

The Advertiser

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LONDON - CANADA.JOHN CAMERON, President and
Managing Editor.God's in His heaven.
All's right with the world.
—Browning.

London, Wednesday, April 29.

Significance of Small Majorities.

Arrangements for the general election throughout the Dominion are once more in progress. There are now fewer preliminaries to take, because last winter the Government at Ottawa made every preparation to go to the country, and only desisted because it found the people overwhelmingly against its continuance in office. Thus the election has been postponed long past the customary time, and an extra session of Parliament has been held, at which the Government played at legislating, but it was foiled in its attempt to keep itself in power all summer or to pay out millions of dollars of unearned subsidies for questionable speculations.

The Liberals are far in advance of their opponents in putting candidates in the field, and a good deal of missionary work has already been accomplished. The recent bye-elections, too, have proved a powerful factor in educating the public mind to the great change which has come over the temper of the country since the master mind of Sir John Macdonald and Sir John Thompson, which for many years dominated the Conservative party, forever ceased to exercise control over their fellows.

It is one of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of Canadian public affairs that five out of seven bye-elections, held in constituencies largely chosen by the Administration, and hitherto strong adherents of the high tax policy, should overwhelmingly declare against them. When, for example, in the great commercial center of Montreal a Conservative majority of over 1,200 is wiped out, and a majority of several hundreds is polled for Hon. James McShane, the Liberal candidate, there can be no minimizing the significance of the change in public sentiment which has been in progress for some years, and which has now reached a climax, as we are certain that the result of the general elections on June 23 will indicate. The adverse results in the other constituencies wrested from the men in power, and the tremendous decrease in the majorities in the two contests where they triumphed were equally marked. Men of all shades of opinion noted the change, and conceded its significance to be a foreshadowing of the defeat of the Administration on the day of the general election.

At the rate that the high tax combination has been going to pieces, it should not be a very difficult task for its opponents to defeat it. Let it not be forgotten that nearly one-half of the Conservative members in the House of Commons just dissolved—46 in all—were returned by majorities ranging from 1 up to 200, but not greater than the last-named figure. Of this number no fewer than 12 Conservative members in the Province of Ontario alone were given seats by majorities of less than 100. And that in a house which, in the first session of the Parliament elected in 1891, only gave the Conservatives a majority of 29. A number of Liberal M. P.s were elected by small majorities also.

We mention these facts to show our readers, especially in the country districts, the necessity for polling the full vote, even though to do so entails some bother. A few votes either way, in a comparatively small number of constituencies, might entirely change the general result. As the tide has in recent months been running strongly in favor of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, and the policy of which he is the exponent, which is fraught with great blessings to the long-suffering people of Canada, we may expect to see some surprising changes in favor of a change of government. But we must not forget that the advocates of class legislation have hitherto always fought hard, and that no matter how favorable the outlook a victory for the cause of good government can only come from honest hard work on the part of every one interested in securing a change at Ottawa. Those who organize most carefully to discover how every man in a constituency stands, and to get the full vote out on election day, will have a right to look for victory. But without the preliminaries being attended to, all may be lost. As no matter what political views one has hitherto entertained, we are all now interested in securing a change at Ottawa, there should be little difficulty in effectively organizing everywhere. Get in line.

Wool in Britain.

One effect of the brisk trade in Great Britain is the great demand for the best Lincolnshire wool. It has risen from 19 cents to 23 cents per pound within the last year, and other wools have advanced in sympathy. Britain is a wonderfully busy country. When her population was not half what it now is, and a restricted trade policy was pursued, many people were afraid that the motherland had begun to decay, and would be unable to advance. But who that looks at her progress, at the enormous increase in her population, in her business interests, and in her wealth, can say that Britain has not gone ahead? And she is still advancing. It is a wonderful record for trade freedom.

New Burial Regulations.

The new burial regulations passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature are very stringent, and if faithfully carried out by medical health officers and doctors, will make "graveyard insurance" an impossibility. Returns of all births, deaths and marriages must now be sent in to a division registrar promptly by the medical practitioners and other parties interested. Under the new statute, every physician is required to report the death to the medical health officer of the town or district before giving a death certificate. The latter shall make investigations and report to the division registrar, who will in turn, without charge issue a permit to bury the deceased. The law applies to all deaths, and puts heavy penalties on any undertaker, pall bearer, clergyman or grave digger who permits a burial without a certificate from the division registrar. Any doctor found to have furnished a false report as to the cause of death is subject to a \$50 fine and discipline by the medical council. All breaches of the law must in future be reported to the Provincial authorities by the medical health officer, and prosecutions will follow. In the past, the local officers have in nearly every case made no effort to convict, and the registration has been very lax.

