

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers
in Western Ontario.THE LONDON ADVERTISER COM-
PANY (Limited.)
LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Monday, Feb. 9.

The Library Fiasco.

The Mayor, through his senior organ, attempts a weak-kneed defense of his conduct at the annual meeting of the Free Library board Thursday night. The gist of it is that there was nothing wrong in voting to put a Conservative in the chair. Certainly not, if he was as much entitled to it as anyone else. In this case it belonged of right to Dr. A. O. Jeffery, the senior member of the board. The honor had always been conferred on the senior member, regardless of his politics, and there was no occasion for departing from the custom this year; but from a spirit of petty party spite it was determined to pass over Dr. Jeffery's claims and give the position to Mr. Egan, who had already held it for two years, in addition to the chairmanship of the library committee for four years. Three Conservative members of the board were so ashamed of the picaresque business that one of them voted for Dr. Jeffery (in spite of pressure brought to bear on him), another refused to vote at all, and a third absented himself until the chairman was elected. Nothing was too small for the Mayor and he put the job through. Perhaps his ears would tingle if he could hear what some self-respecting Conservatives are saying about the contemptible affair, and his part in it. Can anyone imagine ex-Mayor Little or ex-Mayor Rumball descending to such puerile partisanship? The charge that the Liberals ran the board on political lines is false. During the five years in which Mr. Little and Mr. Rumball occupied the mayor's chair, the City Council appointed the following members of the Library Board: C. E. Keene, 1895; E. Weld, 1896; J. T. Marks, 1897; George C. Gunn, 1900; Talbot Macbeth, 1901. Of these two are Conservatives, two are labor men, and one, Mr. Macbeth, is a Liberal.

Saxon Versus Slav.

It is a good many years since Hon. David Mills, in an article which attracted much attention, advanced the theory that the world was destined to pass under the control of two races, the Saxon and the Slav, between whom would ensue a final struggle for supremacy. This thesis, regarded as fantastic at the time, has made such rapid headway that it has become almost a commonplace with political thinkers. Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, an American journalist, elaborates it rather picturesquely. A hundred years ago the population of Russia was less than 40,000,000; today it is in excess of 140,000,000, due in the main to natural increase. Russia already owns one-sixth the land surface of the globe; she has immense undeveloped territories rich in natural resources, and in sixty years her population may be 300,000,000. Germany is powerful, but cannot allow Russia to keep Russia back, and the great Slav wave will roll over Europe. The German people will emigrate to the United States, Canada, Africa, Australia, South America. Mr. Gregory regards it as inevitable that England will be crushed and driven out of India, and that the Russian will make a clean sweep of Asia, as of Europe. "Over against this mighty empire of the Slav," continues Gregory, "will stand the equally mighty dominion of the men of Teutonic blood—in the two Americas, in Africa, in Australia and the islands of the seas! These Teutonic peoples—Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Hollanders, Scandinavians—will be practically, and possibly politically, united. They will be the naval power of the world! They will be the commercial masters of the world! They will carry on the world's trade and so hold its purse-strings! And when this comes, as it certainly will come, there will be peace. The Slav will be too powerful to be attacked by the Teuton, the Teuton will be too powerful to be molested by the Slav, and by the very logic of the situation war will cease. The armies that might be taken from Asia or Europe to Africa or the Americas would be annihilated almost as soon as they touched shore, and the armies that might be taken from the Americas or Africa to Europe or Asia would be disposed of in the same fatal fashion."

There may be no such cataclysms as the writer pictures, but the salient historical fact of the past century has been the wonderful growth of the English-speaking peoples and the Russian race. The break-up of the Russian Empire may reveal the hand of destiny more clearly.

Cotton Growing in Africa.

The British Cotton Growing Association has been making extensive experiments with American and Egyptian cotton seed in the Gold Coast colony, West Africa. The first shipment, consisting of 25 bales, has been made to England, where the cotton has been examined and valued at from 10 to 11 cents a pound. The quality is pronounced middling fair. The incident is regarded by the cotton trade as highly significant of what can be done in a large section of Africa now under British control. Last year Great Britain purchased from the United States \$117,000,000 worth of raw cotton, but as the size of the American cotton crop remains stationary, the increased demands on it by the American cotton

manufacturers have convinced the British cotton trade that a new field of supply is needed. If this can be found in the section of West Africa included in the Gold Coast, Gambia and Nigeria, a new field of profitable investment for British capital will be developed, and at the same time a source of supply for British cotton manufacturers will be assured. Doubtless, one of the greatest difficulties that will have to be faced in successfully raising cotton in Africa is to find suitable labor in sufficient quantity. A British contemporary suggests that here would be a chance for a vast number of the colored people who are dissatisfied with their lot in the United States to emigrate and take up the cotton-growing business in Africa. This is a rather fanciful prospect. If it can be demonstrated that any portion of British Africa is a cotton-growing country, it will be a great thing for the colony and for the British cotton industry.

