

London Advertiser.

(Established by JOHN CAMERON, in 1832.)

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

Editorial Room.....134
Business Office.....107
Job Department.....175
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited).
LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Tuesday, April 8.

Too Much Adam Smith?

The Toronto Telegram thinks there has been too much Adam Smith in Canadian political discussions.

That the dead hand of Adam Smith is still a shaping force in the fiscal policies of the world is a tremendous tribute to "The Wealth of Nations."

It is quite true that epoch-making book is no longer holy writ, even in England, the land of classic economy.

Free trade, as propounded by Smith and developed by the Manchester school is not the key to an economic paradise, as some of its early prophets fondly believed. While free trade has brought a tremendous accession of wealth to Great Britain, the beauties of unrestricted competition and laissez faire are not as apparent as they were half a century ago.

The trend is more and more toward state interference in the relations between capital and labor and in the operations of commerce. One feature of the former is the factory legislation which has been enacted so liberally, not only in Britain, from motives of humanity and social necessity. Such legislation hardly squares with unadulterated Cobdenism which regards it as an abridgment of freedom of contract.

The Canadian point of view is more elastic. Few in this country will dispute that judicious state aid may do much for material development. The iron industry has been boosted with good results, and intelligent Government direction has greatly promoted the dairy industry.

The tariff policy of Canada has likewise gone a long way from theoretical free trade. But it has not gone to the extreme where the beneficiaries of protection can take the country by the throat as they used to do. They can no longer send delegations to Ottawa with a mandate which the Government dare not disobey. The consumers are now a factor. If this is too much Adam Smith, then the more of Smith the better.

A Chance for Mr. Whitney.

"It's un-British" is the burden of Mr. Whitney's lament on the referendum, though his arguments on that point were bowled over completely by the array of authorities marshaled by the Premier and Attorney-General.

Mr. Whitney might choose a better vantage ground for an attack. If he will look closely enough he will find some genuinely un-British features in the Ontario Legislature.

To begin with, the speaker at Toronto wears no wig, whereas, anyone knows that at Westminster, Mr. Speaker's peruke is one of the foundation principles of the British constitution. At Westminster they put the ladies behind a wire screen; at Toronto it is scandalous and un-British that the members are not safeguarded from the fair sex, any one of whom is at liberty to throw a bomb from the gallery. The House of Commons Chamber at Westminster is far too small for the membership. This is another precedent violated at Toronto where every man has a reserved seat. At Toronto they also fly in the face of good British custom by giving every member a desk. A stranger is never allowed on the sacred floor of the British House of Commons, but no such divinity hedges in the Provincial Legislatures at Toronto. At Westminster the members walk out of the chamber when they vote. At Toronto they are counted in their seats while Capt. Robson, of East Middlesex, sings a ballad—the only occasion, by the way, on which that rising young statesman has ever heard in the House.

There are some other un-British features in our parliamentary procedure upon which Mr. Whitney might train his guns and wave the old flag. Too small an issue? Not after the pleggy, the tuberculous calf or the kitchen politics, with which the Opposition deluged the Province in 1894.

The Session in Quebec.

The Provincial Parliament in Quebec has had a session of forty days, in which there has been crowded a large amount of work. More than 100 bills of local and general interest have been submitted, discussed, accepted or rejected. This, of course, means very much private work. Long public debates on all these subjects would have meant years instead of days. The ministerial programme seems on the whole to have been cordially accepted and carefully carried out. It seems to have been recognized that the Government is moved by a sincere desire to develop to the best advantage the resources of the Province. In this there is a resemblance to the position in Ontario.

The most important work of the session seems to have been done on the line of helping colonization and developing the resources of forestry. There is this difference between the two neighboring Provinces. Prohibition is

not a burning question in Quebec; in fact, it does not seem to be in the realm of practical politics. Second, according to Le Soleil, "Imperialism" provoked a lively debate in the Quebec Legislature. "Mr. Lane, the deputy of East Quebec, was the first to stir up this ticklish question and to call the attention of the Provincial Government to the aims of Mr. Chamberlain. But the Government was not slow to declare its views, and these found an eloquent exponent in Mr. Turgeon. The forceful pleading of the provincial secretary completed in one Province the work of pacification and settlement begun by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the whole of Canada."

The question of "Imperialism" demands more light and less heat, if it is to move slowly to its great consummation.

Great Britain's Drink Bill.

