

MOWBRAY ON ANARCHY

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ANARCHIST
DEFINES ITS MEANING.How He Considers Murder and Arson—He
Would Reorganize Society and Establish
a Great Brotherhood on the Basis of
Mutual Aid to One Another.Charles Wilfred Mowbray, the English
anarchist, writes:

It has not often happened that the people of the United States have taken exception to an Englishman landing on their shores, but the unusual event has happened at last. I was not aware before the other day that I was such a very dangerous personage. On the contrary, my friends in England have thought me rather mild. The officials of the United States government hold a different view, based on what we call in England funk bred, no doubt, from the fear born of corruption and incapacity. I am here and I shall go away when I like unless force is used to compel my return.

You laugh, no doubt, when I say peace. And you think about the actions of men and women who have been identified with the anarchist movement. But let me tell you that these actions, this violence, have no more to do with anarchism than it had to do with every movement of the past toward progress.

The genuine anarchist looks with sheer horror upon every destruction, every mutilation of a human being, physical or moral. He loathes wars, executions and imprisonments, the grinding down of the workers whose nature is a dreary round of toil, the social and economical slavery of woman, the oppression of children, the crippling and poisoning of human nature by the preventable cruelty and injustice of man to man in every shape and form. Certainly this frame of mind and homicidal outrage cannot stand on the relation of cause and effect. As a communist-anarchist I look upon human societies as essentially natural groups of individuals who have grown into association for the sake of mutually aiding one another in self-protection and self-development. Artificially formed empires, constructed and held together by force, I regard as a miserable sham.

The society which I desire and would recognize would be that which would be bound together by real sympathies and common ideas and aims. Where in all the world to-day do we find a society bound by such ties as I have named? In my eyes the true purpose of every such natural society, whether it be a nation or a confederation of nations, a tribe or a village community, is to give every member of it the largest possible opportunities in life.

The object of associating is to increase the opportunities of the individuals. One isolated human being is helpless, a hopeless slave to external nature, whereas the limits of what is possible to human beings in free and rational association are as yet unimagined.

Now I hold a natural society good in proportion as it answers what I believe to be its true purpose, and bad in proportion as it departs from that purpose, and instead of enlarging the lives of the individuals composing it, it crushes and narrows them. For instance, when society recognizes the right of a comparatively few men to the exclusive possession of the soil, and thereby prevent others from enjoying or using it except upon hard and stinging terms, I hold that society, in so far as it recognizes such an arrangement, is bad and fails of its purpose, because such an arrangement, instead of enlarging the opportunities for a full human life for everybody, cruelly curtails them for all workers and many others, and moreover is forced on the sufferers against their will, and not arrived at, as all social arrangements ought to be, by mutual agreement.

Such is my view of human societies in general, and, of course, I endeavor to find out and make clear to myself and to others the main cause why our own existing society is here and now failing so dismally, in many directions, to fulfill its true function. I have arrived at the conclusion that these causes of failure are mainly two. First, the unhappy recognition of authority of man over man as a morally right principle, a thing to be accepted and submitted to, instead of being resisted as essentially evil and wrong. Second, the equally unhappy recognition of the right of property, i.e., the right of individuals who have complied with certain legal formalities to monopolize material things, whether they are using them or need to use them or not, and whether they have produced them or not.

To me this state of public conscience which permits these two principles of authority and of property to hold sway in our social life seems to be the root of our miserably desocialized condition, and, therefore, I am against all institutions and all habits which are based on these principles or tend to keep them up.

The Largest Churches.

