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LONDON SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

JUST RETRIBUTION.

Retributive justice lies in wait for "the unholy alliance," the Canadian "blue-black bloc." Mr. Borden and his followers will deserve all they get for their compact with the Quebec demagogues, and will receive no sympathy in their troubles with Bourassa and Lavergne. The Don Quixote and Sancho Panza of the Nationalist future are out for the blood of Pelletier & Co., and who cares—outside the coalition camp?

The plan of the Nationalist party outside the Parliament Buildings, as outlined in Le Devoir, is to organize demonstrations in all the constituencies represented by Nationalist members who have forgotten their platform, and by making it eternally unpleasant for them to bring them to time. The Nationalist fattening at Ottawa is to be kept uncomfortable until his backbone stiffens.

Liberals, of course, have no idea of joining hands with these men, as did the Conservative leaders. The Liberal party is not yet so desperate. It can nevertheless enjoy the dissensions of the ill-sorted allies and especially the change in tune of some Government eulogies. Where are now those eulogies of Bourassa that came last summer from his quondam enemies? Where are those bouquets of yesterday?

The Nationalist leader was a brilliant and patriotic Canadian, according to the Conservative press. He was a patriot so long as he could put Laurier in a hole. While he was raising the French against any idea of helping Great Britain, he was applauded by a so-called imperialist press and by the Cochrane-Whitney, Roblin-Rogers type of politician in Central Canada. He was invited to speak for the Conservative party in Ontario. He is now a mischief-maker, because he makes trouble for the Conservative machine.

Liberals enjoy the satisfaction of having nothing to regret or apologize for in their relations with the Quebec party. They may be pardoned for feeling some contempt for the politicians that truckled to a dangerous element. The Government has brought Nemesis upon itself.

LECTURING VANITY FAIR.

Bishop Farthing follows a classic tradition of the pulpit in his onslaught upon the frivolity of Montreal society women. In the dim old middle ages the satirist leaned from his eyrie above the congregation, darting thunderbolts of wrath, making folk huddle and cower and quake with a delicious dread, stirring the voice in many a heart to say: "Thou art the man—or woman." The great evangelists have commonly been witty denouncers, and crowds came to their feet to be diagnosed. It is good to know or contemplate one's psychic as one's physical ills.

Savonarola was the most popular preacher of his time when he was driving people to the bonfire of the Vanities. Women especially, who aped the ways of men in former days, too, have liked to hear the witty or eloquent reminder of their wickedness. Readers of Barchester Towers may recollect Trollope's shrewd remark: "Men in the upper walks of life do not mind being cursed, and the women, presuming that it be done in delicate phrase, rather like it." When Father Vaughan delivered his biting philippics on the sins of society in the British metropolis, fashionable women flocked to his church.

In fact, it requires some courage in these modern self-conscious days to take up the cudgels against idle, frivolous and cynical women. Notable men like Dr. Parkhurst or Father Vaughan or Bishop Farthing can do the thing in a way that will be at once obviously disinterested and effective, but less conspicuous men, though perfectly sincere, are reluctant to face the accusation of notoriety-seeking. It does need doing, though it may be that women of fashion do not gamble and drink more than a hundred years ago. Lamenting the neglected death of a brother Scottish poet, Burns embroidered the "Whistling-bell" with a card had stowed his pantry; and probably women were included. But there are more people nowadays rich enough to indulge in vicious pleasure.

CANADA'S RECORD SURPLUS.

The Minister of Finance will be in a position to announce a record surplus when he makes his budget speech next month.

The ordinary revenue for the eleven months ending Feb. 29, was \$120,645,616, and the ordinary expenditure \$77,145,824, a revenue excess of nearly \$43,500,000. This will be reduced by this month's accounts, but the surplus will stand at about \$38,000,000.

when the fiscal year closes on March 31.

The expenditure on capital account has been \$27,015,038 in the past eleven months, and will rise somewhat in March, but at the end of the month the Minister of Finance will be able to assert that all the outlay on the Grand Trunk Pacific in the preceding twelve months, and all other capital expenditures, will have been more than met by the revenue, and that the national debt will have been reduced by several million dollars.

Probably Mr. White will be more modest than some of his friends who are boasting of a "White Surplus." During six months of the financial year ending March 31 next, Mr. Fielding was Minister of Finance. Mr. White has not changed one item of the Fielding tariff. His surplus is a heritage from his predecessor, Mr. White cannot claim paternity. He may point to it in support of the "let well enough alone" theory, but in so doing he would tie his own hands for the future. Why the appointment of a Tariff Commission if the present state of things is satisfactory? The fact is that the interests which financed the anti-reciprocity campaign do not intend to let well enough alone. Some of them are already knocking at the door of Parliament for payment of election debts. Mr. White's budget speech will disclose whether payment is to be immediate or deferred.

