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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.

## WHEAT MANIPULATION.

The recent revelations of manipulation of wheat in the elevators of Western Canada furnish a strong argument in support of the agitation for Government-owned elevators. In spite of all the legislation that has been passed, and the fact that the Government has some seventy inspectors at terminal elevators whose duty it is to prevent misrepresentation, the investigation before Mr. Castle has resulted in the conviction, on their own plea, of two companies, on the charge of making false returns of two elevator companies, and their being fined \$5,500. One of these companies, it was shown, shipped out nearly 170,000 bushels of No. 1 northern wheat more than was received, and also shipped out 116,646 bushels less of No. 2 northern than was received, and 180,205 less of No. 3 northern than was received. As for the other company it was revealed that its shipments of No. 1 northern exceeded the receipts by 427,884 bushels, while on grades Nos. 2 and 3 there was a shortage.

The only explanation offered by the companies for making these misleading reports was that they had loaned out a certain amount of grain. The allegation is made that certain elevator companies have graded down wheat too severely when purchasing from the farmers, in order to be able to grade it up when sending it out of the elevators, thus robbing the farmers of the grade and price to which they are entitled, but at the same time depriving the best grades of wheat of the reputation to which they are entitled in Liverpool.

These revelations, as the Montreal Herald points out, coming at a time when Canadian wheat is being hard pressed in the British market by the Russian product, which is claimed to be equal to the best No. 1 northern in quality and weight, and which can undersell it at British ports, are humiliating, and it is to be feared that the misrepresentation may prove damaging to Western Canada's chief article of export.

## ENGLAND'S SURPLUS OF WOMEN.

There is at present a movement in Great Britain looking to the emigration of single women to Canada and other excessing parts of the empire. The excess of women over men in England and Wales, which began to be noticeable in 1851, is now upwards of one million, and the London Times claims that this numerical preponderance is chiefly marked in what it calls "the upper strata of society," contending, further, that the problem becomes more difficult the higher the education and the social status.

It is true that in the past thirty years there has been an immense broadening of women's opportunities in the trades and professions in the mother country, even "gentlewomen" now being not above going into dress-making, millinery and all kinds of shop-keeping; but the Times considers it a melancholy result to find that all this expansion of opportunity leaves women worse off for occupation than ever. In spite of the fact that the number of educated women employed today is enormously greater than it was half a century ago, the number without employment constantly increases.

Among the causes leading to this great excess of women over men is the fact that in the cities of England and Wales the death rate, for some unexplained reason, is higher among the male infants, and that at the same time there is no slackening in the drift of the population to the urban centres. Other factors to be considered are the larger emigration of single men than of single women and the demands of the military and naval services upon the men.

The problem appears to be a grave one, but whether the emigration of "unattached" women to the overseas countries of the empire would prove even a partial solution is open to doubt. The English gentleman, unless she is prepared to adapt herself to conditions in Canada, for instance, would not be likely to find her lot here any better than it was at home. Women who are willing to enter domestic service or light factory work can get along well enough in this country, but many of England's surplus are highly educated and aspire to employment of a character in which there are not always openings.

## WHY ARMAMENTS INCREASE.

Right Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States, in a letter read before the New England arbitration and peace congress at Hartford, Conn., recently, pointed out that while the progress of the peace

movement is encouraging, there are still disquieting symptoms which cannot be ignored. He reminded the congress that all the great nations profess to desire peace, yet all maintain enormous naval and military armaments, which impose an almost intolerable burden upon the people. Of course, each nation declares that these armaments are only intended for its own protection—intended, in fact, to secure peace—and have no aggressive designs against others; yet each nation fails to credit the others with the same pacific intentions. It professes for itself, and so an atmosphere of suspicion reigns. Allegations of intended attacks by some one nation upon another, however reckless they are made, however improbable in themselves, are constantly scattered forth, and receive an amount of credit surprising to those who know the facts of the case.

