

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.

TELEPHONE CALLS.

Business Office107
 Editorial Department134
 Job Department175

The London Advertiser Company,
 Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, London, Ont.

LONDON, THURSDAY, MARCH 15.

The City's Growth.

The assertion of a real estate dealer, that a thousand families in this district are contemplating moving into London, and are making inquiries as to property here, may be an exaggeration, but it has some basis in fact. The growth of the city and the remarkable activity in building during the past few years have not been caused entirely by the natural increase of population, or by the demand for labor, caused by the expansion of local industries, although the latter development has been very satisfactory. There is a constant movement to London from all parts of this western peninsula of people who are attracted by the city's advantages as a place of residence. Many of these are farmers and businessmen who have acquired a competence. They hope to find more comfort and enjoyment in a larger community, where their children also will have better educational facilities, and wider opportunities in a commercial and business way. Young men and women from the surrounding towns and townships likewise stream to this city for employment, and members of their families follow them sooner or later. As the largest city in the western counties, and the distributing center as well, the people of the district frequent it on business and pleasure, and grow accustomed to it. These are some reasons for London's growth and prosperity. The city is planted in the very garden of Ontario, and has a foundation which insures its future.

Deadlock in the Coal Fields.

The anthracite coal situation is again assuming an ominous look. The operators, in their reply, uncompromisingly reject the union's demands. The miners asked for recognition of the union, the collection of union dues by the operators, an eight-hour day, a 10 per cent advance in wages for contract miners, a readjustment of the board of conciliation and payment by weight wherever practicable. The operators make the counter proposition that the award of the arbitration commission of 1903 be continued for three years. The operators make the claim that the miners' demands, if granted, would make it necessary to advance the price of coal in domestic sizes \$1.20 a ton, because no increase could be made on steam sizes for the reason that these must be sold in competition with soft coal. This would mean that the whole burden of the increase would fall upon the householders of the country. The operators warn the miners that the retail price of hard coal is already as high as the public will tolerate. The officials of the miners' union dispute the figures of the operators, claiming that the advance in wages would have an almost imperceptible bearing upon the wage cost of a ton of coal. The wage cost at present is estimated at \$1.55 per ton, and an increase of 10 per cent would be 15 cents. The miners also point out that the increase in the retail price of coal following the strike of three years ago, was five times the increase in the wage cost of mining it. The positions taken by the two parties are very far apart, and there is less than three weeks in which to bring them together. The three years' agreement expires on April 1. The anthracite miners will stop work on that day unless a new agreement is framed, or the existing one renewed. In the meantime, there is some expectation that the President will intervene as he did before. It would appear to be a case for arbitration. The public is anxiously waiting for the breaking of the present deadlock. It will be the sufferer if the parties go to war, and a helpless sufferer, as there is no law to compel capital and labor to settle their differences.

The Cost of Municipal Government

The last volume of municipal statistics issued by the Ontario Bureau of Statistics brings the figures down to the year 1904, and contains valuable tables of comparison, which illustrate the growth of municipal expenditures. This table includes 520 townships, 114 towns, 133 organized villages, 15 cities and 38 counties:

	1886.	1904.
Population	1,828,495	2,076,970
Assessment	\$364,850,659	\$506,105,639
Total taxes imposed	\$5,009,835	\$15,553,950
Rates per head	\$4.93	\$7.49
Mills on the dollar	12.97	17.2
Debtenture debt	\$29,924,863	\$63,927,539
Rate per head	\$16.37	\$31.09
Floating debt	\$4,841,717	\$8,526,493
While the population increased 6 per cent, the assessed value increased over 20 per cent, the taxation over 67		

per cent, and the rate on the dollar 32 per cent. The figures for the debtenture debt given above are for the year 1903, but they show an increase in the aggregate of 110 per cent.

It cannot be said that any large proportion of the increase in the debtenture debt has been due to the purchase of public utilities by municipal corporations, as the movement has not yet acquired great headway in this Province. If the growth of liabilities were due to the extension of the sphere of municipal ownership, the marked increase in the rate of taxation would be a condemnation of the policy. The burden of municipal government has grown much faster than the increase of population, and considerably faster than the increase of assessment. No doubt the people have better schools, better roads, better fire protection, and better water, lighting, and other public services, but there are evidences of a tendency to municipal extravagance, which must be carefully watched. The Ontario Government's proposal to enlarge the county councils is not a step in the direction of economy.

