

The Advertiser

Founded by John Cameron in 1863.

THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

Daily, by mail, per year (8 to 12 pages) \$4 00
Daily, by mail, for three months, 1 00
All subscriptions payable in advance.

IN LONDON:

Morning Edition, 25 per annum; Evening Edition, 10c per week, delivered.

THE WESTERN ADVERTISER.

(OUR WEEKLY EDITION.)

By mail, per annum, \$1 00

JOHN CAMERON, President and Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES
Made known on application at office. Address all communications to
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God is in his heaven,
All's right with the world.
—BROWNING.

If you trust in God and yourself
you can surmount every obstacle. Do
not yield to restless anxiety. One
must not always be asking what may
happen to one in life, but one must
advance fearlessly and bravely.
—PRINCE BISMARCK.

London, Saturday, Jan. 13.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER, with its morning and evening editions, covers the ground. With one exception, it is the ONLY EARLY MORNING DAILY IN ONTARIO, outside of Toronto.

—Only those communications to which the writers are willing to have their names appended in print will be published in these columns.

LONDON AS AN INLAND REVENUE CENTER.

By the annual report of the Minister of Inland Revenue for the last fiscal year it is demonstrated that London continues to hold its own as a center for the collection of inland revenue duties. The following is a statement of the collections in the various divisions of Ontario:

Belleville.....	\$ 91,410
Brantford.....	61,338
Cornwall.....	12,450
Guelph.....	33,244
Hamilton.....	59,137
Kingston.....	114,125
London.....	413,773
Ottawa.....	232,507
Owen Sound.....	23,815
Perth.....	68,235
Peterboro.....	70,731
Port Arthur.....	10,833
Prescott.....	136,496
St. Catharines.....	55,554
Stratford.....	105,004
Toronto.....	1,176,342
Windsor.....	420,402
Suspense account.....	430

Total for Ontario.....	\$3,921,255
Quebec Province.....	3,115,870
Nova Scotia Province.....	363,517
New Brunswick Province.....	320,655
British Columbia Province.....	210,977
Prince Edward Island Province.....	46,082
Manitoba Province.....	413,313

Total for the Dominion.....\$8,458,123

It will be observed from the above statement that the duties collected in London during last year are greater than at any other point except Hamilton, Toronto and Windsor. In Hamilton the extra duties are collected from tobacco. Toronto duties are specially swelled by the receipts for spirits, malt and tobacco, while the large sum collected in the Windsor district is accounted for by the operations of the Walkerville distillery.

Of the duties in the Province of Quebec over two-thirds are collected at the port of Montreal, chiefly on spirits, tobacco and cigars, the first-named representing nearly a million dollars of the revenue accruing.

London is the headquarters of the cigar manufacturing industry for the Province of Ontario, \$128,922 of the \$386,632 duties collected in Ontario being contributed from this city. The only other city in the Dominion showing larger collections is Montreal, where \$300,820 was collected.

The duties collected in London were greater than those received from the entire Province of Nova Scotia and were also more than those contributed by the Provinces of New Brunswick and British Columbia. The collections at the port of London were made up as follows:

Balance due 1st July, 1892.....	\$1,512
Spirits.....	30,837
Beet liquor.....	350
Malt.....	80,484
Tobacco.....	98,245
Cigars.....	128,922
Petroleum inspection fees.....	12,330
Other receipts.....	419

In London there are fifteen cigar factories paying a license of \$1,125, and consuming in their operations last year 348,816 pounds of raw leaf. From this there were produced 21,435,740 cigars.

—The Toronto Empire has dropped into doggerel editorials! Dr. Ryerson has much to be responsible for. This all comes of his self-advertising mission.

THE PITH OF IT.

WITHOUT A DOUBT.

Get the women interested in elections and they will turn out to vote even more readily than the men.

TOO MANY TEACHERS.

(Goderich Signal.)

It is stated that twenty members of the model class of 1893 have thus far failed to obtain schools. The profession of teaching must be getting somewhat overdone, and the knights of the birch—and the ladies, too—will have to take to other callings.

ALWAYS AGAINST HIM.

(Dundas Banner.)

Some of those who are clamoring in the press for Sir Oliver Mowat to go ahead and pass a prohibitory liquor law, power or no power, would be the very first to vote against him when the ballots were distributed.

The Governor-General and His Wife.

A Romantic Story of Their Courtship—Their Career at Home and Abroad.

Lord Aberdeen as Engine Driver—Graphic Description of Experiences While Viceroy of Ireland—Lady Aberdeen and Her Interesting Children—The Governor-General and Evil-Doing in High Places.

More than usual interest is attached to the character sketch of Lord and Lady Aberdeen given by Mr. W. T. Stead, the distinguished English writer, in the last number of his Review of Reviews. Mr. Stead spent some time at Rideau Hall as the guest of the Governor-General and his wife, and he evidently writes from full and reliable information. He gives graphic and interesting glimpses of the ancestors of both the Earl and Countess, and then he deals with the character, personal characteristics and career of the distinguished statesman and his wife.

