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LONDON, FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

THE LORD'S OWN LAND.

The reporter of the Toronto Globe at the General Assembly wires his paper: "The city itself is at its finest and one representative from Western Canada has expressed what many have felt when he said, 'After all, Ontario is the Lord's own land.'"

The kernal beauty of the Forest City in contrast with the treeless prairies, must appeal to the western delegates, and bring a home feeling to such of them as were born and reared in the east. Old Ontario is the Lord's own land indeed. Her soil and climate, and the character of her population, have given her a strength which has enabled her to mother the Canadian west, and bear on her broad shoulders the chief burdens of Confederation.

She has sent forth her sturdy sons and daughters to build up the western provinces, just as the sturdy sons of England, Scotland and Ireland cleared the land in this Province, and left to the people of Ontario today the inheritance of a varied and prosperous agriculture, and well-ordered cities and towns. Compared with the west, Ontario—the older portion of it—has "arrived." The west is still in the making, and Ontario may be proud of the part her children are playing in the great work of nation-building.

It would be well, however, if Ontario could catch more of the buoyant and progressive spirit of the west. The atmosphere there is so charged with enterprise that an eastern man feels its tonic effect at once, and he can almost sympathize with the pushful westerner's complaint that the east is "slow." Men's energies are spurred and they become more hopeful in a new country where opportunities abound. But old Ontario, though more placid than her bustling sister provinces in the west, is still the Lord's own land, with a marvelous foundation of natural wealth which is widening and deepening as the prospector and the railroad penetrate into her undeveloped areas. The type of her people is pretty well fixed and she has escaped some of the problems which vex a country into which all races are pouring.

CHANGES IN THE ASSESSMENT LAW.

The Ontario Legislature wisely refrained from laying violent hands on the new assessment during the last session. The act is not perfect, but it should be given a fair trial before being condemned. The principal changes may be indicated as follows:

Section 1 provides that the \$1,000 exemption from assessment of income derived from personal earnings, etc., shall apply to residents of cities and towns having a population of 5,000 or over who are householders or heads of families, and the exemption of \$700 to resident householders or heads of families in any other municipality. The income exemption of a person resident in a city or town of 5,000 or over, who is not a householder or head of a family, is by this section fixed at \$600, and at \$400 in other municipalities. This section also exempts from assessment income derived from any investment, or from moneys on deposit or loaned upon mortgages or other securities where such incomes do not exceed \$300, and where such person is a householder or head of a family, and is not in receipt of an income from all sources exceeding the sum of \$300. Sections 2 and 3 make some minor changes in business liable to business assessment. Section 4 reduces the minimum business assessment to \$100. Section 5 renders liable to a business assessment the business of a broker or financial agent, or of a manufacturer's agent, or other agent or intermediary in the business of the sale of goods who has not the actual custody of the goods, or business assessment all subordinate lodges of any registered friendly society. Section 7 provides for the assessment of local telephone systems. Section 8 provides for the assessment of telephone and telegraph plants of a steam railway when the wires are used for commercial purposes. Sections 10, 11 and 12 relate to the assessment of oil lands, and the property of oil and gas companies. Section 13 particularizes the property of railway companies, which is assessable under the provisions of sub-section 2 of section 44 of the act.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION.

The Ontario Government today hands out another batch of fat positions for trusty followers.

Andrew Ingram, M. P. of East Elgin, and Henry Kittington, a wholesale grocer of Hamilton, are made members of the new municipal and railway board at \$4,000 per year each. Henry C. Small, of Toronto, becomes secretary at \$2,000. The chairman is Mr. Leitch, a

Cornwall barrister, who gets \$4,000 per year.

In addition, Cecil B. Smith, chairman of the Temiskaming Railway board, is appointed a salaried member of the provincial hydro-electric commission. The other commissioners are Hon. Adam Beck and Hon. J. S. Hendrie, members of the cabinet without portfolio, and it is intimated that Mr. Beck it to be made minister of power, which will yield him a salary equal to that of other ministers.

