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THE MILITIA CAMP.

The people of London would like to see more of the camp militiamen. An odd battalion, or squadron, sometimes makes its appearance on the city streets, but for some years there has been no route march of the entire brigade.

In militia headquarters there is some doubt of the feasibility of the scheme for the annual training of all the militia of Ontario and Quebec in one camp at some training ground in the Ottawa Valley, where a great body of men could be handled.

BRITISH CONSULS WILL AID CANADA.

A stroke of enterprise by the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce has been the enlistment of the services of the British consuls in the United States in the interests of Canadian commerce. The facts are set forth in a special report issued by the Dominion department.

"I beg to remind you that soon after my arrival at this post I wrote you offering the services of the staff of the consulate at Chicago, with its vice-consuls at six large cities in other states, in any way that might be useful to you, as I have always considered myself as representing the whole Empire, and at the service of any and every British subject from wherever he might come."

"I should like all portions of the Empire to supply the consulates with the fullest information as to the resources, manufactures, openings for capital, etc., so as to make them a place where information can be obtained immediately. Also I consider that all representatives of the departments of governments in the different parts of the Empire, on visiting a town, should make the consulate their headquarters, and if resident in the town should have their office with the consulate. In fact, what I want to see done is the consular service to be on a proper footing, so that it may be the center of representation in reality as well as in name, by everybody concerned, as well as of our Government work, and thus be of real service to everybody."

"I know of no valid reasons why Canadians should not avail themselves of the service of British consular offices and commercial agents, although in practice they do less than residents in the British Isles. The services of this consular-general are and always have been at their disposal, and the same is true of the commercial agency formerly at Chicago, but since April, 1905, attached to this consulate-general."

"I have little doubt that if assistance could be given to Canadians to extend their market in this country if they would state their requirements." Gilbert Fraser, consul at Baltimore, says: "I would be glad to assist Canadian

businessmen in every possible way. Inquiries are never received from Canadian merchants, but I would be glad to furnish them on application, with the names and addresses of firms in this district with whom they might wish to enter into business relations."

Mr. Wilfred Powell, British consul at Philadelphia, replies expressing his personal pleasure at the prospect of helping Canadian trade, saying: "Firms in Canada should address their requirements to the consul, taking care that the inquiry is made in fullest detail in order that the consul may be able to obtain if possible equally full information. We have had a considerable amount of correspondence on commercial matters with Canadian firms and businessmen, in some cases evidently with satisfactory results, judging from the letters received."

There are 53 British consuls and vice-consuls in the United States, most trained men, thoroughly acquainted with the commercial conditions in their respective districts. It is to be hoped Canadian exporters will make use of their services, which are thus cordially offered.

ANOTHER TEAPOT TEMPEST.

When Moncton, N. B., was a small town, the Government of Sir John Macdonald bought land at the rate of \$2,000 an acre. Last year the Dominion Government bought the remainder of the plot for \$1,000 an acre, or exactly one-half. Meanwhile, the town had become a city, its population had trebled and the neighborhood had been built up. But because a land dealer, whose price had been declared fair and reasonable by competent arbitrators of both sides of politics had made a commission on the land, prior to its coming into the hands of the Intercolonial authorities, the wiseacres on the Opposition side of the House of Commons have scented a scandal—they are quite sure someone grafted! And so the time of Parliament has been taken up with speeches dealing with assertion, suspicion and innuendo. And, by-and-by, so persistently will these unfounded declarations be repeated, that those ardent Conservative partisans will begin to believe they are founded on fact.

THE REASON.

"You don't buy so much meat now, Mrs. Malaprop." "No, indeed; since all these awful tales, our family has turned valutinarian."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"You say that your friend was utterly prostrated by a mere case of mistaken identity?" "Yes. He mistook a toaststool for a mushroom."

MARY HAD A LITTLE SLEEP.

"Mary," Mrs. Housekeeper called from the foot of the stairs, "how about breakfast?" "Oh," replied the new servant, who had everlastingly herself, "ye naden't trouble to bring me any. I ain't very hungry 'this mornin'."

VEAL INSPECTION.

"The fattest calf had just been killed for the prodigal son." "Very good," he sniffed; "but have you made a novelist pass on the slaughter?" "Herewith, the father sadly realized he knew nothing of the world."