Ten years ago the annual cost of the city hospital to the taxpayers was \$7,000. For the current year \$24,000 is asked.

The Russian revolutionaries show an indisposition to accept the ballot as a substitute for the bomb. They are playing into the hands of despotism.

A Liberal has been elected to the Nova Scotia Legislature by a majority of 1,000. It is worth noting for Toronto the Conservative party wouldn't have a leg to stand on.

Sir Charles Tupper is fast recovering from his serious illness. The coming summer will probably see him, at 85, skipping blithely to and fro on the Atlantic, like that other octogenarian traveler, Lord Strathcona.

In the last eight months the foreign trade of Canada has been \$358,277,966. At this rate it will climb over the half-billion mark before the end of the fiscal year, June 30. No other country in the world can show the same ratio of growth in its foreign commerce.

Two Hands.

[New York Sun.]
 Her slender fingers taper,
 Her hand is lily white,
 And yet I see another,
 To me a fairer sight.

This other hand is knotted
 By toil of past years;
 My heart it oft has gladdened
 And smoothed away my fears.

It did not rock my cradle,
 Ah, no, it is the hand that
 It is the hand belonging
 To Casey at the bat.

The British Sessional Indemnity.

[Montreal Star.]

It will be noted that the British members are to be content with an indemnity of \$1,500. They sit much longer than does our parliament, and they have the affairs of an empire and many of the municipal burdens of forty millions of people on their shoulders. Yet they are satisfied with \$1,500. Men of quite as much wealth and of as important business interests as our members at Ottawa belong to the British parliament, and still they do not ask for more than the amount of our old indemnity before this last "grab." The reason is that the British member regards it as an "indemnity," and not as a bonanza. They reason—and reason rightly—that \$1,500 will indemnify the average member for his loss in attending the sessions of parliament.

More Deputations.

[Kingston Whig.]

It is given out that the Government may establish three technical schools. This may start another deputation movement of great advantage to the railways and hotels of Toronto.

Sealskins Becoming Scarce.

[Leeds Weekly.]

At the annual sale of sealskin in London in December it is said that 18,000 skins were sold at a total of \$2,000,000. The average price was something over \$100 a skin, Behring bringing a little less and British Columbia about \$125 each. The prices show the high water mark, and none but a millionaire could afford to buy these garments in the future. The supply of skins has reached the lowest level, there being only 50,000 pelts from sealeries throughout the world, against twice that number a year ago. In 1890 about 250,000 pelts brought \$40 apiece. As it takes four skins to make the medium-length gilet, only 12,500 women can be supplied from this year's crop. But next season's catch may be much larger than this.

They "Muddle Through" Somehow

[New York Press.]

England never produced, and probably never will produce, an army which is up to the theoretical standard set by continental powers. From Marlborough to Wellington the British army has been one open to criticism—yet the "thin red line" has always "made good," generally, it is true, because Providence helped it along. In fact, that beneficent power which is said to look after children, drunkards and fools has always been most attentive to England and the United States when it came to military affairs.

Love Letter 700 Years Old.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

While carrying on some excavations near the foundations of the old Church of St. Peter, on top of Montmartre, M. Sauvageot, a well-known French antiquary, has discovered a love letter which is 700 years old.

It was written by the knight, Jean de Gisors, to his lady, Alice de Lisle.

In his letter the knight declares for all the world to know that he has worshipped the fair lady, Alice, from afar, that never had she given him any right to declare his love but that her image has been his guiding star for years, and that now, on the eve of battle, he wishes to send her a chaste farewell.

Apparently the damsel never got the letter, for the knight was slain the next day upon the battlefields, and buried in the trench, whence his bones have been exhumed by the casual pick of a modern antiquary.

His Last Adieu.

[Answers.]