Is there any reason, except the desire to multiply fat jobs, why the duties of these two commissions should not be performed by a single board? The railway problem, with the growth of electric traction, is to a great extent allied with the power problem. A board composed of Mr. Ingram, a practical railway man; Mr. Smith, a civil and electrical engineer, and Mr. Leitch, who is said to be an expert in municipal law, would, we venture to say, do all the work assigned to two commissions—and do it better. Mr. Beck and Mr. Hendrie have no practical knowledge of electric matters, and Mr. Kittington, a grocer, probably does not claim to be a railway expert.

The province is fast drifting into government by commission. We have the Temiskaming railway commission, the hydro-electric commission, and the railway and municipal commission. Yet a cabinet, which has delegated so many of its powers, proposed to increase the number of its portfolios.

Meanwhile any M. P. is free to slander anyone inside or outside the House under cover of parliamentary privilege.

Many Toronto people confess to being sand-eaters. The appetite is likely to be formed by a long course of drinking Toronto water.

The members of the House of Commons treated the Cingmars episode yesterday as a huge joke; but the joke was on Foster, not on Cingmars.

Mr. J. D. Clarke, formerly of The Advertiser, will remain private secretary to the new Minister of Justice, a position he has held under the late Hon. David Mills, and Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick. Mr. Aylesworth is to be congratulated upon securing the services of one so experienced in the work of the justice department.

In the death of Mr. Thomas McCormick, London loses a citizen whose benefactions took a wide range. He built up a great industry by his energy and native ability, and the wealth he so honorably acquired he used with a deep sense of responsibility. The commodious home for aged people in this city is one monument of his benevolence. His service on the Hospital Trust was a labor of love, and his judgment in that capacity was always of the best. He gave freely to more than one church, and had an open hand for every movement which appealed to his sympathies. His charities were innumerable and his name will live in his good works.

CAN'T LOSE IT.

[Philadelphia Press.]
"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble, he's sure to find it."
"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he doesn't try to avoid it, it will find him. So what's the difference?"

WHAT STUMPED HIM.

[Judge.]
The Dwarf—The lightning calculator seems to be off in his work.
The Giant—Yes. Ever since last pay day he has been trying to figure out how he can pay a \$10 board bill out of a salary of \$7.50, minus \$3.25 in fines.

WHEWI

[Catholic Standard and Times.]
Mr. Cadd—No, indeed, I never associate with my inferiors; do you?
Miss Penney—Really, I can't say. I don't think I've ever met any of your inferiors.

THE YOUNG JACK'S JOKE.

[Catholic Standard.]
"Yes," said the old mule, "exercise is a good thing. I always believed in it, but not on the towpath."
"Ah!" remarked his bright young grandson, with a self-appreciative heh-haw, "that was where you drew the line, eh?"

COURTING IN PEACE.

[Pittsburg Post.]
"We are poor," sighed the maiden. And consequently of no interest whatever to the reporters and photographers, responded the sensible youth as he slipped his manly arm about her fragile form.

ELASTICITY.

[The Commoner.]
"This talk about the need of a more elastic currency makes me tired."
"How is that?"
"When a fellow has to spend a nine-dollar-a-week salary over the needs of a family of five it strikes me that elasticity is not the greatest need."

THE POPE ON DRESS.

[Chicago Journal.]
Stories multiply of Pope Pius' democracy. Visitors are received with great simplicity. As soon as one enters he causes him to be seated in an armchair by his side, chats, laughs and relates anecdotes and stories. The other day the Pope, while receiving some ladies, remarked that they had trains to their skirts.
"This is not hygienic," said he, "one gathers thus in the streets a

quantity of microbes and other things. As to myself, when they compel me to add a train to my cassock it bothers me much, although there are four prelates to uphold it."
"But, holy father," said one of the visitors, "we hold our trains when in the streets."
"That must be very convenient," replied Pius X.; and passing from word to action the Pope made several tours in the room holding up his robe in mimicry of a fine lady.