GOOD TIME TO RING OFF.

Two men—one in London, Ont., and one in Philadelphia—were struck by lightning while using the telephone on Thursday. The telephone is a good thing to let alone during a thunder storm.

THEY WOULD TRADE.

On the other hand, there are Conservatives who say they would trade the silver tongue of Foster any day for a human being.

IN SOME CASES.

The success of some people indicates that there are cases in which an ounce of pull is worth more than a pound of talent.

SILENCED HER.

"John," began Mrs. Stubb, after supper, "what in the world is that you have on?" "That, madam," replied Mr. Stubb impatiently, "is a jacket. I bought it to lounge around the house in."

SO CLEVER OF HIM.

"Yes, when Dubley tells an Irish story there's no mistaking it." "You know it's Irish right away, eh?" "Yes, indeed, he says 'Be jabbers' after every sentence."

TWO BULLS.

On the edge of a small river, in County Cavan, Ireland, is a stone with this inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago by the surveyors of the Kent (England) roads: "This is the bridge path to Faversham; if you can't read this you had better keep to the main road."

OF COURSE.

"Ned—My Bute says Jack Hanson went right up to her yesterday and kissed her." "Bess—Did you ever?" "Ned—No, but I would if I got a chance."

had his shoes shined, and he didn't want to get them soiled. His mule was so small that his feet would drag.

AND ENJOYED IT.

"I heard you giggling in the library last night," said the stern parent. "I think you must have been beside yourself." "Oh, no," said the pretty girl, blushing deeply, "I was beside Charlie."

CORRECT.

The New Waitress—Shall I say "dinner is served" or "dinner is ready, ma'am?" Mistress—If that cook doesn't do any better, just say "dinner is spoiled."

THOSE DEAR GIRLS AGAIN.

[Woman's Home Companion.] Ella—What would you do if you were in my shoes? Stella—Stuff 'em with cotton.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Wife—Well, John, I don't see how I can suit you. You don't like my cooking, and you have complained of every cook I have hired. I can't get one to suit. Husband, (stubbly)—You could if you went after the right one.

Wife—That's all you know about it. I telegraphed your mother yesterday, offering her \$10 a week, and she declined to come.

SOMETHING TO BRAG ABOUT.

[London Answers.] Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were bosom friends. It was astonishing what a lot they knew about other people's business.

The conversation turned in the direction of a Mrs. Tittlesey, a new arrival in the next street. "I hear she's suffering from appendicitis," declared Mrs. Brown. "Suffering!" echoed Mrs. Jones contemptuously.

"Why, yes; didn't you know that?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Yes, I heard she had got appendicitis," replied Mrs. Jones, "but, Lord! judging by the way they bragged about it I thought it was some sort of piano player! What is it, anyway?"

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AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO KEATS.

[From the Milwaukee Sentinel.] Many Americans will be interested to learn of the project now on foot to raise a fund for the purchase of the house in Rome where Keats lived and died, and for the enshrining there of relics pertaining to the poet.

R. U. Johnson, of the Century Magazine, is secretary of the commission to receive subscriptions. "America has not been behindhand in regard for the memory and the genius of John Keats. Edith's great edition of his gift to literature—small in compass but "infinite riches in a little room"—has found a ready welcome in our book marts. The American, even more than the English tourist in Rome is wont to make his pious pilgrimage to the Protestant cemetery where the poet rests beside the faithful Severn under the simple slab marked with the epitaph dictated in the shadow of approaching death: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

"Writ in water?" Graven rather on the imperishable brass of deathless fame. And Keats himself, when in health and with a dawning sense of his powers, sealing off the future of his own life with a "brutus abusus" could not doubt, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." He is among the foremost of them; another that his own independent epitaph is the thought of Mrs. Brown's stanza where she calls him one who—

Enshered himself in twenty perfect years, And died, not young—the life of a long life Distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear Upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn forever.

The fantastic conception of Keats as a sickly sensitive poet, morbidly shrinking from the touch of criticism, who was as Byron said, "slain by an arrow," has long been dispelled for those who know the story of his life. A braver spirit than John Keats, whose last words in his dying agony were those of cheer and reassurance for his friends, never drew the breath of life.