We find a list of the largest churches in Europe with figures representing their seating capacity, but we have an idea that the figures given indicate the capacity for the standing multitude, as in few cases are there seats provided. We give the list, however, as we find it:

	Seats.
St. Peter's Church, Rome	54,000
Milan Cathedral	37,000
St. Paul's, Rome	32,000
St. Paul's, London	33,600
St. Petrus, Bologna	24,000
Florence Cathedral	24,000
Antwerp Cathedral	24,000
St. Sophia's, Constantinople	25,000
St. John's, Lateran	22,000
Notre Dame, Paris	21,000
Pisa Cathedral	12,000
St. Stephen's, Vienna	13,000
St. Dominic's, Bologna	12,000
St. Peter's, Bologna	11,000
Cathedral of Vienna	11,000
St. Mark's, Venice	7,000
Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London	7,000

The figures opposite Spurgeon's Tabernacle mean the seating capacity.

An Essay on Pools.

A smart fool is always dangerous, and if he is ignorant the case is worse. But when he is complicated with high moral pretensions he may easily become unsafe in the extreme.—New York Sun.

NEW CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

European Hospitals Practicing a Method
of Blood Inoculation.

So many thousands of children are annually carried off by diphtheria, the sufferings caused by the disease are so agonizing and the remedies hitherto at the disposal of the medical profession so inadequate that the news of the introduction into the Berlin and London hospitals of a new and efficacious cure for this fell malady cannot be regarded otherwise than as a matter of public interest. Very little has been heard about this remedy until now, says a writer in the New York Tribune, owing to the fact that the distinguished bacteriologists engaged in its discovery have been unwilling to subject themselves to the same disadvantage as Dr. Koch, whose cure for consumption has been unjustly proclaimed a failure, merely because it was published to the world prematurely. The new cure, briefly speaking, is one of inoculation, with this difference that, instead of injecting the poison into the system of the patient, one injects the blood of an animal which has been inoculated with a weak culture of the diphtheria bacteria—the virus of the latter being, however, of so weak a character that it does not affect the animal with the malady, but merely renders it immune thereto. Repeated experiments made of late have shown that a few drops of blood from a horse or any other animal thus rendered immune injected into a human being suffering from diphtheria are sufficient to arrest and cure the disease. Of course it is too soon as yet to quote the statistics of the hundreds of cures which have been effected in Berlin and London by this treatment, but whatever the ultimate result of its application, it has at least one advantage over all other forms of inoculation hitherto discovered, namely, that the matter injected into the system of the patient is free from poison and consequently harmless.

Taxes and Taxations.

In the time of Queen Anne soap was taxed £28 per ton.

The tithes in England amounted to £4,050,000 a year.

Russia raises \$1,500,000 a year by the sale of passports.

A tax on dogs was levied in Rome during the reign of Nero.

In 1888 the people of Great Britain paid taxes on 492,200 carriages.

In Portugal the tobacco tax brings £900,000, the land tax £700,000.

In parts of Peru taxes are paid in cocoa leaves and Peruvian bark.

The soap duty in Holland brings \$750,000 a year to the government.

Charles II. farmed all the customs for an annual payment of £300,000.

A hearth tax was formerly assessed in many of the German States.

The rate of taxation has nearly quadrupled in France since 1830.

Male servants are taxed in Great Britain and several other countries.

The French people pay over \$10,000,000 a year taxes on their windows.

Germany pays \$10,000,000 a year taxes on salt and \$13,000,000 on sugar.

The Australians pay £10,000,000 in taxes to support their Government.

Holland is the only country in Europe that admits coffee free of duty.

Until about forty years ago, the Persian Government levied a tax on cats.

The taxes of the people of this country equal about \$10 to each inhabitant.

The capitulation or pole tax is believed to have been the earliest form of taxation.

Almost all the Turkish taxes are farmed out, and the resulting corruption is very great.

In the early days of the Virginia and Carolina colonies, taxes were paid in tobacco.

During the fourteenth century, in Italy, a tax was levied on everyone who wore shoes.

Customs duties on imports were collected in England by Ethelred II. as early as 979.

Most of the Asiatic countries have been ruined by the system of "farming the taxes."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

"Team" and "Dock."

