

London Advertiser

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TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE:

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The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 24.

Good morning, Senator Beattie!

What has become of Ma Pankhurst and the girls?

Some people are irresistibly funny who have no sense of humor.

None would congratulate the major more heartily than his Liberal friends.

Because she goes to church every Sunday she isn't necessarily a good cook.

Some people are wondering if Mr. Beck bought a return ticket when leaving England.

As a weapon for holdouts, the Federal League will prove a bonanza for a lot of ballplayers.

Practicing the tango would wreck a china shop quicker than the biggest and maddest of bulls.

An heir to the French pretender is born. Pretending seems to be a drug on the market, unfortunately.

The world sowed \$89,000,000 in aeroplanes last year. The crop of widows was quite satisfactory.

If Faust had another chance, he would probably exchange his eternal future of a dozen newly-laid eggs.

L'Esperance, Conservative member from Montmagny, Que., doesn't want any navy. Mr. Borden seems to be Barkus.

Flammation, the French scientist, says the Garden of Eden lies at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. Sounds kind of fishy.

Mexico seems to have quieted down. The reason is probably that no one has had anything to eat since a week ago Tuesday.

If a man inherited some bank stock and the bank failed, he would be a sort of innocent bystander sufferer of the double liability.

A couple named Lusty have just celebrated their golden wedding, but what else would one expect from persons of that name?

There are 12,318,000 telephones in use in the world, and some people who love to listen, wish all of them were on one party line.

Every city with its own zone seems to be the fairest solution of the parcel post problem. Such an arrangement would, no doubt, satisfy Western Ontario.

A man steals a few pounds of coal from a railway. He is sent to jail. The state keeps him warm, but lets his family perish of cold. What's the answer?

What may not be ahead of any young man who reads of Strathcona's life, which starts in bleak Labrador and ended in the comfortable homage of the empire.

Corsets for life were given an Ohio New Year's baby by town merchants. Poor child! Her sisters in the kindergarten will insist her for lacing e'er she can lisp her A, B, C.

"I have never tasted an intoxicating beverage," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "neither has my father, and my grandfather never did." Then, keep an eye on the next generation, Johnny.

A citizen whose shoes must hurt, writes to The Advertiser complaining of the noise made by boys leaving school near his home. The only counsel that can be given is to move, because the boys are not likely to.

The old empire builder explored, cut the forests, tamed the savage and pushed the frontier ahead of him. In his rough life there was little immediate compensation and the romance ripened years after he had gone through it. Service was what called him, and service is what calls the Empire Builder of today.

THE BONDS OF EMPIRE.

UNITED Empire, the organ of the Royal Canadian Institute, does not seem to take kindly to the idea of the complete autonomy of the British dominions. Discussing the subject of emigration, it seems to favor an imperial citizenship, under which British subjects would have free access to all parts of the empire, and it says that "those who have cherished the ideal of an undivided empire-state cannot easily transfer their allegiance to that of a commonwealth of states, bound only by ties of inter-

est, sentiment, and loyalty to the crown."

This old idea of centralization dies hard. It seems difficult for some people to realize that an empire can exist without a controlling central power and a uniformity of law. But communities in different sections of the globe, with a diversity of interests and of ideas, cannot be bound together in this way. The attempt to do it has always resulted disastrously. The sentimental bond of loyalty, with the fullest freedom in local matters, is the only tie that can bind the varied dominions of the British Empire. Anything else will tend to separation rather than to unity. The sooner this fact is recognized by all parties the better for imperialism. This view is one strong plea for opposing the thin end of the wedge presented by a centralized navy.

DOES IT WORK BOTH WAYS?

If the Hindu question in British Columbia is to be decided on principle, Ontario has its problem of exclusion also.

If it is not considered good British practice to allow the Hindu to do white man's work in British Columbia, why should the Chinese be permitted to do white men's work in Ontario? In their own antiquated fashion the Chinese do a great deal of the laundering work in this province, and if they were not in Ontario there would be more work for the white man and the white woman. As a race they add little to the community, although they are inoffensive enough, it is true. They do work cheaply and compete with white labor, and their methods of living are not always all that could be desired. The Advertiser has no enmity toward them. It would protest against unfair treatment of them, and does not believe they should be annoyed. But Ontario's labor unions have as well-established a right to demand their exclusion as British Columbia has to demand that the doors be closed to the Hindu. The only difference is that the Hindu as a British subject has the prior sentimental claim.