THE FALLEN IDOL.

"SUCH A MAN, THEN, IS BOURASSA. BRILLIANT, COOL, COURAGEOUS, ATTACKING EVIL WHEREVER HE SEES IT. A NATIONALIST, STANDING FOR A STRONG AND VIGOROUS CANADA."—London Free Press, Aug. 20, 1911.

"Perhaps the time will come when Bourassa will go back to the Liberal fold, from whence he came. Who knows but that he may be the leader of Liberalism, when Laurier shall lay down his task."—London Free Press, March 9, 1912.

"Bourassa is doing good work for Laurier in stirring up creed strife in Quebec."—London Free Press, March 9, 1912.

"We still rely on Scott."

Amundsen says he didn't feel the cold at the Pole. He doesn't come from Western Canada, either.

Henceforth if Hon. T. W. Crothers says anything it will be necessary to ask him whether he speaks for himself or the Government.

Taft describes some of Roosevelt's proposals as "crude, revolutionary, fitful and unstable." Watch for the return broadside of adjectives from the colonel.

In the political picture gallery there is nothing more comical than the portraits of Bourassa, drawn before and after the federal elections by the Conservative press.

The wife of W. W. Jacobs was among the London window smashers and was given a month in prison with hard labor. Mr. Jacobs is among the greatest living writers of humorous short stories, but it may be doubted whether Mrs. Jacobs shares his sense of humor.

Several old employees of the city, day laborers, are no longer capable of doing the work demanded of them. The city fathers are puzzled what to do with them. There are thousands of cases of this kind, pointing to the need of an old age pension system in Canada.

The Conservative Ottawa Journal says that "whatever be the explanation, whether relief from the onerous responsibilities of the premiership, or pleasure in watching the difficulties of his untried successors, or merely that defeat acted like a tonic, certain it is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier looks ten years younger and acts twenty years younger. His spirits are buoyant, almost boyish. That he may long be spared in such health and spirits will be the sincere wish of us all."

WHAT ABOUT NAVAL AID?

(Toronto Star.)
Where is the National policy of that Ottawa Government which the people of Ontario—and the people of Ontario alone—put in office last September?

The rest of Canada gave a majority against the present Conservative Ministry. Ontario over-ruled the rest of Canada and put the present ministry in office.

What for? Certainly not in order that the naval programme entered upon with the knowledge and approval of the British Admiralty should be cancelled, abandoned and forgotten, as appears to be the intention at the present moment.

If a little group of Nationalists from Quebec insist upon the cancellation of the navy bill right now, that great group of Ontario members should insist right now on the introduction of that approved naval programme which the people of Ontario were promised.

AND A LOT MORE DANGEROUS.

(New York Telegraph.)
The distograph is getting to be mightier than either the sword or the pen.

TEMPORARY ARRANGEMENT.

(Washington Star.)
"Which political party do you belong to?"

"I don't actually belong to no party," replied Uncle Raspberry, "but 'casually' I hire out to any one of 'em."

PROVING IT.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)
"People nowadays," said the old house cat, "don't know how to raise children. They let the youngsters have their own way too much."

"That's right," replied the old brood hen. "Now look at these chicks of mine, they wouldn't have amounted to anything if they hadn't been sat upon."

old, and a guide and a trapper. Jim Kibble, Bear Lake, B. C.

This is a candid advertisement. Jim Kibble has apparently suffered living alone just about as long as he could and had no other means of satisfying the need. There are probably more men than Jim Kibble in the same frame of mind. They are often A1 husbands in embryo.

AN EARLY START, BUT—

(Catholic Standard and Times.)
"Mabel," said the girl's father, "I want to talk to you about that young man of yours. When did he say good-night to you last night?"
"At ten o'clock," replied the dear girl.
"What? Why, it was one o'clock at least."

"Oh, that's when he finished saying it."

A POSER.

[Ideas.]
At a country school in the Midlands the head master said: "Now, boys, I will give a penny to the first lad who can ask me a question which I cannot answer."

Several tried unsuccessfully until one boy asked him: "Please, sir, if you stood up to your neck in soft mud and I threw a stone at your head, would you duck?"
The question remained unanswered.

A WARNING.

[Toronto News.]
Lady with the open neck
Thou shouldst not be so gay,
Wouldst thou trifle with the germ
Of Pneumonia-A?

