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AN APOSTLE TO AFRICA.

One hundred years ago today, in a humble cottage home in the little village of Blantyre, in the lowlands of Scotland, David Livingstone was born. Not much might be expected of a life beginning in poverty like this. But it was the cot of one of the best type of the Scottish peasantry; and though it comprised but a single room, in it were thrift, and industry, and perseverance, and piety.

At the age of ten years David went to work in a cotton mill, and with his first earnings he bought a Latin grammar. From six in the morning till eight at night his work was in the mill; then followed two to four hours at night-school and at his studies. So passed his youth; and from the labor of his hands he secured enough to take him to the neighboring university at Glasgow. There was no royal road to learning for him—no express train carried him through school and college. It was the work of years, of hard work and hard study. No pleasure parties, no dissipation of time, or health, or money. The life of a poor Scottish student was his, till at last he was able to graduate in medicine.

For he had long planned his life work. But it was to be neither that of a country doctor nor a college professor. A deeply pious youth, with a firm belief in the verities of the Christian religion, and with a love of humanity that reached beyond kindred and country, the welfare of the heathen in distant lands had been resting as a burden on his soul. And his medical training had been with a view to fitting himself for the mission field. "God's only son," he said, "was a missionary and a physician: a poor, poor imitation of Him I am, or wish to be."

In London he met Robert Moffat, a missionary to Africa, and this turned his thoughts to the Dark Continent, with the result that in 1840 he was sent by the London Missionary Society to labor among the negroes of Bechuanaland. For sixteen years he served with the society; then returning to England he published his first book of missionary travels, the proceeds of which he devoted to his chosen work.

Thenceforward he was missionary, explorer, pioneer of civilization, all through what is now Rhodesia; across the continent; up rivers; through forests; over deserts and lakes; preaching the gospel, healing the sick, instructing the ignorant, and letting the light into the hitherto unknown land. For three years he was lost to the world, until the enterprise of a newspaper enabled Stanley to find him. Then another year of wandering; his body was worn with suffering and privation, and on the morning of May 1, 1873, he passed to his final rest.

Some months before his death, the church society sent a party of six negroes, slaves who had been liberated and converted, with instructions to bring Livingstone back to civilization, alive or dead. But he was dying when they reached him. They guarded his hut with anxious eyes; they saw him move from his bed to the floor and kneel in prayer; they went to his help, but he was dead, with a prayer on his lips, a prayer, no doubt, for the people for whom he had lived.

His body was roughly embalmed in salt, packed in the hollow trunk of a tree, and carried on their shoulders a thousand miles to the sea. And so he came back to England; and among the heroes and statesmen and poets of the mother land he lies in Westminster Abbey. But not all of him is there. For his heart lies buried in the African jungle near where he died. Fit resting place for that great heart. Where a man's treasure is, there should his heart be also.

Many volumes contain Livingstone's contributions to our knowledge of Africa, and the record of his travels. But no books have yet been written, or can be written, that will tell the full story of his life work, or give a right estimate of his influence for lasting good. For ages Africa has groined under two great burdens of sin and shame, the ignorance and brutality of the native within, and the avarice and brutality of the slave-dealer from without. And Livingstone spent his life trying to lift those burdens, and trying to let light shine into the dark places which have so long been the habitations of evil.

Among our empire builders not the least deserving of honor have been those hardy pioneers of the Cross, who have gone out into the waste places of the earth to open up a path for civilization. And though they achieve no political fame, and acquire no wealth; though they live in weariness and pain and die in privation and solitude, yet none deserve more honor than they.

Such an one was David Livingstone. A religious enthusiast, whose enthusiasm was tempered with judgment,

whose zeal was supported by energy, and whose faith was shown in his work. An example to all young men was this poor boy, who, with none to lend a helping hand, acquired an education that the sons of wealthy men might be proud to gain. An example to all men, young or old, of devotion to duty, or love for humanity, of unselfish labor for others. And men do well, on this centenary of his birth, to honor the man whose best epitaph is that "the world is better because he lived."

THE MURDERED KING.

