

London Advertiser

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LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 22.

THE LATE MR. McPHERSON.

A letter addressed to John McPherson, Postmaster, Tracadie Road, Nova Scotia, is still undelivered, Mr. McPherson having died five years ago. The late Mr. McPherson is a well-known name in the history of the province. The letter, written by the Hon. Mr. Pelletier, postmaster-general, contained notice of his dismissal on the ground that he had been charged with offensive partisanship in the general and provincial elections last year. Whether a wife is justified in opening her husband's letters has been a delicate domestic problem in many households, but even those who hold strict views on the subject will admit that there are extenuating circumstances when the gentleman is in his grave. Besides, Mrs. McPherson has been the postmistress since her husband's demise, and the large blue envelope pointed to postoffice business.

The date of Mr. McPherson's death is a strong presumption of his innocence of the charge, but the question of guilt or innocence is not involved in these matters. Mr. Pelletier has established the precedent that the laying of a complaint is equivalent to dismissal. The late Mr. McPherson's inability to deny the accusation is, therefore, immaterial. The case is chiefly interesting not on his account, but on Mr. Pelletier's. The Postmaster-General, who has a reputation for versatility and ingenuity, has given us some new varieties of the spoils system. He invented the rule that a member of parliament may procure the dismissal of any postmaster by merely asking for it. The Hon. Dr. Reid was so taken by it that he applied it to the customs department. The Hon. Mr. Nantel also introduced it into the inland revenue service. But making it retroactive, so that it covers the quick and the dead, is Mr. Pelletier's most original contribution to public morality.

Mr. Borden has lately voiced once more his pious aspiration for civil service reform. The other day Mr. Foster, speaking in Toronto, groaned over what he called the "damnable" of the Government by the patronage brigade. It is scarcely just in Mr. Foster to chide "the boys" so furiously, when they have been invited by Mr. Pelletier to help themselves.

"WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?"

Lord Hugh Cecil has undertaken to answer this question, and to put the answer into a book. He is the most intellectual man in the British Conservative party, excepting Mr. Balfour. He is the only one of the late Lord Salisbury's five sons who has the family genius. His politics are high and rarefied, and ordinary people of earth who profess and call themselves Conservatives will be startled at one of his first postulates, that the present competitive system is un-Christian and must go.

This particular position, however, becomes less alarming as you read further. You find that Lord Hugh Cecil absolutely rejects all state machinery for the cure of the evils arising from the existing social order. The state's one function is to protect property as it is, to keep laws regarding property and taxation from being changed; while it is the function of the church, primarily a state church forsooth, to change the hearts of employers and owners and eliminate competition by charity. Love shall be lord and king. To Cecil the state is a mechanism that can do nothing for society. As soon expect water to rise above its level. Society must be regenerated through the transformation of the individuals who compose it, and the function of the Conservative party is, therefore, fundamentally religious. This last statement will be humorous to some of our practising Conservatives.

Why it should be easier or more desirable to transform society through its individuals than its individuals through society, i.e., to do the work by hand instead of by machinery, Lord Hugh Cecil does not show. Dean Inge recently observed that conditions of life are of no importance compared with the state of the individual's soul; it is the pig, he says, that makes the sty, not the sty the pig. Dean Inge and Lord Hugh Cecil see eye to eye on such matters. But the fallacy in Dean Inge's analogy lies in the fact that men are properly men, not some of them pigs and some of them lions; if, then, some of them have come to resemble pigs, it is the sties, the cruel, foul environment, that have done it in many cases. "Character," says Lord Hugh, "will transform the social system, but it takes something more vivifying than a social system to transform character." This is only a half-truth. While character reacts on the social system, the social system also reacts

on character. There would, of course, be no need of "social reform" or any legislative remedies if all the individual members of society acted up to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, but the world, even on Lord Hugh's showing, is a long way from that ideal condition.

The logical result of Lord Hugh Cecil's point of view—and to do him justice, he does not shrink from it—is that he opposes any humanitarian effort by the state, any attempt whatever to bring about by legislation a more equitable distribution of property. Superstitions on wealth, old age pensions, and all other state devices to ameliorate the lot of the "have-nots" at the expense of the "haves," come within his condemnation. He throws on the rich the duty of providing for the poor, as a matter of charity and conscience. The problem of poverty is no concern of the Government.