With the historical data, the ADVERTISER has already dealt. It is our present intention to reproduce some facts regarding their Excellencies not generally known. Few Canadians, for example, know that Lord Aberdeen is an expert locomotive engineer. Mr. Stead gives this reminiscence of one of his early experiences on the rail:

"Lord Aberdeen unites with the love of sport which is common to most landed aristocracy a passion which among peers is almost unique—from boyhood he has had a delight in locomotive engines; he is probably the only peer who could drive an engine from London to Edinburgh. Through the indulgence of a relative, when he was still a schoolboy he had permission to ride on the engine of a local railway and he never, if he could help it, rode anywhere else. He had no greater delight than to stand in front of the fire-box acting as fireman or starter and occasionally being permitted to drive the engine. He still remembers as one of the proudest days of his life how, when he had finished oiling the engine when at full speed, the old engine driver said to him: 'John, I think I must apply for a day's holiday and let you take charge.' From that time forward Lord Aberdeen has never lost touch with the locomotive engineers; no one is more popular with the railway servants in the old country, and nothing but the lack of acquaintance with the road and the signals stands in the way of his being able to take a Canadian Pacific express right across the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He is certainly the first Governor-General who was also an engine driver. Engine driving, in fact, may be considered as one of his favorite hobbies, and one of the things which he looked forward to in the new world was that of making a study of the engines of America, as complete as that which he has made of the locomotives of England and Scotland."

It was this boyish passion, indeed, that first introduced Lord Aberdeen to public life. When Lord de la Warr moved for a select committee into railway accidents, Lord Aberdeen, then a very young man, made his maiden speech in the House of Lords in support of the motion. Subsequently a royal commission was appointed to consider the subject, and Lord Aberdeen, though the youngest commissioner, was appointed chairman. The commission reported in favor of the block system, continuous brakes, continuous footboards, and of many other improvements which the railways have for the most part introduced of their own accord. As the commission was not unanimous Lord Beaconsfield shirked the duty of legislation. Mr. Stead suggests that the Governor-General is in a position to give valuable information to the railway men of America as to how best to avoid the annual slaughter of workmen on the rails.

The phenomenal success of Lord and Lady Aberdeen while the Governor-General was Viceroy of Ireland, is strikingly brought out in Mr. Stead's sketch. When the couple arrived in Dublin they had a cool reception; the populace kept away from the castle, as they had been in the habit of doing, and many feared that the lot of the new Viceroy would be no happier than that of his predecessors. But both he and the Countess well understood human nature. They had been accustomed to manage humanity, and they resolved to treat the Irish as they had treated their tenants—with kindness and consideration. An opportunity soon presented itself. In 1886 there was great distress in the West of Ireland, and a meeting was called by T. D. Sullivan, the poet, patriot and genial chief magistrate of Dublin, at the private request of Lord Aberdeen, who intimated that though "his Excellency could not attend as Lord-Lieutenant, he would be very glad to be present in his capacity as a citizen resident in Dublin." The Viceroy and Lady Aberdeen were importuned by the permanent Government officials not to go, as they would be hissed and received with hostility; but to all entreaties their Excellencies turned a deaf ear. "It was an inspiration," remarks Mr. Stead, "and they did well to act upon it." Here is Mr. Stead's description of their reception:

"The news had got abroad that the Castle was going to visit the Mansion House, and an immense crowd was gathered in the neighborhood to see the viceregal carriages. In Dublin the representative of her Majesty keeps up the tradition of royal state much more than in the more democratic colonies. On this occasion the Viceroy drove through the streets of Dublin to the chief magistrate of the city with the usual carriage and four, with postillions and outriders. It was a critical moment when the carriage drove up in front of the door of the Lord Mayor's official residence, and the Viceroy and his wife, in their capacity of citizens, descended to attend a meeting summoned to consider the distress in the West of Ireland. It seemed to those who were present as if the crowd quivered and hesitated, not knowing whether to hiss or to cheer, when suddenly one of the boys gave rein to the exuberance of his enthusiasm and broke out into a hearty cheer. Another second and all suspense was at an end. Amid a roar of cheers, the like of which had never been heard behind a Viceroy in recent years, Lord Aberdeen made his way

into the meeting hall. The climax of the proceedings was reached when Lord Aberdeen requested to be introduced to Michael Davitt. When the one-armed ex-Fenian convict grasped the hand of Lord Aberdeen there was a public pledge given and recognized of all men of the alliance of the Irish democracy and all that was best in the popular party in Britain.

"The Unionists," of course, were scandalized that a representative of the Queen should shake hands with a man who had done his term of penal servitude in Portland prison, but all men, irrespective of party, who knew the high character and stainless life of Michael Davitt rejoiced that such typical representatives of the two races should have publicly exchanged the right hand of fellowship before the eyes of the two nations. From that moment everything went well with them in Dublin. A strange and what appeared to most Irishmen an incredible thing took place. Dublin Castle, so long the symbol of an alien dominion, became the headquarters of the Nationalist movement. Lady Aberdeen, remembering her Irish descent from the O'Neills, threw herself heart and soul into developing the industries of Ireland."

