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LONDON, FRIDAY, JUNE 7.

FORCING THE FIGHTING.

The Provincial Liberal leader intends to improve "the long vacation" by an educational campaign, which he will open in this city on Dominion Day.

Throughout the summer and in the early autumn public meetings will be held at many points in Ontario. Mr. Rowell will attend as many as possible. Liberal members of the Legislature will also throw themselves into the work.

The campaign is an expression of the new fighting spirit which has been infused into the party. Nothing has contributed to it so largely as Mr. Rowell's straight-flung challenge of the barroom. He has incurred the hostility of powerful economic interests, but he has put on his side a militant moral force, which will fight for a principle more readily than for a party. A great many electors who have voted for Sir James Whitney since the Liberal debacle of 1905 will not follow him if he maintains his present attitude towards the temperance question. Mr. Rowell's policy has attracted those elements which count for more with a high-minded public man than the mere attainment of office by the nearest way, but even in party politics moral courage always pays in the long run, and there are accumulating proofs that it will be a shorter run in Mr. Rowell's case than his most sanguine supporter hoped for a few months ago.

The new leader is showing good tactics in taking the aggressive. A summer and autumn campaign will emphasize the fact that his opponents are in a defensive role. It is not a position that a Government with so overwhelming a majority, fresh from the people, can safely occupy.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The assembling of the National Republican Committee at Chicago is the prelude to the nominating convention which opens on June 18. It will be a stormy overture: the rumblings are heard already. The Taft men are in control of the committee and are accused by the Rooseveltians of using "steam-roller" methods to keep Roosevelt delegates out of the convention. There are 220 cases of contested seats to be decided. In some states there are two sets of delegates, each claiming to be the lawful one. The decision of the national committee is supposed to be final, but Roosevelt and his managers threaten to carry the fight to the floor of the convention if they do not get their own way. In Michigan, for instance, feeling ran so high that the police had to keep the two factions from flying at each other's throats, the result being that the Roosevelt men organized a separate convention and nominated their own delegates who are now knocking at the national committee's doors. In other states there were almost similar scenes. The Ohio state convention chose six Taft delegates, although the vote at the primaries gave Roosevelt a popular majority. The word has gone out from both camps that there is to be no compromise, and if the authority of the national committee is defied the convention may degenerate into a public riot before it can be organized.

There is the contingency that if the Taftites succeed in seating all their delegates, and win the nomination, Roosevelt will bolt and run as an independent. To forestall this the Taft managers will introduce a resolution pledging every member of the convention to support the nominee, whoever he may be. Not since the civil war has there been such a feud in the Republican party, or so high a pitch of excitement over the candidacy.

There is the same degree of uncertainty, though not the same ill-feeling and dramatic interest, in the Democratic contest. No candidate is within a measurable distance of securing a two-thirds majority. The probability of a deadlock throws the shadow of Bryan, who has stood aloof, across the convention. He was the dark horse that galloped into the arena in 1896, and he may repeat the role. Perhaps an equine of the same color may be called in by the other party if neither Taft nor Roosevelt can secure a majority.

WHERE CANADA LOSES.

The New York Sun chuckles over the increase of American sales to Canada since the defeat of the reciprocity agreement. For the first nine months of the current fiscal year, they amounted to \$230,000,000, compared with \$191,000,000 in the corresponding period of the previous year. "We are still of opinion," says the Sun, "that our neighbors made a mistake in declining the reciprocal trade relations offered them last year, but this country has sustained no actual loss by the failure of the plan." Certainly not! The loss falls upon Canada, which has

been unable to pay for her enormous purchases of American goods by directly exchanging her own products for them. Here are some of the Canadian purchases from the United States in the nine-month periods under review:

