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Managing Director
and Editor, John Cameron

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The Great White March.

It is a tribute to Lieut. Peary's modesty that he has not until now given the world a complete narrative of his heroic adventures in the polar regions—especially when he has shown that he can describe them so well. Lieut. Peary may be called the pioneer of modern Arctic exploration. He has changed its character. He has placed it on a scientific basis, and has marked out lines of future progress which promise success if success is possible. He has made five expeditions to the frozen north, extending over 12 years, and with the accumulated experience of these he is attempting once more what men have tried in vain for four centuries—to reach the mystic pole.

Peary's book is one of absorbing interest and rare literary merit. It is full of vivid word-pictures. Of Greenland, the Arctic Sahara, he says in part:

"There, the accumulated snow precipitation of centuries, in a latitude and altitude where it is practically correct to say that it never rains and the snow does not melt even in the long summer days, has gradually filled all the valleys of the interior, until it has leveled them even with the mountain summits, and still piling higher through the centuries, has at last buried the highest of these mountain summits hundreds, and even thousands, of feet deep in snow and ice."

Peary, like Nansen and Jackson, holds the theory that Greenland is the open door through which the pole will be reached. It forms the nearest land to the pole, the distance between the pole and the extreme north of Greenland being estimated at 400 miles—a frozen sea. The Eskimos have their northernmost habitation there, and it is with their aid that Peary hopes to reach his goal. He does not believe in large parties. For his final stage he would have three conditions—the inland ice for a road, dogs for traction, and a party of two. In this way he made his long sledge journey in 1892. He claims to be the originator of the idea of utilizing the dogs themselves as dog food, and his experience proves that this enables the original load of provisions to last a much longer time. As an extreme resort the two men could subsist for four or five days on the flesh of the last dog, this dog having previously eaten all his comrades.

The trials and hardships of the traveler in the Arctic Circle are described with a realism which only experience could furnish. Such is the intensity of the light when the sun is shining on the white surface, that a man in mid-summer, with no means of protecting his eyes, would be as helpless at the end of a day as a blind kitten. The traveler upon the "Great Ice" must constantly wear goggles of heavily-smoked glass. Says Lieut. Peary:

"In clear weather, the traveler upon this white waste sees but the snow, the sky, the sun. In cloudy weather, even these disappear. Many a time I have found myself in such weather traveling in gray space, feeling the snow beneath my shoes, but unable to see it. No sun, no sky, no snow, no horizon—absolutely nothing that the eye could rest upon. Zenith and nadir alike, an intangible gray nothingness. My feet and snow shoes were sharp and clear as silhouettes, and I was sensible of contact with the snow at every step, yet as far as my eyes were concerned, the contrary was the case. I was walking upon nothing. The light beneath my snow shoes was as light as the zenith. The light which filled the sphere of my vision might come from below as well as above."

The wind on the "Great Ice" is never quiescent. Day and night, summer and winter, it is sweeping down with more or less velocity. Thus:

"During gentle breezes this drift is of almost imperceptible fineness, and extends but a foot or two above the surface. As the wind increases in force the particles of snow become coarser and the depth of the current of flying snow increases until in the savage blizzards of the frozen Sahara this drift becomes a roaring, hissing, blinding, suffocating Niagara of snow."

A stirring passage is that which describes a nine days' march in the teeth of a head wind at an altitude of 6,000. Tired with the combat against the elements the party lay down behind their sledges and fell asleep. When they awoke they were completely snowed under, and there they lay for 48 hours with the wind and snow driving in "one incessant sullen roar" above them. "Then we crawled out during a lull in the storm and dug a shallow pit, covered it with a rubber blanket, excavated our sledges and bags, weighted the blanket down with the sledges, threw our bags underneath and crawled after them."

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Peary does not regard the cold as more inhibiting to health to a man suitably clothed and well fed than an English winter. He passed two winters in Arctic gloom, during both of which his wife was with him. During one of these his little girl was born. He says that a man of sanguine temperament, full of plans for the future, gifted with self-contained resources, feels it least, while on the other hand there are nervous temperaments upon which the stress of Arctic night would bring complete and mental insanity. The return of the sun after the long Arctic night inspires a glowing passage:

"It was now 11:45 a.m. and the southern sky was a mass of crimson, rose, purple and green clouds. There was one dazzling yellow spot where the sun was about to burst into view. Then the yellow sunlight fell upon the highest bluff of Northumberland Island west of us. A min-

ute later Cape Robinson, to the north-west, was blazed with a crown of glory, and then the great yellow orb, for whose coming we had so longed, peered over the ice-cap south of Whale Sound. In an instant the snow waves of the island ice about us danced a sea of sparkling, molten gold. Neither gold, nor fame, nor aught can purchase from me the supreme memory of that moment, when on the ice-cap, far above the earth, with the rustling of the Stars and Stripes in my ears, I laughed with the laughing waves of the great white sea, in greeting to the returning sun."