Every selfish interest will say amen to this teaching. However, Lord Hugh pretends to be very much interested about the regeneration of the world along "Conservative" lines, and perhaps he is, in his way. He says there are bad sides to the Conservative party, dislikes the sham democracy of some of his allies, condemns "tariff reform," but asks his readers to judge the Conservative party by its best. His book professes to show the best.

BASEBALL.
Holidays in this country, whatever their ostensible purport, become nowadays more and more consecrated to baseball. It is a good game for the players, and a good game to watch.

It is often questioned by citizens whether professional ball helps sport and the spirit of games. Many people will say even that there is more sport in a game played without any exact rules than in the serious legal battle of the diamond with its technical code. But while there are no doubt some drawbacks to professional sport, it must be admitted that our Anglo-Saxon genius is to take our pleasures sadly, even grimly. You see it even in the little boys, who study the rule books till they are baseball jockeys. We British like law, and we can't help respecting a professional with all his faults, if he has them.

When the absolute power of the umpire and the nervous strain under which the players work are considered, one may be surprised after all that professional baseball games are as orderly as they usually are. In spite of emptying opportunities, players conduct themselves in an honorable as well as law-abiding manner. In this respect the game no doubt keeps improving, and it is noticeable that the presiding officers of the various leagues are making greater efforts than ever this year to put down the slightest tendency to rowdiness or unsportsmanlike action.

When the hot-headed Tyrus Cobb, the Georgian wonder, so far forgot himself the other day as to attack an insulting "bleacherite," he was showing that such things cannot be permitted. It may be significant of a certain falling away from the law-abiding spirit in a part of the American people that a large majority of the attendance at the game in which the offence was committed are reported to have voted that Cobb was justified in such action. But while the bleacherite deserved punishment, a player of reputation scarcely needed to stoop half-way down to the vulgarian's level.

It is not on the whole regrettable that such characters frequent a ball game as necessitate a stronger police guard. The great thing about baseball is its universal appeal to all sorts of people, including the ladies. It is the democratic game of America.

It is free and easy, jovial in spirit, comprehensive. When a world's series is going on, you will see in front of bulletin boards every make and species of hat from a silk tie to the cap tied on top. It is the same at every game, and so it is in London, where crowds stay home on the holiday and go to the games who otherwise might have gone out of town. Baseball among games is like Dickens among the authors, everlasting fun, abandon and a money-maker.

"The state, it is I," said Louis the Fourteenth. Theodore Roosevelt, ditto.

Henry Watterson turns his attention to Roosevelt, and shows that he has lost none of his faculty for writing with vitriol.

Inspector Galpin is a competent and conscientious official, but it is no part of his duties to express an opinion whether the number of licenses should or should not be reduced. The people, whose servant he is, will decide that.

London welcomes the National Council of Women. Their activities cover a wide field of usefulness, and the presence for a while in the city of women who are forces in various provinces should be helpful and stimulating to our people. While the parliament of Canada's better half is in session here, London is the capital of the Dominion.

WOULD BE BETTER.
[Satire.]

"That bridegroom is a pleasant man—he has that certain something—"

"I'd rather have a man with something certain."

PEACE AND WAR.

[Windsor Record.]
Mr. John Lewis, a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto Star, and admittedly one of the cleverest writers in Canada, gave utterance to some striking thoughts in an address at Lake Mohonk

NOT WORTH MUCH.

[Detroit Free Press.]
"Is that dog of yours worth much?"
"I guess not. I've only lost him once in two years."

ENOUGH FOR WILLIE.

[Puck.]
Teacher—Willie, give three proofs that the world actually is round.
William—The book says so, you say so, and ma says so.

AN OBJECTION.

[Life.]
"Don't you think the coal mines ought to be controlled by the Government?"
"I might if I didn't know who controlled the Government."

THE REST EASY.

[Boston Transcript.]
She—I'm weary of being a bachelor girl.
He—Well—er—do you know I'm a bit sick of being a spinster man.

THE COMING STORM.

[Manitoba Free Press.]
Bilingualism has been making some stir in Ontario, but this is nothing to the storm that is coming in Manitoba. There is some reason to believe that the Minister of Education is beginning to realize the seriousness of the situation, but is restrained from adopting remedial measures by political considerations.