ANOTHER GERMAN GRIEVANCE.

[The Westminster Gazette, London.]
Our spelling makes poor Wilhelm sign
And Wilhelmina weep.
The tears start from her bright blue
Eyes.

And slowly downward creep,
Because our spelling's far more funny
Than our measures or our munny.

Her teacher says, "Come, come, don't
Cry!"
For English must be learnt.
Take up your book once more and
Try."

"I wish the book were learnt!"
Says Wilhelmina as she frowns
Alike on adjectives and nouns.

"What's the use of spelling words
As simple chance decrees,
Uncertain as the flight of birds
Or waves upon the sea?"
"Come, come," her teacher says, "Be
Wise."

Take up your book and wipe your face."

THE ONLY WAY.

[St. Thomas Journal.]
The model school is the only sane
Way out of the difficulty.

LONDON PRAISES
CAPT. AMUNDSEN

Although Bitterly Disappointed
That Honor Was Not
Captain Scott's.

NO CONTROVERSY LIKELY

The Observations Taken by the Norwegian Will Prevent Any "Peary-Cook" Affair.

[Canadian Press.]
London, March 9.—While naturally there is bitter disappointment everywhere over the fact that Captain Robert A. Scott, head of the British antarctic expedition, has yet to report on his quest for the South Pole, there is no anything but praise for the achievement of Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, in reaching the southern axis of the earth. Not only is the opinion of the present whereabouts of Scott and his steamer, the Terra Nova, has reached London, but the Englishman's agent in New Zealand is of the opinion that the still engaged in exploring and scientific work and that he probably may not be heard from for several weeks.

That Amundsen had reached the pole and planted the Norwegian colors was confirmed yesterday in dispatches sent by him to Christiania. One of these dispatches was addressed to King Haakon. The contents of it was not made known, but another said: "Pole reached, fourteenth-seventeenth December."

No Controversy.
The two dates were taken to mean that Amundsen had reached the point that he sought December 14, and remained there four days and those who know the explorer well, especially Professor Mohn, the famous Norwegian meteorologist, the expression of the belief that Amundsen during this period had made such observations and calculations as would render impossible a controversy as to which of the two explorers first reached the pole.

On learning of the success of his subject, King Haakon sent a telegram of congratulation to Amundsen on behalf of himself and the queen, and consented to the use of his name and that of his wife on the maps of the new territory of Norway in the Antarctic.

Captain Amundsen and the Fram are still at Hobart, Tasmania, but the explorer has telegraphed here that he would submit his charts and all information concerning the discovery of the South Pole as soon as possible.

The Norwegian public and scientists and even the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain have accepted unqualifiedly the statement of Amundsen that he had gained the pole and that he was the first man to do so. One of the geographers declares that it was possible that both Amundsen and Scott might have been within a mile of each other at the earth's axis and yet not know of the presence of each other. When Amundsen was asked yesterday by a local newspaper correspondent whether Scott had reached the pole, the correspondent says the explorer declined to answer the question yes or no. Englishmen have not yet given up the hope that their intrepid competitor also was successful in his quest and they will hold to their belief in his ability until he reports.

A Tactful Hero.

When the Fram came to anchor at Hobart, Amundsen was the only member of the expedition to come ashore. Such was the secrecy in which the vessel in the south was shrouded that nobody even was permitted to board the vessel, no matter under what pretext. Amundsen was tactful when the newspapermen tried to interview him aside from saying that he was pleased with the results of the expedition.

WOMEN WANTED.
[Canadian Collectors.]
This advertisement appeared in the Ashcroft (British Columbia) Journal: Wanted—I want to hear from a woman between the age of 20 and 45 who is willing to marry. I am 45 years

A Few Lines of
Most Anything

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

How ARE YOU PARSON?



The gambler held a good hand.

The city hall reporter says that since that city automobile is to be labelled all the firemen and police men are dreading the time when their clothes will be placarded "Property of the City of London."

Odd Want Ads.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Who cares whether or not the South Pole is discovered, when the work of discovering this great province of Ontario is at hand?

Of course one runs the risk of being called disloyal, when referring to anything in Ontario as "progressive." The word has been copyrighted by the Americans. It would seem.

In the last two weeks country newspapers in every Western Ontario county have begun to talk "Re-awakening." There's a reason.

Explorer Amundsen put his hands up and shouted "I got it" to the people on shore.

The echo from the hills caused it to sound like "Scott got it," and that is how the jumble occurred.