Niagara Power.

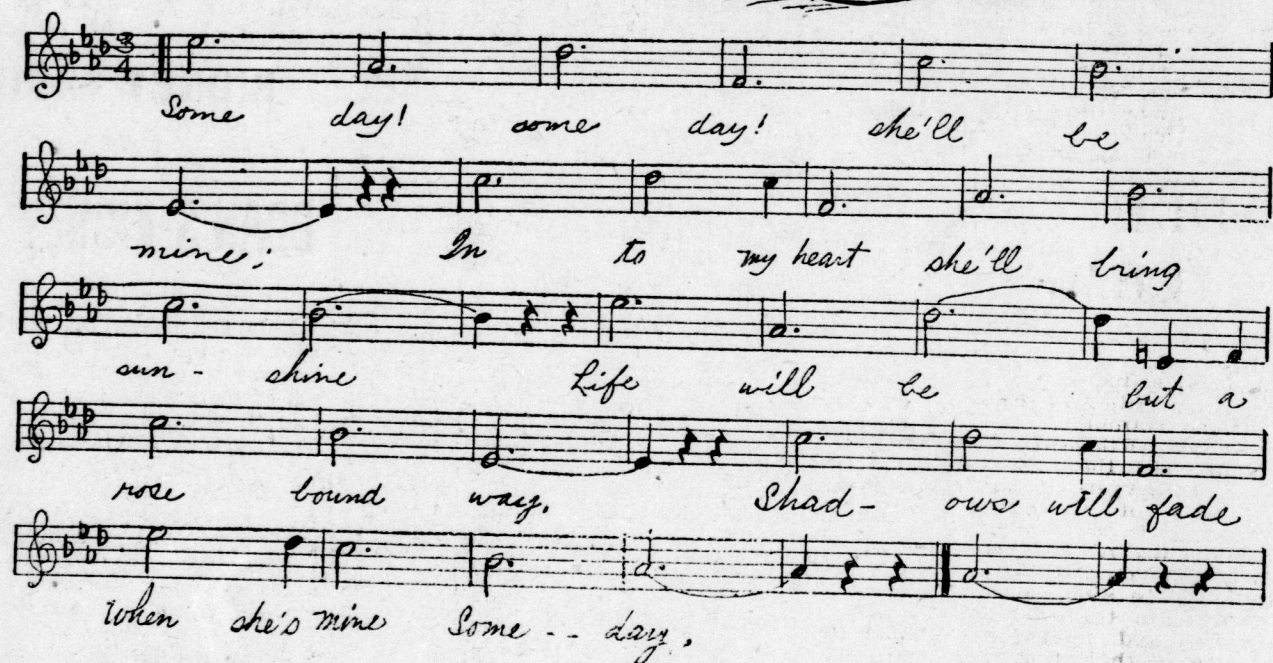
The Hamilton and Lake Erie Power Company, which has a charter to develop electrical energy on the Welland River, offers the city of Toronto 30,000 horse power at \$10 per horse power, provided Toronto builds the pole line, otherwise the company will transmit the power to the city for \$20 per horse power. If the bargain is closed the city will look exceedingly foolish after the clamor it has made over the Niagara power problem. No one believes that Toronto would spend four or five million dollars in developing power at Niagara, but the Government will not stand in the way if the city wishes to indulge in that folly. We do not hear of any other municipality or group of municipalities asking the same privilege. They are apparently satisfied to see private corporations take all the risks, but there is a feeling among Western Ontario municipalities, especially those near the outer edge of what may be called the Niagara power belt, that they should not be discriminated against because of their geographical location. That is the reason it is suggested that they should get together and ask the Government to protect them from unfavorable treatment by the power companies, by combining they could simplify the problem of distribution.

When the city council takes up the telephone question in December, it might consider the advisability of a pole tax, in addition to a poll-tax.

