

The Advertiser

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THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

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God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.
—BROWNING.

If you trust in God and yourself
you can surmount every obstacle.
Do not yield to restless anxiety. One
must not always be asking what may
happen to one in life, but one must
advance fearlessly and bravely.
—JUNIOR BISMARCK.

London, Tuesday Oct. 10.

To-Day's British Cables.

The correspondents cable this week that in default of political excitement the English public has found others both foreign and domestic. The coal strike, though an old story, is one. Bismarck is for a limited number another. The Church Congress for a much larger number is a third. Londoners find something to think of in the meeting of their highly remarkable council, which resumed its weekly sittings on Tuesday, and is about to enter upon fresh adventures. The academic world and all the lettered public are in mourning for the Master of Balliol. The postoffice has lost its permanent secretary, Sir Arthur Blackwood, one of the most amiable and obstructive chiefs it ever had. The church is about to gain, or seems likely to gain, the services of Mr. Tom Mann, a leading agitator among the laboring classes. Edinburgh and York have been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of York, and a loyal ferment has pervaded those two cities and the parts thereunto adjacent. The rest of the kingdom is remaining, however, tranquil. More important possibly than the royal festivities is the official announcement that the Manchester Ship Canal will be ready for traffic on New Year's Day. It is a handsome present to that great city, therefore, to rank as a seaport. Every new sound enterprise is the more welcome because the depression of English trade continues and extends. Money is cheap, the bank rate reduced, the deficit in the revenue, which is the commercial thermometer, exceeds \$6,000,000 for the half-year, and Sir William Harcourt's reputation as a financier is in some peril. In metropolitan circles the talk is of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Utopia, Limited; or the Flowers of Progress." When the first production of the piece was given at the Savoy on Saturday, the theater was filled with the most brilliant audience ever seen in this most fashionable theater. The seats in all parts of the house, except in the pit and gallery, were allotted long ago. The struggle to get into the unreserved parts of the house was tremendous. Four ladies took up positions outside the pit doors as early as 10 a.m., with the prospect of a ten hours' wait. When Sullivan took the conductor's seat the audience rose and cheered lustily for several minutes. The performance, from first to last, proceeded without a hitch, and ended in a general pronouncement that the opera is one of the best, if not the very best, of the Gilbertian series.

The scene is laid in the South Pacific Islands. There are two acts. The first reveals a palm grove in the garden of King Paramount (Mr. Barrington), and the second the palace throne room, a magnificent piece of staging which evoked cordial applause. The electric light was never before so charmingly utilized for decorative purposes as in this throne room.

The plot, in its main features, is simple but is made doubly interesting by numerous subordinate harmonious incidents. Zara (Miss Nancy Mackintosh), the king's eldest daughter, has been to Giron, where she received English ideas of civilization which she persuades her father to adopt. She has brought with her six typical Englishmen, described as "Flowers of Progress," namely, a British Lord Chamberlain, captain of the Life Guards, a naval captain, a company promoter, a member of Parliament, and a county councillor. The king makes these Utopia be converted into a limited liability company run on joint stock principle.

Naturally the women show more readiness to adopt the faults rather than the virtues of the English model, but the new arrangement answers so well for the general welfare that the military, naval, medical and legal interests which have hitherto employed their time as insurance. Revolution is averted by the discovery of Zara that one thing has been omitted. Zara's speech is a good example of the satire which abounds in opera: "Government by party! Introduce that great and glorious element, at once the bulwark and foundation of England's greatness, and all will be well. No political measures will be attempted, because one party will assuredly undo all that the other party has done. Inexperienced civilians will govern your army and navy. No social reforms will be attempted, because out of vice, equality, and drunkenness no political capital is to be made, and, while grouse are

to be shot and foxes worried to death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be sickness in plenty, and the lawless, crowded jails, insupportable confusion in the army and navy, and unexampled prosperity."