What a difference between "That man has snap," and "That man has a snap."

A suicide claimed that his creditors caused his rash act. A case of being dumb to death.

As the Hamilton Times would put it, mumps is all the style again.

An exchange says there are now 15,000,000 English-speaking people. Are those who say, "He went and gone it" included?

Personal Mention.

Among the visiting immigrants we note Lieut.-Col. J. W. De Coursey O'Grady, Nineteenth Battalion of Infantry, Canadian Militia, Winnipeg Way for the Colonel!—Chicago Tribune.

Col Sam Hughes is expected in London next week and the guns in Victoria Park may be expected to blast with shame over the shrewdness of their past accomplishments.

And here's a little wager that he strikes the burg totin' a forty-four.

"As soon as the snow goes" let everybody get busy on the spring clean-up campaign.

"Shacks along the Elbow," are unhealthy," says the Calgary Herald. Which causes the Winnipeg Post to remark that "so are holes on the back of the neck."

A man was made to cough and sing in days of sunshine and of spring. But when the winds of winter blow, That man is made to shovel snow.

O, man is made to shovel snow. And yet may laugh and sing boyhood. But there is sorrow in his soul of snow. When he is made to shovel coal.

A man is made to shovel snow. And pay for coal—a merry quip. And while the winds of winter blow, He's also made to shovel snow.

A man is made to shovel snow. And yet may laugh and sing boyhood. But there is sorrow in his soul of snow. When he is made to shovel coal.

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DAWG SONG
JUST GREW

New Famous Houn' Ballad of the Ozarks Is Like Little Topsy.

Mystery of the Ozark Dawg Song promises to become a national problem. Like every dog, every song was supposed until recently to have its day, but now, as a leading eastern paper points out, this quaint Ozark ballad of thirty years ago is taking to itself a new and greater fame than had the songs named after Bedelia and Sweet Rosie O'Grady, when they appeared ten and fifteen years ago.

The song is being sung, cartooned, and put in solemn editorials; it is—the political forecasters say—to play no small part among the noises of the coming presidential campaign. Simple people, hearing this, have furrowed their brows and endeavored to fathom the rights of the Democratic and the Republican parties in this particular quarrel. "You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'" might quite conceivably be applied at the present stage of the campaign to Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, La Follette, et al. In Missouri it has been adopted as the state song and the Democrats have made it their campaign song, charging derisively that the Republicans have personified the "Dawg."

But the song has spread far beyond Missouri and the search for its origin is general. Missourians in New York have gone to the music publishers, to the department stores, to the old book shops, and have blandly asked for a copy of the Ozark Dawg Song. Invariably they have been politely stared at and asked for the name of the writer, the key in which it was written, and the year of its first appearance. This has happened so often the Missourians have sent to their native state for information, but without result.

Cheap Bids for Fame.

Claim has been laid to its authorship by several second-rate rhymsters of the present generation, especially since Woodrow Wilson placed it in the category with "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Honorable Missourians indignantly refute these claims; it was sung before any of the whippersnapper song writers of today were born, they say. Members of the Missouri Society of New York pleaded ignorance because they had been born and raised in St. Louis, which is miles away from the Ozark hills and never sees hounds, except at the dog shows. However, an old Missourian was found who seemed promising.

"Did you write the Ozark Dawg Song?" he was asked.
"No," he said, and then, "I don't think anybody did. It just grew, like Topsy."

"Thirty years ago they sang that ditty in the Ozarks. I remember it well. It was old then, Miles and miles away from the railroad, in the heart of the mountains, the song sprang up of itself. If you knew the Ozark people the way I knew them then, it would be an easy thing to believe. When I first went into their country, the first thing that struck me was the 'dawg.' The railroad carried me to Ironton, there I struck across country through Reynolds, Shanton, Howells, and Dents counties. The Ozarks are in the southeast of Missouri and extend over the border into Arkansas. Now they are a wild country, but thirty years ago they were as virgin as in Daniel Boone's time. The men wore coonskin caps, carried long rifles, lived in log cabins and hardly knew what money looked like."

"They all of them had hounds, not the kind you see on the stage when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is playing, but small and ugly dogs with ears entirely erect, and they were hunting. When they were resting they looked like mongrels—the kind you want to kick. When I first tripped over one I turned and tried to boot him. Instantly he drew back and growled, 'You kick that houn', I didn't; my other foot went towards the dog's ribs. 'You quit!' without a drawl."

Soon On the Trail.

