

London Advertiser.

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 THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY
 Limited,
 LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Tuesday, Nov. 19.

Centenary of a Notable Newspaper.

The New York Post celebrated its centenary on the 16th inst. by issuing a fine commemorative number. When a newspaper lives one hundred years, or forty, or fifty, it means that it must have had hidden springs of power unknown to the unreflecting.

The New York Post has pandered neither to the mob nor to the "machine." It has stood up for what it believed to be right, regardless of momentary popularity or unpopularity. Yet it has lived one hundred years; bidding fair, like the poet's brook, to "go on forever." Among its great editors was William Cullen Bryant, the poet who stood for the maintenance in journalism of high moral and literary ideals—ideals which have not been lowered by his successors. The New York Evening Post may not have the "greatest circulation in the world," but as a paper influencing greatly those who influence others, it is probably today the most influential newspaper in the United States, and therefore one of the most influential papers in the English tongue.

The occasion, as we have said, has been marked by a very notable centenary number, and by a spontaneous banquet to the editor and his staff, which was attended by many prominent and brainy people of all shades of opinion.

The deserved tribute to our New York contemporary and the notable success it has achieved signify that the power of principle and personality in connection with the press is by no means a thing of the past, as some have thoughtlessly supposed, and that these elements are, rather, as powerful as at any former time in making any true or enduring editorial or journalistic, as apart from a mere counting-room, success, which latter, fortunately, is not incompatible with the former.

The Advertiser congratulates William Cullen Bryant's newspaper on so handsomely attaining and so smartly celebrating its centennial.

Robert Tannahill.

St. Andrew's Day is approaching, when Scottish songs and poetry will give pleasure and profit to many thousands who annually join in the celebration of that day. So great is the love of Scotchmen for Burns, that they forget the lesser poets, good though many of the latter are. Last year, on the approach of St. Andrew's day, we referred to Allan Ramsay, and a few references to Robert Tannahill will not be out of place.

Robert Tannahill was born in 1774, in Paisley, and became a weaver. His education was not extensive, but he was a diligent student and reader. When about 25 years of age he spent two years in Lancashire, returning home in time to receive his father's dying blessing. Not long after that he wrote to a friend that he and his brother Hugh, and his aged mother were all that were left of nine who seven years before sat at the same table. He was very strongly attached to his mother, who survived him by thirteen years.

He appears never to have had a strong constitution, but was fond of walking. He testifies, when he was taking one of his customary walks. He heard the voice of a country girl singing in the adjoining field, a song of his own—

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside."

This incident was more pleasing to him than any other evidence of his popularity he had ever received.

He must have possessed a nature too sensitive and a body too weak to contend against the obstacles which came in his way. He became despondent. Among the first of his publications were some songs contributed to Thompson's Select Melodies. He was very fond of Irish airs, and tried to procure them for his songs. He later prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the manuscript to the publisher, who was unable to take it because he had more work on his hands than he could accomplish. He took it so much to heart that his reason forsook him, and he committed suicide by drowning.

"Tannahill was a modest and temperate man, devoted to his kindred and friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct. His lamentable death arose from no want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind which at length overthrew his reason."

One of his best pieces is "The Flower o' Dumbland."

"The sun was gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 Where lonely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumbland.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its faint faunin' blossom,
 And sweet is the birch, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumbland."

His death occurred on the 17th of May, 1810. He ranks among the best of Scotland's poets, always excepting Robert Burns.

CITIZEN CY WARMAN

A Visit to the Home of the Famous Writer of Railroad Stories—The Inspiration of Soot.

Mr. Cy Warman, the globe trotter, and well-known writer of railway stories—to say nothing of poems and much good writing in book and magazine—has decided to make London his home for the rest of his life.

"There are several reasons," said Mr. Warman, in a recent interview with an Advertiser representative, "why I like to have my home in this peaceful Canadian city. First, and above all, it is the home of my wife's girlhood. She is happier here than anywhere else, and there is nothing so conducive to a man's happiness as a contented wife. The climate affords four seasons, and I like a change. Again, it is but a short journey to New York, Ottawa and Chicago—it is really only a jump to the border."

The spot on which Mr. Warman has set up his household gods is one well known to Londoners, in the northern part of the city. Opposite the old Beecher estate he has built him a house, wide, roomy, and full of sunshine, with an attractive study.

"No little room so warm and bright, Wherein to read, wherein to write."

Leading off the study is a conservatory, not built for rare exotics, but for certain hardy young plants in diminutive trousers; it is the winter playground of Masters Dana, Bryan and Robert; the first named for his father's dear friend, the late celebrated editor of the New York Sun, Charles Dana; the second, after their friend for many years, "The Silver King," "Bob," the youngest of the trio, is, presumably, the namesake of Mr. Warman's intimate friend, Mr. Robert Barr, the well-known Canadian author.