A Bostonian writes to the Listener from Lincoln, Neb., that the misuse of the word "team," which applies to the wagon instead of the horses, has not crossed the country. He says: "I was much humiliated one day, on commenting on a 'team' that had been left in the middle of the street, to be told, by a sort of cowboy in a slouch hat, that I meant 'wagon.' And he was right. I fear it is a local, perhaps merely a Bostonian mistake. And I, as an exiled Bostonian, feel grieved at it. Will the people here come to use it wrongly, too, or shall we reform? I am trying to reform—in conversation. Most of us use it correctly in writing." It is not a local vice merely, but it is eastern rather than western. To offset this bad easternism, they have a curious mixture of terms in New York and further westward which we, in Boston, have been spared. When they speak of a "dock" they mean a wharf and not, as the word really means, the water between two wharves. And nothing is more astonishing to a New Yorker than to come to Boston and hear of a man falling into the "dock."—Boston Transcript.

Building and Loan Societies.

In the early history of building societies they were organized and almost wholly managed by mechanics and laboring men; managed honestly, conservatively and successfully, and to this "class" belongs the honor of originating, conducting and carrying to a point of magnitude and usefulness a scheme that commands the admiration of financiers the world over. The honest, thrifty householder has proved himself to be the best citizen as far as managing a building society is concerned. When failures have occurred in building societies one of the main causes has been the introduction into the management of financial ideas emanating from the brains of theoretical bankers. Nearly all, if not every error introduced into the scheme, are scholarly errors, always accepted under protest by the mechanic or small storekeeper.—Philadelphia Press.

WALTZ KING AT HOME.

HOW JOHANN STRAUSS, THE COMPOSER, LIVES AT VENICE.

Devoted to Billiards and Tarock—Bad Reception by the Viennese of the "Blue Danube" and "Morgenblätter" Waltzes—Interesting and Piquant Personality.

There are many stories circulated about Johann Strauss in the Vienna cafes, as, for instance, that he is such a passionate billiard player and spends whole nights at that amusement; that his extreme nervousness causes him to faint at the sight of a high mountain, etc. They contain some truth, but are not very conducive to the framing of a true estimation of the "king of waltz," as he has been called.

One must take the trouble to journey to one of the remotest corners of Vienna in order to make the acquaintance of Johann Strauss among the strains of his waltz melodies and the scenery of his comic operas. A twenty minutes' walk from the opera house in a southern direction leads to No. 4 Teylgasse. The exterior of the house is rather insignificant in appearance, two stories high, with a facade of fourteen windows. There is no balcony, no sculpture, no tasteful cornices and mouldings; only the broad, conspicuous doorway indicates that the proprietor of this mansion belongs to the fortunate who own a carriage. His heavy team of big black horses and the coachman in livery are well known on the Ring.

Johann Strauss is one of those rich men who do not like to appear so; yet his social position does not allow him to dispense with all etiquette. An old servant in a blue



JOHANN STRAUSS.

dress coat with yellow buttons opens the door and takes the visitor's card, leading him through a spacious antechamber, up the broad staircase, into the billiard room, which also serves the purpose of a reception room.

Very often, however, the visitor waits in vain, as the composer allows no one to disturb him when he is studying at the piano, or playing an interesting game of tarock.

He generally enters leaning on the arm of his wife. The vexatious question then presents itself: How should one address him? His intimate friends and acquaintances simply call him "Meister." Strangers would please him best in addressing him as "Herr Strauss" and by no means as "Herr Hofball Musik Director," which is his official title. If he could do as his fancy prompted, he would invite every visitor at once to take hold of a cue and play a game of billiards with him, thus preventing all the annoyances of a stiff-dragging conversation. But as social manners cannot always be disposed with in this cordial fashion, he leaves the entertainment of his guests to his wife, moving about nervously himself, and only now and then taking a part in the conversation.

