

## London Advertiser

Founded in 1863.  
ADVERTISER BUILDING,  
Dundas street, London, Ont.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One week by carrier ..... 10c  
One year by mail outside city..... \$5.00  
One year by mail outside city..... \$2.00  
One year delivered outside city..... \$2.00  
Weekly edition ..... 25c

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:  
3670 Private Branch Exchange  
Connecting All Departments.  
Nights and holidays, ring the following numbers:  
Business Department ..... 3670  
Editors ..... 3671  
Reporters ..... 3672  
Job Printing Department ..... 3673  
[Entered at London Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.]

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Massachusetts is one of the few states in which the voters may directly indicate their choice of a leader for their party. Under this system, called direct primaries, the Republicans and Democrats of the state, who had taken the trouble to register as party men, were permitted to vote on Tuesday for delegates to their respective conventions for the nomination of Presidential candidates. Taft received a small majority of the Republican vote over Roosevelt. Of the 28 delegates elected by districts, the President got sixteen and Roosevelt ten, with two in doubt at this writing. Roosevelt, however, appears to have captured the eight delegates-at-large. The equal division of the delegates is more favorable to Taft than to his rival, as the former needs fewer convention votes. He had already 467 of the 540 required to win. The total number of delegates will be 1,078, of whom 658 had been chosen before Tuesday, as follows:

Taft	407
Roosevelt	203
La Follette	16
Cummins	10
Unclassified	2

Total ..... 658

As a simple majority carries the convention, Taft needed only 133 delegates before the Massachusetts vote, while Roosevelt needed 337. It looks as though the President will get his quota by a small margin, but if he does he will lead a party torn by internal strife.

Massachusetts Democrats went to the primaries in small numbers. Clark defeated Wilson by two to one, but the Democratic contest is not far advanced. The winner in the Democratic convention must have a two-thirds majority, but from present appearance no aspirant will have two-thirds of the delegates when the convention meets. This will give the spell-binders and the log-rollers a great opportunity.

Not in quarter of a century has there been so much excitement and dramatic uncertainty in a United States presidential election. The fight over the Presidency, because of the personal element, will obscure the elections to Congress, the seat of legislative power. This is not a healthy state of affairs.

## THE MULTIPLE SHOP.

The individual traders of Great Britain, particularly the retail merchants, have hitherto looked upon the co-operative movement as their most serious competitor, but the multiple shop—the ownership of more than one shop by one company—is becoming far more formidable. After over half a century of co-operation in England there are about 20,000 co-operative stores. But in a short time the number of multiple shops has reached the amazing figure of 70,000. One English firm alone had last year 114 branches. The amount of its subscribed capital was \$285,000. Its net profit was \$491,738, and it paid a dividend of 20 per cent. The private trader in English towns, says the Irish Homestead, is melting away before the multiple shop, just as the individual weaver disappeared before the factory and mill. The same journal adds:

"Now, here is a movement which is far more menacing to the individual trader than the co-operative movement. It is operating already on a much higher scale. It can attract capital far more than the co-operative movement can, because the latter limits the dividend, and the aim of the multiple shop company is to pay as huge dividends as possible. Capital will be on the side of the multiple shop company, and the small trader is bound to disappear before its advent.

"It is only a question of time before these multiple shop companies begin operations on a large scale in Ireland. There are branches already working and multiplying in our large Irish towns. The struggle for the control of distributive trade lies between these companies and the co-operative societies. This is so obvious a thing that we wonder the Irish middlemen strain at the co-operative gnat while swallowing without a murmur the multiple humped camel of the great company shop."

The co-operative movement has not taken deep root in Canada. The multiple shop, though much a newer development, has made more rapid headway. The system has its economic advantages, but conditions are more favorable to its growth in Great Britain than in Canada. In a country of small area, every unit of a business can be in intimate touch with every other, but the distances in Canada impose a limit on the process of multiplication. There is no sign that in this country the tendency to concentration in production will be carried, or can economically be carried, equally far in the process of distribution. The business of distribution is more

local in its nature, and is affected by local sentiment to a much greater extent. People seldom care where a product is made, but experienced shoppers do care where they buy it.

## NO ARGUMENT AGAINST RECIPROCITY.

Referring to President Taft's phrase as to Canada's becoming an "adjunct" of the United States through reciprocity, the Ottawa Citizen, Conservative, says:

"This letter that has now accidentally come to light, shows conclusively how necessary that alarm was and how true was the assertion of the Conservative leaders that British connection was about to be sacrificed."