	1911.	1912.
Agricultural implements.....	\$3,427,600	\$4,527,000
Horses.....	1,003,500	2,235,000
Corn.....	5,175,800	5,471,700
Wheat flour.....	137,550	301,850
Automobiles and parts.....	3,884,500	4,176,000
Automobiles only.....	533,000	1,367,800
Railway and street cars.....	9,979,800	12,924,300
Bituminous coal.....	14,507,400	19,540,000
Copper.....	644,600	1,755,300
Cotton cloth.....	735,500	1,213,500
Twine.....	1,328,200	1,542,600
Electrical and scientific implements.....	2,254,450	2,653,700
Railway rails.....	670,000	1,879,700
Structural iron and steel.....	2,340,000	3,345,250
Wire.....	1,467,000	1,953,700
Metal working machinery.....	835,000	978,700
Locomotives.....	218,550	354,000
Pipes and flanges.....	1,138,750	2,002,400
Hoots and shoes.....	1,324,700	1,811,300
Hog products.....	1,990,600	2,250,400
Crude mineral oil.....	896,750	1,385,000
Illuminating oil.....	374,800	518,700
Typewriters.....	441,700	654,500
Unmanufactured tobacco.....	1,419,000	1,718,000
Lumber.....	6,401,000	7,530,000
Furniture.....	564,400	792,700

How does Canada pay for these importations? Her exports to the United States are only a third of her imports from that country. To settle for the balance she has to send her goods at great cost of carriage to Great Britain and all over the world, instead of sending them directly across the border. The Americans may well afford to smile at the stupidity which refused to match imports by exports.

Mr. Rowell intends to carry the war into Africa, Ontario will not be long the dark continent for Liberalism.

Staid Republicans as they watch the Taft-Roosevelt dog fight may well exclaim with Mercutio: "A plague of both your houses!"

Patriots will be grieved to see Conservative newspapermen joining in a request for a reduction of the duty on typesetting machines. This was one of the clauses of the reciprocity schedule. To grant the request would, of course, be piecemeal annexation.

The British Postmaster-General reports that deposits in the postoffice savings banks last year increased \$38,000,000, the greatest increase in fourteen years. This will be disappointing to the "Whigs" who cried that old-age pensions would destroy the thrift of the people.

"The Canadian contributor to 'The Round Table,' an English quarterly, tells its readers that the national spirit of Canada has been restored by the restoration of the French Conservatives to office. There are people who will believe such rubbish because they do not know any better!"—Ottawa Free Press.

The Round Table pretends to be an impartial quarterly, with non-partisan contributors from all the leading British countries. The Canadian correspondent, whoever he is, is as impartial as was Samuel Johnson, who wrote unbiased reports of the House of Commons proceedings, but took care that the Whig dogs did not get the best of it.

RAFFLES UP TO DATE.

New York criminals keep in touch with the latest methods of detecting crime. Burglars recently arrested in that city wore kid gloves to prevent leaving finger prints while engaged in their work.

HUMOR AT THE SUFFRAGETTE TRIAL.

[London Daily News.] At the Old Bailey yesterday, when Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lawrence and Mrs. Pankhurst continued their defence in the suffragist prosecution before Mr. Justice Colclough, Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Pankhurst addressed the jury on their own behalf, and Mr. T. Healy, K.C., M.P., for Mrs. Lawrence.

Mrs. Pankhurst called Dr. Ethel Smyth, the composer of the opera "The Wreckers." Witness said that nothing Mrs. Pankhurst had said had the effect of inciting her. "I did not take part in the November demonstration," she said, "because the week before I had been badly bitten in a dog fight. In March I was in a sanatorium, and when I read Mr. Hobhouse's speech I came to London from Cardiff and broke a window."

The Pick of the Basket. "Did anyone ask you to break it?" asked Mrs. Pankhurst. "No, I did it entirely on my own suggestion. It was the window of a gentleman who had made what I thought was the most objectionable remark about the women's suffrage question that has been made. He said in answer to a deputation of women, that he would be very happy to give the vote to women if all women were as intelligent, well-balanced and as admirable in every way as his own wife. The most important thing I had ever heard, and also the most fatuous, because it was as if he thought he had got the pick of the basket. (Laughter.) So I said to myself, 'That's the window I'm going to break'; and that was Mr. Lewis Harcourt's window."