Robbery in High Places.

This country would have been robbed of three-quarters of a million dollars, for fictitious "extras" on the St. Lawrence Canal, but for Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and his friends backing up the Auditor-General, the overseeing engineer and the chief engineer of the Dominion, and standing by the decision of the late Sir John Thompson. The men now in power were most anxious to override the decision of all these men, but Mr. Laurier and his friends stood up for the taxpayers and the money was retained in the treasury. Millions of dollars have been thus squandered, as has been proved in Parliament, in opposition to the vote of Mr. Laurier and his friends. This money has been stolen, not spent on legitimate public works, as contended by the political beneficiaries. What a boon an expenditure of six or eight million dollars in providing work for the unemployed would have been during the past hard winter! It was not forthcoming, because it was stolen.

By the Way.

"We are, above all, Canadians, Canadians at Quebec, Canadians at Toronto, and Canadians from the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the famous mountains, whose feet are kissed by the waves of the Pacific. Our great object is the development of the work of Confederation."—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier.

The Berlin News (Conservative) reaches the conclusion that "elections are very disappointing." They certainly are to a political aggregation which has lost its grip—such, for example, as that which holds sway at Ottawa just now.

The Canadian Royal Commission to inquire into and report to Parliament on the subject of the liquor traffic, which resulted in a great waste of paper and printers' ink for a report of six or seven volumes which no one has ever read, has not deterred Salisbury's Government from appointing a like commission. By the terms of reference this commission is "to inquire into the operation and administration of the laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to examine and report on the proposals which may be made for amending the aforesaid laws in the public interest, due regard being had to the rights of individuals." The latter phrase no doubt refers to the question of compensation, which the friends of the liquor traffic affirm that those engaged in it are entitled to. But there is no word in the reference as to inquiry into the evils of the traffic, or how they may be eradicated or minimized. The commission is to consist of 24 members, and Lord Peel is to preside.

London increased her population at a more rapid rate in the revenue tariff decade of 1871-81 than she did in the high tax period of 1881-91. The last Dominion census proves that.

The Dominion Government donated \$6,000 in postage to Mr. Ryckman, the patent medicine M. P., by circulating his sheet free of charge with the "stamp" of Ministers. The Monetary Times strongly condemns the expedient. It was a long-headed scheme of Hamilton's retiring M. P.

Owing to ill-health Miss Dr. Fraser, Presbyterian missionary at Innowat, Central India, will shortly return to Canada.

God's Garden.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on This Subject and His Beautiful Imagery.

Snowdrops, Roses and Thorns—A Glorious Garden Full of Fruit.

Washington, D. C., April 27.—As the parks in Washington are abloom with hyacinths, and the gardens are being made, the simile dominant in this subject is very suggestive and practical. Dr. Talmage's text was Isaiah, VIII, 11: "Thou shalt be like a watered garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyrics, and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montaigne, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser.

This great poem brings all the gems of earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands. Everything this Book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nabor filling the trough for the camels. From the fish-pools of Elishah up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ. He bought it, he planted it, he waters it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church. On how many sighs and tears and pains and agonies! If the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, today; walk up and down those aisles, and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The church in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is the place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of sweetest irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else they would be along the borders on at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the weeds, and giving kiss for kiss; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered all over with flowery jasmine, running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden do not die; the sun, flower, gaudy in the light, but wher-ever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses.

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may better be compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very hard ground was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do, wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "Giants of Battle." The Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherford. What in other words is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayers take fire. When they preach, it is a tempest. When they fight it is a martyrdom. You and a great many roses in the garden, but only a few "Giants of Battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have more of them in the world?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

In this garden of the church which Christ has planted, I also find the snow-drops, beautiful, but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean these Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snow-drops, and as cold. They never run up to above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there.

But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathered up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the cross! Prophets foretold it; Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood in the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds, from the north and wind from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord.

Again the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. The coarsest fruits are planted in the orchard; they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church.

