

London Advertiser

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LONDON, THURSDAY, JUNE 27. CANADA SEEN AT A DISTANCE.

The earth is at all times full of poetry. It is full of flowers and weeds. These are foolish prophets who would cry to us that poetry is dead or dying.

Little, certainly, but the name of Canada seems to be known to Mr. John F. Waddington, of whose three-stanza ode to Canada, published in an English journal, the final stanza follows:

Youth holds thy destiny, O Canada! Crude shape, not shamed By cities nor by shambles. From afar Thy conquerors come, all eager and untamed.

These are thy sons, O Canada. More dear to them the yellow wheat than gold.

If Mr. Waddington came to Canada he would be in knee-breeches and ear-laps. On Montreal wharf, gun in hand, he would look about for an Indian guide and strike an attitude for stalking game.

Wild pasture! Not yet brought beneath the ban Of meddling man The burrower and the borer and the boak.

These are thy sons, O Canada. More dear to them the yellow wheat than gold.

Perhaps the Canadian girls are delicately indicated, though the poet otherwise makes no mention of them. In that sweet word "fair-land."

Mr. Waddington loves Canada as a fine bit of fresh earth for young men to settle on. And yet he seems to draw an invidious contrast between the sons of this earth and the immigrants who are coming "from afar" to "conquer" it.

Mr. Waddington has caught the local color, but how can even a poet expect to catch it by looking at Canada through a monocle from the other side of the Atlantic?

THE FOOD PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. The crop statistics of the United States gathered by the census enumerators in 1910 have just been published.

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Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Wheat 657,556,000; Oats 414,697,000; Potatoes 165,423,000; Tobacco 104,302,000; Barley 92,458,000; Rye 20,421,000.

No wonder the consumers of the United States, pinched by higher prices and threatened by a continual advance in the cost of living, so long as they depend upon the lagging agriculture of their own country, are looking for fresh sources of supply.

Wheat-growing is dying out in the East; in New England only 115,000 bushels were grown in 1909. More and more the populous Eastern States are drawing upon the far west for food.

What a market for the Eastern Canadian farmer at his door! What a piece of folly in refusing it!

HATS OFF TO THE LADIES. The financial result of the playgrounds canvass is not yet known, but it will be sufficient at least to give the system a fair start.

Many men have a habit of sneering at the public or semi-public activities of women, but woman's enthusiasm is the motive power of nearly every philanthropic movement.

Some of the Ontario's charitable institutions, which are in large measure dependent upon private support, would be closed up if it were not for the unselfish labors of women.

The average woman is ready to do both, when her sympathies are enlisted. Men may direct a good movement with a more practical instinct, but it needs the fair sex to get up the steam and make it a going concern.

This is Mr. Hanna's day for staying in the Ontario Government.

Mr. Foy has not yet joined Dr. Reume at the French-Canadian congress at Quebec.

The Democrats are coming round to Cleveland's position on the tariff question. But they have no Cleveland.

The Canadian anti-reciprocityites are all for Champ Clark. They want him as a scarecrow, to dangle before weak-kneed Canadians.

Right Hon. Walter Long will visit Toronto in September. As an apostle of civil war in Ireland, he will have a warm welcome from the so-called loyalists in the Canadian Belfast.

What this country wants is a few more W. J. Hannas. Not enough to go round at present.—London Free Press.

Is this a jibe at the Seven Sleepers?

Sir James Whitney doesn't want to let Mr. Hanna go to the railway commission. No doubt he is fond of Mr. Hanna. But it is equally certain that he dislikes the prospect of a by-election in West Lambton.

The Advertiser has received a copy of a pamphlet entitled "Shall Germany Starve Us?" by H. F. Wyatt, honorary secretary of the Imperial Maritime League.

AMENITIES OF BRITISH POLITICS. (London Evening Standard.) In a Prince class of scrooges at a village show, at Prant, near Tunbridge Wells, one of the premier awards went to a scarecrow representing Satan, with Mr. Lloyd George on a taunting fork held in his right hand. Mr. Keir Hardie being grasped in the left hand.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND KING EDWARD. (London Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.) The subject today in the West End has not so much been reminiscences of the Derby as discussion of the Queen Victoria's curious relations with her son in his early manhood was this—that if the Prince Consort had lived another year the question would have arisen as to the precedence of the Prince of Wales over his father.

There would have been no way of changing or cloaking the situation. The Queen had made her effort, and to the end of her life always resented bitterly the relations with her son in his early manhood was this—that if the Prince Consort had lived another year the question would have arisen as to the precedence of the Prince of Wales over his father.

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The Chicago convention has resorted to many biblical incidents and phrases in order to describe fitly the tense situations before their eyes.