A NEW BUTTON HINT.

Buttons covered with white linen are very new and are often used as headings for box platings, the buttons being sewed so closely together that no space shows between them.

ASPARAGUS ETIQUETTE.

[London Daily Chronicle.] Asparagus was a great dish with Dean Swift. Dining with him one day George Faulkener, the Dublin publisher, asked for a second helping of his favorite vegetable, but Swift pointed to the stalks on his guest's plate, and said: "That's first finish with you." "What?" exclaimed Faulkener. "Eat my stalks?" "Aye, sir," belittled the imperious dean, "eat your stalks or you'll get no more. King William III. always ate his stalks."

Asked once, when he was telling the story, whether he really did eat his stalks, Faulkener replied: "Yes, certainly, and if you had dined with Dean Swift you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too."

A SURVEYOR AS A POET

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

Shades of Pope and Gray! Has it come to this? A civil engineer, dragging his chain, has planted his theodolite fairly and squarely in the sacred inclosure devoted to the Muses. O, Clio, and thou, Melpomene, and ye other seven sisters of Helicon, faint not as the surveyor gets off his songs! And if ye can be gracious, provide a special department, set apart a new pigeonhole for these "Rhymes of the Survey and Frontier" sung by George B. Field, surveyor, and published by your leading Canadian purveyor, William Briggs.

Bright and new as is Surveyor Field, I fear that the sacred sisters will never be able to congratulate him on his lyrical excellence. 'Tis true that he makes a pleasing noise oftentimes, as he bangs his Kiplingesque lyre, but what can we say of the poem entitled "Wooden Mike?" This stirring ode beginning in this elevated fashion:

There are things you dream
And they often seem
To have happened real and true,
And the story which
I am going to pitch
He told while he stirred the stew.
He had got his name
When at first he came
To cook on a grating pike.
He had just one leg
And a lumber peg,
So they called him Wooden Mike.

The Muses must have shivered as they listened to this offering, but I can imagine that they fairly choked when Poet Field sent this strain up to Parnassus:

When he fried the cakes,
That a fellow makes
For breakfast, the griddle style,
To have worked the way
That they do today
Would have taken quite awhile.
So he hired a man
For to grease the pan,
His size would be hard to bear;
And the guy would skate
Right across the plate
With bacon rinds on his feet.

There are other stanzas equally sensational, but let me hasten on to something more classy. Here is a stanza which came straight from the surveyor's heart, and it has a thought in it which is worth remembering:

When, lying in your sleeper in a first-class Pullman car,
Or messing at the table where you dine,
The train is running swiftly on without a jolt or jar,
D'you ever think of those who made the line?

While rushing over the prairies, fresh with towns just newly born,
The bush, the bridge across the torrent's fall;
And rounding mighty canyons in the hazy early morn,
Don't quite forget the boys who did it all.

There are many poems in this collection which ascribe honor and praise to the "Men of the Line," to "The Breakers of the Trail," to "The Legion of Frontiersmen," and "The Breed."

Sons of the survey, sons of the wild,
Sons of the prodigal son,
Champs of the lonely and ancient pile,
Standing eternally dumb.

The poem "Recalled" strikes a note which reverberates throughout the book; it is the call of the wild. Of course this is a very hackneyed theme, but imitations as these verses are, they are not lacking in rugged strength:

When the wild is closing on you
And defiance you have hurled
And the trail is fading dimly in the night
As the mystic lights are dancing
On the frontier of the world
You are fighting grim and silent for your life.

When you're stoking on the limit
With a hope that's nearly gone,
Then you grit your teeth and bluff
The wild again,
Till you see the lights a-gleaming
In the coulee thro' the storm,
And you shout a mocking triumph
Thro' your pain.

