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JOHN CAMERON, President and
Managing Editor.

London, Tuesday, April 20, 1897.

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.
— Browning.

Canadian Citizen Soldiers for the
Imperial Procession.

There is a big kick in certain Canadian Conservative newspapers because Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, representing the British Government, cabled to the Dominion Administration that the number of troops to be sent from Canada to take part in the Queen's diamond jubilee celebration must be limited to 250.

While taking due cognizance of the spirit of attachment to British institutions which has prompted many volunteers to wish to participate in the great event of June 22, when the Premier of Canada will be honored with a distinguished place by the side of her Majesty in the observation of the most remarkable regal achievement of the age, we do not see that anyone has a legitimate cause for grievance.

It is just possible that if the Imperial Government had not requested the Dominion authorities to send a representation of their local defensive forces as a guard of honor to the Prime Minister, none of those now protesting because of the action of Hon. Mr. Chamberlain would have thought of the project. Hon. Mr. Laurier, we feel assured, would not have asked for such a display, for he is a statesman of quiet tastes, and not given to ostentatious display for his personal gratification.

When, however, the British authorities asked that a small force of Canadian citizen soldiery should be sent over, the Government at Ottawa at once assented. They saw an excellent chance to advertise the manhood of the Dominion by this agency, thereby directing attention to Canada's physical resources in a manner that may never again be presented.

It was understood that the guard-at first stipulated to be 100 officers and men, or under—would be the guests of her Majesty's Imperial Government. Then there arose that wave of enthusiasm for the project which moved many officers and men to undertake to participate in the celebration, even if they had to go at their own expense. A small army of from 500 to 800 men loomed up as a possibility, and the Colonial Secretary was asked to permit the visiting force to be extended.

But the Imperial authorities had their arrangements made, and they declined to extend an invitation to more than 200 Canadian troops, or twice as large as the escort of the Premier of any other British possession. What this means is that while fewer men will be sent, a really model battalion will be got together. It will be large enough to show of what stuff our defensive forces are made. As the Imperial authorities have cheerfully extended the limit much above their original intention, it cannot be said that they are not making generous provision for the proper recognition of Canada. Two hundred picked men will represent the Dominion just as effectively as six hundred less carefully selected; but we do not envy the officers called upon to make the selection, so plentiful is the material at their hand.

Rev. E. H. Byington, assistant of Rev. B. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, who is the son of a missionary, and resided himself for some years in Constantinople, thinks that the solution of the time-worn eastern problem is a long way off. "Christian countries," he remarked recently to a Tribune reporter, "know little of the fanaticism existing among the Moslems, and of how great a factor it is in war. Where fanaticism has appeared in Christianity, it has been a parasitic growth, but it is the flower and first-fruits of Mohammedanism. The Turks are fanatics, and therefore, fighters. Give them equal equipments, training and opportunity, and I believe that a thousand Turks will conquer a thousand Christians every

time. The Turk fights like a maniac. It is neither moral nor physical courage that actuates him. It is madness. He knows neither mercy nor fear. It is this element of fanaticism which makes the Turkish question so difficult." This characterization of Moslem fanaticism is hardly stronger than the facts warrant, although it should be borne in mind that a considerable minority of the younger Turks who have come more or less in contact with European ideas are only nominally Moslems, and attend mosque simply from motives of policy. Moreover, military conditions are now so improved, through the introduction of improved weapons, that in the event of war with any first-rate power the element of fanaticism in individual soldiers would not be found to be of quite so much account, while in all campaigns intelligence and discipline are likely to prove important factors of success. The average illiterate Moslem of the interior is not so absolutely incorrigible in his fanaticism as the Arab of the Sudan, who, if wounded, will, with his little remaining strength, try to stab the English soldier who brings him water to cool his dying thirst. Still, the Asiatic Turk would prove a very ugly customer to deal with if met in a personal combat.

Disraeli once wrote to a friend: "These wretched colonies are a millstone around our necks." The latter-day statesman takes a directly contrary view. He believes that the ever-growing outlying portions of the empire are the hope of Anglo-Saxondom, and his faith is well founded.

The British House of Commons is the largest legislative body in the world. Its members number 670. The French Chamber comes next with 584.

The Capital
Day by Day.

As Seen From the Press Gallery
and Corridors.

[Special Editorial Correspondence of
The Advertiser.]
Press Gallery, Ottawa,
April 20, 1897.

Looking over the old Parliamentary records, I find that in 1877, when the Queen ascended the throne, the population of London was over 1,000,000. According to the certified return of Mr. John B. Askin, clerk of the peace, what changes have taken place since then!

