

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.Business Office107
Editorial Department134
Job Department175
The London Advertiser Company,
Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, London, Ont.

LONDON, MONDAY, FEB. 19, 1906.

The Bishop's Letter.

Bishop Williams' communication addressed to the mayor brings forward a question which merits serious public consideration.

The bishop's letter indicates that the Western University is at the parting of the ways. Either it will sever all denominational ties, or it will come more directly under the control of the Church of England.

The arts department, like the medical department, has been absolutely free from religious tests. The alumni and undergraduates represent all denominations, including the Roman Catholic. The only semblance of denominationalism has been the composition of the senate of the university, which is restricted to members of the Church of England. Huron College, the training school for the Church of England ministry, is an independent institution, though at one time affiliated with the university as the theological department. There is a working agreement between the two by which the university rents a portion of the Huron College building for the purposes of the arts department, and the students of the college have the privilege of the arts course.

The senate has naturally looked to Church of England sources for the main support of the arts department, though making an appeal to the friends of higher education without regard to denomination. The synod of the Diocese of Huron, the governing body of the Church of England in Western Ontario, has not been disposed to assume financial responsibility for the maintenance of the university, without a controlling voice in the senate, upon which it has, at present, only a minority representation. Accordingly, negotiations have been in progress between committees of these two bodies, with the results outlined in Bishop Williams' letter. Referring to the desire, which is said to exist in some quarters, that the senate of the university should be thrown open to all denominations, the bishop says:

"In order to test the extent and the strength of that desire, the joint committee thought it advisable to make through you (the mayor) an official offer, to the citizens of London upon the matter. We beg to say, therefore, that we are prepared to negotiate with any responsible body of citizens representing other religious communities as well as the Church of England, with a view to making the university absolutely non-denominational."

If there is no response to this invitation, legislation will be applied for with the object of bringing the senate into closer relations with the synod, as a condition of the synod coming to the financial support of the university. In that event there would be no doubt a resumption of the former close relations between the university and Huron College, and the former would be a denominational institution in the same sense as Queen's.

This is the situation with which the citizens of London are invited to deal. The offer contained in the bishop's letter is open till March 6, so that immediate action is necessary if a great opportunity is not to be lost. The Western University, on a non-sectarian basis, will have a wider sphere of influence than as a denominational and diocesan university, deriving its sustenance from one church, which is not the strongest financially or numerically, though it is not behind in educational seal. The arts department would, of course, remain wide open as at present, though probably its undergraduate body would have to be recruited largely from the adherents of the Church of England. A non-denominational university in this city, on a sound financial footing, with a well-equipped arts department, would be the center of higher education for the richest and most populous portion of the Province. London would then be entirely self-contained in educational matters. It would have one link in the system, from the kindergarten to the university, including the largest and most efficient collegiate institute in the Province. Even from a dollars-and-cents point of view, the value to the city would be very great. Every arts student brought here from another place would represent an expenditure of several hundred dollars a year, and

many families in the district would take up their residence in the city, to take advantage of its complete educational facilities. A seat of learning which would attract 100 students to the city, would yield more return to the community than a new factory employing an equal number of hands. The civic authorities would offer substantial inducements to secure the factory. Why not regard the university as a business proposition also, apart from the question of the city's prestige as the educational center for Western Ontario?

The Bishop of Huron estimates that an endowment of between \$100,000 and \$200,000 will be required to establish the university on a new foundation, as certain bequests would be forfeited, which were made upon the condition that its denominational status would be preserved. Probably the friends of the university would be very well content if they could raise \$100,000 as a beginning. With such a start, they could look confidently to the future. There ought to be enough public spirit in the city of London to insure the raising of this modest amount of money, and it is a case where the city council would be justified in lending a helping hand. A civic grant of, say, \$2,500 a year, would be equal to an endowment of \$50,000. Let such a grant be conditional upon another \$50,000 being secured from private sources. Perhaps Andrew Carnegie, who refuses to subscribe toward sectarian institutions, would open his purse to a non-denominational university. There are a considerable number of wealthy citizens, to whom the undertaking ought to appeal. An endowment of \$100,000, or an income equivalent to it, together with the revenue from fees, would permit an increase of the arts faculty. With this assured financial footing, the university would be on the path of progress, and its endowment funds could be relied upon to grow. The proposed hygienic institute, which the city has every expectation of securing from the Government, would also supplement the work of the arts department of the university.