Mr. Bryce contends that each such story, each alarm, has the effect of increasing the demand for a further increase in naval and military preparations. Usually the alarm passes away after a few months, but the result remains in the increased armaments, and in the stimulus given to the latent but ever-present warlike sentiment that seems to exist in the less thoughtful part of the population. This sentiment, when some cause of international dispute arises, which, though possibly real, is capable of pacific adjustment, tends to influence men's minds, and has sometimes been found to hurry a nation into war.

To lessen these still present dangers to peace, and to dispel the atmosphere of mutual and usually groundless suspicion, in which the great nations of the world seem to be living, is the aim of those connected with the peace movement. And it speaks well for the prevailing sentiment in all civilized countries that the memory of Edward, "the Peacemaker of the World," is honored everywhere, first of all on account of what he accomplished during his brief reign in the cause of peace and goodwill among the nations.

LITERALLY TRUE.  
[Washington Herald.]  
"My goods speak for themselves."  
"What are you selling?"  
"Graphophones."

TAUGHT WHILE SHE WAITED.  
[Tit-Bits.]  
Lady—No, I don't want no brushes nor no laces.  
Peddler—Here you are, madam. "Grammar for Beginners," only sixpence.

ACQUAINTANCES.  
[Chicago and Country.]  
"Do you see that old gentleman, mamma? He often speaks to me."  
"Does he, darling? What does he say?"  
"Oh, he says, 'Don't you throw stones at my dog?'"

ICHTHYOLOGICAL ITEM.  
[Philadelphia Press.]  
Do fish remember? That is a question seriously discussed in the Scientific American. We can't speak for the fish, but we are dead certain that if a man eats too much lobster—he'll remember it all right.

WHY, INDEED?  
[Ottawa Citizen.]  
It is quite right to be indignant at the statement of a Toronto ink artist that Ottawa has only 50,000 inhabitants. After all is said, it is but a matter of the Toronto man's ignorance. From this end, however, why libel poor London and Hamilton by referring to them as "neck-in-the-woods"?

EQUIPPED.  
[Meggendorfer Blätter.]  
Girl from the Country—I don't see what kind of a place I could get. There isn't a single thing I know how to do.

WHO CAN IT BE?  
[Source.]  
"Have you noticed my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"  
"Yes, and there's always one more than you think."

TO BE KEPT IN MIND.  
[Jewish Ledger.]  
Harold—I know that I'm not worthy of you, darling.

HIS CHANGING CALLING.  
[Youth's Companion.]  
Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Government food expert, was talking of a "new" sort of food preservative. "They are all the same thing under different names," he said. It reminded him of the old caretaker of an Episcopal church, of whom he once heard.

This old fellow, as he sat on a tomb in the churchyard, dismissed as trivial the question of his proper title, and said: "The good old creed keeps the same for all," he said, "though they may change the words they use. Look at me, here, I used to be the janitor. Then we had a person who called me the sexton. Doctor Thirly gave me the name of virgin. And the young man we've got now says I'm the sacrilege."

THE HIGH-WATER MARK.  
[Tit-Bits.]  
Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine?

Mrs. De Jones (just returned from a continental trip)—I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

SPECIALIZATION.  
[Fifteenth Century.]  
Doctor—What can I do for you?  
Patient—I have cut my index finger.

Doctor—Very sorry; but I am a specialist on the middle finger.

THE ULTIMATUM.  
[Brooklyn Life.]  
Mamma—No, you can't have any more pennies today.

The Spilt Child—If you don't give me one I'll wake the baby.

MUSIC TEACHER—Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked "rest"?

Pupil—Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired.

CAUSTIC R. H. D.  
[Minneapolis Journal.]  
"Richard Harding Davis," said a Philadelphia editor, "abominates slow trains. Davis and I were reporters on the press together. I can see him now, tall and robust, striding out Chestnut street, in well-cut tweeds, cigar in mouth, a bull-terrier at his heels. But he hated slow trains. One afternoon we started together for Conshohocken, where we'd

been assigned to a cornerstone laying. The train was a very slow one, and as we paced the station corridor Rick grumbled about it. He compared it to the French trains of the Compagnie du Nord, the fastest in the world. As he passed through the gate, his terrier Johns heels, the ticket man said: "You must pay for that dog, you know." "Oh, no, I mustn't," said Davis. "He's not travelling inside. He'll run behind."