Mr. Field displays a respect for religion, and even avoids the use of profanity, which the poets of this school naturally use. He has even written a poem, "The Bonnets," in praise of the Salvation Army lassies. But he has overstepped the bounds in his "Rodman's Dream," a poem in which he describes how a party of surveyors build a railway line in heaven. It is, of course, interesting to read lines like these:

I've worked on the C. P. and others
And often seen queer-looking sights;
But laughed when the Zebedee brothers
Drove mules in the heavenly heights.

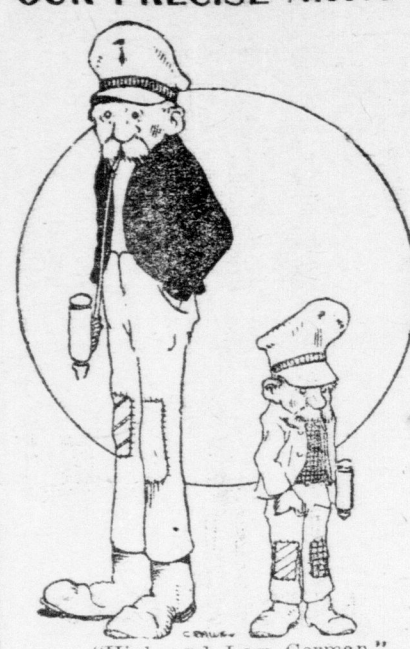
It is also amusing to learn that when the line was completed:

That grade never needed inspection
Such filling we never had seen.
Pure silver and gold for a section,
With radium stuffed in between.

But when Mr. Field's book goes into its second edition, as it certainly will, for poems like these are what reach the ears of the groundlings nowadays, I beg our new surveyor poet to weed out this most irrelevant production. And when he resurveyors his own work it would be a relief to the Muses if he would also chloroform "Wooden Mike."

Frank H. C.

A Few Lines of Most Anything OUR PRECISE ARTIST



"High and Low German."

Not since the hockey championship days has London had a chance to humble the proud warriors of Ottawa.

It will be a grand opportunity to revive that old battle song that runs: "We see your finish now."

Twenty-five millions were spent on chewing gum by the people of the United States last year. One may cease to wonder at the riches acquired by black-bearded men who gather old rubbers.

Englishmen and Frenchmen have started Wilbur Wright monument funds. "A prophet is not without honor, etc."

One of life's little compensations is that anyone may write for automobile catalogues, and make a momentary impression with the postman.

It is a paradox that one may stick, and not stick to his underneaths these days.

Huron County is undertaking a publicity campaign. When will Middlesex get into line?

Doings on the Ninth Line. [Kinardine Reporter.] Mr. Joseph Waldeen, of Kinloch, paid the seventh of his flying visit on Sunday evening. Come again, Joe.

Next time you go sailing, Jack, keep a lookout for that big iceberg. Perry Swallowell is busy training his pacing mare, Jennie, just now, and he thinks she will be ready for the fall shows. Perry says that if it wasn't for the big hill on the line he could make a mile in a little better than two minutes.

Robert Russell has purchased a new automobile-seated buggy. Dade was away to Ankerbon on Monday and brought home a wagon-load of drygoods and groceries.

Mr. Gilbert Shewfelt Sundayed on the 2nd of Bruce. Perry and Joe says that a robin in the hand is worth two in a tree.

Mr. Earl Avery Sundayed on the ninth—Ninth Line correspondence.

Perhaps the Menagerie Ate Itself. [St. Marys Argus.] As to the show itself, the menagerie was small, there being a leopard, some kind of an ox, a lion, an elephant, a couple of camels and some monkeys.

Why Not Boost the Western? [Alvinston Free Press.] We notice that the Toronto Board of Control estimates a profit of \$60,000 from the big fair this year.