In 1892 when the idea of making the university non-denominational was under discussion, an enabling bill was passed by the Legislature, under which the change can be effected at the present time by a three-fourths vote of the senate of the university. This bill provides for the reorganization of the senate, upon an undenominational basis, the city of London, the graduates, the principals of all affiliated colleges, and the principal of the London Collegiate Institute, being admitted to representation. The project in 1892 fell through, but the arts department had not then been established. There is now more ground, for such a movement, and we trust it will be revived.

Explained.

[Philadelphia Press.]
"The milk you left yesterday was sour," indignantly said the young housekeeper to the milkman. "Well, that's the farmer's fault. He overfed himself yesterday, and didn't milk the cows until three hours later than usual."

Fresh Neckties for Boys.

[Chicago Post.]
Don't put up with lousy ties, boys. You are never too young to think a bit about your looks, and though most folks think the boy whose heart is in his clothes instead of the place it ought to be, it's worth money and a reputation to keep clean and neat. When a tie gets shabby throw it in the waste basket and begin on another.

Hopeless.

[Somerville Journal.]
"Why don't you marry me?" I asked imperiously, as might.
"You'll own you have encouraged me. Yes! Yes! Up to this very night. It was a long and trying pause. Then softly, but so firmly that I lost all hope, she said: "Because."

A Tragedy.

[London Telegraph.]
A digestive tragedy is hidden beneath the callous words in which people tell the story of the poor man who, at an election dinner, refused the waiter's offer of toothpicks thus: "No, thanks, I've eaten two 'tips of them already, and I don't want no more."

A Matter of Habit.

[Branford Expositor.]
The Ontario Government can't get over the habit they got, under Liberal management, of running to surplus. Even the pessimistic Mr. Matheson is embarrassed with a surplus.

Strange Plot in a Will Case.

[London Daily Mail.]
Daniel O'Connell once unravelled a queer plot in a will case. Witness after witness swore that he saw the document duly executed. At last a constantly reiterated expression caught the lawyer's attention: "The life was in him," over your oath. "By the virtue of my oath, the life was in him," he was answered. Then O'Connell turned to the witness and slowly and solemnly said: "Now I call you for this evidence—I solemnly ask you, and your answer at your peril—was not there a life fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the witness?" Confronted and pale with fear, the witness confessed that this had actually happened.

New Ship of the Desert.

[New York Tribune.]
The new rail of the horse can be used to accomplish many feats for which the horse is utterly unfitted. This is shown by a machine recently built for the Sirdar of Egypt for travel on the desert of the Sudan. In its construction special attention had to be paid to gearing and to appliances for preventing the accumulation of dust or grit upon the wheels

and for keeping the car from sinking in the sand. These difficulties were successfully overcome, and the Sirdar now has a machine which, as compared with the camel, the old-time "ship of the desert," is as an express train to a canal-boat. With a searchlight on a trailer, it is possible for the Sirdar to travel by night as well as by day, and the conquest of the desert may now be considered complete. Perhaps an even greater triumph of motoring has been reserved for an American in the Far West, who recently made a journey of 84 miles over the Cascade mountains to Yakima and return, over roads which disgrace the same through mudholes, sage-brush and log-barred forest.

Justified.

[Cleveland Leader.]
Up from the cellar at the break of day He crawled, with many pauses by the way;

His hands were black, and grimy was his face; His coat was smudged, his trousers a disgrace.

In such a state, see our old friend McShosh In search of water (merely for a wash).

In such a state behold him as he tries To hide before his wife's accusing eyes.

"Where have you been all night, you reprobate? How dare you come to me in such a state?"

"Don't speak to me! Don't say a word! Why don't you answer, blockhead—are you dumb?"

Contrast her fury, her accusing cry, With the calm dignity of his reply:

"You wrong me, dear—you do, upon my soul. I've just been layin' in my winter's coal!"

Charity.

[Exchange.]
Mark Twain tells how, when Mrs. Bernhard visited Hartford, two charitable young women wanted to attend her performance, but finally decided that it was their duty to send the necessary \$2 to two poor neighbors, who thankfully accepted it and used it to buy tickets for the Bernhard performance.

He Was Shy.

[Chicago News.]
"So you turned down that impetuous nobleman?" interrogated the inquisitive girl friend.

"Was he shy when he proposed?"

"Yes, shy about two millions," replied the daughter of the multi-millionaire brewer.