"The Coliseum is the temple at Gaza, and the Samson is between the pillars," said a Chicago newspaper in a column editorial in which a parallel was drawn out at length between the death of Samson and the demise of the Republican party predicted by some prophets.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve," exclaims the writer, quoting from the last words of Joshua—for Joshua said it, not Samson, as the editor seemed to think. Samuel G. Blythe, the old Press editor, said the third commandment would be broken more often than the heads of delegates.

Newspaper writers generally have taken the cue from the Chicago source. The Brooklyn Eagle says: "Bryan's Bible at this convention is doing service with Roosevelt's Herodotus." Then it comments on the present trial of the Republic in favor of the West, to the classic passage in Hebrews xii, 11, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, which shall be excruciated thereby."

And the Baltimore Sun applies to the Democratic situation at Baltimore the remark: "The scriptural rule is to let the wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest."

This natural freedom with which men turn to the Bible demonstrates that critics can never destroy a book whose vital stream fills the arteries of the body politic and affects the daily life of the people in all their relations.

ONTARIO WORTH EXTOLLING. (Stratford Beacon.) Talk Ontario up. It is worth being talked of. It is one of the best lands that the sun shines on today.

The newspapers have, to a large extent, gone with the tide in favor of the West, to the neglect of Ontario. There are signs of awakening on their part. The West does not need booming from the newspapers of Ontario. They have newspapers of their own now capable of doing justice to Ontario as a good province to stay in and a good province for intending new settlers with a little money, intelligence and industry. Try a little booming of Ontario. There are enough for the West now.

MILLIONAIRES' MILLIONS. (Hamilton Herald.) In his inaugural address as rector of Aberdeen University, Dr. Andrew Carnegie took advanced ground on several questions, notably on the question of taxation. Most multi-millionaires find it hard to see justice in the assessment of duties, by which a certain proportion of their fortunes is appropriated by the state after their death.

They feel, many of them, that this is a legalized method of robbing their heirs, and they feel the same way. Not so Dr. Carnegie. "I have," said the well-known Scottish laird, "no objection whatever to one-half of the millionaire's hoard being taken by the state at his death."

The highest succession tax imposed in any civilized country falls far short of 50 per cent of the whole estate. One can imagine the scorn with which Sir James Whitney would receive any proposition coming from a representative of labor. He would regard it as evidence of the prevalence of a dangerous spirit. And yet it is made by one of the richest men in the world.

SONNET. (John Keats.) Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art— Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night, And watching, with eternal lids apart, Like nature's patient, sleepless Ere, Mite, The moving waters at their priestlike task Of pure ablation round earth's human shores, Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask Of snow upon the mountains and the moors— No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable, Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast To feel forever its soft fall and swell, Awake forever in the arms that sleep, Still still to hear her tender-tender breath, And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

A LOAN OF \$15,000 FOR NEW HOSPITAL. County Council Committee Made a Recommendation Regarding Strathroy. A special committee of the county council, composed of Messrs. J. N. Currie (chairman), R. W. Jackson, Wm. Toohill, C. W. Hawkshaw and John McGugan, met a delegation from Strathroy yesterday afternoon at the county buildings and discussed the question of the erection of a hospital at Strathroy.

The delegation pointed out that while Victoria Hospital is convenient for the residents of the eastern part of the county, that part of the county to the west is not within easy reach of Victoria Hospital, and that if a hospital is erected at Strathroy it will serve the residents in Lobo, Adelaide, Metcalfe, Carleton Place, McMillan, Moss and East Williams with far better arrangements.

It is not likely that the council will take any action as to the recommendation until the regular meeting next December.

SUCCESSFUL GARDEN PARTY. Held by Congregation of St. Mark's Church, Pottersburg. The congregation of St. Mark's, Pottersburg, held a very successful garden party last evening in the asylum grounds. An excellent repast was served by the members of the Ladies' Guild, after which a good programme was carried out under the chairmanship of the rector, Rev. E. A. Appleby. Miss Angus rendered several piano-forte solos, while Misses Strach, B. Clark, J. Clark, E. Clark, Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Moorehouse and members of the Excelsior Quartette were greatly appreciated. Little Miss Reta Willmott was very effective, and Mr. Clark, as usual helped considerably with his instrumental music.

The Excelsior Quartette certainly deserve the praise which they received, and we may expect to hear great things from this group in the future. The evening was ideal, and the fine surroundings helped to make a very enjoyable evening.

ALMOST DROWNED. Hamilton, June 27.—Two unknown men, who stole a dingy from Bastien's boat-house while under the influence of liquor, were thrown in the bay off the Royal Hamilton Yacht Clubhouse at 2:30 this morning, and rescued by Leo Black and John Palmer, just as they were about to sink. Black and Palmer were about to sink. Black and Palmer were about to sink. Black and Palmer were about to sink.

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COLT-CHAPMAN. London, June 27.—Miss Dorothy B. Chapman, of Winnipeg, Man., was married today to Maxwell S. Colt, son of Col. Samuel Colt, of New York, at St. Paul's Church, Knight's Bridge.