THE MEDICAL NOVELIST.

THE recent death of Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, has closed the active career of one of the few men noted for their pre-eminence alike in science and in fiction. The number has never been great; for there seems to be something antagonistic in the two departments of mental activity. The one deals with facts, the other beliefs; the one is concerned with reality, the other with imagination. But there have been, and always will be, men who while studying the actual can express the results of their study in the language of romance. The literature of the United States gives three striking examples in Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. A. Hammond, and S. Weir Mitchell.

Dr. Holmes, the senior of the trio, is very seldom recalled outside of Boston as a scientist, though his earliest work, and his most useful, from a practical point of view, was in the line of medical research. But he sprang so rapidly into prominence as the writer of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and the demand for literary work of that kind became so great, that his energies were naturally turned in that direction, and he is known today chiefly as the author of a charming series of table talks, some interesting novels, and lyrical poetry that of its kind has not been excelled.

Less widely known is the name of Dr. Hammond, of New York. Physicians may remember him for his radicalism as surgeon-general of the United States during the civil war, and by his more enduring work as an alienist. But he wrote a number of interesting novels, though they were possibly more attractive to the physician than to the general reader. The medical side of the author showed out too plainly; and one gets the impression that they were written chiefly as a recreation.

Dr. Mitchell was the most voluminous writer of them all. It is said that a bibliography of his medical writings show something less than two hundred titles; while his novels exceed in number those of both Holmes and Hammond. In some of these he seems to sink the physician entirely in the novelist, while in others there are clear evidences not only of his medical studies, but of the lesson he desired to teach. Physicians can best judge of the permanence of his reputation as a medical man. But we are inclined to think he will be remembered longer as the author of "Hugh Wynne" than as the apostle of the "rest cure."

In Mitchell, as in Holmes, the evident motif is the educational. To point out the physical and moral defects of humanity; to show how the state of the body can affect not only the mental but the moral nature; to suggest the rules for a cleaner and healthier life; to indicate wherein human delinquencies are often the result largely of external influences for which the culprit is not altogether responsible; to lessen the spirit of intolerance and bigotry which can find no excuse for sin, and no kindly thought for the sinner; to awaken a broader sympathy of man for his brother man; these are the work of men with the intellect and heart of the best type of the medical novelist. The world needs the lessons they teach; and humanity will not only be charmed, but uplifted by these voices crying in the desert of selfish commercialism and no less selfish sectarianism.

That proposed Ridout street subway would do much to relieve street car congestion and every piece of property south of the Grand Trunk tracks would become more accessible and, therefore, more valuable. That

street railway, the Grand Trunk and the city should share the cost, which would not be as great as the amount often paid for less desirable "boons." South London can secure the subway by going after it.

LOVE-MEASURING MACHINE.

LOVERS beware! A French scientist has invented an instrument by which the intensity and the sincerity of love may be measured. By means of an electrical apparatus delicately adjusted it will be possible to test the honesty of a man's courtship. In this manner the heiress will be able to learn whether it is herself or her cash that Algernon is after. Also father (or is it mother) will be able to tell whether that youth is coming around with a purpose or merely trifling with the affections of Little Bright Eyes. It will not be necessary to create an awkward situation by buttonholing a man in the porch and inquiring as to his intentions. He will be invited to submit to the test, and if he fails to register high he will be expected to warm up a bit or move on. Mrs. Newlywed, who is suspicious anyway, can have the test applied to husband at regular intervals instead of getting on his nerves with a continual "How much do you love me?" If it will clean out a few flirts of both species and rout the philanderer it will prove a grand invention.

PICQUART'S DEATH.

FROM France comes the news of the death of General Picquart, perhaps the most heroic figure of the Dreyfus case. It was Picquart's evidence, coupled with the activities of Clemenceau and Zola, that brought about the rehabilitation of Dreyfus. Picquart insisted upon telling the truth despite the most powerful influences brought to bear to make him give evidence against Dreyfus. He knew that it meant social ruin and physical peril, but he did not swerve from his determination to see that justice was done. The Jewish officer, when he was thrown into prison at Paris, he fully expected to be assassinated, and warned the public that some morning his dead body would be found in the cell labelled "Suicide." He was not even friendly to Dreyfus, and is said to have held pronounced anti-semitic views. Nevertheless, he fought bravely to clear the name of the victim of the fiercest exhibition of race hatred in a century. Picquart's name will stand out clear in one of the blackest episodes of modern times.