Optimistic.

[Life.]
Nemherby—Is Sanford of an optimistic temperament?

Baldwin—I should say he is. I have known him to go into a restaurant and out a cent in his pocket, order a dozen oysters, and feel satisfied that he could pay his bill with a pearl.

Vindictive.

[Chicago News.]
"She's as playful as a kitten," "Quoth her beau before the spat; But when he received the mitten He described her as a 'cat'."

How About This.

[Chicago News.]
The elephant eats no animal food, And attains a size sublime; The fierce carnivorous feline is small, But it has a better time.

A La Carte.

[Houston Post.]
He tried to make a winning With a heart-felt, but his Kate Was annoyed by the salty breeze; With a little diamond straight.

The Foothills.

[Denver Republican.]
The sailor longs for the deck-land And the hiss of the curling waves, And he sighs for the salty breeze; And the strand that the green sea laves.

But give unto me the foothills, All scented with the season's rains— With the high-fung peaks behind them, And in front the sweep of the plains.

The woodsman dreams of his forest, And the mourner sighs for the pines; And the climber boasts of his crags, Where the high-keyed storm-wind whines.

But give unto me the foothills, In their middle and their state, With the cold, proud peaks behind them, And in front the sweep of the plains.

The townsman boasts of his city, And he talks of its soul and heart, But unto the soul of the prairie He stands as a flimsy apart.

Let him vaunt of his brick-wrought haven, Let him chatter of loss and gains— But give unto me the foothills, Where the peaks clasp hands with the plains.

A Scientific Valentine.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
The rose is red, The violet's blue, Love's a disease To bacilli due.

Magic.

[Washington Star.]
The world is full of magic, A strange, ungodly spell; Sometimes it's rather rare, But mostly it is not.

Some men, quite ordinary, Grow rich ere set of sun; The trick's perplexing, very, I wonder how it's done.

A youth of feeble seeming, An hellish will ensnare; A wild romancer's dream, Sells stock most anywhere.

The wise man does the labor, The clever has the fun; I'm not jealous of my neighbor, But I wonder how it's done.

Vain Assurance.

[Washington Star.]
Some day the birds will sing anew And blossoms deck the bough; But what's the good of these when you Have rheumatism now?

A Joke on Nesbitt.

[Saturday Night.]
In regard to Dr. Nesbitt's actual departure from politics an interesting street rumor is current, for the truth of which I would not venture to vouch. The story goes that when about to be sworn in the other day, the doctor secured the services of his legal adviser, Mr. Claude Macdonnell, M. P., that these two met Mr. Peter Ryan, who accompanied them to the city hall to secure a commission to swear in the new Registrar, and meeting Controller John J. Ward at the city building, he was asked to officiate, which he did.

Thus Dr. Nesbitt, the Orange leader, in quitting politics, was surrounded and aided on three sides by good Roman Catholics, and the story adds that one of the number, seeing the humor of the situation, substituted a Doxay Bible for the one ordinarily used on such occasions.

Dr. Nesbitt never suspecting the artifice, will the general champion of Protestantism now lose his standing in the Orange order, or will he demand to be sworn in a second time in order to accompany and on another edition of the script?

MARRYING FOR TITLE.

[New York Evening Post.]

That another international marriage is ending badly is no matter for surprise or for particular regret. When a green girl marries the son of an ancient but pitifully reduced and profligate line, the transaction is simply the purchase of a title, the pair must regard the chances of domestic infidelity as merely a normal hazard, and the only question a sympathetic public may reasonably ask is, Was the original bargain a fair one, and made with equal knowledge of the conditions? To treat the matter in any more sentimental fashion would be a clean waste of good emotion. A mere handful of American heiresses carry great titles, and their felicity or infelicity is an indistinguishable fraction of the total sum of human happiness or misery. Besides, the question of happiness is really negligible; the important thing is the equivalence of the settlement and the title.

Falling back upon a mathematical and concrete expression of the case, the question might read: Tainted money may be figures plus the personal characteristics of the bride equal a title of crusading origin plus the personal characteristics of the groom.

But this equation immediately has to be modified by the fact that the item of personal characteristics in at least one case is practically nil. In the case of the fortune hunter, it is absolutely so. He will marry any girl who will bring the coveted seven figures, and having given her his title, is absolved of further obligation. In the case of the bride, the personal characteristics of the groom may seem of no importance (in the sense that she would willingly marry any one of equivalent title), but actually this factor of the bride, the personal characteristics of the groom may seem of no importance.