He was not "slain by an arrow," though the malignant personal blackguardism with which his poems were assailed in the Edinburgh reviews, those bludgeoning, bullying arbiters of taste, must have given him pain. As a specimen of what is called for literary criticism in these days the assault of Blackwood on the assumed "cockney impudence" of the surgeon's apprentice and medical student who presumed to write poetry and even to publish it, is worth examining: "The frenzy of the 'Poems' was bad enough, but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable, driving idleness of 'Endymion.' It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet, and to be a doctor than to be a poet."

Posterity long ago decided that the arrogant, cocksure critic was not fit to black the shoes of the youth he ordered "back to the shop." The one sleeps, nameless and discredited, in the potter's field of oblivion; the other "under the wings of renown," American lovers of Keats should be responsive to the appeal in aid of preserving and enshrining the personal memorials of his brief course in life.

BUSINESS GIRLS

Need Rich, Red Blood to Stand Worry and Strain of Business Hours

Business overtakes a woman's strength. Weak, languishing girls fade under the strain. They risk health rather than lose employment, and the loss of health means the loss of beauty. Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn a livelihood away from home in public offices and business establishments, are silent, suffering victims of overtaxed nerves and deficiency of strength, because their food supply is not equal to the strain placed upon them. Fragile, breathless and nervous, they work against time with never a rest, when headaches and backaches make every hour like a day.

Little wonder their cheeks lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin. Their eyes are dull, shrunken, and weary; their beauty slowly but surely fades. Business girls and women look older than their years because they need the frequent help of a true, blood-making, strengthening medicine, to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are actual food to the starved nerves and tired brains of business women. They actually make the rich, red blood that imparts the bloom of youth and glow of health to women's cheeks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits and make the day's duties lighter.

Twelve months ago, Miss Mary Cadwell, who lives at 49 Maynard street, Haver, N. S., was run down. The least exertion would tire her out. Her appetite was poor and fickle, and frequent headaches added to her distress. The doctor treated her for anaemia, but without apparent results. A relative advised her to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using but six boxes, she says she feels like an altogether different person. She can now eat her meals with zest, the color has returned to her cheeks and she feels better and stronger in every way.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness just as food cures hunger. That is how they cured Miss Cadwell, and it is just by making rich, red blood that they cure such common ailments as indigestion, rheumatism, headaches and backaches, kidney troubles, neuralgia, and the special ailments which make miserable the lives of so many women and young girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Clean Up Millinery Sale

Tomorrow Morning From 9 to 11 O'Clock

The millinery Section is going to have an hour sale tomorrow morning from 9 to 11 o'clock. The cleaning up hours after a season's whirlwind of business. We cordially invite you to come and share in the bargains, which by the mere telling seems big bargains, but are far bigger when you see them. It will be a rush sale, so come at the time appointed, 9 to 11 o'clock, tomorrow morning and get the best choice of what is going.

Untrimmed Hats Balance of the good high-grade untrimmed shapes, in the season's best turban, sailor and fancy shapes in black, tuscany, cream, natural, brown and green. To be sacrificed tomorrow regardless of cost or selling price. Sale limit 9 to 11 o'clock in the morning. Choice..... 69c

Dress Hats Two hours' selling will clear this lot of Dress Hats completely. Our regular \$3.50 to \$5.00 values. Choice exclusive dress hats for summer wear, desirable in every way. We'll sell them tomorrow between 9 and 11 o'clock. Choice..... \$2.75

Lot Two Scarcely a dozen in this lot, but all we have left. The season's selling has been immense, these hats are fresh and are productions of our own workrooms; every shape is hand-made. Trimmed with best trimmings. Were \$4.50 to \$8.00, Hour Sale Price..... \$3.75

Linen Hats Ladies' White Linen Hats, flat sailor shape, some have embroidered crowns, gilt buckle placed jauntily at the side. Hour Sale \$1.35 Price..... Children's White Linen Hats, wide rolling sailor style. Tomorrow morning only..... 69c

Clean-up in Trimmed, Ready-to-Wear Hats in natural, red and white. Were \$1.00 to \$2.50, Hour Sale Price..... 25c

Young Girls' Large Trimmed Hats, finest straws and braids, ribbon trimming. Were \$1.25 to \$4.00, Hour Sale Price, tomorrow..... \$1.10

Children's Galatea Sailor Hats, all white and white and blue, with white and blue bands, just the thing for vacation wear. Hour Sale Price, tomorrow..... 17c

Clean up in Millinery Ribbons, Hour Sale 7c Price, yard..... Clean up in Millinery Chiffon and Malines for trimmings, good picking, 10c yard.....