If the papers throughout the province would charge advertising rates for the fair's publisher man sends out, that estimate would be reduced ten thousands at least.

A New Auto at Lochalsh. [Kinardine Reporter.] Tom Sand's long-looked-for motor car arrived on Thursday, Alex. Long rode home with him from Lucknow when he was bringing it home. It was the chief attraction over here on Saturday night, but the girls and women were complaining because he was taking the motor over to Lochalsh. The next time Tom comes over to Lochalsh he must remember "Ladies first."—Lochalsh correspondence.

A DAY AT THE PORT. [A Common Occurrence.] Fats, we're not very rich—isn't Biddy or I. 'Tho' the wife is inclined to be fat—Eight shillin's a day's the amount of me pay.

And I make it all off my own bat, Luk at that—We're not flats, and don't live in a flat.

Whin the rays of the sun is outtrajis, thin all Takes a day and goes down to the The journey is short and the price isn't tall.

And it's known as a summer resort, ing is free—and an illegat sport.

But short, Biddy and I is pasht mashters at that.

And we're blest wid uncommon good So we lave the young goslin's go out in their yacht.

And get drowned, av they like—no offence—Common sense Is a talent that costs an immense.

So I lay myself down at me length wid a cob, An' no fear av a whistle and bell. Och, misha! this takin' wan's aise is a job.

That suits myself only too well—'Tis as sweet as a honey bees' cell.

There's Hennessey dangle in his heels on the dock, Wid a red can of bait be his side.

SUMMER SKIN TROUBLES

Sunburn, blistering, and irritation are the commonest forms of summer skin troubles, and Zam-Buk ends these very quickly. It works in two ways. As soon as applied, its antiseptic powers get to work and kill all the poison in a wound, a sting or a sore. This generally ends the smarting and the pain. Then Zam-Buk begins the healing process, and fresh healthy tissue is built up. For sore, blistered feet, sore hands, heat rashes, baby's heat spots, sore places due to perspiration, etc., you can't equal Zam-Buk. It also cures cuts, ulcers, abscesses, piles, and all inflamed and diseased conditions of skin and sub-jacent tissue. Druggists and stores everywhere sell Zam-Buk. 50c box. Use Zam-Buk Soap also, 25c per tablet. All stores, or Zam-Buk Company, Toronto.

CHAPMAN'S REMOVAL SALE

Another Disposal of Summer Dresses at Low Prices

OVER three hundred Summer Dresses in this removal sale; including Lingerie, Silk, Voile, Marquisette, Gingham, Percale and Fancy Lawn. Every dress is this season's newest style, and in popular demand. The following sale prices bring them within the reach of every woman.

Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4
Dresses, worth up to \$15.00.	Dresses, worth up to \$5.00.	Dresses, regular values up to \$3.00.	Dresses, values up to \$2.00.
CHOICE	CHOICE	CHOICE	CHOICE
\$7.50	\$2.95	\$1.98	\$1.25

Black Silk and Pongee Coats

Full length Black Taffeta Silk Coats, with large collars. Some of these were \$16.50. Also Natural Pongee Silk Coats, cut on loose lines for motor and cool evening wear. Specially priced Saturday..... \$11.95

Natural Linen Motor Coats, one style buttons to the neck and is trimmed with tan; another style has notched collar and revers, trimmed with tan. Usual \$5 value. Sale price..... \$3.95

White Waists

5 dozen Women's White Lawn Waists, all newest styles in low neck or high collar effects, also tailored styles in the lot. Usual 75c and 85c values. Sale price..... \$5.95

3 dozen Lingerie Waists, made of fine quality lawn, front trimmed with heavy lace and dainty German Val. lace and insertion. Long or three-quarter length sleeves. Were \$2.25 and \$2.50. Sizes 34 to 42. Choice..... \$1.89

HOSIERY

Odd lines of Ladies' and Children's Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose, medium weight, in sizes 6 to 10. Also Ladies' Fleece-lined Cotton Hose, sizes 8½ to 10. Best 25c grades. We will sell the lot of 10 dozen at a pair..... 19c

Ladies' Silk Lisle Hose, sheer summer weight of handsome appearance. Spliced heel and toe. Black or tan. Sizes 8½ to 10. At a pair..... 25c

We are agents for Holeproof Hosiery.