Religion is not a mere sentimentalism. It is a practical life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know

there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just and frank, and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden, because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around us was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts, reaching from the great deep up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down, and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; but it is well irrigated; for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. "There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Forasmuch as the Gospel is one of the aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water to slack the thirst, to wash the ancient, water tossed high up in the light of the Son of Righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. On was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place, Chatsworth, one day when strangers are not to be admitted; but by an inducement which always seemed as potent with an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came, foaming, flashing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above; pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above.

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden-gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ; "I am coming into my garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus! we have been waiting for thee; walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit; pluck that which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man, and touches him, and says: "Almost as fast as I can, I will come to thee; I will never leave thee; take courage a little longer and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and comes to a soul in trouble, and says, "Peace, all is well. I have seen thy tears. I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

THE COMING COMET!

It is Expected to Strike and Smash the Earth.

That is if its Tail Doesn't Swing it Around in Another Direction—Not Due for Some Time Yet.

There is, according to the authorities, a comet coming straight for the earth. It is coming at the rate of several thousand miles an hour, and when it reaches here there will be more or less trouble, and something will have to break. The astronomers in question think the earth will get a trifle the worst of it and are accordingly feeling anxious. It is due here unless somebody turns a switch, and sidetracks it, in less than one hundred years, so no wonder the discoverers of that comet are anxious. But more things than a comet are due to arrive here before long. With the hot weather will come sickness and death. Spring, deadly spring, will reap its fearful harvest. There will come

Malaria,
Typhoid,
Diphtheria,
Bilious Complaints,
Blood Troubles,
Blotches and Boils,
Pimples and Eruptions,
Acne and Chills,
Rheumatism.

And hundreds of other complaints common to the season. There will be many a gap left at the table. Many a little coffin will be carried to its last resting place; many a home will be filled with sadness.

Take no chances. Prepare for spring. If you or your children are not strong and healthy get strong and healthy. If you are not well get well. If you are well keep well.

Scott's Sarsaparilla is what you want. It is the greatest blood purifier and spring tonic of the age. There is nothing like it on the market. Don't confound it with other weak imitations. It is easily the leading blood medicine of the day, as the splendid testimonials published elsewhere show. Try it.

Scott's Sarsaparilla is unlike most patent medicines. It does not profess to cure every disease under the sun. But it will cure all those that have the same common origin in disorders of the blood, liver, stomach and nervous centers. More about Scott's Sarsaparilla to-morrow.

Doctor What is good for cleansing the Scalp and Hair, I seem to have tried everything and am in despair. Why Mrs R. the very best thing is PALMO-TAR SOAP. It is splendid for Washing the head it prevents dryness thus puts an end to Dandruff and Freshens the hair nicely. 25¢ FOR A LARGE TABLET.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE LADIES

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & CO.'S

Dress Improvers Free

Every lady purchasing a street suit or skirt at our Suit Department will be entitled to a Dress Improver attached to the skirt, which is a novelty introduced by us alone.

OUR Street Suits AND Separate Skirts

Are exceedingly handsome and selling fast. We have all colors and sizes and we can absolutely guarantee the perfect fit of every garment purchased from us. That is what captivates the ladies, and the firm sewing which is guaranteed to wear as long as the garment.

Ladies' Evening Waists.

We are proud of them—They are worth talking about. We can sell you a pale blue or sea green or cream Crepe de Chine Silk Waist for \$3.75. Where can you beat that? Not this side the Atlantic Ocean.

Black Silk Waists

Blue Silk Waists

Yellow Silk Waists

Black & White Check Silk Waists

Plaid waists

Pink Silk Waists

Red Silk Waists

Navy Silk Waists

White Silk Waists

Cashmere waists

Our Print Suits

Are ready for your inspection. Three machines employed constantly. Two suit cutters with more than they can do.

Our Print Wrappers

Are disappearing faster than ever, and we always sold piles of them. Our stock is most complete. Our patterns and colorings not to be beat. With yokes and bishop sleeves, with frills and medici collars, wateau pleat and good wide skirts from 85c to \$1.75.

Ladies' Capes and Short Coats.

Our capes are voted the right thing in silk, velvet, cloth, and reversible golfs, with jet and lace trimmings, also the new Virot Ruche. We keep abreast of the fashions.

COME TO CHAPMAN'S==FOLLOW THE CROWD

STILL THEY COME, AND ALL ARE MADE WELCOME AT

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & CO.'S

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