The assassination of King George of Greece had no political significance. It was apparently the work of a lunatic. The royal family is on the crest of a wave of popularity in Greece, produced by the success of the war with Turkey and the military prowess of Crown Prince Constantine.

King George belonged to the virile royal house of Denmark, which has given so many kings and queens to Europe, including Alexandra of England, his sister. He was the compromise choice of the great powers as the successor to King Otto, who was driven from the Greek throne because of his attempt to override the constitution. King George, then a midshipman in the Danish navy, was only 18 years of age when he took the purple in 1883. He showed from the first strength of will and common sense, and although his throne more than once tottered he held the respect, if not always the affection, of his subjects. The nadir of his fortunes followed the crushing defeat of the Greeks in the Turkish war of 1897. Two or three years ago he threatened to abdicate because of party feuds which almost paralyzed the Government of the country, but a deliverer came in Venezuela, the present prime minister, who has been making a new Greece.

The death of King George takes a deeper tinge of tragedy from the fact that he just lived to see his country emerge from a long eclipse into the splendor of a new era. He met his death at the scene of a dazzling triumph of Greek arms, the city of Saloniki, the goal of national hopes long deferred.

THE OTTAWA FIGHT.

Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier spent a quarter of an hour together on Tuesday. The interview was sought by the Premier, who went to Sir Wilfrid's office. Few can know what passed between them, but a very large and ingenious structure of inference has been built upon the incident, and we are informed for the 'teenth time by the Conservative press that the Liberals intend to give up the fight against the naval bill. Readers of the Conservative press must be weary of this iteration, of seeing these headlines day after day.

Mr. Borden could break the Liberal blockade by frankly declaring that he would proceed, after the bill was passed, with the organization of a Canadian naval service, on the lines of the parliamentary resolution of 1909, and of his own speeches in that year. If he would make this concession to his own convictions expressed less than four years ago, and to the national spirit and self-respect of the country, he would afford ground for a compromise which the Liberal party could not very well refuse to occupy. Some of Mr. Borden's lieutenants still flirt with the Canadian navy principle, but Mr. Borden himself has banged, bolted and barred the door against it. That is why the Liberals are fighting. If Mr. Borden will not reopen the door, they will try to break it in, or at least give the people the opportunity to force it. The people gave Mr. Borden no mandate to close it.

Tight money is usually the sequel of a speculative spree.

This naval issue is a battle of Canadians against Little Colonials.

The Dominion Government must realize by this time that the naval bill is blocking public business.

In Australia the keels of three warships were laid in one day. Canadians are told they must pay somebody else to do this for them.

Municipalities west of London are quarrelling over the route of the hydro-radials. What better proof of the popularity of Adam Beck's radial scheme?—London Free Press.

What scheme is that, please? The one Sir James Whitney threw cold water on?

The Hamilton Spectator says the London Telegraph and London Daily News approve Mr. Borden's policy, and that the Telegraph is a Liberal newspaper. The Telegraph is a Unionist paper, and the Daily News deprecates the Borden policy. The Spectator is otherwise correct.

There is a curious by-election in Kendal, Westmorland, England. The Unionist candidate, Col. Weston, is running as a free trader and an advocate of compulsory military training. The Unionist central machine has disowned him, but he is cheered on by the conscriptionists, who are nearly all Unionists. The constituency has been strongly Unionist. What would be the lesson of Col. Weston's victory? That free trade was his winning card—or conscription?

The French political whirligig has thrown Aristide Briand out of the premiership for the second time in three years. He succeeded Poincaré, lately elected president, who had formed one of the strongest cabinets France has known. Briand was not able to command the services of

some of the noted men who gathered around Poincaré, but he succeeded in carrying the proportional representation bill, which has now been wrecked by the Senate, through the popular chamber by 339 to 217. It is an inopportune time for a parliamentary crisis, in view of the European situation. One result may be to throw greater power into the hands of President Poincaré, acclaimed as France's strong man.

GENIUS THAT PAYS.