A GOOD FISH STORY.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]
A story was told by Lord Claude Hamilton at a dinner of the Fly Fishers' Club. An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open there was a mighty rush and a flapping of wings," said he, "and away flew a wild duck; and, begorra, when I looked inside, there was a nest with four eggs, and she had been after sitting on that nest."

MRS. GRUNDY'S WAIST.

[New York Sun.]
The mantle sweet of charity is out of date, and the present style, Goss on behind your back.

BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES.

[New York Tribune.]
Merchant ships worth \$50,000,000 will participate in this year's British naval maneuvers, and the value of all the fleets engaged will be \$500,000,000. Those are big figures. But we must remember that the mercantile marine of the British Empire aggregates more than 17,000,000 tons.

THE RESTLESS BROOK.

[John Kendrick Bangs, in St. Nicholas.]
Do you suppose the babbling brook would stop and get a soap and take the pebbles from its bed?

THE BEST SHORTHAND SYSTEM.

[Ottawa Citizen.]
A shorthand contest took place in Baltimore last week and the prize was won by a young Englishman who wrote the system perfected nearly half a century ago by the late Sir Isaac Pitman. A number of systems, all copied from the original Pitman system, but given different names, are extensively used in the United States and Canada, the alleged inventors all claiming that the systems are improvements on the Pitman method, but apparently the old reliable still holds the palm when it comes to a thorough speed test. The real test of a shorthand system is high speed. Many systems are evolved which will enable a student to rapidly acquire the ability to write 100 or 125 words a minute, but when a speaker gets up into the rarefied atmosphere of 175 to 200 words per minute, and over, these systems often break down. No verbatim reporter is an expert unless he can take 200 words continuously for several minutes, which means that during some minutes he may be called upon to sputter to 225 words. Almost any bright student with any system can reach a speed of 180 or 140 words a minute in a few months, but it takes years of practice to increase speed above that to 200 words. Not only have the brain and hand to be trained, but it is necessary to have the best system, and Isaac Pitman's has long been considered the most reliable. Pitman was knighted in 1894 by Queen Victoria for the distinction he achieved in bringing stenography to a high state of perfection.

A GIRL'S WAKING.

[M. Lennart, in Atlantic.]
What marvel have her still eyes looked upon?
In what new wonder hath she grown adept?
Hath some bright miracle but lately sweet Across the common sky? From what dim lawn Of fairy woodland hath she just withdrawn?
What secret tenderness that long hath slept, What love unrealized, what pain unwept,
Now stirs and dreams and trembles for the dawn?
Yes, marvel, wonder, miracle are hers, And hers all treasures of wild fairyland. And hers a new, still, god's intimate command.
For see! she holds, still tranced and listening, As listen one to unseen messengers, A gray old volume where dead poets sing.

RUSSIA'S DEARTH OF PLAY.

[Chicago Record.]
"Russia," says an English journal, "has no national game."
We may now accept it as a fact that bomb-throwing does not properly come under the head of Sport.

THE IDEA.

[Chicago Record.]
"Does your husband discuss his business affairs with you, Mrs. Honeywell?"
"Mercy, no! He hires a stenographer to discuss such things with."

MOTHER, MOON AND STARS.

[William S. Lord.]
The moon is bending o'er the sea, As I, my babe, bend over thee; She rocks it gently to and fro, As I now rock you—so and so.
The wind, her breath, sings softly, "Dear, Sleep sweetly, now, for I am near."
The stars look down upon the sea, As I, my babe, look down on thee; The earth's at rest; they vigils keep, As I watch o'er thy peaceful sleep.
And through the silence I can hear, "Sleep sweetly now, for we are near."

PRELIMINARY TRAINING.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Uncle Josiah—First time you ever milked a cow, is it? Well, you do it a thunderin' sight better than most city fellows do.

Visiting Nephew—It seems to come natural, somehow. I've had a good deal of practice with a fountain pen.

THE ANSWER.