## DR. JOHNSON'S CHURCH.

[London Daily News.]  
St. Clement Danes, where the memorial statue to Dr. Johnson was unveiled yesterday, has never forgotten the fact that Johnson worshipped within its walls. The pew in which he sat—it is in the north gallery, close to the pulpit—is marked by a brass plate, which was erected by the parishioners in 1851. In December, 1854, the centenary of Johnson's death was observed by a memorial service, when a special address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Liddell, then the rector of St. Clement Danes. Johnson's pew was on that occasion draped in violet. Last April a memorial window to Johnson was unveiled in the church by Prince Henry of Battenberg. Johnson was always constant in his attendance at church on Good Friday and Easter Day. On April 9, 1773, he went with Boswell, "his behavior," writes Boswell, "was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany: 'In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us!'" One of Johnson's prayers was used in yesterday's ceremony.

## A HIGHER CRITIC.

Master—I see you've got a horseshoe up there, Pat. I thought you didn't believe in that superstition.

Pat—Sure, and I don't, sir. But I have heard that them as don't believe in it gets the best luck.

DICTIONARY ENGLISH.  
[The Christian Register.]  
A gentleman who has evidently abundant leisure has amused himself by skimming the English dictionary, and the harvest of obsolete and Latinized words which he gathered in an hour is as amazing as it is amusing. Writing upon a foggy day, he says that in the language of the lexicon "the somnolous and smoky atmosphere in which he is nubilated makes it impossible for him to discover his ubiquity. What can be more odious," he goes on, "than the sight of a lassonne nome endeavoring to impingulate a waped kitting, unless while meandering in paludal places one chances upon the spectacle of a nullifidian nubbung tutanag from the person of a tozy jobber-nowl."

SUCH A CONVENIENT COMET.  
[Exchange.]  
For weeks she had asked him to spade up the yard.

And plant all the vegetable seed, But he just couldn't seem to get energy up.

To dig up the tiniest weed.  
"It's strange," said his wife to a caller one day.

"I don't know what makes Tim so slow."  
And the good little caller replied, "Why, my dear,

It's the fault of the comet, you know."

The baby was cross and the doctor said "teeth."

But now she knew better than that! "The count is coming," she told him, "that's why."

He is fretful and cross as a cat." The cook took French leave, and the nurse broke her arm.

But another smiled on, just the same, "We're none of us natural just now," she declared.

"The comet, you know, is to blame!"

So it goes—and there's peace in the whole house, despite

The troubles that come thick and fast. The weather is weird and the team doesn't win.

And the coal in the cellar won't last. There's nothing goes right from dawn until dusk.

But nothing looks dreadfully black. For we lay all the blame on the comet, you see—

And the comet, it doesn't talk back!

FRISKY YOUNG THING.  
[Toronto Star.]  
Halley's comet rose this morning at 2:42 o'clock, and sprinted a few million miles before breakfast.

IT DOES.  
[Toronto Telegram.]  
An obituary "eulogy" by Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, sounds like a clear steal from the sublime verses of the late James G. Gay, Poet Laureate of Guelph.

LINE 4 MILES LONG TO SEE KING'S BODY

From Westminster Hall to Chelsea Bridge—15,000 an Hour Pass the Bier.

London, May 18.—When Westminster Hall was thrown open to the public to view the body of the late King Edward at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon there was a line in waiting, four abreast, that reached to Chelsea Bridge, four miles distant.

The only mishap of the day was when a crowd of many thousands rushed the cordon of mounted police that protected the Westminster bridge entrance to the palace yard. This happened just as the cortege drew near the entrance. The crowd broke through the police and it looked for a time that they would take possession of the yard, but by a brilliant series of manoeuvres the police and soldiers who rushed to their aid, drove the crowd back without any serious injuries resulting.