Baby Bonnets of white lawn and muslin. Were 25c to \$1.00. They are soiled, so you get them tomorrow, at each..... 5c

See our Ladies' Wash Dresses at \$2.00, when you come to the Millinery Sale. Boys' Wash Suits, the nicest in town, Buster Brown and blouse styles. Were 95c to \$1.25, at..... 50c

Nothing like our Nightgown values. Call tomorrow. Boys' Corduroy Knickers, unlined for summer. Can't wear them out. 50c At.....

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128 1/2 Dundas St.

BEE'S EMPTY CAR; HOLD UP TRAFFIC

Four, Looking for Fight, Block a Trolley Line for Fifteen Minutes.

Bridgeport, Conn., June 27.—Four honey bees, today held up trolley car No. 56 on the down trip from Shelton to Bridgeport and tied up the Connecticut Street Railway and Lighting Company for fifteen minutes. One combative bee drove all six passengers from the car and into the bushes on the roadside, where they awaited developments.

The car reached signal light No. 3, a mile and a half north of the Stratford railway station, on time. Motor-man Will Owens stopped the car; the conductor, Peter Osterweis, jumped off to regulate the light so that the car following could pass a signal box two miles back.

As Osterweis approached the box a bee issued from a hole in it which had been bored to admit a wire not yet put in. The bee made a straight line for Osterweis's head, and while he was striking at it and retreating, another bee came out of the box, flanked Osterweis, and jabbed a good sized drop of poison behind the conductor's ear.

"Ouch!" yelled Osterweis, retreating behind the car. "I'm late now," growled a passenger to Osterweis. "You're a brave man, you are, afraid of a bee."

At the street, a bee, looking for fight, entered the car, and the passengers nearly fell over each other getting out. "Hey, Pete, throw over that signal!" yelled Motor-man Owens, pounding his bell to bring the passengers back.

"Not on your life!" retorted Peter. "I've taken chances with a mad bull, but no bees for mine."

Finally Owens cautiously approached the signal. Perhaps it was his sulphurous oaths, perhaps the blows from his rain-coat that drove away the bees. They vanished, the brave passenger returned, the signal was made, traffic was resumed.

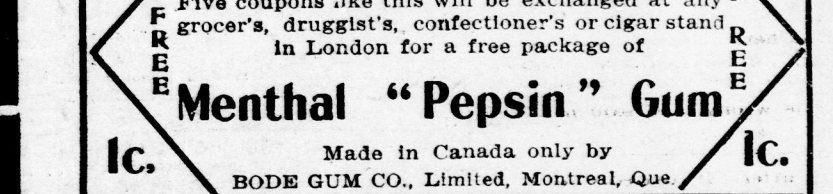
The nights along the Housatonic River have been exceptionally cold lately. The bees were attracted by the warmth of the electric lights in the signal box, probably.

Constantinople has six different sources of water supply. Some of these are dangerous, but the fountains constructed by the present Sultan made it possible for even the poorest to get pure water at any time.

Chewing Gum Free

Five coupons like the one published here will be exchanged at any store or cigar stand in London where gum is sold for a 5-cent package of BODE'S "MENTHAL PEPSIN" CHEWING GUM.

The coupons may be clipped from any paper publishing them—the gum is absolutely free.



Bode's "Menthal Pepsin" Gum

Made in Canada only by the BODE GUM CO., Limited, Montreal.

TORONTO OFFICE, PACIFIC BUILDING, 23 SCOTT STREET. McEachern and McPherson, Representatives.

Hot Weather Food.

It is necessary, during the summer months, to choose wisely the food for the morning meal. Food that heats the blood in the morning keeps the blood hot all day.

Diamond Wheatlets

Will NOT heat the blood. KING OF BREAKFAST FOODS. Ask your grocer for it. Manufactured by HUNT BROS., - CITY MILLS.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON) INDIA PALE ALE. The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite. 10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.