

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited.) LONDON, ONTARIO.

London Friday, May 9.

Mr. Whitney in New Ontario.

Mr. Whitney finds in New Ontario that his political chickens have come home to roost. At every stage in his journey he is confronted with some utterance of his own or some action of his party which completely stultifies him. All his boasted courage coaxes through his finger-tips. There never was a greater exhibition of cowardice and disingenuousness than he gave at North Bay on the opening night of his tour. The Opposition in the Legislature tried to block the construction of the Government railway from North Bay to Temiskaming in order to shore up their candidate in the city of Ottawa, where the Conservatives are denouncing the Government for not making Mattawa the southern terminus of the route at an enormous greater expense to the Province. Naturally the people of North Bay wish to see the railway built as soon as possible as direct communication with the Temiskaming district will be a big thing for the town. Mr. Whitney, who, as the leader of the Opposition, was more responsible than any other man for the attempt to delay the construction of the road, had the audacity at North Bay to denounce the Government for "dilly-dallying with such a grand proposition." Yet this "grand proposition" is one he attempted to sacrifice for some petty party advantage. His first lieutenant, Mr. Foy, declared that "Toronto was at the back of North Bay in desiring the road." Toronto certainly desires the road, but Toronto's members in the Legislature stand convicted of voting against Toronto's interests in order to lend themselves to a small game of parish politics.

Having turned this somersault at North Bay, Mr. Whitney passed on to Sudbury, the center of the nickel and copper mining industry. Here he executed another double shuffle. He was accompanied by one of his lieutenants, Mr. Carscallen, who is running in Hamilton as the champion of an export duty on nickel and copper ores. Such a duty would be ruinous to the Sudbury district, and Mr. Carscallen dared not declare his views on the mining question in the center of Ontario's mining industry. What a brave position! Mr. Whitney and Mr. Carscallen had to enter into a conspiracy of silence on the subject of an export duty. Mr. Whitney, however, was equal to the emergency, and advocated a bonus for nickel and copper refining as a bait to the Sudbury electorate.

At Thessalon Mr. Whitney professed a great deal of sympathy for the settlers. But Mr. Whitney advocates the selling of spruce tracts by auction, which would deprive the settler of the pulpwood on his land. "Leave Enough Wood for the Settlers to Warm Themselves" was one of the mottoes adorning the hall in which he spoke. That motto was really a drive at Whitney. In the speeches of himself and colleagues there was a covert attack on the Government for prohibiting the export of pulpwood logs; yet this legislation which was designed to compel the manufacture of the pulpwood in this country and give employment to Canadian labor was one of the few Government measures which the Opposition did not oppose in the Legislature.

The climax of political duplicity will be reached at Sault Ste. Marie. Today Mr. Whitney and party will be taken over the completed portion of the Algoma Central Railway, the land grant in aid of which he pronounced "the most heinous public crime ever committed on the continent of North America." Unless the words are thrown in his teeth by some one, this politician who says he is "bold enough to be honest and honest enough to be bold," will not breathe a whisper on the subject.

Lord Salisbury's Warning.

In his Albert Hall speech on Wednesday Lord Salisbury sounded a warning which was tantamount to a reproof for a certain element in the colonies. There were many men of great intellect and authority, he said, who thought the moment had come for some legislative action on the part of the United Kingdom, which should federate the colonies. He exhorted them carefully to consider the matter. Britain had no power by legislation to affect the flow of opinions and affection which had arisen so largely between the mother country and the daughter states. If they were patient and careful, there was a tremendous destiny before the Empire; if they hastened there might be the reverse of such destiny, the breaking apart of those forces which were necessary to construct the majestic fabric of the future empire.

This is very significant language, coming from the foremost public man in the Empire, and the head of a government which is relied upon to give the direction to Imperial sentiment. In this country a propaganda is being carried on for some scheme of binding Great Britain and the colonies together by new legislative ties. The promoters of the movement take an alarmist attitude, as if some crisis had overtaken

us, while as a matter of fact the relations of the component parts of the Empire were never so cordial and so effective as now. Canadians are perfectly satisfied with present conditions, and they believe their own endeavor to build up this country is one of the forces "necessary to construct the majestic fabric of the future empire." In applying his cool compass to the fevered brow of some so-called Imperialists, Lord Salisbury has done the Empire a service.