[London Daily News and Leader.] "I am one of the most celebrated people in Europe," said Mr. George Bernard Shaw, speaking on Socialism as a start in life at the Ilford town hall, last night, "and I started in that way. I am not merely a man of genius, which anybody might be, but I make money out of being a man of genius, which very few do."

It was advisable, he thought, for a young man to start with revolutionary ideas, because of the toning down that came afterwards.

"The ordinary young man began with rather a late edition of his father's politics; at 50 he had got a set of prejudices that were never any good to him or anybody else."

He spoke of Lord Robert Cecil, as a real, old-fashioned Liberal. All old-fashioned Liberals sat on the Unionist side.

Referring to the middle classes, if they were to destroy them tomorrow, he said, practically our whole system would tumble to pieces. The working classes and the upper classes were equally helpless. They were unable to get anything without the assistance of another class. He counselled the middle classes to join hands with the Labor party.

VERY SEVERE.

[Boston Transcript.] Heck—"What was the worst storm you ever encountered?"

Peck—"I think it raged at the rate of 300 words a minute."

SILENCE.

[Houston Post.] "Does your husband ever tell you you have poor taste?" "Frequently." "And what reply do you make to him?" "I think of what I married and say nothing."

A REAL BRITISHER.

[Toronto Star.]

Dr. Michael Clark is a real Britisher of the type of Hampden, not of the humbugs who fawned upon Charles the Second.

THE NELSONS AND TRAFALGAR.

[Manchester Guardian.] The death of Earl Nelson reminds a correspondent who knew the family in Wiltshire that the pronunciation of the word Trafalgar is still a matter of controversy. Lord Nelson himself, the members of his family, and the people in the countryside, have always been accustomed to speak of Trafalgar House, with the accent very marked on the last syllable of the word. Whether they would do the same in asking their way to Trafalgar Square is questionable. The truth probably is that the first line of the famous song, "The Death of Nelson," settled the matter once and for all for the majority of people. Browning's Trafalgar, with the accent on the last syllable, in his "Nobly, Nobly, Cape St. Vincent," made no difference. "The Death of Nelson," written by John Braham, was in the book of an opera called "The American," produced at the Lyceum in 1811. Braham had thus some twenty years' start of the designers of Trafalgar Square, and had already influenced people in this little matter of pronunciation.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

[Canadian Collier's.] It's possible that the recent Dominion election might be upset on the ground that influential men in various communities told the electors—trustful people, most of them—that if they voted for recalcitrant Canada would be ruined, and that afterward, when the proposal had been rejected on that basis, they went abroad in England and elsewhere telling what a glorious bargain Canada had rejected just in order to show her love for the British Empire.

ASKING FOR MORE.

[Hamilton Times.] One thousand Ontario farmers left Toronto yesterday to take up homes in the Northwest. What is Whitney doing to fill their places?

A FINANCIER.

[Puck.] "What kind of a woman is she then?" "Well, when she's not getting money away from you for her charities, she's getting it away from you at bridge."

A HOME WORTH HAVING.

[Buffalo Express.] "Binks must have a pretty fine home." "Yes, he can raise enough on the mortgage to buy the best automobile in the market."

MADE £25,000 IN CANADA.

[London Daily News and Leader.] Mr. Henry E. Philpott, the Ashford man, who went to Canada in 1882 with fourpence in his pocket, and has now come home with a fortune of £25,000, told a Daily News and Leader representative last night how his fortune was made.

"I was a gardener," he said, "when, at the age of 24, I emigrated to Canada. I first found work in a market garden at Winnipeg, being paid £3 a month, and after two months I moved on to another place, where my wages were £9. Here I stayed nearly two years."

Finding, however, that he could not keep himself occupied during the Canadian winter, he sought other employment, and became a butcher, being so successful during one winter that, when spring came, he was able to set up as a market gardener on his own account.

Business was slow at first, but Mr. Philpott stuck doggedly to his work, gradually extending his operations until his fortune was built up. He has now retired from active work.

ILLUSTRATED.

[Baltimore American.] "Now can you cite a case where two opposites agree?" "Take the case where a girl gives a positive answer in a decided negative."

DETACHABLE.

[Town Topics.] "Is her hair a crown of glory?" "Yes, and every night she abdicates."