THE "NOES" HAVE IT.

THE gentlemen who write the headlines are having a great run on the word "No" just now. For instance, in the Advertiser of yesterday morning appeared the following captions: "No revision of the tariff this session." "No action toward navy." "No reduction in debt."

The Borden Government promises to give Canada the greatest display of inaction in the country's history.

LEGAL CHANCE.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.] No one is getting married in Wisconsin since the eugenic law has gone into effect. They may have to pass a special splinter and bachelor tax law to offset the effect of the other one.

TRY THIS.

[Ladies' Home Journal.] She—No, George, I am afraid I cannot marry you. I want a man who possesses a noble ambition; whose heart is set on attaining some high and worthy object.

He—Well, don't I want you?

She—Oh, George! I am yours.

SPORT NOTE.

[Chicago News.] With three big leagues the discovery of the world's baseball championship henceforth will be a matter of still greater difficulty.

ROCKABY BABY.

[New York Sun.] Rockaby, baby, See it is late, Put up your Euclid Homer can wait Fashion your verses No more tonight, Finish your treatise When it is light. See how your biceps Bulge with the strain, Wrestling with father, Boxing with Jane. Be your dear slumbers, Ever so deep Sweet dreams of Darwin Lighten your sleep.

HIS FIRST WORDS.

[Detroit Free Press.] All day long she longed for his return, that she might tell him. At last she heard his step coming up the garden walk, and she rushed to let him in.

"Oh, John!" she cried. "The baby can talk."

"No!" he said.

"Yes!" she shouted, throwing her arms about his neck. She had never seen her look more fetching.

"He can talk!" He can talk!" she cried, and led the way to the nursery. "The baby was sitting up in his cradle, wide awake."

"He only knows one sentence, but he has been saying it all day," she said.

"Oo goo booda wah," said the baby distinctly.

The father drew a breath of wonder.

"Great Scott!" he breathed, "how does he know that at his age!"

And for three weeks he insisted on buying all the drinks, no matter how large the crowd was.

THE CURSE OF POLITENESS.

[Detroit Free Press.] He took another spoonful of soup just to make sure, but, being the politest of men, he didn't say anything.

"What do you think of the weather we're having?" said his wife as she toyed with her spoon, preparatory to beginning.

"We certainly are having it," he replied, and took another spoonful just to make doubly sure.

But when he didn't say anything

It is difficult to describe how polite he was. "It wasn't such bad weather that we had last week, either," his wife continued, still toying with her spoon. "But there was so much of it!" he answered, and took another spoonful just to satisfy himself beyond the shadow of a doubt.

But still he made no comment whatever.

His wife took a spoonful.

"How odd!" she remarked. "The cook has served us the washing bluing instead of the soup!"

He flung the spoon at the picture of the three hung-up ducks over the mantel piece.

"Hang politeness!" he cried.

THE DARKNESS.

The darkness has been very kind to me; She has shut out the white flame of the world.

Hidden the sun of sorrow when it hurried Its beam on me, and I was lost in light!

She brought the velvet healing of the night.

Which was frantic with the starling day, Till round about me her great spirit lay.

A waveless ocean, drowning my dismay.

The darkness has been very kind to me; Like a still prayer thought by a lonely nun

Her quiet is; the day's griefs, one by one, Drift to the shore of long-forgotten things.

And hushed are the loud earth's old echoes, Deep in her bosom, deep, Oh, very deep,

I hide my head when her first shadows creep; And sink at last within the pool of sleep.

From Western Ontario Press

SHIPPING HOUSES.

[Guelph Mercury.] A number of houses were shipped from Quebec to Guelph this week, and are now being re-erected here. The cellars will be sent later.

RIDGETOWN'S BOAST.

[Ridgetown Dominion.] Clinton boasts that the members of its town council weigh 1,672 pounds.

That's nothing. Ridgetown's town council weighs a ton or better.

CAUGHT THE "OLD MAN."

[Dunville Gazette.] The Dunville man whose son-in-law unloaded on him a bunch of lots in a Western subdivision several leagues

ago, found it so.

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