

The Advertiser

founded by John Cameron in 1883.

THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

Daily, by mail, per year (3 to 16 pages) — \$4.00
Daily, by mail, for three months — 1.00
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IN LONDON:

Morning Edition, 5¢ per annum; Evening Edition, 10¢ per week, delivered.

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—(BROWNING.)

If you trust in God and yourself you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely.

—(PRINCE BISMARCK.)

London, Monday, April 23.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER, with its morning and evening editions, covers the ground. With one exception, it is the ONLY EARLY MORNING DAILY IN ONTARIO, outside of Toronto.

—Only those communications to which the writers are willing to have their names appended in print will be published in these columns. Neither the writing nor the publication of anonymous letters can be justified.

—To support the rice combine—in all two mills—Canadians will in future be taxed \$200,000 a year. They will also pay \$85,000 a year of taxes to sustain the three manufacturers of starch. This is the kind of tariff "revision" that Mr. Foster is giving. Little wonder that the tariff jungle is denounced by the large majority of the people.

—The man who has taken up residence in London since July 1 last, and who has applied to have his name added to the voters' list, must appear personally at the court house to-morrow forenoon. The man whose vote has been attacked must similarly attend, or he will be voteless on election day. As every vote counts in the contest which is expected to take place in a short time, all Liberals should attend.

—Mr. James Middleton, the newly-elected president of the West Peterboro Liberal Association, is a prominent Patron. He is a warm supporter of Mr. Stratton, the Liberal M. P. for the riding, who has been renominated and will again be elected. Among the warmest supporters of Sir Oliver Mowat in North Oxford are Patrons. They recognize that the Patron order was not formed to aid in the defeat of a statesman like Sir Oliver Mowat.

—T. V. Powderly, the distinguished labor and temperance advocate, has distinctly scored in replying to the attack made upon him by the Toronto Empire. On the unsupported allegation of Le Caron, the notorious professional spy, who figured with Piggot in the attempt to bring the Irish members of Parliament into disgrace, the chief Conservative newspaper denounced the labor and temperance organizations of Toronto for bringing Powderly to that city, seeing, as it alleged, he had been guilty of counseling the destruction of life as a means of promoting his views. Mr. Powderly now points out that in 1889, Sir John Macdonald characterized Le Caron as a liar when he said that the Government of Canada had paid him money to do detective work for them. Sir John further said that he knew nothing of Le Caron or his work. "I don't think," says Powderly, "the Empire could very consistently give Le Caron a character for truthfulness as against me and accuse him of slander in the case of the late Premier." Mr. Powderly also prints a letter that Le Caron sent him, counseling the blowing up and destruction of railway property during a great strike, to which the labor leader never replied, but which he very properly sent to London at the time of the Parnell inquiry to show what kind of a man the spy was. After this Le Caron published his book, maligning Powderly. On this unstable foundation did the chief Conservative organ in Canada found its bitter attack on Powderly and those who brought him to Canada. It certainly owes both Powderly and his legion of friends an apology. The testimony on which it relies is absolutely unreliable.

CLOSE OF THE LEGISLATURE.

In order to facilitate the transaction of the business of the Legislature, Sir Oliver Mowat proposed that the Legislature should hold a half-day sitting on Saturday. Mr. Meredith objected, and the House did not sit. It will puzzle many people to find a legitimate objection to the Legislature working six days a week like the rest of us, especially towards the end of the session, when all are anxious to have the Legislature prorogued. Since Mr. Meredith became the city solicitor for Toronto, however, his time has been much occupied, and it was probably a consciousness of this fact that moved the Premier to respect the plea of the Toronto advocate that no session should be held on Saturday.

The probability now is that the Legislature will finish its business on Thursday next, and be prorogued on Friday. When it will be dissolved is as yet a State secret, but as June has always been a lucky month, we would not be at all surprised if the decree should go forth that on some day of the rosy 30 the contest should take place.

EAST MIDDLESEX.