In his annual letter to the London Times, Dr. Dawson Burns shows the amount spent by the people of the United Kingdom on strong drink. Compared with the previous year, there was a decrease in the last twelve months to the extent of \$13,655,575. But it is a very small increase indeed, as this year the total amount spent on intoxicants by the people of Great Britain was \$790,773,925. The reduction in consumption compared with the previous year was—on spirits, 678,718 gallons; wine, 589,808 gallons; and beer, 568,037 gallons. Consequent upon the diminished expenditure and an increase of the population (which stood in the middle of 1901 at 41,454,621), the average expenditure per head, which was \$19.66 in 1900, fell to \$19.74 in 1901, or \$39.62 per family of five persons. The expenditure per head varied between the three kingdoms, being \$20.17 in England, \$15.61 in Scotland and \$14.46 in Ireland. The consumption of alcohol in each division of the United Kingdom is shown by the following table:

	Quantities.	Per Head
	Gallons.	Gallons.
England.....	7,836,773	2.39
Scotland.....	7,702,028	1.72
Ireland.....	7,350,950	1.65
Total.....	92,751,751	2.24

This shows that the amount spent by the nation on strong drink is less by 2 per cent than in 1900, and it must be satisfactory to those favoring temperance to find that this diminution follows on a decrease upon the figures of 1899. This improvement is also more significant, as it is not open to the explanation of the reduced expenditure on intoxicants in 1900—viz, the absence of so many troops on service in South Africa. To us in Canada, these statistics are interesting because when we contrast the consumption of alcoholic liquors in this country with that in Great Britain we find that we are a much more temperate people, indeed we have far more stringent liquor laws, not near so much drunkenness and the per capita consumption of intoxicants is much smaller than that in Great Britain. In this respect, we believe that Canada leads the Empire.

It isn't Mr. Whitney's fault that he hasn't a policy. The Government has left him nothing to propose.

The Toronto Star says that people in that city are stock crazy. The man who tries to get rich too fast generally succeeds in getting poor quicker than anybody else.

The Opposition offer the people nothing but good intentions.—Mr. Whitney, at Port Hope.

Good intentions don't always pay a dividend. The people prefer a record of good deeds.

Who invented wireless telegraphy? A German named Slaby, and an Alaskan named Braun are disputing Marconi's title. So is Tesla, who has a habit of claiming everything in sight. After all it may have been Prof. Wiggins.

Tomorrow Lord Strathcona will receive the freedom of the city of Aberdeen. Our High Commissioner is already well and favorably known in the northern capital. As Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, he is a favorite, and it is natural that the Aberdeenians should desire to show honor to a north country man who is a credit to his native land, as well as to Canada, the land of his adoption.

Mr. M. Y. McLean has issued his manifesto to the electors of South Huron, through the columns of the Seaforth Express. He lays stress upon the development policy of the Ross Government and says that a change of administration would be a dangerous experiment at this juncture. Mr. McLean would be a valuable addition to the circle of Liberal journalists in the Legislature—Messrs. Pattullo, Graham, Preston, Auld, Petty-piece and Pense. Taking them together and striking an average, we don't think there are six men in the House, outside the Cabinet, who have more ability and usefulness in the aggregate than this editorial contingent.

The London Advertiser says that eight seats were lost to the Liberals in the last local election by reason of too many aspirants for parliament. Yes, and many more will be lost to the same party next election for the same reason. The pesky Tories will have a man up in every riding.—Hamilton Spectator.

The trouble last election did not arise because of the Tory candidates, but in consequence of two Liberals running up against one Tory. In a

fair fight the Liberals have nothing to fear. They lost seats last election where more than one candidate of Liberal record and predilection ran and divided the Liberal vote, letting the Conservative nominee slip in between them. Let there be no fool business this time.

An Endless Chain.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]
"Pa, why do they call it the sewing circle? They don't sit in a ring."
"No, my son, but they start a piece of gossip and it goes round and round."

Nemesis.

[New York Weekly.]
Sweet Girl—My hired chaperon saw you kiss me last night.
Adorer—My gracious! What did you do?
Sweet Girl—I discharged her.

Little Hart River.

March 31, 1902.
Not in the blood of battle,
Not in the range of strife,
Not in the muskets' rattle,
That mingles death with life.

Not in the victor's story,
Not in the fight's result,
Not for mere empty glory,
Do we this day exult.

But because far from our borders,
Down o'er the burning line,
Canadian lads took their orders,
And poured out their lives like wine.