Boys' Blouses

A splendid assortment of Boys' Wash Blouses, large sailor collar; blouse style. Sizes 4 to 15 years. Special..... 35c

Khaki Knickers

A strong Khaki Knicker for work and play. Sizes 6 to 14 years, at..... 35c

Handkerchiefs

15 dozen Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, warranted all linen, ¼ inch hemstitched hem. A bargain. Each..... 5c

Rush Sale at Dress Goods Counter

For a quick sale Saturday morning we offer 300 yards of Dress Goods, all new since the fire, at 25c a yard, including Serges, Cashmeres, Tweeds, German Plaids, Shepherd Checks and other broken lines of regular 40c, 50c and 60c a yard qualities. Come early for first choice.

Walking Skirts

Panama Skirts. A very fine light weight panama that sheds the dust and is cool and serviceable. High waist style, cut in three gores. Black or navy, at..... \$2.95

Silk Petticoats

Splendid quality Black Taffeta Silk in these Petticoats, deep flounce with tucks and frills. Saturday special \$2.95

Whitewear

NIGHT GOWNS — White cambric, in high neck and slip over styles. Special..... 89c

CAMBRIC DRAWERS 35c

PETTICOATS, with deep embroidery flounce, at..... 98c

CORSET COVERS—A special at..... 59c

Long White Kid Gloves 98c PAIR. A broken lot of 2½ dozen pairs Ladies' Long Kid Gloves, 12-button length, white only, in sizes 5¾ to 7. Special for first-come Saturday, at a pair..... 98c

Centre Pieces

29 only Colored Drill and Burlap Centre-pieces, handsomely braided in new designs, scalloped edges, 18-inch size. Nice for the living room table. Each..... 27c

Bedspreads

Snow white American Crochet Bedspreads, size 64x 84. Saturday at..... 98c

Unbleached Sheetting

Absolutely pure, even thread cotton, 72 inches wide. Regular 25c quality, at yard..... 22c

Prints 5c Yard

Just 300 yards Round-Thread Prints, in garnets, pink, blues, tan stripes, etc., 26 inches wide. Early Saturday buyers will get them at 5c a yard.

Carpets

Still a few rolls and short ends of Carpet to sell in our store at 239 Dundas street. We have sold out a great pile and want the balance to go in the next few days. Come for bargains.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

248 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON

And he'll sit there till I'll wagger till tin o' the clock.

For a Connaught man won't be denied, Though he tried Be the hate o' the sun on his hide.

But he hasn't a parch on the ind av nor a Shure the parch is more fowl av his fish.

And he vastly prefers in Lake Erie to row! Nor adornin' ould Hennessey's dish—We wor all as content in the fish.

O, 'tis purty to see the boats tootin' The "Snowstorm" and other shmall craft.

An' the childer—God bless 'em!—is here wid a shout

For to race me—ah, how Biddy laugh. Yis, and chaffed.

And the Mulligans said I'd go daft.

But when we sat down to the pickles and the fish files, and other delights, All gabbin' like sparrows wid lashtis to say.

And laughin' and yellin' 'twixt bites—Oh, the Heights

Av the Poort is the place for delights! To go thravellin' down wid an autumny-beel.

An' run over six sheep in a nager-man's heel, Is daudin' and quite comin' il faut—Nor for Biddy nor me, don't ye know!

No, I thank the Almighty for givin' me And a masherful hand wid a pick; And Biddy's a wumman that makes no pretence.

Keeps house and licks after the sick—Very quick, Macusha—God bless her, arick!