The Citizen shows remarkable insight. It was a friend of the Taft-Fielding agreement at the outset, and chided its contemporaries for professing to see any danger to British connection in a policy advocated by Sir John Macdonald until his death. The Ottawa Journal, the other Conservative newspaper at the capital, was equally well disposed to the pact, and called it a triumph of common sense. That was before an election loomed up and before they came under the lash of the party whip. They were expressing their honest opinion, after weighing the agreement impartially.

Nothing that Mr. Taft has since said has affected the arguments for or against reciprocity. If reciprocity was a good thing in September, it is a good thing now. What folly and unpopularity for any Canadian to admit that the free entrance of Canadian farm products into the United States would have political consequences! If this were true, the United States could simply make Canada an "adjunct" by taking down the tariff dyke and permitting a great volume of Canadian trade to flow into American channels.

The surplus funds of the Canadian banks flow at present, Canadians who talk of imperiling British connection therefore imply that the destiny of Canada is in the hands of the United States. Shame on so craven a spirit!

The Queen of the May is considering whether she may safely put her furs in storage.

The reciprocity agreement is as sound as ever and needed more than ever. Ask the western farmers whose wheat is rotting because it was shut out of its nearest market.

The leader of the British Columbia Socialists, Mr. Hawthornthwaite, has made a fortune, and is going into British politics. The political hospitality of the mother country is amazing.

The Advertiser begs to acknowledge the hearty support it has received in its "Stay in Ontario" campaign from all the newspapers of Western Ontario, (Conservative and Liberal, with one exception).

When Mr. Churchill says the labor question is a much more important one for England than the Irish question, he states a plain fact. It seems preposterous to ask the English working classes to become excited over Ireland in the interest of a few Ulster plutocrats.

The Steel Company of Canada reports a net profit for the year of \$1,275,522, after spending \$404,453 on repairs and improvements. The company also reports that the past year has been a depressing one, owing to American competition. But on such a showing it will be hard to work up public sympathy.

## NOT THAT KIND.

[Judge.]  
Crushleigh—Oh, I say, Miss Passay, can you interpret a dream for me?  
Miss Passay—How very interesting. I'll try.  
Crushleigh—Thanks, awfully. It's that one over there is pink. She speaks nothing but French.

## ENJOYED HIMSELF.

[Detroit Free Press.]  
"How did you like the show last night?"  
"Great! For the first time I've seen my wife shed tears that I wasn't responsible for."

## HOLLOW, ALL RIGHT.

[Boston Transcript.]  
Griggs: What odd expressions these novelists use. For instance, in this book you loaned me the author tells of the heroine speaking "in a hollow voice."

## DISTINCTION.

[Judge's Library.]  
"My husband and I were married by a bishop."  
"Where?"  
"My husband and I were divorced by a judge who is occupying a seat on the supreme bench."

## FOLLOWING THE MARKET.

[Youngstown Telegram.]  
Old King Coal is a merry old soul. (You've heard that once or twice.) His winter trade brought him a roll. So now he'll peddle ice.

## ALDERMANIC QUALIFICATIONS.

[Green Bay, Wis., Gazette.]  
Peter Smongesky for alderman. He lost two fingers of his right hand while serving as a soldier in the Spanish-American war. He would make an efficient alderman if elected.

## NO IDOLATRY THERE.

[Harper's Weekly.]  
"I hope you are not bringing up your children to worship money, Hawkins," said Dubblehug.  
"Why, Dabb, my children despise money so much that the minute a dollar comes their way they get rid of it as fast as they can."

## THEY STILL ARE.

[Shakespeare.]  
Ships are but boards.  
Sailors but men.

## A CANDID FRIEND'S HINT.

[Ottawa Citizen, Can.]  
In view of the expressed determination of Mr. Rowell to continue to make things lively for the Whitney Government, Sir James would be well advised if he took early occasion to strengthen the weak places in his

Government and also to give the people all the progressive and desirable legislation possible.

## NOT OVERPAID.

[Boston Transcript.]  
Cholly—Tell your sister I am here, little man. And here's a dime for your trouble.  
Bobby—Yes; sis said there'd be trouble if I let you know she was in.

## SUSPICIOUS.

[Judge.]  
Mrs. Talkalot—Mrs. Dashiway says her house is full of antiques.  
Mrs. Peneurich—I knowed it was full of something. I seen 'em sprinkling insect powder around the other day.