"The Great White March" is the apt name he gives to the frozen expanse which lies between the north of Greenland and the pole. It is this unknown, mysterious sea of ice and snow which the discoverer of the pole must cross. Mr. Peary's crowning achievement so far is the crossing of the inland ice to the northern shores of Greenland, where he looked out upon this "Great White March." His journey was full of terrible dangers from storms, hunger, cold, and, marvelous to relate, heat that he had to take a snow bath to cool his blood. This was at the northern terminus of their journey, and here, too, they found an oasis in the desert of snow. To quote again:

"During our traverse of this northern land, I found flowers of numerous varieties blooming in abundance, conspicuous among them, the ever-present Arctic poppy. Snow-buntings, two or three sand-pipers, a single green land falcon, and a pair of ravens were observed. Two bumble-bees, several butterflies, and innumerable flies were also noted. Without making any search whatever, we saw about 20 musk-oxen along our route. We could have obtained all of them without the least difficulty, and as it was we killed two fine cows, a bull and a calf. The musk-oxen were shedding their long, fine wool, and the long hair on their hind quarters. We found the stomachs of the cows were filled full of grass."

At this point the party turned south again through ice and snow and fog. Some interesting chapters are devoted to the Eskimos, their character and customs. They have no form of government; each family is independent and self-supporting. The wife, like an ordinary piece of personal property of the husband, may be sold, exchanged, loaned, or borrowed, as a sledge or a canoe. In their favor it must be said that the children and the aged and infirm are well taken care of, and parental affection is very strong. Lieut. Peary, in his present expedition, will camp on the old trail, thoroughly convinced that if the pole is to be reached, the final passage must be across the "Great White March," from Greenland. Will he cross the frozen gulf?

"Holy Russia."

It is difficult for western minds to understand the exact position of the Czar of all the Russias. To many of us he is merely a "war lord," an autocrat at the head of an army numbering a million of patient, obedient soldiers. This, however, is not the view of their emperor which bulks largest in the view of the Russian people. To thousands, nay millions, of his subjects, who have not been touched by the modern spirit, he is "The Little Father"—a sort of demigod, to be obeyed and in a measure worshipped. There are, of course, among the cultured classes, those who accept Madame Novikoff's "Gospel of Autocracy," and in a more refined way, cherish practically the same thing. To these people it is quite natural that the Czar should speak as an oracle on questions of peace and war to an attentive and wondering world.

The Czar is the head of the Church of Russia, as well as of the army, and his throne is the center of moral influence as well as of administrative power. In Russia the priest is called papa or pope, but the real pope is the Czar, and there is the ecclesiastical as well as civil council round the chair, and it may be that there is a power behind the throne. Protestants can understand the Pope, the acknowledged head of millions of Catholics, using his power in the interests of peace, and can regret that he has in that line attained such a small measure of success, but we do not so readily grasp the religious side of the Russian Emperor's position. To do this we must remember the half-barbarous condition and semi-oriental nature of the Russian Empire. The Russian people proper are essentially religious, and have great faith in their divine mission; but millions of them have still the low, poor life which came from centuries of serfdom. They may call themselves citizens of "Holy Russia," but it cannot be said that their life is of the highest kind, or that holiness in this connection means spiritual elevation or moral purity. Moscow, with its more than 400 churches and ecclesiastical buildings, is an Oriental city; but to the Russian patriot it is the heart of his holy country, while St. Petersburg is only the window by which Russia looks out upon Europe.