An Unobtrusive Personality.

To a quiet, unobtrusive personality like Mr. Warman's, the situation is an ideal one. Surrounded, in a charming home, by his little family, and constantly in touch with many of the leading literary workers of the day, through correspondence and other means, his best work, for which many publishers are competing, is done in London, day by day, without display or show.

Mr. Warman has so little to say about himself, and is so content to live "retired amidst a crowd," that it is not, perhaps, well understood why his very unique place has been accorded him by the literary critics of the day. When his first railway stories began to appear in McClure's Magazine, Mr. Robert Barr, editor of the Idler, wrote to Mr. McClure from England, and said: "Your new writer of stories (though unknown to me) is thrilling only Kipling could write like that."

But in this, the present writer does not agree with Mr. Barr. Mr. Kipling is a genius, but he does not have the railway stories like Mr. Warman, for the simple reason that he never was a practical locomotive engineer, and his train was made up of his innards; but it is Cy Warman who knows best how a live engineer thinks, and he feels that this is the secret of all Mr. Warman's power; he holds the mirror up to nature; while his initiators can only surmise.

Mr. Kipling has written a rather popular story of three engines talking together in an engine house, at which the flesh and blood engineer frankly swears. It is the arse criticism of the man of occupation, on the amateur.

The Simplicity of Power.

To understand the force that burns through Mr. Warman's powerful stories, it is necessary to comprehend the character of the man himself. We are always trying to explain people who have gifts that we ourselves have not. In Mr. Warman's case, the explanation is simple. He is a simple man, and his simplicity is his power. He is a simple man, and his simplicity is his power. He is a simple man, and his simplicity is his power.

To describe the pitfalls which beset the modern author, and which Mr. Warman has so successfully evaded, I cannot do better than quote from an article on the "Glittering Style," which appeared recently in Little's Living Age. It says:

"Among the first and last difficulties of literary art, are these—to describe things as they are, to know what one feels, and to express that feeling plainly. Which means that the writer must possess the great gift of sincerity—rare in literature, as in life. It is much writings that bear the stamp of permanency."

Mr. Warman can hardly understand such temptation; for he probably never felt an impulse to evade anything he did not feel in his life. His stories are fresh from the mint of his heart. He quaintly describes his predicament when McClure's sent him back one of his first stories, and asked him to alter it. "I looked at the thing," said Mr. Warman, "and tried to revise it; but I found that I couldn't. So I sent it back to them, and told them that was how it had looked to me, and that I couldn't make myself see it any differently."

The Inspiration of Soot.

"I do my best work," continued Mr. Warman, "when I jump right off my engine, with the soot on my face, and dictate to a stenographer while the ride is still fresh in my mind—as it is taken down, it goes to the publisher. I cannot revise, as I do not."

"Are not most engineers very brave men?" I asked, a thought suggesting itself.

"I do not know a braver class of men in the world," was the warm reply.

"Not only does the engineer take his own life in his hands, but he has the thought of the lives of his hundreds of passengers on his soul. It is a solemn thought, as he sits solitary in his cab, rushing through the darkness, hour after hour, of all the people who are depending on him to reach their destination in safety. In all my experience," said Mr. Warman, "I have never yet run across an engineer who did not do all that was in his power to save his train, before he tried to save himself—to my mind this is a higher order of courage than that exhibited by the soldier when he marches to battle to the sound of inspiring music, and falls with a com-

panion on either side of him. The engineer faces death and danger alone in solitude."

Mr. Warman does not look in the least like a man who yearns to tell you the story of his life; but he does look as if he loved to bestow a favor. So I attacked him in his most vulnerable spot, his generous heart, and convinced him that it would be impossible to return to reportorial headquarters without the story of his life. What he had to relate was so interesting that perhaps some day Mr. Warman will use it as material for another romance. All space permits me to tell is that he was born on a farm, at Greenup, Illinois, worked his way up as an apprentice in the shops of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway; became a fireman, then an engineer—the crowning happiness of all. Only those who have lived a life of action can appreciate now, to this day, Cy Warman looks back with a sigh of regret to those happy days when he guided his engine through the mountain passes of the Great Divide, in far Colorado.

A Providential Snowstorm.

But a snowstorm changed the face of Cy Warman's destiny. Caught in a great drift, and "bucking" snow all day with his engine, he contracted a severe rheumatism, as a result of the long exposure, and was forced to give up railroading and go in search of health. "About the saddest thing in life," said Mr. Warman, "was looking rather wistfully at the beautiful picture of the Rocky Mountains hanging over his desk, where the Denver and Rio Grande railway winds its way through Marshall's pass, his old route as an engineer."