[Washington Star.]
Why did those old Egyptian kings Build pyramids and other things? Why did they proudly carry or paint And obelisk with figure quaint?
Why did some Roman monarch raise A circus in those good old days, And see how wealth is wrung from fame, To sound a complimenting lyre?
Why did old Caesar late at night Sit up describing every fight, Or Alexander make that bluff And say "The world's not big enough?"
To us who view the modern game And see how wealth is wrung from fame, The answer need not cause surprise, It always has to advertise.

The Insurance Director

[From the Montreal Herald.]

The expectations of some clients of insurance companies are not marked by an excess of modesty. Nothing rouses the indignation of a cashing-in-policyholder so much as to find that the "profits" accruing to him do not pan out on as large a scale as they were represented to when he went in. He knows, by this time, that the premium he pays is simply the amount required to cover the risk taken by the company—the exact betting ratio that he will or will not earn the amount of the policy at such and such a period of its career—plus a "loading," estimated to cover pretty accurately the expenses of the business. He knows that the rate of interest used in figuring out the proportions is 4 per cent, and he knows, furthermore, that a better return than that is hard to secure in a gilt-edged investment. He knows there are only two ways in which the company can acquire additional revenues; one by investing its money in better-paying securities, and one by improving the average of the life-risks associated with his own in the business, by careful selection, so that they do not really cost quite so much to carry as the assured's table make out. And he knows that they can only be improved and selected at the price of a sharp increase in "cost of new business," the more desirable risks being today pummed by the hottest kind of competition.

That leaves one source open for the extra revenues to provide the profits upon which he is so insistent—more remunerative investments. Yet, when the manager of the North American Life declares frankly that insurance funds are not in the strict sense trust funds, in that the directors of the company are not rightly bound to make good any individual losses, the policyholder raises a tremendous uproar, and we hear a lot about the sacred rights of widowhood and so on. It is undoubtedly the sacred right of widowhood, as of any other situation in life, that may fall heir to a policy, to collect every cent of the full face value of that policy, undertaken to be paid by contract. We know of no company in Canada which is supposed to be in the slightest danger of having to refuse such payment. But profits are a rather different proposition.

When the receiver of the ten talents restored them to his lord, and with them the other ten which they had made, it was not proposed to hold an investigation into him to ascertain whether he might not have made eleven talents profit if he had not not invested five talents for a time in the Jericho equivalent of Steel Common during a slump. Certainly no one suggested that he ought to have buried the ten talents in the earth of 2.9 per cent consols and still paid over ten talents profit out of his own private funds, for the honor of being a director. Yet that is about what is being suggested by those who ask that the insurance companies should pay a substantial rate of profits, and yet confine themselves to gilt-edged investments. When insurance directors are compelled to make good every cent lost by depreciation, and at the same time allowed no share of the profits accruing from appreciation of the stocks, their business is not a company to invest in, there will be a number of very excellent and conscientious financiers looking for jobs elsewhere.

POEMS THAT LIVE**Better Things.**

[George McDonald.]
Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine;
Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.
Better to live in loneliness than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way;
Better to wash the hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in good than say, "My goodness is my storehouse fill."
Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child than toll to fill perfection's round.
Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening state;
Better to suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great;
Better to wait the real until the real than watch an hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.
Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.
Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

NURSE BABY OR SWING DUMBBELL

John Burns Would Have Girls Proficient in Both—Sees an Improved England.

London, June 7.—Mr. John Burns and Mrs. Burns with their son were present at Battersea Polytechnic last Saturday, when the prizes to students of the women's gymnasium were presented by Lady Treves. Sir Frederick Treves, who was present, in the course of an address, referred to the reputed degeneration of the race, and this gave Mr. Burns a text for some interesting remarks on the future of England. It was his opinion that the race never had more or better facilities for both physical and mental improvement than they now had. Physical deterioration had been greatly exaggerated by melancholy old-joys, and doleful Jeremiahisms, who were under the impression that the country was going to the dogs. There were, he admitted, masses of people who were not robust, but that food was to good food badly cooked or wrongly eaten. Referring to the physical training of women, Mr. Burns

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO**SATURDAY--Prudent Shoppers' Day**

For tomorrow we have prepared an assemblage of values which will make an ideal sale day.