The Stratford Beacon twits London with being behind the times educationally, and says all the school boards in Stratford (high, public and separate) think domestic science for girls and manual training for boys a good thing. The jibe is well-deserved, but there are signs that the local school board is waking up.

Vermont has abandoned prohibition after 50 years' experience, and has

"Some Day She'll Be Mine!"



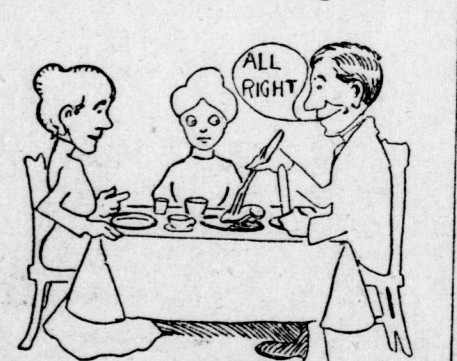
New York American.

fallen back on local option. In New Zealand a plebiscite has just been taken on the license question. The total number of voters in the colony is 300,000, and 159,992 votes were cast in favor of no-license, an increase of 60.12 per cent over the prohibition vote in 1896. There is, however, no provision for a general poll for the whole colony. Each electoral district must decide the issue for itself, and it is only by a three-fifths majority that prohibition can be secured in any one district. If the prohibition movement progresses during the next six years at the same rate as it has done in the past six years, there will then be a sufficient number of voters to carry prohibition by a three-fifths majority in nearly every district in New Zealand.

A British royal commission has reported that Great Britain must be prepared, in the event of war, to see bread at a famine price, because she will be dependent upon the United States for food supplies, and exporters will demand exorbitant profits for the risk they run. This is an old story. Mr. Balfour has always contended that Great Britain will be in no danger of starvation in case of war with a European power, because self-interest will drive American producers to the British market. The problem is being solved by the increasing wheat production of Canada and other British colonies, which promises to make the Mother Country in time independent of foreign countries. As long as Great Britain retains control of the sea, she will not be starved out.

A Discerning Host.

"Now," said Mrs. Biggleson's cousin at breakfast on the morning after her



arrival, "don't make company of me. I want to be treated just as if I were one of the family."

"All right," replied Mr. Biggleson, helping himself to the tender part of the steak, "we'll try to make you feel right at home."

The Difficulty.

[Puck.]

Mrs. Kelly—Does your husband get good pay, Mrs. Rooney?

Mrs. Rooney—Well, he would, Mrs. Kelly, if it wasn't for striking so often for better pay.

How Those Women Love Each Other [Brooklyn Eagle.]

Pearl—Did you hear about the awful fright George got on his wedding day?

Maude—Yes, I was there; I saw her.

Hute, Laddie.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A fellow once dressed in Scotch plaid, because it was all that he had, His only salute

Was "Hute, laddie, hute!" Which made all his listeners maid.

Ultra-British.

[Woodstock Express.]

George Ade, the modern Aesop, describes a character in one of his fables as being "probably a Canadian, for he is too British to be an Englishman." It is not a bad hit, and is not wholly undeserved. Load up some Canadians to the point where they must talk loyalty or "bust," and they will convince an average native Englishman that he does not know where he was born. The disease is not a serious one, however, and is not incurable, though it yields but slowly to treatment. A few strong doses of Alaska boundary treaty would probably have considerable effect in restoring the blood to its normal temperature.

Great Curs.

[Dagbladet.]

The Doctor—Yes; I understand what ails you. You can't sleep. Take this prescription to the druggist. (Next day)—Good morning; you look better today. Have you slept well?

It looks as if a man's back is the center of strength when he is straining to lift or haul a heavy weight. But the center of strength is not the back, but the stomach. There's no strength in the back of a giant if he's starving. All strength is made from food, and food can only be converted into strength when it is perfectly digested and assimilated. When the stomach is diseased, the nutrition of food is lost and physical weakness follows.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It makes men strong and muscular, by enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of the food eaten.

"I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," writes R. E. Secord, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ont. "I tried a number of remedies without success. I was so far gone that I could not bear a solid food on my stomach; I felt melancholy and depressed. Could not sleep nor work. A friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken three bottles and it has accomplished a permanent cure."

The Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay customers and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

KINGSMILL'S

.. GREAT..

Removal Sale.

Remnants

....AT....

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....AT....

PRICE

King'smill's

(RUNIANS, CARSON & McKEE'S OLD STAND).