ADVICE.

[Lippincott's.] "What are you carrying a cane for?" "I'm having a seizure of a time with water on the knee." "Why don't you try wearing pumps?"

A Criticism of Mrs. Browning

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

Possibly it is because the feminist movement is assuming such amazing proportions that Henry Frowde, (London and Toronto), has just included the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in his tastefully-bound series of world's classics. So that for a mere shilling the modern woman who glories in the intellectual triumphs of her sex can procure most of the poems of the greatest female Grecian of the nineteenth century. George Eliot and Mrs. Browning were paragons of learning; "Romola" was produced after its learned author had read fifteen thousand books and, it is said, that the author of "Aurora Leigh" was qualified to fill any Greek chair in Europe. It is certain that Mrs. Browning was more deeply versed in the classics, even if George Eliot could have dined her in philosophy. Whether it is a greater feat to march through Kant than to sport with Sophocles, I cannot say; that is a question for the classic man to fight out with the professor of philosophy. But let us be properly impressed with the mental power of these nineteenth century female Solomons; in intellectual achievement Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Despard are mere babes to these elder sisters. Mrs. Browning was even so terribly learned that she introduced quotations from the Greek dramatists in her love letters. I do not seriously demur when she pays her respects to the Greeks in her poems, but surely it was going too far to worry her Robert with Greek phrases when she should have been making hectic protestations after the fashion of unlearned lovers!

Nevertheless, Mrs. Browning, and George Eliot, too, was of the old-fashioned sentimental Victorian type of woman. In spite of her great learning, in spite of such poems as "A Vision of Poets" and "Wine of Cyprus," which are saturated in the classics, Mrs. Browning is a sentimental poetess. Where, in all the range of English verse, can we find a more emotional poem than "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"? The hand of Lady Geraldine of Wycombe Hall was eagerly sought by belted ears. Why? Because she was an heiress!

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the breakers, she has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and command, and the palpitating engines snort in and across her acres. As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of the land. There are none of England's daughters who can show a prouder presence. Upon princely suitors praying, she has looked in her disdain. She was sprung of English nobles, I was born of English peasants; "What was 'I' that I should love her—save for competence to pain?"

The "I" in the second stanza was a poet, poor and proud, but gifted with a sublime hearing. For he actually told the white-armed, haughty, icy-eyed Geraldine that he loved her. Bertram was the poet's name and it took fifty long stanzas for Mrs. Browning to enable him to propose to the heiress. Geraldine answered him in words that turned "grimly gray the hairs of youth." True to the literary instinct, however, he crept into the house and proceeded to write the story of the refusal to friend. We can imagine how Victorian ladies wept in sympathy as they read this damp stanza:

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the silence over, still in hot and heavy splashes, fell the tears on every leaf. Having ended he leans backward in his chair, with lips that quiver. From the deep, unspoken, aye, and deep, unwritten thoughts of grief.

But when the clammy poet lifted up his streaming eyes, he was surprised to see that Geraldine had come back again. She had gone away to change her dress, and now she came to tell him that she had only been fooling him, and he was a winner after all. Of course, she wept as she said this—wept there copiously, for "the tears ran ever lightly from her eyes and tenderly." When Bertram saw the moonlight shining through her tears, he began to wipe his eyes, and when he saw "the silver tears run faster down the blushing of her cheeks," he cheered up still more, and then fell on his knees before her and heard her sweetly tell him that he was the only man for her. Oh, it is all very touching, but it makes difficult reading for a prosaic man in these days of the acid brigade and the hunger strikes.

Mrs. Browning's rhetoric seems strangely antiquated and her tearful sentiment fails to give us a little heart throb.

Ivanhoe.

Whooping Cough

SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

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A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vapo-Resolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup attacks. It is a B.O.P. product from Asthma. Their carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the raw throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children. Send postal for descriptive booklet.

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ANTISEPTIC THROAT TABLETS for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c, in stamps.