On Saturday afternoon, the Conservative convention for East Middlesex nominated Mr. James Gilmour, of Dorchester, as candidate for the Legislature. Mr. Tooley was very anxious to run, but was shunted aside. The same fate met Mr. Shore, the Patron candidate, who, four weeks ago, was so strongly indorsed in the Conservative convention that an adjournment had to be made to prevent his adoption as candidate of that party also. In the adjourned convention many of the Shore men were absent, and Mr. Elson and Mr. Gilmour were the only two persons whose names were voted on.

The situation is such as to call for early action by the Liberal party in the riding. A meeting of the East Middlesex Liberal Association should be convened at once, with the object of making the necessary preparations for holding a convention to arrange for the coming general election. The day of election cannot be a long way off, and the Liberals should put their candidate in the field as speedily as possible.

THE STICKIT MINISTER.

The sensation of the day in the English-speaking literary world is Mr. S. R. Crockett's new book, "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men." In this work Mr. Crockett writes somewhat after the fashion of J. M. Barrie, just as in his book "The Raiders" he appears to lean towards the style and manner of Stevenson. "The Stickit Minister" is a charming work. It is a wonderful collection of stories illustrative of Scottish life and character, leaning somewhat more to the tragic than Barrie's sketches, but affording many picturesque glimpses of the humors of everyday existence in the northland. In the first tale, from which the book takes its title, there is a perfect word-picture, lovely in its simplicity and inspiring in its nobility. Robert Fraser had only a little time to live—the seeds of consumption had been sown in his constitution—so he employed his ebbing life in self-sacrificing devotion. He was "the stickit minister," which means that he had "stickit" or broken down in his studies. Of course, all the countryside blamed Robert Fraser for this apparent evidence of lack of perseverance. He could have explained all satisfactorily, but he kept his own counsel, seeing that his brother, who was both ungrateful and rapacious, profited by his cessation. Robert had been told that he might live five years at most, so he told the girl he loved and released her; then he broke up his own course of study for the university and sent his brother to be a doctor instead. His brother ignored him contemptuously when he came into his fine practice, as Robert minded the plow, and was no longer engaged in a profession. He, Harry the brother, was always writing for more money, too, and grumbling at the little he got. But Robert did not judge him by the same standard as the inflexible one he had always in view himself, dear good soul. He bought a practice for Henry the ungrateful by getting his own share of the old home farm "bonded" as well as Henry's—Henry really had no legitimate share, but claimed one—and Robert had just had notice that his bond would be called up in November. The story opens as Robert is telling an old friend the history of his life, with the sad tidings of his that he would be obliged to "fit" by.

"Saunders M'Quhirr started to his feet in a moment. 'Never,' he said, with the spark of fire now alive in his eyes, 'never, as long as there's a beast on Drumquhat, or a pony in Cairn Edward Bank,' bringing down his clinched fist upon the Milton on the table."

"No, Saunders, no," said the stickit minister very gently; "I thank you kindly, but I'll be fitted before that!"

"Accepted by the Beasts" is a story that tells of the trying experiences of a youthful preacher in the first parish, where he is driven to despair by the criticisms of the unthinking. Rev. Hugh Hamilton was particularly fond of the children. He told them stories and he "sang to them in a voice like a heavenly flute or a lonely bird singing in the first of spring."

"I like nae siccan work," said some, "how is he to fricht them when he comes to catechise them if he makes so free wi' them the noo, that's what I wad like to ken." "Na, an' anither thing he's aye singin' at his hymns. Noo, there may be two three guld hymns—though I hae my doots—but among a' that he sings it stuns to reason that there maun be a bannle o' balderdash."

Pathetically tragic was the end of this young preacher—a victim to the slander of a strange woman, who "met with the fate of Judas."