NOT THAT KIND OF WAR.

[Hamilton Herald.]
It is all very well to brag about that new British hydroplane, but let it be considered that Britain, as the chief naval power, has the most to dread from the development and use of this new instrument of war. Three or four hundred pounds of a high explosive dropped from one of these machines on to the deck of a battleship would be very likely to sink it in short order. And it will not be long before other naval powers are equipped with hydroplanes.

GOOD OLD ONTARIO!

[Sheffield (England) Daily Independent.]
Ontario has well been named "The Garden of Canada." It contains some of the loveliest fruit farms in the world. Fruit that in England will only grow under glass and with the tenderest care, is produced in the most lavish abundance, notably peaches, grapes, melons and tomatoes. Last year, in her 23,253 acres of orchards, she produced 75 per cent of all the fruit grown in Canada, the value of the same being three million pounds. Although four times as large as England, the thickest populated province of Canada, Ontario contains only twice the number of people that there are in Glasgow. She has an area of 140,000,000 acres, and only one-third of these has yet been surveyed. There are still 113,000,000 acres belonging to the crown, and containing every form of agricultural land and mineral wealth known to man, only awaiting the advent of a man to him with bounteous hands."

FAVORITE FICTION.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"I'll be tickled to death."
"I have no personal feeling against any of the other candidates."
"If this book causes even one reader to see the justice of our cause I shall be content."
"I shall ask your attention only a moment."
"The pleasure of your presence is requested."
"Until death us do part."
"Ever yours sincerely."

IT'S NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Further from Ohio: The women of Cincinnati have issued a ringing declaration against the use of high heels and cosmetics. Let the good work go on!

THE BEST TALKERS.

[New York Press.]
Arthur Brisbane, the highest-paid editor in the world, admits he can write, but says he can't talk. He's no judge of that; he's one of the best talkers to an audience, because he's perfectly natural. Professional oratory is artificial, and artificial oratory always seems to be talking to the wind. The natural talker can make everybody in the audience think he is talking right to that one person. That's the way Brisbane, or any natural talker, plugs all the shots into the bulseye.

WHY IS IT?

[Toronto Star.]
When a man goes away from home he becomes somebody else. It is not afraid to be himself, when in his home town he feels compelled to be what he pretends to be or what everybody expects him to be? Explain it either way, but some kind of explanation is needed.

THE CITY OF UNREST.

[The Herald.]
They lay the asphalt pavement down and level it with care.
The purpose is to make the town a thing of beauty rare.
As soon as it is hardened to the wind and sun and rain,
They get a pickaxe and begin to dig it up again.
They lay it smoothly down once more;
Again they tear it up as of yore,
And then replace it as of yore,
Fit for the public use.
And those who travel seem to be
Like oceanic faeries lost.
The street is but a misty sea,
Forever tempest-tossed.

STILL CHANCE FOR HEROISM.

[Windsor Record.]
If you have any surplus heroism running through your system, adopt the plan of "women and children first" when you happen to be riding on a crowded street car.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature

Wm. Wood

Wm. Wood

Wm. Wood

Wm. Wood

THE LAND OF LETTERS

UPTON SINCLAIR IN ENGLAND

Mr. Upton Sinclair arrived in England lately and cheerfully consented to be interviewed by "The Christian Commonwealth," an organ which exists for the special glorification of Rev. R. J. Campbell, but has a strong leaning towards Mrs. Besant, cries aloud in rapturous applause of woman suffrage, is extremely sympathetic towards socialism, and, in short, is as eager to champion any new thing as the most up-to-date corrector of society could wish. Hence Mr. Sinclair, the American stock-yard novelist, was choice meat for the Commonwealth editor. He sent a man post-haste to button-hole the author of "The Jungle," and, if possible, to extract from him some socialistic bores for English readers.

In spite of his late marital infidelities, Mr. Sinclair was in a buoyant mood. He gladly consented to be interviewed. The "Commonwealth" man in a naive sentence says: "I found Mr. Sinclair rather more willing to be interviewed than I expected." These English journalists do not know Mr. Sinclair; they do not seem to realize that half of the American novelist's joy of living consists in being trumpeted abroad through the columns of the press. That is good business; it means more sales for the novelist's books. Years hence the English author will realize that it is a cold business proposition when he is asked to whisper his secret thoughts into the ear of a great public. Mr. Sinclair was mightily interested in the coal strike; it thrilled him to the centre of his soul; but he put that subject aside in order to talk about one which thrilled him still more—himself.