"Those are the hills," he said, rising to point them out, "that I wrote some verse about, which Julian Ralph has often quoted."

"God was good to make the mountains, the valleys and the hills, Put the rose upon the cactus, The ripple on the rills."

"Well, it was decreed that I was not to be an engineer; so I gave up the old route, and went into journalism. My last venture was a railroad story, in a Colorado town, in Colorado. Just as the town broke up, and my paper was dying, Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York Sun, discovered I was a poet, and wanted me. He did everything for me; published 'Sweet Marie,' and others of my poems—brought me to New York, and introduced me to everybody worth knowing, including the McClure people. I always look on Charles A. Dana as my literary godfather, who did more to promote my success in literature than anyone else."

"You may tell aspiring young writers from me," said Mr. Warman, with a kind smile, "that it is a mistake to think the big men of letters are the small ones. Why, when I was first beginning to write, I got letters from men like Eugene Field, Richard Watson Gilder, Julian Ralph, and Henry C. Bunton, and they would make you dizzy! and only last year one from my mighty Roosevelt. Helping hands were reached down to me, an unknown writer, from most of the great quarters. I know someone says there is no bromide or sulphur for authors in the next world, they suffer so much from the critics and publishers. My publishers, principally McClure's and Scribner's, have been considerate and just, while the critics have been, on the whole, appreciative and cordial."

Mr. Warman's Day's Work.

While Mr. Warman would probably be the first to admit that "all writing comes by the grace of God," he believes also that nothing is achieved without steady work. Like Edward Everett Hale, he works best in the morning, beginning as early as 7 o'clock, and is systematic in not allowing the day to get the start of him—2,000 words is an average day's work, and he is finished. What he has written he rarely revises. His great story, "A Thousand Miles in a Night," which won for him much fame, was written in ten minutes, standing in his overalls, and covered with soot, as he jumped off his engine, the morning he reached Chicago. This famous ride took him over all competitors. Some rash individual had ridden to Albany, in a night, and thought he had made a good thing of it, and so Mr. McClure's, till Cy Warman, an actual engineer, came along, and offered to ride to Chicago, on the front of an engine, a thousand miles in a night. He was accepted on the suggestion, "A thousand miles in a night! That sounds well—but can you do it?" was the next question.

"I can," came the prompt response; and next day Cy Warman was all over New York begging an engine. But he found it well-nigh impossible to secure one, and the World's Fair was on at the time, and everyone was afraid he would be killed. Finally H. Walter Webb, of the New York Central, got him on the Exposition Express, and he rode on the engine all night, reaching Chicago next morning very much alive. Jumping from the engine, he dashed off to a stenographer, and with the reverberation of the rails still singing in his ears, gave to the world the story of his now famous ride.

This was the first railway story ever published in America. Since then hundreds of imitators have sprung up; but the original writer of stories from the front of an engine is Mr. Cy Warman, now a citizen and ratepayer of London, Ontario.

A great shouting outside the study was heard just here, and Mr. Warman smilingly drew aside the curtains, to show me three sturdy, rosy-cheeked fellows, all in the snow, and clad in small blue overalls, his diminutive engineers.

Cherubs in Railway Overalls.

"Who are they?" I asked, with much interest, watching three rosy cherubs in overalls, vigorously engaged in "bucking the snow."

"The sons of Sweet Marie," answered Mr. Warman, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Every daisy in the dell, Knows my secret, knows it well. Yet I dare not tell Sweet Marie."

It was irresistibly pleasant, and I could not suppress a smile, as Mr. Warman went on.

"That song of mine was writ-



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ten for my wife, who is the original of 'Sweet Marie,' and those are her three small sons—we have also a little daughter named Vonda.

"What will you train your boys to be, Mr. Warman?" I asked. "Soldiers for the King, by the look of things," laughed Mr. Warman. "They play at drilling all day long, and are such enthusiastic little chaps that they wear themselves out trying to be soldiers."

"They are their mother's life-work," he added. "She cares little for society, but devotes herself entirely to her home and children."

Mrs. Warman, it may interest some of the readers of The Advertiser to know, was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent, and has been very powerful, no doubt, in influencing her celebrated husband to settle permanently in the home of her girlhood.

"God has been very good to us in London, and made us to love our home. We shall live here all the days of our life, if he so sees fit," said Mr. Warman reverently. All Londoners will reciprocate his words in cordial assent, trusting that he may long remain in our midst, a satisfied citizen of London, and that his pleasant literary labors may continue to bring him as much pleasure as is derived by his many tens of thousands of appreciative and grateful readers.

Much of Mr. Warman's work appears first in the magazines; but his books are all published by the Scribner and Appleton of New York. Mr. Warman has several new literary undertakings nearly ready for publication, including a book of stories and a volume of powerful readers.