The story of "The Heather Lintie" is of poor maiden lady, Janet Balchrystie, of Babrax. She had a longing to be a poet, and after much writing in the poet's corner of the local paper at New Dairy, gathered together her verses, and arranged for their publication in book form. Janet's only way of correcting proof was to write out again the whole poem in a neat print hand on the edge of the proof and underscoring the words which were to be altered. The book was out at last in a binding of a deadly blue shade, chosen by Janet herself as a peculiarly appropriate tint, and in paper "sufficiently grey," which had "suffered from want of thorough washing in the original paper mill." Janet published her whole name and style, since she felt, after due consideration, that she was not justified in bringing about such a controversy as divided Scotland concerning the "great unknown" who wrote the Waverley novels. Poor Janet, little did she think what a tragic end that awaited her endeavor to attain fame. The reviewer of the Night Hawk, a noted journal published in a great city of the north, waited his opportunity. He was the junior reporter as well, and he deemed it his duty to write two columns of criticism of the efforts of this poor poetess. He turned on her poems his best epithets, sarcasm and Parthian shafts.

"Miss Bal and so forth (he pretended he)"

"THE STICKIT MINISTER AND SOME COMMON MEN: By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, London: T. Fisher Unwin."

could not pronounce her name) has a true fount of pathos and humor. In what touching language she chronicles the death of two young lads which fell into one of the puddles they call rivers down there, and were either drowned or choked with the dirt.

They were two bonny, bonny lads, That layed upon the daisied lee, And loud mourned their woolly dams, Above the drumly flowing Dee.

"How touchingly simple," continued the junior reporter, buckling up his sleeves to enjoy himself, and feeling himself born to be a Saturday reviewer, "mark the local color, the wool and the dirty water of the Dee, without doubt a name applied to one of their bigger ditches down there. Mark, also, the overfervency of the touching line, 'And loud mourned their woolly dams,' which, but for the sex of the writer and her evident genius, might be taken for an expression of a strength hardly permissible even in the metropolis."

It was almost dark when Rob Affleck, the woodman, brought Janet the paper from New Dairy, but she eagerly read the satirical headline. She was almost beside herself with joy, and she prayed God not to let her be puffed up with this praise of the world. Tears of thankfulness rained on the much-prized paper as she held it close to her breast. "I can wait till the morning to read it," she said. Through the spaces of the Long Wood of Barbrax came the Angel of the Presence in the night, and they found her in the morning, the Night Hawk clasped close to her breast in a clasp they could not loosen.

"It went to the grave with her body. The ink had run a little here and there where the tears had fallen thickest."

"God is more merciful than man."

"In 'The Probationer' is this characteristic declaration of the power of woman-kind put into the mouth of Thomas Todd, the man with a call:

"The Almighty, in his wonderful prudence, made me many curious things, but none o' them so queer an' contrary as the womenfolk. This is what I say to myself, but I have more sense to say it aloud. I'll warrant King Solomon, among his other wisdom, learned to hush his tongue before he got as many as three hunder wives."

Here is a specimen encounter between the "farmer of Drumquhat," a Free Kirk elder, and the parish minister's man. In reply to the usual greeting the farmer said:

"Thank ye, Wellum, I canna compleen. Hoo's yerse?"

"No't that weel, Drumquhat; things are awfu' drugg[s]low. I haena buried but yin since Martinmas—no' a sow for fower months, and the last but a tramp body that drowned himself' in the Dee—a three fit grave that I made ower narrow an' had to widen in the sweat o' my broo—never a bawbee extra for't frae the parish, but a grumple from that thraven stick o' a registrar."

"Man alive!" said Sanders McWhurr.

The minister's man is a type of his species—a great authority on preachers and sermons. Three generations of Slees have been preachers in the parish of Couthy since he took hold of the minister's books on Sunday and began to prepare the last resting place for the parishioners. Of "the father o' oor present Maister Slees," the bundle says:

"His sermons were like himself, like pease brose, made o' half a pun o' peas to the boiler fu' o' water—rae evangelical, ye ken, but meat for babies, hardly for grown folk."

"I needna tell ye, eyther, aboot young Maister Slees; weel, he's no' young noo any mair than oor auld's."

"Humph!" said Saunders.