Canadian Butter Makes a Record.

Dowdall Brothers, of Manchester, have issued their annual butter review for 1902. The imports of butter into the United Kingdom last year showed the large increase of 16,314 tons, the total value being £19,297,005. The review adds: "Out of this large import foreign countries send us 84 per cent, our colonies supply only about 16 per cent. Australasia sends us to the value of about two millions sterling, and Canada about one million. The total figures do not include butter to the estimated value of eight millions sterling that Ireland sends to Great Britain every year. The field therefore, is ample in which our colonies may compete."

The Imports from each country for the past two years were as follows:

	1900.	1901.
Denmark	£8,029,325	£8,950,497
Russia	980,770	1,655,352
France	1,785,504	1,704,128
Holland	1,414,441	1,511,534
Canada	840,730	1,005,892
Sweden	1,013,775	938,889
Victoria	1,236,438	821,505
U. S. of America	247,724	689,164
New Zealand	304,415	293,917
New S. Wales	394,415	293,917
Germany	190,820	150,206
Queensland	7,830	239
Other countries	654,479	653,387

It will thus be seen that Canada increased her exports to a relatively greater degree than any of her rivals. Denmark's supremacy is attributed to the fact that butter-making has become its leading branch of agricultural industry, being fostered in every way by a paternal government. Its merchants have also shown great enterprise in intercepting large quantities of Finnish, Russian and Siberian butters for selection and re-export. The United States is in the position of being able to consume its production of the best butter at home and exports only the surplus of medium and lower grades.

While Canada is making such gratifying headway still Canadian butter does not command by any means the highest prices. Last year Danish butter led with an average price of 112 shillings 9 pence per cwt, Germany, France, Sweden, Holland, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the United States and Russia following in the order named. The average price of Canadian butter was 93 shillings 6 pence. The lesson is that Canadian butter-makers should improve the quality of their product for export.

Mr. Whitney's company of political acrobats is touring the Northern circuit. One night stands only.

The Strathroy Age says that from all appearances the campaign in West Middlesex will be the tamest that has taken place since confederation. The Premier will have a walk-over.

The Hamilton Spectator complains that one of the Liberal candidates there lacks "the solemn bearing of the statesman." How he must suffer by comparison with Henry Carscallen, ex-M.P.P.

"Billy Smyth" is a name to conjure with anywhere—Toronto Mail and Empire.

This refers to Billy Smyth, the Conservative candidate in Algoma. However, Billy Smyth, of South Ontario, is still a power in the party.

Lord Salisbury seems to be himself again. His latest speech in his old-time literary form. "We have suffered, but we have greatly won" is a fine contribution to the stock of phrases produced by the war.

The Free Press this morning denounces the prohibition of the export of pulpwood from Ontario. Yesterday the Free Press complained of the disposition "to give away our raw material to our neighbors to the south," and especially cited pulpwood.

The Free Press always does a good deal of soap-chewing before elections. On this occasion it has begun to froth a little earlier than usual, perhaps with the idea of making up the time lost in coaxing somebody to run against Col. Leys. It prints a crazy yarn to the effect that the Liberals are going to buy up the Conservative voters of London and Middlesex, and then frighten them away from the polls. All this is of course highly complimentary to the Conservative voters. We have a much better opinion of them than the Free Press.

Would Discount It.

[Exchange.] "Say, mamma, how much am I worth?" "You are worth a million dollars to me, my son."

"Say, mamma, couldn't you advance me twenty-five cents?"

Past.

[Philadelphia Record.] "Does a marriage ceremony make you nervous?" asked the Philadelphia woman.

"It used to," replied the woman from Chicago.

Ontario's Good Example.

[Toronto Telegram, Conservative.] It would be well for Toronto if its administrators had guarded the public resources as carefully and spent the

DAILY PICTURE PUZZLE.



"I HEAR A DOG BARKING." WHERE IS HE?

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE—With the left-hand side of the picture as base, Uncle William may be found in the lower center, formed in the wall.

public money as frugally as the resources of Ontario have been guarded and the money of Ontario has been spent.

The Washerwoman's Song.