The Agricultural Department is highly satisfied with developments in the Canadian export butter trade. Hon. Thos. Balguy and other leading shippers report that they have recently sold butter from the Dominion at one shilling per cwt. more than butter from Australia and New Zealand was sold for, or within two shillings of the price of the finest Danish. Canadian butter of first-class quality is equal to the Danish brand, but the Danes have controlled the British market for so long a period that old world merchants are prejudiced in favor of their product. Our dairymen have but to persist in making and marketing first-class butter, and they will soon place it in the front rank. It is within the memory of many of the present generation when Canadian cheese had next to no sale in the British markets, and there was strong antipathy to its consumption, because it was too frequently sent abroad in poor condition. Our dairymen lived down all opposition, and now their product holds first place in British imports. We can vastly increase the quantity of our butter exports and enhance their value relatively by pursuing a similar policy to that which we have adopted with cheese. And the new cold storage system which will enable dairymen to send abroad their butter in good shape within a few days after it is made, will greatly aid in the laudable enterprise.

Mr. Moore, M. P. for Stanstead, who made the violent attack on the petroleum industry of Western Ontario the other evening, is a Conservative. He only took Mr. Lister, M. P. for West Lambton, a couple of minutes to show that the assailant of the oil industry, who moved a resolution in favor of reducing the duty on refined oil to 3 cents a gallon, was altogether wrong in his premises, and the rejoinder silenced further debate on the point. The last attack on the oil industry, by the way, was led by Mr. Cleveland, an Eastern Townships Conservative M. P.

Western M. P.s encourage the going to the gold mines of men of push and capital, but they tell me that there are now more workers, without money in their pockets, than can find employment, even at small wages. This statement is borne out by a correspondent in Rossland, who gives this by no means very flattering picture of the new mining center: "Rossland is a most irregularly-built place, houses and shanties being set down in all directions, without any idea of streets. It is a pity that some little attention was not paid to laying out the town. Possibly there will be an improvement when the new aldermen go into office.

I think the Rosslanders are quite alive to the danger from fire to which they are exposed. 'Woe betide the town when a good fire takes hold! No wonder insurance offices want none of the business. Real estate is very high, and rents are extravagant. Speculators in lands are making a fine harvest. The streets are swarming with men standing about doing nothing, and many of them dead-broke. It certainly is the wrong place for any man without money to come to.'"

An attempt has been made by certain Conservative M. P.s to work up opposition to the new election law, by urging that they want longer time to consider it. This is unreasonable. The principle of the bill was contended for by the Liberals in 1885, when the inexpensive system which it is proposed to re-establish was given up for the cumbersome, unfair, and expensive system it is now proposed to abolish. The new law was made a plank in the Liberal platform at the last general election. It was endorsed by every Liberal candidate, and the mandate was obeyed by the Government when, three days after the assembly of Parliament, the Solicitor-General placed the new law before the representatives of the people.

How different the line of action pursued by the leaders of the present Opposition, when the Dominion Franchise Bill was forced through Parliament in 1885! Parliament met that year on Jan. 29, yet not till the 16th of April, or 78 days after the opening of the session, was the revolutionary measure brought in. The delay was not caused by overwork. For four weeks in the memorable year, members of the House of Commons met, listened to the Speaker saying prayers, went through a few forms, and then returned to their lodgings!

But it may be said that the Dominion Franchise Act was passed because the public of Canada loudly clamored for it, even at the heel of a long parliamentary session. The contrary was the case. No one asked for or desired the change. This was made evident while the debate was in progress. For example, Mr. M. C. Cameron, member for West Huron, thus challenged the sponsors for the iniquitous measure:

"Let me ask the first Minister, who complained to him of the want of unanimity? What province complained to him? What leading politician complained to him? What public newspaper? What organ of the Government has for the last eighteen years, during thirteen of which the honorable gentleman has been in power, asked the honorable gentleman to introduce this bill into Parliament? To force it through Parliament contrary to the expressed desire and the will of the provinces and many leading statesmen in all the provinces? (Applause.) I thus challenge the honorable gentleman on that subject, and he is silent. He knows that nobody has complained."

The bill went through. It served its purpose. It has not been operated in the public interest. It was not so intended. It has been costly and unfair to honest men of both political parties. It has put a premium on fraud and perjury. It must go.

An Everyday Christ.

Mary's Mistake Made on the
Glorious Resurrection
Morning.

Lessons Drawn From the Saviour's
Appearance in the Garb of a
Gardener—Rev. Dr. Talmage's
Easter Sermon.

Washington, April 18.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage will set its readers to thinking on new lines, and will make this season of Easter more inspiring than ever. The text is, John xx, 15: "She, supposing him to be the gardener."

Here are Mary Magdalen and Christ, just after his resurrection. For 4,000 years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his ghastly palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For 4,000 centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chairs at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeletons of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about 1,807 years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful palace, rolled back the door and went in, and, seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement, and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof the ruins of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the days very dismal—he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace, and rocked them until they came to fall, and then, laying hold of the ponderous front gate, hoisted it from its hinges, and marched forth, crying: "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn.