208 TO 212 DUNDAS STREET.

Petersen—Like a top. I feel like a new man.
Doctor—How many sleeping powders did you take?
Petersen (surprised)—I didn't take any. I gave a couple of them to the baby.

Well On in the Programme.

[Fillegende Blæster.]

"What are they playing now?"
"The ninth symphony."
"Dear me! Am I so late?"

Possibilities of Telepathy.

[By James Montague.]

Chicago American: Dr. Parkhurst suggests that in a few years it will be possible to transmit thought without the use of any apparatus save the minds of the sender and receiver.—News Item.

If you've got a nice line of ideas on statecraft and other great things; If you think you're adept at handling a scepter Than Sultans, or Kaisers or Kings, Don't allow them to lack for your knowledge. For their fate on your enterprise rests; Just flip them a think o'er the billowy drink In the way Dr. Parkhurst suggests.

If a hunch should within you develop That somehow you've stumbled across The long concealed hiding place where is abiding The utterly lost Charley Ross, Assure his long suffering parents That no farther their offspring will roam; Just flip him a think, and as quick as a wink He'll board the next brakebeam for home.

If you think old Tsi Ann has been planning To limit the size of Pekin. By making each foreigner fit for the coroner, Who gaily will gather them in, Don't wait for the laggarly cable To tell of the gruesome event. But flip her a think, and the elderly Chinik Will see a great light and repent.

But He Isn't a Widower.

[The Wrinkle.]

"You say his wife's a brunette? I thought he married a blonde."

"He did, but she died."

What Did She Mean.

[Boston Transcript.]

He—What should you say, Carrie, if I asked to be released from my engagement?

She—I think it would make me love you more than ever, Harry.—Boston Transcript.

Her Dress.

[S. E. Kiser.]

The Rational Dress League of England offers a prize of \$5 for an acceptable design for rational dress for women. Shall it be a robe of virgin white?

Caught up in graceful vases, Such as the Roman ladies wore, Or such as Greece knew long before The Caesars made mud pies?

Or, spurning those old-fashioned styles, Shall modern woman dress In robes adorned with bulging puffs And eke embellished with such ruffs As tickled old Queen Bess?

Or shall it be the bloomer style, Or something on that plan,

With ne'er a dust-disturbing skirt, But made with coat and vest and shirt Like those devised for man?

Ah, let it be whatever it may, Why bother o'er the style? She's charming dressed in anyway, And never shall she cease to sway If she but wears her smile.

Uncle Eben.

[Washington Star.]

"Some important folks," said Uncle Eben, "is like the groun' hog. Dey manages to step in an' git de credit foh what were gwine to happen anyhow."

Human Life in South Carolina.

[Washington Star.]

Human life doesn't seem to be increasing in value in South Carolina. The morning dispatches tell of a dispute between two neighbors about a dog, whereupon one of them, with the ever-ready pistol at hand, settles the score with lead. A father and his son are dead, and a wife and mother escaped only because the murderer had exploded all of his cartridges. As an evidence of good faith toward her he

snapped the empty pistol in her face. This fierce citizen then "lit out," leaving behind the stirring message for the sheriff that he would not be taken alive. If he should prove to be mistaken about this and is taken alive and made to suffer the inconvenience of a trial, will forty of the best lawyers in the State volunteer to defend him? Has he done more than copy Lieut.-Gov. Tillman's method of settling a personal difficulty?

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bremo-Quinine Tablets. This on every box, 25c.

Pertshire men possess the largest and heaviest brains in Scotland, declares Prof. Ramsay.

PLEASEANT AS SYRUP; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age. Fifty university students are assisting with the extra work at Glasgow postoffice.

Vienna just now is suffering from a dust plague, the low temperature rendering it impossible to water the streets with safety.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE without regular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness and sick headache.

Medicine as a profession for women is constantly growing in popularity in London. Women now holding medical degrees in Great Britain number more than 500.

Curse OF DRINK

Cured by COLONIAL REMEDY

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, tea or coffee, without patient's knowledge.

Colonial Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "dipper," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using Colonial Remedy.

Indorsed by Members of W. O. T. U. Mrs. Moore, press superintendent of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, California, writes: "I have tested Colonial Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the Remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and indorse Colonial Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find an economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Druggists or by mail \$1. Trial package free by writing to Mrs. M. A. Cowan (for years a "dipper" of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union), 230 St. Catharine street, Montreal. Sold in London by W. T. Strong & Co.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. Sold in 1-4 lb tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

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