Just off the sea, just mustered,
Lay and unused the muskets,
They lay on the velvet quiver,
Determined to stay till they died.

There all about were horsemen,
The tireless Boer Centaur,
Bold as of yore were the Norsemen,
Toughened and seasoned in war.

Here was the whistled pandour,
South Africa's fierce hussar,
Matched with Canadian valor
In the sharp, fierce show of war.

Like a dust-devil swept from windward,
Down on the line he came,
Rein-free the steed unbridled,
Leaped as if fresh to the game.

But the Metford's bark was steady,
Steady and true and straight,
And the galloping foe was not read,
To rush in the face of fate.

"Give it them, lads!" cried Carruthers,
And the rifles answered his words,
As the lessening band of brothers
Sighted for two hundred yards.

But the last fusillade fairly stopped them,
They staggered, then halted, then wheeled,
And Johnny just said "We've stopped them,"
And sank in the spot where he'd knelt.

'Twas victory sure, but ghastly;
Never a man but was hit;
Nine had arrived at their "lastly,"
Forty were breathing a bit.

Nine died, but their names are immortal
On Olney's immutable stone,
Far within Death's dark portal
We follow these dauntless souls.

They could die, but they could not surrender,
Could not smirch Canada's name,
And we who survive will remember
Their deed, their death and their fame.

—John A. Ewan, in Toronto Globe.

Those Beastly Boers.

[Chicago News.]
Reginald—These beastly Boers have such a provoking way of capturing our men's baggage.

Albert—Yes, that is one thing that kept me from the field. Deuced pickle a chap would be in if he had his pajamas and evening clothes captured.

Their Feet Were Steadfast.

[Ottawa Free Press.]
Of our Canadian soldiers it may truly be said in the words of Pericles in his oration on the Athenians who died in the Peloponnesian war, "they feared the word of dishonor, but their feet were steadfast upon the battlefield."

Alice, Where Art Thou?

Adrian Ross, in London Tatler, has the story of the Athens who died in the Peloponnesian war, "they feared the word of dishonor, but their feet were steadfast upon the battlefield."

I see the coronation day,
With all its gorgeous show—
The Kings I've met with far away,
And some I do not know.

The people cheer along the street,
The Princes smile and bow;
But still the pomp is incomplete,
For, Alice, where art thou?

I see the German Sailor Prince,
For whom you named the yacht;
He's met with many maidens since,
But you are not forgot.

A weight is on his manly breast,
A cloud upon his brow;
He's thinking, just like all the rest,
"Oh, Alice, where art thou?"

Alas! your father's cruel will
Has wrought us this distress;
He would not let his daughter all
The transatlantic press.

He said, "I guess young Henry's just
About enough for now;
I'll keep my girl at home or bust!"
So, Alice, where art thou?

Domestic Joys.

[Chicago News.]
"My word doesn't seem to have much weight with you," said the young wife, sadly.

"Not as much as your biscuits, my dear," replied the brutal old half.

His Weekly Bath.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]
A constituent of a member of the Ontario Legislature took his first trip to Florida a short time ago. The other day the M.P.E. received a glowing letter from the constituent telling of his experiences.

"I am down here in Florida," he wrote, "and I am having a great time. At the hotel they gave me the finest room you ever saw, and just off it is a bathroom that is simply great. It has a shiny white tile and silver-plated trimmings, and it looks so fine I can hardly wait until Saturday night."

Separated.

[Philadelphia Press.]
The parlor sofa holds the twain,
Miranda and her love-sick swain,
Heard not a word of the other's woe,
But hark! a step upon the stair,
And papa finds them sitting there.

Saw Only One Snake.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]
As neither Adam nor Eve knew anything of alcoholics, it is clear they saw no serpents in Eden that were not there.

Locating Them.

"Has anybody lost a diamond scarf-pin?" asked a gentlemanly, well-dressed man, in a loud voice, as the crowd

made its way slowly out of the theater. Instantly a score of hands were seen fumbling at an equal number of neckties pertaining to the owners of the hands.

Nobody, it appeared, had lost any. A few moments later, however, after the crowd had wedged through the congested exits, most of the aforesaid owners found they had.

An Easter Tragedy.

[S. B. Kiser.]
She sits with sorrow in her heart,
Bewailing her most cruel fate.
She wore a gorgeous Easter hat,
But found, when church was over, that
It hadn't been on straight.

Not a Copyist.