## SOMEWHAT INCONSISTENT.

[Winnipeg Free Press.]  
The foolish, ill-considered talk of secession from eastern Canada indulged in by a few angry westerners is the subject of severe condemnation by certain Toronto newspapers which, at the same time heartily applaud and uphold threats of secession made by the anti-home-rulers of Ulster.

## CAN'T PLEASE THEM ALL.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]  
A criminal executed in Kentucky's electric chair on Friday expressed a fear that the shock would dislodge his false teeth. We shall never be able to adapt our methods of execution to the perfect satisfaction of the principal.

## HOW SHE WAS FOOLED.

[Philadelphia Record.]  
Mrs. Dashiway—How long had you known your husband before you were married?  
Mrs. Gnaggs—I didn't know him at all. I only thought I did.

## ERUDITION.

[Metropolitan Magazine.]  
Dorothy (looking up from her book)—What is an ape?  
Jack (in a superior way)—I dunno exactly. Something in a cathedral. I think.  
Dorothy—Oh, is it? I thought it was that thing that Cleopatra killed herself with.

## WHAT HE MEANT.

[Harper's Bazar.]  
Baker—I was out in Baker's motor last week. He had everything in it, even a pedometer.  
Barker—You mean a speedometer, old man. A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk.  
Baker—All right. I'll stick to pedometer.

## HIS TRIBUTE.

[Metropolitan Magazine.]  
General Funston tells a story of a soldier in the Philippines, who was nursed through the rice fever. On his recovery he thanked the nurse like this:  
"Thank you very much, ma'am, for your kindness. I shan't never forget it, if ever there was a fallen angel, you're one."

## WHERE ONE CAN SEE MERIDIAN LINE.

[Wide World Magazine.]  
The meridian of the earth scientists tell you, is an imaginary line running from north to south. It is not generally known, however, that near Greenwich Observatory the meridian line can be actually seen and walked upon. It is deeply engraved in stone and is laid in the footpath that leads round the observatory.

## BACK TALK.

[Exchange.]  
Mrs. Hoyle—Covered with jewels, isn't she?  
Mrs. Doyle—Yes. It is hard at first glance to tell whether she belongs to the mineral or animal kingdom.

## DEPENDS.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]  
Teacher—"How old would a person be this year who was born in 1881?"  
Oversophisticated Scholar—"What is it, a man or a woman?"

## TWO TARTARS.

[Life.]  
Hobb—"Is your wife critical?"  
Nobb—"Frightful! She is almost as bad as my 15-year-old daughter."

## 100 PERSONS CURED OF ECZEMA

Within the past few months over 100 persons have written to the Zam-Buk Co. reporting their cure of eczema, rashes and skin diseases by Zam-Buk.

Doesn't this prove that Zam-Buk is something different?

Don't you need it in your household?

Miss Mary McCraig, 913 St. Catherine Street W., Montreal, says:

"I do not know words powerful enough to express my gratitude to Zam-Buk. Eczema has been on my scalp and hands. The irritation of the scalp was so bad that I could not sleep or rest, and I feared I should have to have my hair cut off. On my hands the disease appeared in the form of a burning and itching sore patches. I went to the dispensary, but they referred me to a skin specialist, who said that mine was as bad a case of eczema as he had seen. He gave me a second lot, but neither gave me any relief."

"I was in a very bad condition when Zam-Buk was introduced, but I soon found out that it was different from all the other remedies. I persevered with the Zam-Buk treatment, and each box did me more and more good. The irritation and burning soon disappeared, then the sores began to heal, fresh healthy skin grew over the parts which had been sore, and I am now quite free from all traces of eczema, both on head and hands."

My hair has also been saved. I am free from all skin diseases, all eczema and rashes, and from all itching and burning. I am now quite free from all traces of eczema, both on head and hands."