Mr. Sinclair has been before the public for a number of years, so long that I have always imagined him to be well on the way towards the avowed dupes and the baldness of the fifties. He assured the English interviewer, however, that he is still on the right side of thirty, but admitted that he was one of the young-old-kind of literary men. He has been a slave of the pen ever since the tender age of seventeen, when he knew nothing of socialism, when he had not shaped his philosophy of life. "When I was seventeen," he said, "I was writing 'dime novels,' at the rate of \$3,000 words a day, and keeping two stenographers going. I had written some of my most socialistic books before I knew anything about socialism. I did not find out socialism until I was about twenty-four years of age. I spent nine years in a university, and the professors very carefully kept me from knowing anything about socialism. I have never forgiven them."

When he was asked what led him to write his exposure of the Chicago meat-packing houses, he replied: "I was naturally led. How many yokes of Bucks and Brights will we get in Egremont? We know we cannot get one yolk in Glenelg or Armesia, so it's too far to go back fifty years to hunt them up."

Fish Didn't Fit Stream.

[Mount Forest Reporter.]
A big fish story is to hand already and, of course, it is true. Mr. N. Klopfer caught the fish, a grand old trout 13½ inches long which weighed 3½ lbs. on a Jameson's scales. The size of the fish is out of all proportion to the stream in which it was caught—Bowman's, in Egremont.

Tip to Thespians—Take a Net to Ripley.

[Ripley Express.]
Prof. Aleo Cene, a native of Chili, South America, attempted to give an exhibition of juggling and balancing on Monday. While the Professor was in the midst of telling of what he was going to do at the evening performance some person threw rotten potatoes at him. One large Early Rose, or some other variety, went to pieces when it came in contact with the professor's head. An attempt was made to locate the direction in which the murphos, as it was called, was thrown, but it was a difficult task. The strong man decided to leave the town, and took the 1:45 train for Lucknow. He returned Tuesday and offered a reward of \$25.00 for the name of the individual who interfered with his show. He gave his exhibition, picked up a few dimes, but was apparently not pleased with the reception he received at Ripley.

to me, was that we never had any difficulty about our servants; we treated them as friends."

No wonder that house was to be only a temporary joy! It was too much of a dream to last always. And four years ago, when the dream passed off in tongues of flame and vapor of smoke, Mr. Upton Sinclair had to go back to the jungle again, had to take up his pen once more. Sic transit gloria mundi!

Joanhoe.

A Few Lines of Most Anything

A good paragraph to start the day with is just a couple of "Bangs!"

And one might write something about "Look at the balloon-airship!"

One idea of a confirmed tightwad is the man who fills his fountain pen at the postoffice inkwell.

Another coin clinger is the man who sees the ball game from the Ridout street hill through a field glass.

A young man is always willing to cut the lawn for his sweetheart's father, though the hay be high at home.

Roosevelt would rather be an ex-president than an ex-president.

"If you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away," is still heard among the children.

It cats have nine lives.
As the poets declare,
It must take a puzzle
To know when to wear
Mourning for those who
Have wandered away.
For they are quite apt to
Come back any day.

And fourteen linings can be called stinky measure by no one.

The stingers of these Busy Bees from Berlin can be extracted after all.

And the uniform emblem so much resembles a housefly that it's no wonder the team was swatted.

"I'll haf to square dis mit der Kaiser by smashing dem mid the whidewash brush tomorrow," says Herr Deauau.

Keeping An Eye on Ogle.
[Kincaid Reporter.]
Mr. Ogle Russell is a regular visitor to our village this last while. There must be some attraction, Ogle—Kincaid correspondence.

And It's Dangerous, Too.

[Forest Free Press.]
It's only the bachelor newspaper paragrapher who has nerve enough to joke about house-cleaning and mothers-in-law. The married ones know there's no joke about either.

Pete Ramage Not on a Rampage.

[Durham Chronicle.]
Mr. Peter Ramage, of the Review, and Ye Editor of the Chronicle, were in Harrison Saturday attending the annual meeting of the Grey and Bruce Press Association. Peter came home sober.