Handelian and Beethovenian miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place ablaze. There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in gardener's attire, Mary Magdalen, grief-stricken, stands by the stilled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, groping she can find the track of the sacrificial resurrectionist who has been drinking from the grave, and she finds someone in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or set to reclaiming the fallen vine—someone in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation. Mary Magdalen, on her face the rain

of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when, for the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word, which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary." In that peculiarity of accentuation all the foghorn fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia, who was talking with him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations, the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazed like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen! She supposed him to be the gardener. "What does that mean? It means that we have an everyday Christ for everyday work-dress, managing our merchandise, shifting our anvil, playing our cards, tending the hybrid shillies, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or, toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working-day Christ, in working-day apparel, for us in our everyday life. Tell it to the highest strain of this Easter anthem, 'Supposing him to be the gardener.' If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold, and with robe bediamonded, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for the affluent. But Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply special sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth on his head, and turned soil upon his garments, then I spell it out that he has hearty and happy sympathy for the everyday work, and everyday anxiety and everyday fatigue.

It is a comfort all through these aches. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the corridor of the mountain to the poor miner, and tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the Western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, and tell it to their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven. Tell it to the man who has just dropped on the bare ground from the peaked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive bleeding girl. Away with your talk about hypocritical union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along the gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it, and feel the thrill of the Christ's brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Caesar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but 'supposing him to be the gardener.' Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgewood, tolling amid the heat and dust of the pottery, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scuffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power, which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, tolling amid the quarries of Ontario, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, that we want a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the barbershop, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, that we want to see Christ at last in royal robe, and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalen saw him, at daybreak, 'supposing him to be a gardener.'

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Why, it means for worst sinners the chalice at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeletons of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about 1,807 years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful palace, rolled back the door and went in, and, seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement, and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph. Then the mighty stranger, exploring the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof the ruins of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the days very dismal—he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace, and rocked them until they came to fall, and then, laying hold of the ponderous front gate, hoisted it from its hinges, and marched forth, crying: "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn.

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on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side, to applaud the achievement. And, however long the train of our immortal interests may be, we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all the ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-devil Mary that Christ made his first post-mortem appearance. Another thing the world and the church have not observed; that is, Christ's pathetic credentials. How do you know that was a gardener? His garments said he was a gardener. The flakes of the upturned earth scattered upon his garments said he was a gardener. How do you know he was not a gardener? Ah! Before Easter had gone by, he gave to some of his disciples his three credentials. He showed them his hands and his side. Three paragraphs written in right or depressed letters. A scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar amid the ribs—scars, scars. That is the way they know him. That is the way you and I will know him.

Any, any I saying this morning too much when I say that will be one of the ways in which you and I will know each other by the scars of earth; in our everyday life. Tell it to the highest strain of this Easter anthem, 'Supposing him to be the gardener.' If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold, and with robe bediamonded, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for the affluent. But Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply special sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth on his head, and turned soil upon his garments, then I spell it out that he has hearty and happy sympathy for the everyday work, and everyday anxiety and everyday fatigue.

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Standing this morning around the shattered many of our Lord's tomb, and Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember he was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion, and coming up without one. What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Ah! all the sideaches and the headaches, and the backaches, and the leg-aches, and the heartaches we will leave where Christ left his. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what exertions we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added, we shall set up our residence in that city, which, though vaster than all the cities of the world, shall never have one obsequy!

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Ladies'
Spring
Wraps...

In our Mantle Department will be found the correct styles, materials, and above all the correct prices. When you want something just slightly different from what we have made up we follow your own ideas and make the desired difference in construction. This applies to

Capes, Jackets, Skirts,
Costumes for Street Wear,
Bicycle Costumes,
Dressy Silk and
Lace Wraps, etc., etc.

Cloth Capes from 75c up.	Silk Velvet Cape, lined with fine farmers' satin, handsomely trimmed with jet, feather ruching at neck, satin ribbon—	\$10.00
Tweed Capes in very pretty styles and patterns; some satin lined, others unlined; velvet trimmed and otherwise, from \$2 up.		
Fawn Linen Skirts, very full width, striped, plain or figured; a pretty and useful summer skirt to wear with a blouse waist or blazer—	Fichu; made of heavy corded silk, trimmed with deep lace, jet and satin ribbon; velvet-edged lace ruching round neck—OUR EXCLUSIVE DESIGN—	\$4.50
Velvet Cape; lined with fine farmers' satin, trimmed with jet, lace and satin ribbon; velvet-edged net ruching round neck—	Heavy Ottoman Silk Cape; lined with fine farmers' satin, trimmed with jet and lace, ruching at neck of lace and satin ribbon; very dressy—	\$6.75
Cambric Suits, in black and white, navy and white and light blue and white; wide skirts, blouse waist—	An entirely new design in capes, is made up in fawn tweed, finished with straps and buttons, tailor made, lined throughout with cream satin and trimmed with golden brown ribbon. We can make in any shade to suit your costume—	\$6.75
Brown Holland Suits, box plait down front of blouse waist, edged with white—		\$2.75

Terms Cash.

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