Among Mr. Warman's many personal friends are President Roosevelt, Julian Ralph, Mr. Robert Barr and other prominent literary people.

PRINCESS VIROQUA, M. D.

Endorses Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound After Following Its Record Years.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Health is the greatest boon bestowed on human life, and therefore anything that can restore lost health is a blessing. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a blessing to State and Nation. It cures her mothers and daughters and makes them well and strong."

PRINCESS VIROQUA, Practising Physician and Lecturer.

"For fifteen years I have noted the effect of your Vegetable Compound in curing special diseases of women. I know of nothing superior for ovarian trouble, barrenness, and it has prevented hundreds of dangerous operations where physicians claimed it was the only chance to get well. Ulceration and inflammation of the womb has been cured in two or three weeks through its use, and as I find it purely an herbal remedy, I unhesitatingly give it my highest endorsement. —Fraternally yours, Dr. P. Viroqua, Lansing, Mich. —\$5000 forfeit if above testimony is not genuine."

If you are ill do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. for special advice; it is entirely free.

Clinton, Nov. 20.—The fire which partially destroyed the Doherty Organ Factory Saturday night, is the second which has visited the works in about four years, and the damage done emphasizes the town's need of better protection for without a doubt, had the brigade been able to start work when summoned the loss would not have amounted to nearly as much.

It was a hard task for the team to move the engine over the bad road, and progress was slow, while the hose reel was repeatedly stuck, being pulled by volunteers, and it was some time before the fire-fighters reached the scene. Then the check valve on the engine blew out, and valuable time was lost in running from store to store to procure another. During this unfortunate delay the apparatus of the organ company, who have inexhaustible water supply and a pump capable of throwing 600 gallons per minute, was doing splendid service, and there were many willing hands to handle the hose. It took the town

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IN THE FRONT ROW

Londoner Won International Blue Ribbon at New York Horse Show.

New York, Nov. 19.—Twenty classes were on the day's programme at the horse show for judgment before the experts, with hackneys and trotters as the special feature of the morning. The blue ribbon for Shetland brood mares went to Gladys, owned by T. L. W. It was given the first prize for yearling hackney mares. Mrs. Stevens' Evangeline B. was given the blue ribbon as the best two-year-old hackney mare, and his Victoria IV. was awarded first honors as the best 3-year-old hackney mare. The same owner took first prize with Victoria in the hackney brood mare class.

Mrs. H. H. Bain's Ella M. was awarded the blue ribbon as the best trotting brood mare, owned by Wm. Pollock, took first prize as a yearling trotter.

LONDON IN IT.

Hidden Challenge, owned by L. Meredith, of London, Ont., won the blue ribbon in the international classes for horses suitable to become hunters.

In the trotting classes for trotters, with record of 2:30 or better, Charles C. Lloyd had two entries—his sensational gelding Chainshot, by Red Heart, who, last month, at Memphis, Tenn., made his record at 2:06½, and Malzour, 8 years, with a record of 2:15½. Malzour won easily. Second prize went to Miss Lou, 2:27½, b. m., 15½, 8 years, E. T. Stablesbury, Philadelphia.

Thos. W. Lawson, Boston, scored a great triumph in the class for ten standard-bred trotting stallions kept for service. Mr. Lawson swept the board by taking first, second and third prizes.

In the four-in-hand competition Thos. W. Lawson's four—Glorious Red Cloud, Glorious Thunder Cloud, Glorious Whirling Cloud and Glorious Flying Cloud—took first and second; C. Clark's four, fourth.

CLINTON NEEDS NEW FIRE APPARATUS

Doherty Fire Demonstrated Uselessness of Present System.

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night and day for some time, and shipments are pretty well forward. Last week an order was received for 1,000 instruments, which the enterprising firm will be able to fill with but little delay. Local trade will not be interfered with.

Ignorance is a Curse.

"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habits. The man who is acquainted with himself, will know how to act when any disarrangement in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system, and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

Since 1871 Japan has built nearly 20,000 elementary schools, providing room for 4,000,000 pupils, one-fourth of whom are girls.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPAIR.—A little medicine in the cap as Parmelee's Vegetable Tablets, administered at the proper time and with directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would be lost by the doctor. The regularity of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective, and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

In Gettysburg (Pa.) Park there are about 600 monuments. In addition to this patriotic ornamentation there are 225 decorated cannon and over 200 monumental tablets.

Buying ¼ or ⅓ of a yard of velveteen and cutting it up yourself results in a very unsatisfactory skirt binding.

S. H. & M. bias velveteens are made from rich silk-finished velveteen, woven specially for skirt bindings, cut on a true bias by special machinery of our own invention, neatly and evenly joined, ready to put on the skirt. They save you all the bother of cutting up and sewing, thus avoiding any waste.

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