[Eugene F. Ware.] In a very humble cot, In a rather quiet spot, In the suds and in the soap, Worked a woman full of hope; Working, singing, all alone, In a sort of undertone, "With a Saviour for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along, I had heard the semi-song, And I often used to smile, More in sympathy than glee; But I never said a word In regard to what I heard, As she sang about her friend Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee Working all day long was she, As her children, three or four, Played around her on the floor; But in monotonous song She was humming all day long, "With the Saviour for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing, For I scarce believe a thing Of the stories that are told Of the miracles of old; But I know that her belief Is the anodyne of grief, And will always be a friend That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she, Just as poor as poor could be; But her spirits always rose, Like the bubbles in the clothes, And though widowed and alone, Cheered her with the monotone, "O Saviour, keep me to the end, Who would keep her to the end."

I have seen her rub and scrub, On the washboard in the tub, While the baby sopped in suds, Rolled and tumbled in the duds; Or was paddling in the pools, With old scissors stuck in spoils. She still humming her friend, Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds Have their root in human needs, And I would not wish to strip From the washerwoman's lip Any song that she can sing, Any hope that song can bring; For the woman has a friend Who will keep her to the end.

Playtonic.

[Tit-Bits.] Elsie—Melville says he thinks platonic friendship is the thing, and that he will never marry. Maud—I used to know a fellow who said that, too. Elsie—Where is he now? Maud—Upstairs playing with baby.

Rather Suspicious.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.] "This milk seems a little thin, doesn't it, dear?" "Yes, I'm afraid that milkman of ours is a wretched fellow."

"Of what do you suspect him, my dear?" "It looks very much as if he had been trying the Filipino water cure on the cow."

The Dutch Queen.

[Maarten Maartens, in London Daily News.] God!—For Thou art, Thou art, O God! Beyond the mist, beyond the God! Of fate's unmovable immensity. From deeps that terror leaves untrod, Our broken thoughts unite in Thee!

O God of hope beyond all hope! God of a trust surpassing prayer! God of all sorrows but despair. Thy tranquil mercy bounds the scope—Great King!—Of all we dread or dare.

And in a world grown sudden still About Thy holiest altar-place Our hearts go forth to meet Thy will, Whose good is good in good or ill, We rise and look Thee in the face.

Men and Millinery.

[Detroit Free Press.] Theodosia—How do you like my new hat? Theodore—H'm; I guess it's as crazy looking as any of them, my dear.

Tanglefoot Trusts.

[Chicago Tribune.] A war between two rival whisky trusts would indeed stagger humanity.

Her Name.

[Philadelphia Press.] "Was Catharine Mary once, we guess, Though now 'tis Kathryn Mae. Still this is no one's business, If she likes it that way."

The Three Stages of Women.

[London King.] "Well, aunt, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young Scotch lady the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony. "Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thoughts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the longest. First, I was, 'I was a young lassie yourself,' I thought 'What'll I tak'?' Then as the time began to wear by, I thought 'What'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken, I thought 'What'll I get?' Saunders, M'Druid's cart, my

thochts syne have bin 'Wha'll ask me?'

O Woman!

[Thomas M. Bryan.] O woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please! But seen too oft, familiar with thy face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace!

A Few Points.

[Philadelphia Record.] Lots of men are no richer for the gift of gab.

The people who look for trouble are the ones who find fault. It takes a wide-awake author to write a treatise on insomnia. If love is blind, how can there be such a thing as love at first sight?

Time may be money, but you've got to spend the one to make the other. The fellow who travels to broaden his mind should simply spread himself.

A woman often returns to man's love only when she has no further use for it. Consistency may be a jewel, but it has no value in the eyes of a pawnbroker. When you are inclined to sneer at the weather ruler it is well to remember the case of Noah.

Daddy's Sentinel.

[Good Words.] When daddy went away to fight And drilled and march each day, He held me in his arms so tight, And told me not to cry— "My gallant little sentinel!" He whispered, "you must be, And you must guard dear mother well For daddy's o'er the sea."

And so I take my sword and gun And drill and march each day, Until the fighting all is done, And sentinels can play, And when dear mother's face looks sad I tell her not to fear— "Thou daddy's sentinel!" I know she's glad His little sentry's here!

And when I kneel to say my prayer To God so good and kind—"Please keep our soldier safe and care For those he left behind!" I somehow think he hears and knows While far across the foam, Dear daddy fights his country's foes, His boy's "on guard" at home!