That is a good sample of Mr. Bennett's grim humor. He makes the people's here seem even more grotesque, however, when he describes his difficulty in casting up his accounts in his grimy ledger, and this Hercules, this terrible organism, would soon be past football! "He was thirty-four if

For several years the name of Arnold Bennett has been making quite a stir in the world of letters. He was born in the pottery district of North Staffordshire, the region which, for the purposes of his fiction he has named "The Five Towns," on May 27, 1867. Like Dickens, he has come to the novel by way of the lawyer's office and the newspaper desk. He is not a college man, and is calmly supercilious in his attitude to polite learning. In his youth he gave himself up to the study of French fiction and came to entertain a scorn of the English novel which he has never yet quite lost. Probably it is because of his close study of Balzac and Flaubert that Arnold Bennett has such a faculty of investing the drab and the commonplace with a wonderful fascination. He has an eye for the local color, or rather the local sordid, of those Midland towns, but while he sees life steadily and sees it whole, he has an abounding vitality and humor which suggest Dickens. And like Dickens, he loves to give life stories. In "The Old Wives' Tale," for instance, a story pronounced a masterpiece by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll and Max Beerholm, he follows the progress of two sisters from the age of fifteen till they sank into their graves. There is no nonsense about Mr. Bennett; he is the apostle of common sense; he makes you see life as it really is in mean streets; he entertains no illusions, and, in spite of his comic side, disillusionment is the final impression of his novels. He has now come to town, as the English say; if you have not read his "Anna of the Five Towns," "Clayhanger," and "The Old Wives' Tale," you ought to give yourself that pleasure and come into touch with one of the really big writers of our time.

Perhaps you prefer to try Mr. Bennett first of all in his new collection of short stories, "The Matador of the Five Towns," just hot from the press of William Briggs. The fifty-page narrative which lends its attractive name to the volume is a novel in parvo. It is an attempt to give a graphic picture of the sporting mania of the Five Towns, where football arouses the population to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, or if their team is beaten hurls them to the lowest depths of despair. The impression of the sooty town of Hanbridge is made upon the soul of a gentleman from the British Museum who is piloted to a newspaper office, a football match, and the home of a patient by the Scotch doctor of the place. As the visitor from the south sits in the automobile waiting for the doctor, he studies the scene in the centre of the town. "Indeed the influence of Crown Square, with its large effects of terra cotta, plate glass and gold letters, all under a heavy sky-scrape of drab smoke, was depressing. A few very seedy men (sharply contrasting with the delicacy of costly things behind plate glass) stood doggedly here and there in the mud, immobilized by the gloomy enchantment of the square. Two of them turned to look at Stirling's motor-car and me. They gazed fixedly for a long time, and then one said, only his lips moving:

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Later on in the evening, Dr. Stirling has to make a visit there, and leaves his friend below to talk to Jos while he is busy above. Jos shows the doctor's friend the fruits of his victories as a bicycle racer. "I could see him straining along endless cinder-paths and highroads under hot suns, his great knees going up and down like treadles amid the plaudits and howls of a vast population. And all that now remained of that glory was those debased and vicious shapes, magnificently useless, grossly ugly, with their inscriptions lost in a mess of flourishes."

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The Value of "Want Ads."

[St. Mary's Journal.]

Every newspaper should have a want column, whether you want it or not. Nothing but a few cents will "come back" unless advertised. A door will be returned sooner than you want him if advertised (with reward) and bring a dog and a half dozen boxes with him. "To realize your want advertisement." Let the public know what you wish to be separated from. A friend of ours wished to sell a horse, and said so in the want column, and next morning his horse was gone and the price (stated in ad.) mailed to the barn door.

HEAVY SNOWFALL IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA

As Crane Are in, It Will Prove of Great Value to the Farmer.

[Canadian Press.]

Calgary, Alberta, May 1.—Warm, heavy snow envelopes the southern portion of Alberta. As fully 50 per cent of the crop is in, it will prove of incalculable value.

W. E. Tregillus, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, who said the snowfall was very general all over the southern portion of the province, where the seeding this spring has been unusually heavy.

PLUMBERS OUT.

Kingston, Ont., May 1.—Local plumbers are out, demanding \$3 for an eight-hour day. The bosses are offering \$2.75 for nine hours. This is the only May Day trouble. The carpenters' contract expires June 1.

Eight Years or Bad Eczema on Hands

Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Miss Mary A. Bentley, 83 University St., Montreal, writes, in a recent letter: "Some nine years ago I noticed small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating, and gradually became worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got worse, and I could not put my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that it was a very bad case of eczema. 'Well, I just kept on using everything that I could for nearly eight years until I was advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications the burning sensations were disappearing. I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap. I stuck to the Cuticura treatment, and thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, I deserved a fair trial with a severe and stubborn case. I used the Cuticura Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say that I have hands as clear as anyone. It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me.'"

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 55 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

## THE LAND OF LETTERS

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

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