eggs must certainly be saving money to buy automobiles.

Climber Over Gate.
A couple of nights ago, after the

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

In order to get quick results, we have lowered the prices considerably and that is why everyone is anxious to supply their personal and home needs this month.

Friday & Saturday Bargain News

Still More Specials in the LINEN SALE

The interest taken in this annual sale of linens shows plainly how much the housekeepers of London appreciate the opportunity to buy needed supplies at lessened prices.

TABLE CLOTHS, warranted pure linen damask, polka dot or floral design, with border all round, size 2 x 2 yards, worth 25% more; sale price, each \$1.69

BLEACHED TABLE LINEN, the following specials are offered this month, per yd. 33c, 47, 69c and 93c
HALF BLEACHED TABLE LINEN, specials at per yard 22c, 36c and 47c

SPECIAL In Crash and Tea Towelings

500 YARDS CRASH ROLLER TOWELING with red border, and red check glass toweling, a special for today & Saturday—

AT 5c YARD

—which gives us 20 yards for \$1.00
Sale of 8½c (12 yards \$1.00) White Cotton continued all this week.

69c Clearing Table of Dress Goods and Suitings

Today and Saturday we offer this special in broken lines of Dressgoods and Suitings, which sell regularly at 85c and \$1.00 yard. The colorings are most desirable and the materials are all this season's importation.

Sale Price 69c Yard

Cold Weather Specials in UNDERWEAR

Read the profit in these reduced prices today and Saturday.

WOMEN'S RIBBED UNDERWEAR, warmly fleeced, extra heavy weight, vests and drawers to match, in large sizes, reduced prices, per garment 43c

WOMEN'S ALL-WOOL VESTS, fine soft ribbed wool, absolutely pure and unshrinkable; long sleeves and high necks; natural color. A saving of 25% reduced price, per garment 89c

MEN'S FLEECE UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, thick and warm, all sizes, 36 to 42. The best 50c quality; on sale today and Saturday, per garment 39c

Saturday Morning Specials

DRESSING SACQUES, of crepe or flannelette, the balance of a large line, Saturday morning, each 29c

DOVEY FLANNEL PETTICOATS, with red and black border, special, each 39c

FLANNELETTE WAISTS, black with white polka dot, neatly made, long sleeves and soft collar styles, sizes 34 to 40, special 43c

Women's Cashmere Hose 28c Pair

Seamless All-Wool Cashmere Hose, a good winter weight and a particularly nice quality for the money. All sizes. Regular price, 35c. Sale price, per pair 28c

GLOVES—Suede-Finish Cashmerette, in black, tan and gray; were 35c; clearing, per pair 23c

\$6.95 Blankets & Comforters of Great Warmth

An opportunity for this week only in Blankets and Comforters. Our regular \$7.50 Scotch Wool Blankets are selling at \$6.95, also our regular \$7.50 and \$8.00 Pure Down Comforters are reduced to the same price, as a special inducement for quicker selling this week. The blankets weigh 9 pounds, thick and very warm. The comforters are perfect beauties, in richly colored designs, with plain borders. Don't miss this special offer.

CHOICE \$6.95

Women's Black Caracul Coats

The material in these coats is an extra good quality of English Caracul, cut on loose lines, full length, double-breasted front, fastened with large frog. Lined throughout with good quality Italian cloth. Every size. Special price

\$14.00

Matron's Black Kersey Cloth Coats

Long length, full back and fastening well over in the front; velvet collars; a splendid winter coat for matrons' wear. Reduced from \$15, \$16, to

\$12.00

CHAPMAN'S 239, 241, 243 Dundas Street

BRALEY'S POEM TODAY

JACK LONDON.

An Appreciation.

There's something clean and strong and true,
Here's to you, Jack, whose virile pen
Concerns itself with Man's Size Men;
Here's to you, Jack, whose stories thrill
With savor of the western breeze,
With magic of the south—and chill
Shrill winds from icy flocks and seas;
You have not wallowed in the mire
And muck of tales of foul desire,
For, though you've sung of fight and fraud,
Of love and hate—ashore, afloat—
You have not struck a ribald note
Nor made your Art a common bawd.

Here's to you, Jack; I've loved your best,
Your finest stories from the first,
Your sagas of the north and west—
But what is more—I've loved your worst!
For, in the poorest work you do,
There's something clean and strong and true,
A tang of big and primal things,
A sweep of forces vast and free,
A touch of wizardry which brings
The glamor of the wild to me.

So when I read a London tale
Forthwith I'm set upon a trail
Of great enchantment, and I track
Adventure round the world and back,
With you for guide—here's to you, Jack.
—BERTON BRALEY.

SeaLion Rehearsed at Midnight Routed Officer and Watchman

The members of humane societies two regular performances had been put over, the last show was out and the theatre was in darkness, Prince, the largest and most important of the sea-lions, ambled out of his cage, and wiggling over the top of a four-foot gate, gained the stage. In the semi-darkness the sleek beast pushed his various "props" to their accustomed place in the centre of the arena and commenced to go through the various stages of his act, balancing sticks and balls, throwing bars into the air,

blowing a horn and pulling off other weird stunts on the particular vaudeville menu allotted to him day by day.

Called a Policeman.
The night watchman, William Doherty, returning from the front of the house, opened the door leading onto the stage just in time to see Prince performing one of his most difficult stunts, and after gazing for a moment or two in wide-mouthed amazement, ran for a policeman. In front of the theatre he encountered a brawny minion of the law, and the officer, grasping his night stick, followed the watchman into the theatre.

When the two reached the stage the sea-lion was still in the midst of his act, and apparently paying no attention to the fact that the audience was missing. As the two men came in sight Prince eyed them wonderingly and when the policeman, advancing a step or so, emitted the wonderful words, "Come here," accompanied by a snap of his fingers, the product of the frozen north slid down from his pedestal and wiggled in the cop's direction.

Life Guard's Retreat.
This, the story has it, was altogether too much for the policeman and his janitor companion, and the pair rushed out of the theatre and did not stop for breath until they had reached the other side of the street. There they conferred, and the matter was ended by the watchman betaking himself to Capt. Treat's hotel. The trainer was awakened and went over to the theatre where, with the assistance of a piece of fish, the sea-lion's favorite food, he coaxed the wandering animal back into his quarters.

The feat of climbing over the four-foot gate was most extraordinary and was only paralleled by the cleverness shown by the beast in digging up the trimmings of his act from the dark recesses of the stage and putting them into action in the usual way, but without the guidance of his trainer.

NO ONE TO BLAME.

[Canadian Press.]
Yarmouth, N.S., Jan. 15.—William C. Kenny, an official of the company, owning the Colequid, who was on board at the time of the wreck, said today that no one was to blame for the loss of the ship, the weather conditions being against them. "The discipline of the crew was excellent and there was no sign of panic or insubordination," he says. The officers and passengers of the ship will probably remain in Yarmouth a few days.

HUMOR CONFIRMED.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
John D. Rockefeller recently purchased a crate of fresh eggs, thus confirming the rumor that he is the richest man on earth.