A Frenchman who was staying at a hotel in Edinburgh, asked at the cashier's desk for his bill, and was astonished to find it so large. He felt that he had been plundered, but he paid the bill and asked to see the proprietor. The landlord coming down in response to the call, beaming with smiles, the Frenchman rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"Ah, let me embrace you, let me kiss you!"
 "But why do you want to embrace me, sir? I don't understand."
 "Ah, saïre, but look at this bill."
 "Your bill? Yes, but what of it?"
 "Of it? Why it means that I shall never see you again, saïre."

Hope Still Lives.

[New York Tribune.]

Knicker—Have the doctors given up hope?
 Bocker—No, they think he may pay 50 cents on the dollar.

A Sure Winner.

[Puck.]

St Haymow—Bill Cummings and Seth Barlow are both runnin' after Sarah Jane Cornhill, ain't they?
 Rube Hardacre—Yep; but Seth ain't got no chance with a feller like Bill. Why Bill seen her in town one day, an' took her into the drug store an' planked down fifteen cents fer chevin' gum like it wasn't nuthin' at all!

What Money Does.

[Washington Star.]

"Money," said Uncle Eben, "ain't like it used to be. It's gettin' folks into trouble instead o' keepin' 'em out o' it."

Liked It.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

"Did old Hamfat, the tragedian, get mad the other night when the audience threw eggs at him?"
 "Not in the least. He thanked them and said he always enjoyed eggs with his role."

Synchronization.

[Albany Journal.]

Mrs. Murphy—That's a funny boy you have there, Mrs. Maginlin; how could he be?
 Mrs. Maginlin (with motherly pride)—He'll be two years old tomorrow an' he was born on the same day as his father.

Ottawa's Opposition.

[Brantford Expositor.]

The present standing of parties in the Nova Scotia Assembly is: Reformers, 13; Conservatives, 2. Compared with such a showing, parties in the Toronto Legislature are pretty evenly divided.

Flight.

[New York World.]

"Mother may I go out to fly?"
 "Yes, my darling, fly."
 But be sure and stay upon the ground
 And don't go near the air."

Whitney Very Courteous.

[Toronto Star.]

Premier Whitney declares he is too busy to accept an invitation to a Conservative luncheon. The Premier is not going to take any chances of having some disappointed office-seeker put arsenic in his soup if he can help it.

The Weakness of Temperance.

[Puck.]

The great weakness of temperance is the deadly dullness of it. As soon as we shall have discovered how to make the water wagon seem to be going some, the problem will be pretty much solved.

The Lure of the Bargain.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

A Walkerville woman who was tall and thin and stately when she got on the ferry to cross over to Detroit, was noticed to have grown tremendously in her dimensions when she returned a few hours later. An investigation in the private room of the customs office at Walkerville revealed the following explanations of the remarkable transformation:

Five night robes,
 Two children's dresses,
 Four suits of underwear,
 Two cotton dresses,
 Three kimonos,
 Six pairs of hose.

The lady, we are told, was a prominent Walkerville society woman, and she threatened to make out a large list of other Walkerville ladies, all at the head of Walkerville society, who were accustomed to adopt similar methods of improving their figures. Protection makes it a crime to go out of the country in search of bargains, but it is safe to say that the great majority of people consider that the only crime consists in being caught.

So We've Heard.

[Toronto Star.]

To prove that he was not dying, Mr. Schwab started to run a hundred yards, but fell down at the tenth yard. However, some very smart sprinters have done that, and made money out of it.

The Royal Road.

[New York Sun.]

Knicker—There is no royal road to learning.
 Bocker—Ever bet four kings against a cent?

Wives of Noted Novelists

[Kansas City Star.]

Our novelists are exceptionally fortunate in their wives, and it is quite curious to note how very rarely the world hears of dissensions between those married couples who are connected with imaginative literature.

Poets have been proverbially unlucky—not so novelists. At the present time the great masters of the novel are, with perhaps one or two exceptions, all benedicts, and what is more gratifying, happy benedicts. Perhaps it were well to take them serially. Sir Gilbert Parker, though the chosen novelist of Canada, went to the States for his wife, and Mrs. Parker, who was