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FRENCH STRIKE TROUBLE. Paris, June 27.—The French Government is considerably disturbed over the seamen's strike, which is causing a tremendous loss to French shipping. The strikers have accepted the suggestion of arbitration, and the government has made another appeal to the shipowners to follow a similar course, but they again declined to do so today, saying that it was impossible to grant higher wages to the men. The Messageries Maritimes Company alone is willing to arbitrate with the men.

ACCIDENT INQUIRY. Thorold, June 27.—Coroner Herod this morning will open an investigation into the accident at lock 22 on the Welland Canal last week, when a gale gave way, taking three small boys to their death. The triple funeral of the victims took place yesterday afternoon, when the remains of Leonard Brethrick, Willie Wallace and Willie Jack, were interred side by side, Canon Piper and Rev. Mr. Smith, the Presbyterian clergyman, officiating.

BRIGADE HAD A RUN TO THE CITY HOTEL KITCHEN. A large pan of fat left in the oven of the City Hotel burst into flame at 7:30 this morning, but those present had presence of mind not to pull it out or otherwise the fire would have spread rapidly. The fire was called and extinguished with very little damage. The apparatus with very little damage.

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An Indian Orator's Modern Diction

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

Readers of the brave Indian tales of Fenimore Cooper will receive quite a shock if they happen to run across the annual report of the Ontario Historical Society for 1911. When this quiet volume reached me the other day, I looked at the pictures first, for the volume contains very fine photographs of my friend, David Williams, of Collingwood, president of the society at this time, and of other past presidents and officers. Then I browsed among the various summaries of speeches delivered at the annual meeting of the society at Brantford a year ago. My interest was not violently aroused until I came to the place where Chief David John, after receiving the members of the society in the council, laid the wampum belt on the table. The meeting, having been only opened, another chief, having been the paleface as John W. M. Elliott, to his fellow-tribesmen as Deyenhcken, which, being translated, means Double Life, took the floor, and proceeded to welcome the Historical Society in an oration.

Indian orations have always had an irresistible charm for me since my early youth, when I revelled in the pages of Cooper, Ellis and Hallantyne. But it does seem as if the good, old-fashioned kind of Indian eloquence is extinct. Do you remember how the brave Tecumseh or poetical Red Cloud, drawing his blanket around him and shaking his top-knot of eagle feathers, strode gravely into the centre of the lodge and commenced his impromptu speech with graceful compliments to the great father over the sea, before proceeding to voice the redman's wrongs? But Chief Double Life, of Brantford, brought his speech in his pocket; it was carefully written, probably type-written, and his language was that of a Brantford manufacturer. "We feel," said the chief in his opening remarks to the historians, "that we can place you in the category of true friends."

This was pretty fine for a start; many a college graduate does not know the meaning of "category." Proceeding, he referred to the "status" of the Six Nation Indians and observed sententiously: "that in this modern epoch it may be pardonable on our part to readdress to some of the achievements of the Six Nations in the past history of the North American Continent."

The diction here is good, but it hath a strange sound in an Indian oration. The only part of this speech to remind me of the eloquent passages in the orations of Double Life's forefathers is his recital of grievances. No Indian speech would be worthy of the noble redman at all, unless it recited in burning language what he has suffered from the government of the whites. So here in conventional language the chief reminds his auditors of all that the Six Nations have done for Great Britain, and now they write under the disgrace of being placed in "the category of minors." Says the chief, "We are surprised today to find the Canadian Government by intrusion trampling upon our rights and privileges to such an extent that the Indian is reduced to a condition so near approaching slavery that the line of demarcation is hard to define." In his prostration Double Life called the members of the Historical Society his brothers, and, after referring to their "friendly confab," he went up in this surprising burst of rhetoric, "In conclusion, God bless the Rose of England, the Thistle of Scotland, the Shamrock of old Ireland, and the Maple Leaf of Canada forever." When we find words like "demarcation," "category" and "confab" in an Indian oration may we not truly say that the glory of the redman has departed?

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CHAPMAN'S OUR NEW HOME 239 and 243 Dundas St., South Side

Thursday morning we open up in our 239 Dundas Street Store. Saturday morning in our 243 Dundas Street Store.

We hoped to have larger premises to take our many friends to, but on account of not being able to get possession of our entire property, building has been delayed until next spring. In the meantime, bargains will be the order of the day in our new home.

EARLY CLOSING During July and August Our Stores Will Close at 5 p. m. as in Former Summers.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

A Few Lines of Most Anything OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



London's good roads policy at the present time is a clear-cut combination worked out on the following admirable formula: (1) Spread gravel in the spring. (2) Scrape it off in the fall.

By this means the city pleases all ratepayers who regard the automobile as their deadly enemy, and gives the teamsters a chance to make an honest five or six per cent.

Boss Bowserman seems able to operate the steam roller when necessity arises.

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