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Easter Specials CHAPMAN'S Easter Specials

Easter is the Time to Don Spring Garments—Every Woman Should Be Ready

Thursday and Saturday will be two busy days this week, especially in the Ready-to-Wear, Glove, Hosiery, Corset and Underwear Departments. In all of these we are showing the newest spring goods.

Suits and Raincoats

Ladies' and Misses' Raincoats, repp and plain shades of fawn, green and blue, all sizes. Special bargains at.....\$5.00, \$6.50, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00

Ladies' Spring Suits, one of our popular lines, in navy blue, plain tailored, high waist, panel back, trimmed with buttons. Coat finished with cord, notched collar, set-in pocket. Only.....\$15.00

Ladies' Suits, in dark navy, high waist skirt, panel back, with side pleats. Coat lined with satin, finished with shields and trimmed with buttons. Fine quality serge. A leader at only.....\$16.00

Ladies' Suits, in black, gray and fawn whipcord, up-to-date styles. Coat cut-away style and lined with satin. Very handsome Easter suits. Bargains at.....\$18.00 and \$20.00

Waists at Special Prices

4 DOZEN LADIES' WHITE SILK WAISTS, with lace yoke and collar, cluster tucks in front and back; long sleeves with cuffs, trimmed with Val. insertion. Regular price \$2.25. Sale price.....\$1.50

10 DOZEN WHITE EMBROIDERED WAISTS, high and low necks, short sleeves, open backs, tucked back and front. On sale at only......75c

2 DOZEN LADIES' WHITE SILK WAISTS, sailor collar and pocket, trimmed with blue, open fronts, short sleeves, regular sailor style with tie. On sale at only.....\$2

2 DOZEN WHITE LAWN WAISTS, trimmed with clusters of tucks, both front and back; lace yoke and insertion of lace in sleeves. Short sleeves, back fastening. Regular price \$1.50. Sale.....\$1.20

New Dress Goods

Whipcord, Bedford Cord, Serges and other worsted weaves lead in popularity this season for tailored suits. Our reasonable prices will appeal to you.

TAN & BROWN SERGES—An excellent all-wool serge, 54 inches wide. At yd.....\$1.25

BLUE & BLACK SERGES in an extensive range of weights and qualities. Pure wool and the color is permanent, at per yard......75c to \$3.50

NOVELTY AND PLAIN BEDFORD CORD SUITINGS, in suit lengths, very handsome. Per yard.....\$2.00 and \$2.25

Spring Corset Models

The Corset as usual is the first and most important feature in the spring outfit. If the Corset is right the new suit will be right. Let us fit you in a pair of new spring Corsets. C-C A LA GRACE, AMERICAN, LADY AND LA DIVA CORSETS, PRICES \$1.00 TO \$4.00.

Linen Sale

Continued today, tomorrow and Saturday. The greatest assortment and collection of Linen Table Cloths and Napkins seen in London for many a day. The damage that brands them as "Seconds" is very slight, and prices are ONE-HALF.

12 pieces Dress Trimming, composed of tinsel shadow lace insertion, fancy guimpes and black galloons. Also an assortment of bead guimpes. Worth from 15c to \$1.00 yard. On sale at HALF PRICE.

BALL FRINGES. 10 boxes Ball Fringes—A large variety of colors (no black). Worth regular 25c and 35c yard. On sale at half price. (Trimming Section).

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

For EASTER

EASY REMEDY. [Princeton Tiger.] He (nervously)—Margaret, there's been something troubling on my lips for months and months. She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?

TREASON! [Ottawa Citizen, Conservative.] "For instance, a farmer might require a farm implement. Inquiring the price from the merchant, he would learn that it would cost him \$150. He does not realize that possibly \$30 of the price has been added because of customs duty. He pays up and looks pleasant. Yet the very same implement, made in Canada, is likely being sold in England for \$120. The extra dollars go to swell the bounding customs revenue, of which the press notice boasts.

"Of course, if the farm implement or other articles should happen to be manufactured in Canada the customs department does not get that particular thirty dollars. The farmer pays the extra just the same, but it goes into the coffers of the manufacturer; because the customs duty protects the manufacturer from outside competitors and allows him to charge the consumer the extra thirty."

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