With the topsy-turvydom characterizing the Gilbertian opera, this advice is accepted, and peace is restored.

The opera comes nearer to being a political-social satire than the others of Gilbert. The European thrones are not spared. On character declares in song that:

The spotless king and prince
Have disappeared some ages since.
The company promoters are ruthlessly assembled. Their method is declared to be to have as small a capital as possible since that is the legal measure of their personal liability. Haying started the concern.

They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust em.
Quite irrespective of their capital;
It's shady, but it's sanctified by custom.
Bank, railway loan, or Panama Canal.

You can't embark on trading too tremendous.
It's strictly fair and based on common sense.
If you succeed your profits are stupendous.
And if you fail, go, goes your eighteen pence.
By eighteen pence the author means the capital.

Despite the satire running through the opera, it is bright and genial. The greatest comic hit is the Cabinet Council, which discusses affairs of state and burlesques a negro minstrel troupe.

There is in the opera more than a suggestion of the opera of "Pinafore." The naval Flower of Progress is our old friend Capt. Corcoran, K.C.B.

Though we are no longer hearts of oak,
Yet we can steer and we can stroke;
And thanks to coal and thanks to coke,
We never run a ship ashore.

The astonished courtiers exclaim:
"What, never?"
Corcoran replies, "Hardly ever." Then follows a hearty chorus:

Words of love too loudly spoken
Ring their own nutshells and
Noisy vows are rudely broken.
Soft the song of Philomel,
Whisper sweetly, whisper lowly,
Hour by hour and day by day;
Sweet and low as accents holy,
Are the notes of lovers lay.

One fine unaccompanied chorus runs:
Eagle eye in cloudland soaring,
Harrow twittering on a road,
Tiger in the jungle prowling,
Frightened fawn in grassy mead,
Let the eagle, not the sparrow,
Be the object of your arrow;
Fix the tiger with your eye,
Pace the fawn in his pride;
Glory then will crown the day,
Glory, glory, any way.

Encores were frequent. All the performers were called before the curtain. At the close Gilbert and Sullivan were twice called out. Sullivan shook Gilbert heartily by the hand. There were cheers but no speeches.

Advanced Chicken Counting.
According to the cablegrams published here, Mr. Chamberlain has expressed to interviewers in New York the opinion that the Tories will win at the next general election by a majority of at least 100. He was similarly sanguine on the eve of the last general election. It is his business to be optimistic, but his past failures should have convinced him that he does not shine as a prophet. Mr. Chamberlain's real opinion doubtless is that with the help of the peers the Home Rule Bill will be again and again rejected until Gladstone shall have been wrenched into retirement or into the grave, and Mr. Chamberlain's very strong hope and firm belief is that, in the confusion which would inevitably follow that political ecstasy, he would come out right on top, even if it should be required to the painful necessity of kicking down his dear friends Salisbury, Devonshire and Balfour. As for the Tory majority of 100, Mr. Chamberlain probably entertains the opinion that Gladstone must win at the next general election unless the agricultural laborers can be converted in large numbers to the Conservative policy. He and his lieutenants have formed more than one organization directed to that end, and he is credited with a share in the paternity of the latest scheme of the same kind, the details of which are announced to-day. A sort of Tory college, or forcing house, is to be established, wherein selected laborers are to be trained in Conservative principles, and whence they are to be sent into the neglected rural districts as political missionaries. They are not to be made too cultured, however, and, in particular, their native accent and pristine grammar are to be tenderly guarded from educational contamination; for, as we are told, it is essential to the success of the scheme that "they should talk to their audiences in their own dialect and in a fashion they will understand." Earl Winchester and Mr. Chaplin, ex-Minister of Agriculture, are also believed to have had some share in devising this remarkable plan of campaign.