The crowd at 5 o'clock was passing by the King's bier at the rate of 15,000 an hour. Thousands spent the night in the streets so as to be first to enter the hall this morning.

STABBED IN HEART.  
Allentown, Pa., May 17.—Representing a remark that John Hammer, of West Copeley, made in a dance here early today, when they were in the company of two women, Rudolph Arthofer and John Deutsch followed Hammer to the street to beat him, and in the fight that followed Hammer was stabbed in the heart, dying in a few minutes. Arthofer declares that the stabbing was done by Deutsch. Hammer was arrested here later in the morning, and Deutsch was captured at South Bethlehem. Hammer was a cement worker and was 24 years old.

The climate conditions of Manchuria show all gradations from semi-aridity to the humidity of the American corn belt and the dry cold of Manitoba.

Catspaw Rubber Heels

are the only Rubber and Canvas Heels on the market. The Canvas does the trick; they won't slip.—All Shoemen.

SCORE KILLED AS SEVEN BOILERS EXPLODE

Tin Mill at Canton, O., Reduced to Atoms, and Bodies of the Victims Are Thrown Many Feet.

Canton, O., May 17.—With a roar that was heard three miles away, a battery of seven boilers at the plant of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company exploded this afternoon, killing about 20 to 30 men and injuring about 50. Among the injured are a half dozen who will probably die before morning. Others, physicians say, cannot recover from their injuries.

The cause of the explosion is unknown. The fireman and engineers were in the boiler-room, are dead. No one else about the plant who survived the accident can give an explanation.

The force of the concussion was terrific. The big plant is in such a state as to be practically a total loss. Identification of the men was difficult, because many of them were so mutilated that even the most intimate friends of the dead could not recognize the features.

Heads Blown From Bodies.  
Bodies were blown from several bodies. Arms and legs were torn from the trunks. Fragments of bodies were blown several squares from the scene and bits of human flesh have been picked up on porches and roofs of houses and in trees.

There were one hundred men at labor in the plant at the time of the accident. But a dozen or so escaped serious injury. These and others who rushed to the plant as soon as the disaster was known worked heroically to rescue the injured from the ruins, which soon took fire, but the fire department extinguished the flames.

The superintendent of the plant tonight put men at work trying to make a list of the dead, injured and missing. The task proved difficult, because the injured had been rushed to the three hospitals of the city, and there was nothing which can identify them.

Torso Found 500 Feet Away.  
The body of one man, unknown, was blown through a house, over 500 feet from the plant. The body entered the house from the east side and continued through a bedroom and out the other side of the house to Louis avenue.

The torso of another man was found in the garden of a yard about 500 feet west of the scene. Arms, legs and parts of bodies were strewn about the neighborhood.

The bodies of seven men mutilated beyond recognition were found in the north end of the mill.

"For God's sake, hit me on the head and kill me," cried one workman to a man who found him. The injured man had an arm torn off and a great hole in his side.

The plant had five mills. All the employees working at mills Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were either killed or injured, while the men in mill No. 5, farthest from the boilers, escaped serious injury.

STEAMER SINKS IN 20 FEET OF WATER

Faustin Springs Leak in Lake Erie and Races for Bank.

Windsor, May 18.—The steamer Faustin, of the Mullen Coal Company, of Amherstburg, Ont., made a heroic race when it sprang a leak during the course of a severe storm on Lake Erie at about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The steamer was bound from Toledo to Stony Island with a cargo of 700 tons of coal. A storm suddenly arose on the lake so terrific that the dredge No. 2 of the Breyman Bros. and dredge No. 9, belonging to C. H. Starke, were driven into Amherstburg. Suddenly the Faustin, which was near the mouth of the river, sprang a big leak.

The syphon became clogged and water put out the fires, and Capt. Albert Bailey headed his boat to shore at full speed.

The race at first gave promise of being successful, even with the water rising rapidly every minute. The ship held its own until close to the shore, when it sank in 20 feet of water. The crew got into a yawl and were later picked up.

The wrecking tugs Troster and Mills put out from Amherstburg last night to go to the aid of the sunken steamer.

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