Here is a gentleman who offers him a libretto; another who would like to play his "Gypsy Baron" in some provincial town; a third who begs him to take part in a charity concert—he listens patiently to every argument, but is visibly relieved if his resolute wife takes matters into her hands and politely arranges them as she finds best, from long experience. When the visitor retires Strauss generally returns either to the piano, the billiard or the tarock table.

The piano is naturally his favorite resort. It stands in his "Holy of Holies," a remote corner of the house, into which only friends are allowed to penetrate. He is not only obtrusive with his art; he does not continually hum and whistle the melodies with which his muse inspires him, and is therefore much averse to all professional curiosity. Reporters would not stand a very good chance with him. His best productions have been composed in the silence of night. Those who meet him in a social way hardly recognize the artist in him. He is an old-fashioned Viennese bourgeois from head to foot, jovial, good and light-hearted, a little critical, harmless in conversation, painfully fastidious in his appearance and very polite and chivalrous in the society of ladies. Only his friends are acquainted with his true character. It is marvellously fascinating to watch him engaged in an interesting debate with some kindred minds on a reform in dancing, for instance, in which the waltz will play the principal part. How enthusiastically he grows over his subject. How he pours forth the finest observations and emphasizes his words with most animated gesticulations! Such movements, however, are rare; they exhaust him and very often after such an outburst he retires, not to rest but, strange to say, to draw caricatures of his friends or of some well-known personalities. If he were not the "king" of waltzes, he might have made his artistic career as a caricaturist.

Johann Strauss rarely speaks of his works; if he wishes to explain some musical difficulty, he simply sits down at the piano and tries to prove his assertion by the logic of sounds. Now and then he utters a clever motto, such as: "No genius can find his ideas without searching for them." He is no virtuoso on the piano-forte, but nobody can play his music like himself, and nobody can lead his compositions like himself, so full of temperament, of nervous animation, and of rhythmic movement; not in the dancing style of his

brother Edward, but with more dignity and tact. He is a man of 69, and yet the music has preserved him young, fiery and flexible.

What experiences he has had in the run of time with his "books," as he calls his librettos! How he has thought over the exits and entrances! How he has quarreled with the libretto writers, who, like authors, were never willing to sacrifice a word of the text! How often was he deceived in his own music! One must hear the recital from his own lips to appreciate it fully. He is angry at one moment, melancholy at the next, while his fingers glide through his bushy hair and his face reflects every passing emotion.

In the twilight hour, before the gas is lit, he likes to sit smoking with a circle of friends in his billiard room, telling them anecdotes of his career; whoever has visited one of these informal receptions will preserve a pleasant recollection of it through life.

One would suppose, in witnessing the young couples whirl around to the maizes of Strauss's waltzes in the ballroom, or to hear the enthusiastic applause which greets his comic operas, that these melodies would immediately conquer the whole world at their appearance, as they had no other aim but to please, to brighten social feelings, and to rouse mankind from its melancholy moods. And yet such was not always their fate.

The "Blue Danube" waltz, that classic model of Vienna waltzes, did not please the public at its first introduction into Vienna by the composer himself. And Johann Strauss was not even sorry about it, remarking to his brother: "I don't mind this failure very much, it is only a pity for the cads, I gave so much careful work to it." And yet the refused waltz—one might almost quote the "nemo propheta in patria"—when it appeared in Berlin, London and Paris, created such a furore that it necessarily attracted the attention of the Viennese. When Strauss played it again after the lapse of a few weeks the applause seemed unlimited. Such is the fate not only of books, but also of waltzes. And what a gold mine that "Blue Danube" became to the publisher and composer. The local legends of Vienna tell that it built houses for both. Strauss made a similar experiment with his "Morgenblätter."