Money-Saving in Dress Goods

You save money if you take advantage of these sale prices.

One table contains 19 pieces Colored Suitings, tweeds, taffeta and granite suitings, all colors, 40 to 44 inches wide. Were 40c and 45c yard, on sale today and tomorrow

Table number three contains Fancy Summer Dress Goods, mostly 54-inch tweeds for tailored suits and skirts. Were \$1.00 and \$1.25 yard, reduced to

Another table contains 12 pieces Fancy Summer Suiting, correct weight for wear right now, suitable for shirtwaist dresses and separate skirts. Were 50c to 60c yard, reduced price

Hot Weather and Shirtwaists

It's advisable to have a good supply of cool white shirtwaists for this hot weather. Our low prices for Saturday are convincing.

Ladies' Short Sleeve Shirtwaists of fine white lawn, embroidery trimmed and tucked front, lace finished collar and cuffs. Only

Ladies' Fine White Organdy and Lawn Waists, in long and short sleeve style, prettily trimmed. Choice

Men's Vests

Everybody says it's the biggest snap ever heard of. Men's \$1.75 to \$2.00 Summer Vests in leading wash fabrics. On sale here for only

Ladies' Lawn Waists, fine quality embroidery insertion, long sleeves, another style with short sleeves, embroidered linen yoke and lace insertion. At

Beautiful Fine White Linen Waists, short sleeves, embroidered fronts enhanced with lace insertion. At

Gloves Saturday

2-dome Lisle Gloves, black, white and colors. At

2-dome Superfine Lisle Gloves, white, black and colors, also double tipped silk gloves. At

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

**Many Women Think**

That it is impossible to make good pastry from flour made of Manitoba Hard Wheat, and, consequently, buy one kind of flour for bread and another for pastry.

Since the appearance of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR on the market there is no need for any housekeeper to do this, as this brand is made by a process which renders it not only the ideal flour for bread, but which guarantees equally good results for pastry when used the "FIVE ROSES" way.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR will make lighter and flakier pastry than any ordinary brands on the market, whether made from Manitoba or Ontario wheat.

All we ask is that you will give "FIVE ROSES" a fair and unprejudiced trial for pastry on your next baking day. The results will, we know, more than satisfy you.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL.

Local Office, 72 Bathurst Street, London, Ont.

Limited.

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Diamond Wheatlets!

The ideal Summer Cereal. Will not heat the blood.

CONTAINS 99 PER CENT OF GLUTEN
THE KING OF BREAKFAST FOODS

Ask your Grocer for it.

Manufactured by

HUNT BROS., City Mills.

BIOGRAPH STARTS MASSACRE

Missionary Shows Pictures and Stirs Up a Revolt.

Paris, June 7.—In colonial circles here a great sensation has been caused by the murder of M. Charbonnier in the neighborhood of Tangier, for, following close on the native revolt at Tala, near Tunis, and the murder of a wealthy lawyer at Bob, it is believed to indicate a Pan-Islamic uprising throughout Morocco and Algeria.

Pan-Islamism is the dream of the Sultan of Turkey, and his recent attempt to establish a military station in Egyptian territory is due to this policy, which is also that of the powerful

Senoussi sect of vagabond and fanatical Mussulman priests, who have been specially active recently in Northern Africa.
The attitude of the German Emperor, whose desire it is to pass as the protector of Pan-Islamism, has greatly encouraged these fanatics, who, though they have no intention of accepting his leadership, recognize that by spreading discord among the Christian powers which have Mussulman possessions he is greatly assisting their cause.
The preacher who stirred up the recent revolt and massacre of Christians at Tala used a biograph showing troops on the march in order to prove his miraculous powers. This apparatus was of German origin.