Some Lively Preachers.
Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's opportune visit to America has relieved him from the duty of entertaining the bishops, which, as a good Conservative and the friend and ally of Lord Salisbury, he would have been compelled to perform in connection with the Church Congress held this week in Birmingham. The town has literally swarmed with prelates and parsons, and the congress has been voted a great success, especially seeing it was held in one of the most unregenerate places in England. Decorum did not have undisputed sway at all the congress meetings. Some of the reverend brethren said unkind things of others, and the rulings of the right reverend chairman were not infrequently disputed or defied. At one meeting the services of the police had to be summoned before an unruly brother would hold his tongue, and, altogether, the scene was most unedifying.

Startling Practical Joke.

The reading of the Church Congress proceedings could not have suggested the practical joke which, it is learned only to-day, was played upon the Archbishop of York on last Sunday evening, in a suburban church near London. His lordship was in the midst of a most moving discourse when unearthly groans and cries as if some creature in dire mental and bodily distress were heard proceeding from one of the windows. The archbishop stepped speaking and all eyes were turned fearfully toward the window. In another moment the window sash was suddenly and unhesitatingly raised. A ghastly grinning human skull appeared, hovered momentarily in mid-air, and as quickly vanished. Women fainted, men howled, and the archbishop gasped and turned white, although, of course, being a very learned and godly prelate, he knew it could only be a poor joke. Some strong-nerved and brazen young members of the congregation rushed into the graveyard outside, but, in the pitch darkness, could discover neither the joker nor his property skull. Meanwhile the more hysterical women had been removed to the vestry, and the archbishop, pulling himself together, resumed his sermon without making any reference to the apparition. The window, however, all the

evening exhaled a disturbing fascination. More eyes were turned to it than to the preacher, and the effect of the discourse was entirely spoiled. If the jokers can be found they will be charged, under an ancient statute, with brawling in church. The lawyers hope they will be caught, so that the interesting question may be argued, How can anybody brawl in church if he does not enter the sacred building?

A Fat Job Goes Begging.

The English eye is supposed to turn reluctantly to India, or at least indifferently, but the most careless are watching the movement of the mission of Sir Mortimer Durand to the Amer of Afghanistan. His mission is pacific, yet not without peril from Afghan fanaticism, which even so strong a ruler as the present Amer cannot control. Thus far everything has gone well, and the official reception of the British envoy is as handsome as Kabul can make it. Meantime the Viceroyalty of India, one of the most splendid posts in the world, still goes begging. Lord Spencer could have it if he would, and Lord Roberts, I hear, though the precedents are against a soldier, is strongly backed.

At Last!

Lord Kimberley, Secretary of State for India, has sent to the Indian Government a letter insisting that the home Government's order against the official regulation of the Chakla women in the cantonments be observed.

Lady Somerset's Movements.

Lady Somerset, the temperance advocate, sailed Saturday on the steamship Paris from Southampton for New York, where she will meet her son on his way home from a hunting trip in British Columbia. Lady Somerset will attend the international convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Chicago, and will sail for Liverpool on the steamship Majestic on Oct. 25.

A Coming Convention.

The National Union of Conservative Associations, which will meet at Cardiff early in November, will elect the Earl of Dunraven, owner of the Valkyrie, to be its president. Although yachting is his dominant passion, Earl Dunraven is an earnest student of public affairs. He is an effective speaker, and, while Under-Secretary of the Colonies, he displayed unexpected qualities as a discreet statesman. The conference probably will not add any new plank to the Conservative platform, which naturally cannot be enlarged with the ease attending the development of the Liberal programme. The Marquis of Salisbury will make his first speech since the adjournment of Parliament before the conference.

Two Sides Stated.

At the Episcopal Church Congress in Birmingham, during the discussion on reunion of the churches the references to the Bishop of Worcester's friendly intercourse with Nonconformists at the Grindelwald Conference were received with cries of "Traitor." Men of such varied theological tendencies as the Archbishop of Dublin, Archbishop Denison and the Rev. Canon Gore, author of "Lux Mundi," agreed that reunion was impossible unless the Nonconformists accepted the sacraments and the historic episcopate. As leading Nonconformists have already refused to consider these conditions, further talk of church reunion is futile. The congress' conception of Christian Socialism has proved to be merely that clerical ideas and influence must be extended more powerfully among the people.