It happened at the ball of the Society of Journalists and Authors. Jacques Offenbach, who was in Vienna at the time, composed a waltz, "Abendblätter," for the occasion and performed it himself. Johann Strauss appeared at the same time with his "Morgenblätter," and the two waltzes resounded through the spacious rooms, leaving Offenbach the victor. Johann Strauss went home in tears, and wept all night. The Viennese had succumbed to the Parisian; even the popularity of Strauss's father and brother could not ward off the defeat. After a few weeks, however, Offenbach's "Abendblätter" was entirely forgotten, whereas the "Morgenblätter" was played in every popular concert, at every ball and on every piano and every hand organ in the street.

The comic opera, "The Bat," shared the same fate. Berlin had to approve of it first before it was a success at home. Now one can read on the theatrical programmes all over Europe: "The two hundredth performance of 'The Gypsy Baron,' three hundredth performance of 'The Bat,' four hundredth performance of 'Merry War.'"

Johann Strauss mentions the cold reception his native city has given him without bitterness. On the contrary he relates them with much ingenious humor, and he hardly ever ends an anecdote without his favorite phrase, "Such things can happen to everybody."

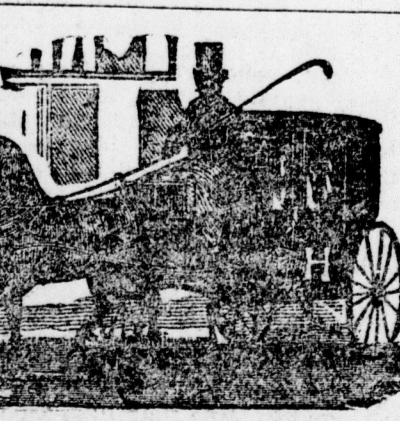
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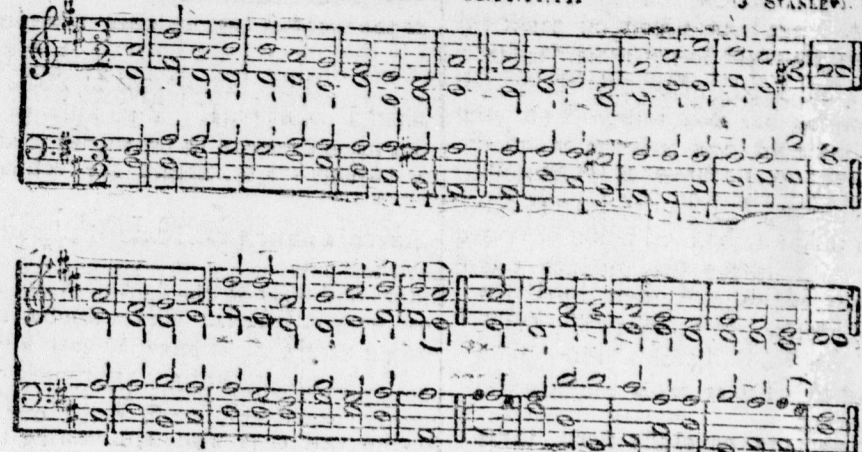
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I once was a sufferer, was burdened with
woes,
Dyspepsia and Headaches my terrible foes;
From day unto day I was tortured with
pains,
My efforts and prayers for relief were all
vain.
My friends recommended new nostrums
each day,
I foolishly heeded what each had to say;
But, instead of improving, I really got
worse,
Each draught and each pill proved a snare
and a curse.
Wrapp'd up in despair and quite tired of
life,
I hearken'd one day to the voice of my wife;
She said: "My dear Ned, I have found the
true cure
For all your afflictions, 'twill conquer I'm
sure."

I asked for the name of the cure she had
found,
The answer came quickly "Paine's Celery
Compound";
Ah, yes! 'twas a name I had heard of be-
fore—
Had heard of its virtues to heal and restore.
With courage and faith I received the glad
news,
And decided the Compound to faithfully
use;
Oh joy! let me sound the glad tidings
around,
I'm cured through the use of Paine's Celery
Compound.
Dyspepsia and Headaches are things of the
past;
Behind me forever these burdens I've cast;
I'm healthy and hearty, digestion is sound
I owe my new life to Paine's Celery Com-
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