"He preaches aboot the illies o' the field, hoo bonny they are, an' aboot the birds o' the air, and mowdies in the yird—the very crows he canna let alone. He said the ither Sabbath day that fowk that wraite guid resolutions in their notebooks to keep out the de'il wad like the farmer that shut the yetts o' his cornfields to keep out the crows."

"That's nae sae stupid," said Saunders.

"Na, he's a graun' materialist, the body," said the minister's man.

Here is the author's view of "the engaged girl," as contained in another of his attractive sketches, "John Black, critic in ordinary"—the man who never could keep a Sunday school class longer than three Sundays, so difficult was he to get along with, and who finally nominated himself grumbler at large against everything that was done in the school:

"No one is so dangerous as an engaged girl, not even a widow, though here the authorities are against us. The engaged girl is the licensed heartbreaker, certified capable, who knows that her time is short."

Let us give one more illustration of the author's style in dialogue. It depicts the interview of the Candid Friend with the minister:

"They are sayin' that there's no' eneuch life in yer sermon, minister—nae grup, so to speak, kind o' wambly an' cauldified. Noo, that's no' a tant that I wad like to fin' myself, but that's what they're sayin', and I thought it my duty to tell ye."

"Aldo Gashmu saith it," said the minister.

"What did ye say? No, it wasna him; it was Rab Elm the quarryman, and Andrew Banks, of Carrowall, that said it—I dinna ken the party that ye name."

"Ay," said the minister.

"An' Lame Sandy, the souter, thoct that there was an awsome lack o' spirituality in yer discourse the Sabbath afore last. He asked: 'Hoo could ye minister look for a blessin' efter playin' a hale efternoon at the Channel-stanes wi' a' the rif-raff o' the neeburhood?'"

"Were ye not there yourself, Thomas," queried the minister quietly, wondering how long this was going to last.

"On, ay; I'm far frae denyin' it—but it's no' my ain opinions I'm giein' till ye. I wadna presume to do that; but it's the talk o' the parish. An' there's Gilbert Loan's anneries in her inside for near three weeks, an' ye've gain by the door mair nor yince, an' never looked the road she was on, sae Gilbert an' a' his folk are thinkin' o' leavin' the kirk."

"But I never heard of it till this minute!" protested the minister, touched at last on a tender spot. "Why did they not send me word?"

"Weel, minister, Gilbert said to me that if ye had nae better ken o' yer fowk than no' to miss them three Sabbath's oot o' the back gallery, they were nae gain to be mean themselfs to sen' ye nae word."

It is just such tale-bearers that make the life of some preachers almost unbearable. The reader must rejoice when he finds that the complacent dominee has a wife who overhears the mischief-maker's "clash," and makes it so hot for him when she comes on the scene that he is speedily moved to exclaim, "I think I'll hae tae be gann; it's a coorse night!"

We have given these anecdotes from this

interesting collection of stories—every one of which is a gem—to demonstrate the style of the author. The spirit in which he writes is uplifting and in marked contrast with much of the fiction of to-day. The book will have many readers in Canada.

SENSIBLE SYNOD.

(Hamilton Spectator.)

The Presbyterian synod indorsed Sir Oliver Mowat. That, of course, means that the synod is in favor of the return of Mowat's supporters.

THE ERRATIC DOCTOR TAKES THE CAKE.

(Toronto Star.)

It is a question who is doing the most injury to the Conservative party, Dr. Ryerson or the Liberal party.

A COSTLY FARCE.

(Canada Farmer's Advocate.)

The popular feeling against the Dominion Senate appears to be on the increase in all parts of Canada, for from one exchange we learn that the Manitoba Legislature unanimously adopted a resolution condemning the institution as a costly farce, and advising its abolition.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

(Christian Guardian.)

The annual report of the Minister of Education for Ontario is a gratifying record of progress in that department. The high encomiums given to our educational exhibit at the World's Fair gave just cause for pride, and the opinion of Sir Richard Webster drew a good deal of outside attention toward the excellent features mentioned by him as marking the display there made.

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