"I did quit. Later I learned why these men tell you that you've 'gotta quit,' and why they tell you that it 'makes no difference if he is a houn'. They were deer hunting and took my dog. The houn's went, too. Instead of the mongrels they looked to be when I saw them first they were transformed. Over the hills and down through the valleys a pack of fifty dogs led in the liveliest sort of a hunt. I loved them, after that."

"They were affectionate, too. A dog knew his master better than the master knew his horse. Sons of the soil, the men were the best, finest, and happiest fellows in the world. Cut off entirely from the outside world, companionship of their hounds was almost as much to them as that of their children. Do you wonder that they would threaten to knife a man if he kicked a dog?"

The original of the song may never become known, but because its verse is rude and naive, its whimsical lines appealing at once to sympathy and understanding and because it has a quality and spice entirely lacking in the fling of today, there can be little wonder that its revival is watched with such interest.

LONDON ELECTRIC

(Continued From Page One.)

To Grosvenor and on Dundas street from Wellington to Egerton.

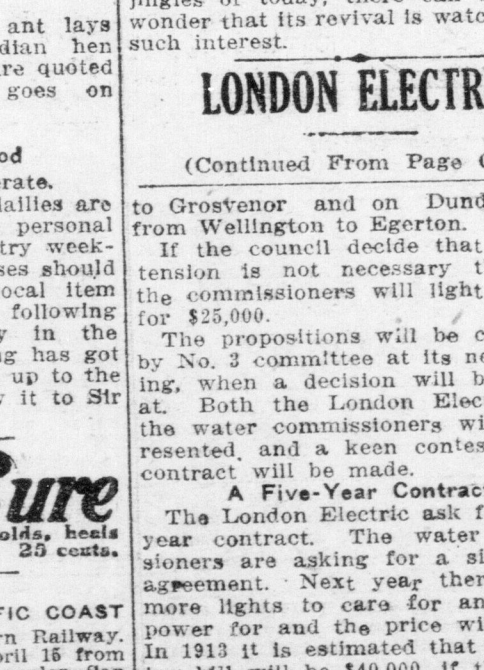
If the council decide that an extension is necessary this year, the various items making up the expenditure will be as follows:

Sub-station feeder system 300 00
Right of way 300 00
Sub-station and transformer 398 00
Buildings, fixtures and improvements, sub-station No. 1 16,096 51
Buildings, fixtures and improvements, sub-station No. 2 2,643 03
Buildings, fixtures and improvements, stores department 559 32
Sub-station and transformer station equipment No. 1 40,907 35
Sub-station and transformer station equipment No. 2 332 59
Storage battery equipment 1,074 69
Sub-station feeder system 2,651 74
Towers and poles equipment 55,772 88
Services 16,221 78
Underground conduit equipment 290 68
Underground wires and cables 22 25
Line transformers and devices 18,461 13
Meters and devices 29,470 72
Meter department equipment 1,121 98
Municipal street lighting (underground) 20,738 56
Municipal street lighting (un-

derground) 9,216 14
Municipal street lighting (Victoria Park) 2,888 08
General office equipment—Superintendent and secretary 1,312 70
General office equipment—draughting room 91 42
Stores department equipment—Utility equipment 1,450 21
Miscellaneous equipment 1,212 42
Engineering and Superintendence during construction 8,367 25
Salaries during construction 5,792 25
Office supplies and expenses during construction 354 28
Stationery and printing during construction 467 12
Legal expenses during construction 773 60
Injuries and damages during construction 58 21
Insurance during construction 682 06
Taxes during construction 4 99
Travelling expenses during construction 668 40
Miscellaneous expenditure during construction 74 58
\$320,561 94

A special election will be held in the village of Port Stanley on Monday, March 11, to vote on the waterworks bylaw. To accommodate voters living in London and St. Thomas, the Traction Company will run a special limited car, leaving London at 2:15, and from Port Stanley, returning, at 4 o'clock, and will make a special rate good during the entire day of 50c from London, and 25c from St. Thomas 47c

Scott's Vessel Embedded in Ice



Picture of the Terra Nova caught in the ice floes of the McMurdo Sound will be noticed that the sails are set. The picture was taken by Mr. Ponting, the official photographer of the expedition, and was the first one to get to civilization.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

LOW COLONIST RATES

To Chicago and Northwestern Railway. On sale daily, March 1 to April 15 from all points in Canada to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver and many other points. Through tourist sleepers and free reclining chair cars from Chicago. Tickets via variable routes, with liberal stopovers. For full information as to rates, routes and literature, write or call on B. H. Bennett, general agent, 45 Yonge street, Toronto. 30k-17,24,M2,9