Only Found in the Past.

[Durham Chronicle.]
We would ask the corner man where he is going to get beer for those of Bucks and Brights will we get in Egremont? We know we cannot get one yolk in Glenelg or Armesia, so it's too far to go back fifty years to hunt them up.

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ARTS EXAMINATIONS

Continued From Page One.

Second Year.

English and History Honors (Modern option)—II, Miss George Davidson.

Modern Languages and History—II, Miss L. McCut, Miss Davidson.

English—II, Miss McCut, Miss Davidson.

German—II, Miss McCut, Miss Davidson.

History—II, Miss Davidson, III, Miss Lucy Saunders (Essays lacking).

Greek—A, H. C. Light; B, G. Pearson; C, A. S. H. McCut, Part B only—C, H. B. Metcalfe.

Latin—A, Miss A. K. E. Kenyon; B, Light, Campbell, Miss Davidson, Pearson; C, Miss Waugh, Metcalfe, Westgate, Vair, C. W. Little, Hardy, Miss Hazel Tanner.

Part A only—C, Lanford, P. R. Pococke, Miss Stanley.

Part B only—C, Miss K. Broderick, Miss Jones.

Authors only—C, Elliott.

Hebrew—A, Light; C, Metcalfe.

English Literature—A, Light, Kenyon, Metcalfe, West, Mitchell, Pearson, Miss Kenyon, Miss Tanner.

STORE CLOSED TODAY, VICTORIA DAY.

CHAPMAN'S REMOVAL SALE

UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS in Carpets and Linoleums

AT 239 DUNDAS STREET, in one of the stores we will occupy later on, we are selling off a number of rolls of Carpet and Linoleum that were bought previous to the great November fire. The bargains are positively unprecedented because we must close this sale in a few days to make way for rebuilding operations. If you are needing Carpets in your home you can gather from the following prices that this is an out-of-the-ordinary opportunity. Don't delay, but come at once and see if we have what you want.

English Wilton Carpet

\$1.15 A Yard
The best \$1.75 grade—Three patterns only, borders to match.

BRUSSELS CARPETS

75c and 85c A Yard
Standard \$1.25 and \$1.35 qualities. Borders to match.

TAPESTRY CARPET

50c Yard
Standard 70c to 85c qualities of English Tapestry Carpet. Some have borders to match. Bring measurements with you.

Inlaid Linoleum

Famous Greenwich Inlaid Linoleums, made in England, guaranteed patterns. Standard qualities at \$1.00, \$1.15 and \$1.35 square yard, on sale at **75c, 90c, \$1.10**

This Sale Is At

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.'S

239 DUNDAS STREET.

Miss Munro, McGuffin, E. W. Mc-

Bain, Butt, Lewin, Miss Fraser,

Part A—Belmont, C. Leach,

Part B—Miss Broderick,

Biology—A, Charles, M. Bell, Lewin,

Cullen, Graham; B, Belch, Miss Munro,

Miss Fraser; C, Miss Carrothers, Butt,

Stephenson.

Admission Examination.

Latin—B, Jones, Whelan, Pollock,

Bryden; C, Stephenson, Garrett, C.

Greek—B, Simpson, Abbott, Moulton;

C, Leach, Hollowell.

Ancient History—B, Whelan, Pollock,

C, Bryden, Garrett, Kain.

British History—A, Whelan; B,

Hollowell; C, Bryden, Kain, Jones.

English Literature—A, Whelan, Hal-

lowell; C, Kain, Garrett, Jones, Boyd.

English Grammar—A, Hollowell,

Whelan, Kain; B, Garrett; C, Boyd.

English—A, Hollowell, Whelan,

Hollowell; B, Kain, Bryden, Jones; C,

Pollock, Kent, Garrett.

Chemistry—B, Jones, Bryden; C,

Keat.

Physics—C, Kent, Jones.

Algebra—A, Whelan; B, Bryden; C,

Garrett, Pollock.

Geometry—A, Bryden; B, Whelan,

Jones, Kain, Pollock; C, Kent, Hollowell.

French Authors—C, Pollock.

German Composition—C, Pollock.

German Authors—B, Bryden; C, Pol-

lock.

German Composition—B, Bryden

Jones; C, Pollock.

"SALT RHEUM"