This consideration imposes caution upon wealthy American parents with European titles at heart and daughters to sell. Should or should not such aspirants to old world honors give a certain weight to the personal characteristics of their would-be sons-in-law? Evidently, the slightest scrupulousness on this article would have prevented some of the most disastrous matches. Noblemen heartily despised in their own circles have come over here and have had their choice of faces and fortunes. A very little inquiry on the part of parents or relatives would have revealed the fact that the projected marriages involved an amount of personal humiliation to the bride that might make the most eager snob in the world wail that a title not borne by an impossible person should come into the market. In this connection, the titles that are most flagrantly peddled about are rarely the best, considered merely as titles. There are many of equal value to be had from possessors, however, retain a certain respect for the decent conventions of their class, and are capable of constraining a commercial contract with a certain humanity and generosity.

Let us hasten to add that in the case of the greatest titles this should not be expected. The son of a very ancient line may be kind to the woman he has taken "to boot" in his wedding contract; but he is, it is sheer gratuitous good luck. As one goes down the scale towards simple gentility, more may reasonably be expected of the husband. Precisely the grades of attentiveness and neglect that should be required of each order must be left to those wise and mature virgins who study the "Almanach de Gotha" in five-franc pensions. Suffice it to say, in general, fidelity is not fairly to be demanded of any rank higher than simple knight-hood. A moderate kindness and amiability might fairly be looked for among the Napoleonic titles of France, the eighteenth-century baronetcies of England, and the newer marquises of Italy. No German Freiherr should, we take it, beat his American wife, nor should a Polish count usurp a privilege that appertains to dukes and princes. A certain mystery and glamour invest all Spanish titles, and will probably be long before they can be safely subjected to a rational, domestic-commercial rating. Unscrupulousness is hardly to be secured in any instance. If at all, it might be stipulated for in the case of Italian cavalieri, whether papal or regal.

When it is considered that as one goes down the scale of noblesse, the price of a title steadily diminishes, whereas the chance of a tolerable son-in-law increases, thrifty American parents may well ask themselves if it is not poor economy to buy the greatest titles. Is there not a point at which the price being right, the title, if not the most brilliant, is still satisfactory, and the chances of a domestic inferno not more than even? The matter is worth the attention of heedless and ambitious millionaires. One does not sell stocks, or pork, or steel bars in complete disregard of the solvency of the buyer. No more should one sell one's daughter to a flagrant bankrupt in all that goes to make even a commercial marriage merely tolerable.

Let's see how the case stands. A recent stranger—"Say, boy, is there a decent restaurant in this town?" "Naw, 'rebn—'Yes, an' they're wantin' a waiter, too. You're just in time for the job."

No Chance for Him.

[Philadelphia Leader.]
"Your wife treats you so shamefully," said Henneke's friend, "why don't you sell her down the river?"

"I'd want to," replied Henneke, "but she said 'no,' and, of course, that settled it."

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS

New Queen's Gray Suitings—

—Checks, Invisible Plaids, Self-Color Checks in the fashionable Queen's gray, —some silk and wool mixtures; very exclusive fabrics for tailor-made suits —and shirtwaist dresses; 54 inches wide, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 —great leaders; at yard

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKS.

Shepherd's checks are in the swim for spring shirtwaist dresses. We show all varieties at, yard, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25

CHECK TWEED SUITINGS.

Everything in a check for spring wear; several colors, very neat for suits and dresses, at yard

NEW BROADCLOTHS.

Broadcloth is as popular as ever —greens, blues, gray, browns, fawns and red; pure wool, at yard

Suits Made to Order \$25.00—

—Ladies' Man-Tailored Suits to your order for \$25.00. Early ordering —insures early wearing. Choose from the new fabrics. Full information —given in Dress Goods Section.

Wash Waists Pretty Styles to Choose From.

Since the introduction of the slip lining to be worn under white lawn or muslin waists it is not risky to wear such a thin garment out of season. Consequently there is a great demand for the styles we are showing. They possess all the new features; buttoning at the side; deep three-button cuffs; the trimmings are designed to best show off their beauty. Our

Four styles in Ladies' New White Lawn

Shirtwaists, all-over embroidery pleats, one with insertion in the cuffs; all finished with stock collar, three-button cuffs

The same number of styles in this season's

White Lawn Waists at \$1.75; buttoning underneath a pleat at the side, beautifully designed with embroidery and embroidery and lace combined, at.....