The Rest is Silence.

[Hamilton Herald.] Rear-Admiral Sampson's death should set at rest the Sampson-Schley controversy.

Britannia and the Sea.

[Chicago Record-Herald.] [W. J. Lampton, in New York Sun.] Britannia rules the waves, of course; She's been so long about it That it has come to pass at last Nobody cares to doubt it.

But if, to prove her ownership, Britannia tried to do it, She'd find that J. P. Morgan had A heavy mortgage on it.

A Voice of Protest.

[Washington Star.] "Dis water cure is somethin' dat's got to be stopped!" explained Meandering Mike. "It's too cool an' unusual to be stood."

"Do you know what it is?" asked Plodding Pete. "Course, I've been froo it. I hadn't been in jail fifteen minutes before dey made me take a bath."

How to Be Clear.

[Exchange.] Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed, An' brush the broom in ev'ry part; But brush the cobwebs from yer head, An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun' Bring forth the broom an' the broom, But rake yer foggy notions down, An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

The Last Link Gone.

[London Globe.] Although the story that her eldest sister danced with Wellington at the famous ball on the eve of Waterloo is apocryphal, it is certainly true that Lady Sophia Cecil, whose death was announced on Saturday, was present, with other members of her family, at the famous dance given by her mother, the Duchess of Richmond, in June, 1815. Lady Sophia, who has passed away in her 83rd year, and her sister

LOST HIS BUSINESS!

ill-health "puts the shutters up" in many an honest man's business, and there are thousands of cases on record where the only seeming power on earth to take them down again is South American Nervine.

"I was completely prostrated with Nervous Debility. I had to give up business—doctors only helped me temporarily. I was the most discouraged man alive when I started taking South American Nervine, but the splendid cures I had read gave me hope, and I had not taken half a bottle before I found relief. I took twelve bottles, but am cured."—E. Errett, Merrickville, a For sale by C. McCallum & Co.

Friday Bargains and Salvage Sale.

A great combination for Friday and Saturday's selling, together with our Special Grocery list and the balance of our Salvage Silks, Dress Goods, Ladies' Wrappers and Children's Jackets. We have some unheard of bargains such as a Pure Linen Towel for 5c, 2 yards wide; Sheetting at 12 1-2c; and Ribbons at 1c, 3c, 5c, 10c and 50c; Jap. Wash Silks for 25c. Be here at 8 a.m.

Ladies' Hose, 9c.

15c Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, seamless feet, fast dye; regular 15c, Friday and Saturday, per pair 9c

50c, Jap Silks, 25c.

50c yards Japanese Wash Silk, new, light corded stripes, all silk; regular 50c, Friday and Saturday for 25c

Ladies' Suits.

3 only, black, blue and brown, new goods, regular \$18 50, for Friday and Saturday \$12 25

\$1.50 Ladies' Hat, 69c.

One table Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats, were \$1 00 and \$1 50, to clear Friday and Saturday 69c

Carpets.

Brussels Carpet, our \$1 00 goods, large range of patterns, borders to match; per yard 79c

Lace Curtains, 53c.

Fine Lace Curtains, 2 yards long, pretty designs, good quality, regular 75c, Friday and Saturday, pair 53c

Sheeting, 12 1/2c.

15c Sheetting—Unbleached Sheetting, 2 yards wide, good weight, regular 15c goods, on sale Friday and Saturday, per yard 12 1/2c

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Linen Towels, 5c.

50 dozen All-Linen Towels, red border and fringed; regular 8c and 10c towels, on sale Friday and Saturday, each, only 5c

36-inch Percale, 8c.

200 yards 36-inch Percales, light and dark colored stripes, regular 15c, to clear, per yard 8c

Ladies White Skirts, 55c.

White Underskirts, trimmed with tucks and embroidery, regular 75c, Friday and Saturday to clear 55c

Summer Corsets, 25c.

Ladies' Summer Corsets, white net; regular 35c, special, per pair 25c

25c Hair Brushes, 15c.

Hair Brushes, polished wood back, good bristle; regular 25c, special Friday and Saturday, each 15c

Tan Leather Belts, Each 5c.

Balance of SALVAGE STOCK To Clear Out Friday and Saturday.

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