[Pearson's Weekly.]
Miss Pearl White—I wish you to paint my portrait.
Dobbin—I'm sorry, madam, but I can't do it.
Miss Pearl White—Why not?
Dobbin—I never copy other paintings.

Sultan's Dressing Table.

[From the London Express.]
The wonders of the "Arabian Nights" live again in three large halls which compose the great treasury of the Sultan of Turkey. Priceless jewels gleam on every side, rare and costly curios, coins from all lands, and furniture studded with precious stones. It is very rarely that any but royal eyes are permitted to look upon the magnificence. At the entrance of the first hall stands a throne, which was captured from the Persians; it is nearly covered with pearls and precious stones. An enormous emerald adorns the center of another jewel-studded throne. A dressing table studded all over with pearls is among the furniture.

In this room is also a marvelous collection of gold and silver cups, plates and dishes, jeweled daggers and knives, suits of armor and cases containing hundreds of necklaces, rings, and brooches. In the midst of all this splendor, ancient and modern, are very up-to-date dressing bags, cameras, telescopes, and even a case of razors, all with fine silver mountings, but seeming rather out of place among such regal surroundings. Gold and silver ornaments and bric-a-brac are some of the contents of the second hall, including a collection of quaint little toys made of precious metals and stones carefully arranged.

HORRIBLE PAINS

French Gentleman's Sufferings Are Beyond Description.

Many Doctors Treated Him, But Without Success—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him and Now Life Is a Pleasure to Him—He Tells the Story.

St. Urbain, Que., April 7.—"Fearful indeed has been the experience of Narcisse Barrette, of this place. For fifteen long and wearisome years he has suffered with an acute Malady of the Kidneys, and the result has been the most agonizing pains.

He consulted physician after physician and followed their treatment patiently and carefully. Some of them (which was in itself a great blessing), but the pain always came back to torture him even worse than before.

Rheumatism added its terrors to his already great burden of misery and his life was a succession of spasms of the most violent kind. He had been the lot of any mortal man to endure.

The story, as told by Mr. Barrette himself, is in part as follows: "I suffered with a severe Malady of the Back and Kidneys which caused me horrible pains in the back.

"I tried every doctor, but the relief I got was only temporary and the Malady always returned. My suffering was so great at times that it was almost beyond endurance.

"I had rheumatism as well as the pains in my back, and between them I was sorely tried. I would rather die than suffer the way I did, but now life is very pleasant for me and I am anxious to live.

"You ask me how I was cured? Well, after trying in vain doctors' treatments and almost everything else, I began to use what has been to me the greatest medicine in the world, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and very soon the pains all left me. They acted almost like magic. I am now in perfect health and work every day."

Dutch fishermen are accused of showing their pro-Boer sentiments by attacks upon English fishermen in the North Sea.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swellings, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc.

The Royal Society of England has officially decided that women are not eligible for the degree of Fellow of the Royal Society.

WHY will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of dying from a consumptive grave, when, by the timely use of Bickie's Syrup, the danger is avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste and unobtrusive in its healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Raphael Beck's painting of President McKinley delivering his last speech at the Pan-American Exposition has just arrived at Washington from Buffalo, and will be hung in the Capitol for several weeks.

A BREATHING SPELL.

If the consumptive could only keep from getting worse it would be some encouragement.

Scott's Emulsion at least gives tired nature a breathing spell. The nourishment and strength obtained from Scott's Emulsion are a great relief to the exhausted system.

This treatment alone often enables the consumptive to gather force enough to throw off the disease altogether.

Scott's Emulsion brings strength to the lungs and flesh to the body.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto



Dress Goods and Silks.

..A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY..

Nothing lacking here now. Our display of new goods in Silk and Dress Goods Department is most complete. Everything that is new has been gathered together here, and many new lines and late novelties have arrived this week. New "Albatross," "Crepe de Chene," "Eoleme," "Crepoline," "Wool Voile," "Silk Voile," "Canvas Voile" and "Silk Crepe de Chene." See our Novelty Dresses—only one of each—in "Lace Stripe Voile," "Crepe de Chene" and "Eoleme." Silk mixed goods and beautiful colorings.

New Suitings.

Amazon, 60c and 85c.

All-wool 45-inch Amazon Suiting, smooth cloth, shades of gray, green, and colors. Special, per yard, 60c and 85c.

Covert, \$1.00.

All-wool 52-inch Covert Cloth Suiting, in all new shades of gray, green, brown, castor, navy and black. Special, per yard, \$1.00.