Kid Gloves at a Dollar.

It is only because we know that we make the statement that our Dollar Kid Glove is the best that can be bought at the price. Come and ask for Fownes' "Audrey" Kid Glove; fitted and guaranteed, in splendid color assortment, black, white, tan, brown, navy, gray, beaver and modes. Per pair

NIGHTGOWNS.

Ladies' Pink Flannel Night Gowns; tucked round yoke, self fills, were 65c, reduced to ...59c

Ladies' Black Equestrian Tights winter weight, were \$1.00, at .89c

LITTLE GIRLS' COATS.

February days are noted for their "cold" giving propensity. The child with one of these coats escapes the danger, and looks pretty and fresh. A table of little girls' coats tomorrow, \$1.50

First Shipment of All-Over

Laces and Net Laces and Insertions Just Opened.

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

POEMS THAT LIVE

Maidenhood.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.]
Maiden with the meek brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies Like the dusk in evening skies:

Thou whose looks outshine the sun, Whose golden tresses are as waves, As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood feet!

Gazing, with a timid glance, On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse:

Deep and still, that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision, When bright visions glow before thee, Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the carmine's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers! Life hath quickened—Life hath snared; Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into June, May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bow where slumbered Blinks and blossoms many-numbered; Age, the bow with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows, When the young heart awakes, To embalm that tent of snows.

CAME BACK FOR HER CHILD

Pathetic Story of a Mother's Love With a Happy Ending.

London, Feb. 19.—Eighteen months ago a farmer by the name of Leadley, in passing along a side street in the town of Cloughton, near Scarborough, heard the cry of a child, coming, as it were, from the ground at his feet. Looking down, his astonishment was great to find that he had very nearly stumbled on a bundle that lay on the pavement. Examining the bundle more closely, his astonishment was still greater on finding that the bundle contained a fine healthy child. Picking up the child he carried it to the police station, where, after stating the manner in which he discovered it, he took the baby home.

The police soon discovered who the mother was and placed her under arrest. Her tale of woe so worked upon the feelings of the magistrate that he discharged her. Weeks after the magistrate received a letter from a workman, in far-distant British Columbia, who, having read the story in a newspaper, the British Columbia, had been touched, and in his letter to the magistrate he offered his heart and hand to the woman about whom he had read in the newspaper. He meant what he said, and to make it more binding he enclosed \$100 to pay the passage to British Columbia of the woman, who, though he had not seen, yet he loved.

The woman was found. The man's

LEE HING LAUNDRY.

Shirt collars ironed so will not hurt neck. Standup collars ironed so will not be broken. Ladies' dresses ironed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Goods called for and delivered. Don't pay if work not satisfactory. K. H. JOHNSON, PROP., 467 Richmond Street, Phone 1344.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

COCOA

An admirable food, with all natural qualities intact.

This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Real "Race Suicide."

Doctor Harold N. Moyer, of Chicago, speaking at a dinner of the Physicians' Club, had the courage to ease his mind on the subject of race suicide in a manner that will win applause from many who have secretly agreed with him, but who have felt themselves unable to cope with our enthusiastic President and his optimistic supporters.

The sociologists, who coined the phrase "race suicide," observed Doctor Moyer, "have mistaken a herald symptom of a social disease. At the beginning of last century this country had four million. At the beginning of this century we had eighty million. In another hundred years we shall be jammed together, three hundred and sixty million souls, all struggling for a livelihood. . . . One of the causes of sorrow in the world is the rapid increase of the human race. Mr. Paul four may have reflected upon the truth of this, but he would never have been forgiven if he had said it. Those white-faced women, who reeled to the English government offices, intoxicated with anger, despair, hunger and maternal pity, carried children in their arms, had little ones hanging to their skirts, and left a restless brood at home. They had brought them into the world knowing they could not provide for them, with want waiting at their doors, and with a pauper's grave offering, and with a pauper's grave offering, and them rest at the end. If they and their fathers before them, even unto the tenth generation, had shown a more sincere compassion of posterity, there would not be this hungry army of the rejected beating with futile hands upon the doors of destiny."—The Reader.

In Paris the average price of pure milk is 33.8 cents a gallon.

There is only one ordained missionary in the world for 900,000 heathen.