Not Afraid of the Lords.

Speaking in Edinburgh this week, Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Salisbury Cabinet, hinted that Mr. Gladstone's projected Registration Reform Bill would be rejected by the House of Lords, unless the measure should be accompanied by provisions for such a redistribution of such Parliamentary seats as would reduce the number of Irishmen at Westminster. The Cardiff conference will pass resolutions favoring a redistribution of Parliament to 80 members, instead of 103, as at present. Liberals say, however, that the rejection of the Redistribution Reform Bill by the Lords would not lead to a dissolution any more than did the rejection of the Home Rule Bill. Even if the Peers serve themselves to throw out every important Liberal measure sent up to them by the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone will proceed to pass through the Lower House all the measures announced in agreement with the Newcastle programme. The Speaker comments thus on the report that the Lords will make a fight all along the line: "If the House of Lords is bent on such a course, it is not for the Radicals to complain. The enemies of the Peers may well exclaim, 'The Lord has delivered them into our hands.'"



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CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.
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Cottolene

A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way
A lady passed on marketing day.
Who, pausing at a grocery store,
Stopped quickly in the open door.
With bated breath and anxious mien,
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work,
Interrogated every clerk;
But none up to that time had seen
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,
"That answers to this curious name."
What is it made of? What's its use?
My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dimes,
I see you're quite behind the times.
For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know,
Is now the thing that's all the go,
An article of high regard;
A healthful substitute for lard.
Its composition pure and clean;
For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled,
The grocer gently scratched his head—
On his next order, first was seen,
"One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

Ask Your Grocer for it.

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TRY IT, LEARN THE TRUTH OF THIS FOR YOURSELF, DON'T ASK OTHERS.
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Mention ADVERTISER.

BY MEN AND WOMEN

THIS PAPER IS READ.

NO FAULT

To find with that. The most interesting columns are now before you!

READ TO-DAY

Men's Brown Felt Hats, Stiff

We bought a line of 27 dozen, worth \$24 dozen, or \$1 each wholesale. We bought them cheap, Yours at 75c each. A bargain. See our window.

A FEW GROSS LEFT!

Boys' Cloth Peak Caps. Hundreds sold. Worth 25c, our price 2 for 25c.

GENTLEMEN'S

SCOTCH LAMBS' WOOL UNDERWEAR,

\$1 50 a suit. A great bargain!

CHILDREN'S BOYS' AND MEN'S

SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

LADIES' FURS

We have opened up a great bargain for you here. Received to-day's Caps, Collars and Muffs; almost anything you could wish for in Furs. 16 inch Caps, 18 inch Caps, 24 inch Caps, 30 inch Caps, from \$3 to \$50. We bought them at sterling prices. No duties to pay on this lot—Your benefit.

MANTLES!

An item of interest just now. Fathers and mothers alike interested over this subject. Our business to tell you that your money spent at Chapman's will procure you better satisfaction than any place else we know of. Try it. Our stock is very large. Perfect-fitting garments at \$3, \$4, \$5, \$7 50, \$10 and upwards.

MANTLES!

Mantles to order. Two first-class cutters employed. Sealtote Coats. Fine Wraps and Mantles a great specialty.

MILLINERY!

Show-room now open. Fall Styles for your inspection.

DRESSMAKING!

Many hundreds of garments we have made during the past few months. We have yet to hear of one dissatisfied person. Many have been the congratulations and compliments received. Of course if you are satisfied with your dressmaker this item will not interest you; if not, you will be glad to know that our dressmaker can satisfy you. We guarantee every garment turned out.

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Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon

the Hood's Sarsaparilla

could soon get out of

her blood

and now a

family. My case

and physicians told

me like one

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medicine chest. On

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The Immense

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