Venetian, \$1.00. (Priestley's.)

All-wool Fine Venetian Suiting, in pearl gray, biscuit, garnet, brown and black; will not shrink nor spot, smooth finish, a superb cloth for spring wear. Special, per yard, \$1.00.

Venetian, \$1.50.

All-wool 56-inch Venetian Suiting, solid cloth, for unlined suits, in navy, castor, brown, green, gray and black; our leading cloth and cannot be equalled. Special, per yard, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

Creme Serges.

All-wool Estamine and Court Serges, in creme, 44 to 48 inches wide; a complete range. Per yard, 40c, 50c, 60c and \$1.00.

208, 210,

210½ and 212

Dundas St.

The Runians
Carson McKee & Co.

208, 210

210½ and 212

Dundas St.

Cheered Florence Nightingale

The late Sir John Steele, sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Florence Nightingale, when an officer of one of the Highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimean heard that the bust had just been completed, and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly, a squad of men one day marched into the big studio and stood in line.

They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by one impulse, the men broke rank, and with cries of "Miss Nightingale! Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model, and with hats off cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang.

So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steele declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.—The Sunday Magazine.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Children Cry for

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BLOOD DISEASED MEN

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching pains, itches of the skin, sores or blotches on the body and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't ruin your system with the old fog treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by New Method Treatment for over 20 years. No chance used without written consent.

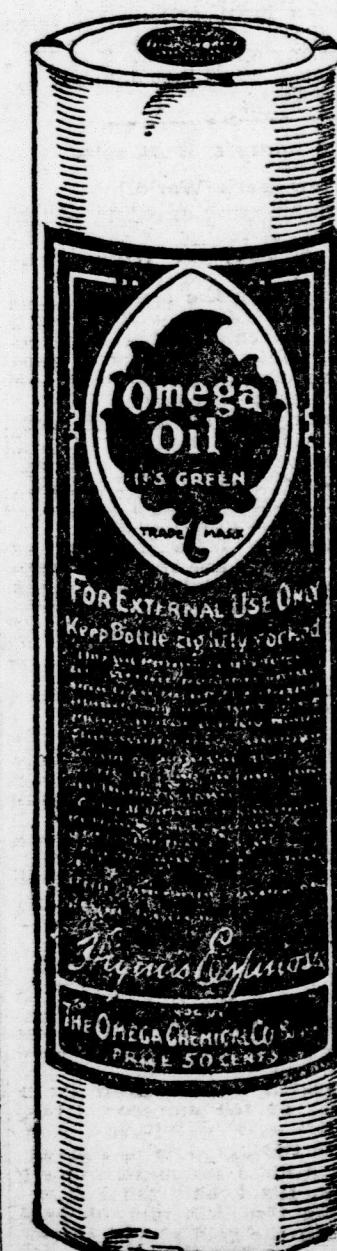
Mr. E. A. C. writes: "Your remedies have done me more good than Hot Springs and all the doctors and medicines I had previously tried. I have not felt any of those pains or seen any ulcers or blotches for over seven years and the outward symptoms of the loathsome disease have entirely disappeared. My hair has grown in fully again and I am married and happy."

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. WRITE FOR QUESTION BLANK FOR HOME TREATMENT. CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. 25 CENTS IN DETROIT.

Drs. Kennedy & Kergan,
148 GELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

Omega Oil

What It Looks Like



Here is a picture that shows how Omega Oil looks in the drug store. The wrapper on the outside of the bottle is always printed in green ink. The trade mark is a leaf, as the picture shows, with these words upon it: "Omega Oil. It's Green." Down near the bottom is the written signature of Higinio Espinosa, which is a guarantee that the contents of the bottle are genuine. Never under any circumstances buy a liniment unless this trade mark and name are on the wrapper. Never patronize a druggist who tries to sell you something else when you ask for Omega Oil. Beware of any other oil gotten up to deceive you. Always trade at stores where they give you what you ask for. Omega Oil stops all pains in the back, shoulders, arms, elbows, wrists, legs, knees, ankles and feet. It is good for everything a liniment ought to be good for. Rub it in good and hard, and the pains will go away quickly.

All druggists sell Omega Oil, or can get it for you at any jobber if they want to. If your druggist refuses to sell you this liniment that stops pain, the Omega Chemical Co., 357 Broadway, New York, will mail you a bottle, prepaid, for 50c. In cash, money order or stamps.