"It was not," continues Mr. Stead, "until the day of leave-taking that the Aberdeens themselves or the public had any adequate conception of the degree of passionate personal enthusiasm and devoted loyalty which they had succeeded in six short months in creating in the capital of Ireland. The whole of Dublin city turned out to give the Viceroy and his wife a national Irish farewell."

"As they drove from the castle down to the station, through streets filled with cheering and weeping crowds, it was evident even to the most cynical observer that the popular heart had been touched to its depths. Everywhere in the streets banners were waving and flags flying, and, in the case of all for the first time in recent years, the Irish National Band played 'God Save the Queen.' It was a great moment and one which made the heart swell high with pride and gratitude that such an outburst of popular sympathy had been brought about by the simple tallman of helpful sympathy and profound respect. For the Aberdeens had learned to love the Irish people with a whole-hearted devotion which touched that emotional and appreciative people to the quick. They saw in Lady Aberdeen especially one who was more Irish than the Irish themselves, and the enthusiasm and loyalty which her presence elicited did more to reveal possibilities for the pacification of Ireland than all the administrations of all the politicians."

Mr. Stead gives a charming account of the early life of Lady Aberdeen in her romantic home in the Highlands of Scotland. She is the daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, since created Lord Tweedmouth, of a staunch old Whig border family, and who himself represented "the good town of Berwick-on-Tweed" as a Liberal, but little Isabel's home was at Guisachan, Inverness-shire. This country seat is nestled at the head of a lovely mountain strath, 23 miles from a railway station or telegraph office. How she came to marry Lord Aberdeen is thus told by Mr. Stead:

"The Scottish girl, with her Gaelic name, nursed on tradition, on romance, and surrounded from infancy with the sound of the stirring melodies of her native hills, was only 11 when she first saw her present husband. It chanced upon a day that a young man of 21, who had been riding across the country, lost his way and came over the hills with a footsore pony to the entrance bridge of Guisachan. He was little more than a boy. Slight of frame, although of ordinary stature, with a frank, fearless look in his eye, as he, after many apologies for trespassing, craved permission to put his pony up for the night at a lodge so that he might the next day continue his journey. Sir Dudley Marjoribanks, on inquiring for the identity of the strange wayfarer, found that he was named John Campbell Gordon, the son of an old Parliamentary friend, the Earl of Aberdeen. He at once gave a Highland welcome to the belated traveler. Isabel, then a girl of 11, saw the visitor and soon after she fell in love with him, not that she was drawn to this ever-wavering in the whole-hearted devotion which exists between her and the man who afterwards became her husband."

"The acquaintance thus auspiciously begun was continued in a friendship which was consummated and placed upon a more permanent foundation when in the year 1877 Isabel Marjoribanks became Isabel Aberdeen."

We are all conversant with the fact that the married life of Lord and Lady Aberdeen has been most harmonious and useful. They have countenanced every effort for the betterment of humanity and have made hosts of friends in both the old and new world. Both are firm believers in woman's suffrage and Lady Aberdeen is president of the Women's Liberal Federation of Great Britain, an organization of 80,000. They have a happy family of three boys and one girl. Lady Marjorie, who is only 13 years old, is the youngest editor in the world. Her half-penny "Wee Willie Winkie" is an almost ideal specimen of what a child's paper should be.

or Liberals, who are confidently looking forward to gaining a majority at the coming general election. It is not likely that the majority which will change the reins of power from Sir John Thompson to those of Mr. Laurier will be large, unless, of course, the tariff proposals of Mr. Wilson should lead to a great accession of strength to the advocates of a reformed tariff in the Dominion. It is by no means impossible that if the tariff bill is carried the advocates of reciprocity between Canada and the United States may be able to establish themselves in power at Ottawa, with instructions from the electors to minimize the curse of a custom house which impedes the free interchange of commodities between the United States and Canada. If such a contingency should arrive it is obvious that there would be plenty of work for the Governor-General to do, and it is satisfactory to know that Lord Aberdeen is certain to use all his influence in the direction of maintaining good relations between the empire and the republic.

Rascals in high places will find no friend in Lord Aberdeen. Mr. Stead's recent visit to Ottawa enables him to thus talk out:

"When I was going through Ottawa jail Mr. McGreevy, a well-known director and member of Parliament, who had for years past been the friend and ally of the leading ministers of the Dominion, was sent to jail for a year on the charge of corruption in the matter of contracts which had got mixed up with election funds. The gangrene of corruption, which undoubtedly prevails to some extent among politicians in Canada, is one of those frauds against the commonwealth which call for the unceasing vigilance of the Governor-General. In what way it may be possible for Lord Aberdeen to take action in the matter it is impossible to say. Two things, however, are certain: First, that he will loyally abide within the limits of the constitution, but not less certainly, if an opportunity arises by which he can within these limits strike a blow at the melody which infects the commonwealth, no personal considerations will for a moment stand in the way of any action, which will be all the more resolute because it will be heralded by no flourish of trumpets or preliminary parade."

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THINK OF IT.

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