All this must be borne in mind when we consider the position of the Czar and the effect of his peace proclamation at home or abroad. All profess to be in favor of peace. Queen Victoria is known to have exerted a consistent and powerful influence in that direction. Kaiser William loves peace so much that he is adding largely to the already heavy burdens of his people in order to make secure this peaceful boon. And now the successor of Peter the Great appears as the chief apostle of peace. This proclamation causes some to tremble lest the peace should soon be broken. Soon after the first international exhibition, which was to usher in an era of peace, fierce wars broke out. In our own day, the attempt of President Cleveland to thrust arbitration down the throat of

Britain was quickly followed by the Spanish war; and we earnestly hope that the Czar's essay on peace is not the prelude to approaching strife. It is not our present purpose to discuss the Czar's proposal further than to say that we believe its author is a man of noble life and gentle disposition, and that for the credit of human nature we would fain hope that the Russian diplomatists are incapable of using the admirable character of their emperor as a mask for sinister designs.

This, however, we must add, in a line with what has gone before—the people of the west take this proclamation on its own merit and mete out to it fair or severe criticism. To them it is not an ex-cathedra utterance, to be received in silence and wonder. The modern world must work out its problems in its own way. Papal utterances and imperial proclamations are factors in the situation, but not the final ruling powers. There may be much in democracy not very satisfactory, and parliamentarians may in some cases be in a bad way, but we cannot find refuge in any so-called "gospel of autocracy," but must continue the strife for the form of life which unites the purest form of social life with the highest measure of individual freedom. This will, in the end, we believe, bring the most lasting peace to the world.

Even if we cannot have reciprocity, the Americans are cordially invited to use our canals in preference to their own.

"Bribery proved in Kingston," said a Mail and Empire headline yesterday. Our contemporary is now sorry it spoke.

It is now in order for Mr. Whitney to declare that the attempt to unseat Mr. Hartly was the result of a Liberal conspiracy.

It would be interesting to know what Lord Herschell thinks of some American and Canadian political institutions—the lobby, for instance.

They are eating cats and dogs in Germany rather than lower the duty on foreign meat. They are so fond of protection that they protect themselves against decent food.

There are rumors of friction between the American and Spanish peace commissioners over the disposal of the Philippines. The peace jubilee at Omaha may prove a trifle premature.

Sir Herbert Kitchener reports that his men are strong, healthy and fit, and he warmly praises the commissary, medical and transportation departments. This will be great reading for Gen. Shafter.

The American war department will disinter the bodies of dead soldiers in Cuba and bring them home. The critics of the department will probably say that it is more solicitous for the dead than it was for the living.

Notwithstanding the excessive imports in July and August to anticipate the new tariff, the customs collections at Montreal last month were greater than in September, 1897. The volume of our foreign trade continues to increase.

The arrest of Toohy's assassin—the police are confident it is he—in one of the remotest States of the Union, is another proof that the law has a sleepless eye and a long arm in these days. Even Dr. Nancy Guilford could not hide herself in Old London.

Mr. John A. Ewan, the Toronto Globe's special correspondent in Cuba during the war, was tendered a banquet and presented with a gold watch on Saturday night by his friends. Many distinguished citizens of Toronto were present. Mr. Ewan was honored by all for voluntarily braving the hardships of the campaign, and his excellent journalistic work was deservedly praised. His letters were the best that Canadians had from the front. They are vivid pictures of the war, as seen by an impartial eye. Mr. Ewan did credit to himself and Canadian journalism.

Count Tolstol has written to the Daily Chronicle, of London, describing the terrible condition of the Dukhonor, for whom he is interceding. For the crime of refusing military service they have been reduced systematically to abject distress, transported from place to place, scattered among the wild villages of the Caucasus, and apparently the government is bent upon starving them to death, forbidding them even to gain the barest support. They are an industrious, moral, inoffensive people. A section of them could be accommodated in the Canadian Northwest.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

Not Anxious, Only Inquisitive.
[Windsor Record.]

The London Advertiser seems to be anxious about the marriage-rate in Canada, which it would like to see increased.

Must Take This Back.
[Toronto Telegram.]

That a murderer marked with a wooden leg should have faded away and left no trace is impossible. That he has not been located is no great compliment to the ability and energy of Ontario's detective force.

Another Cherished Institution Attacked.
[Montreal Herald.]

The doctors of the American Public Health Association have condemned as unsanitary the old-time nursing bot-

tle. If some of us had known of the perils the microbeopist is discovering in the infant path we trod, we might never have lived to learn of the horrors we escaped.

Middleton's Punishment.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]
The most severe part of this reckless adventurer's punishment will probably be his inability to attract public attention by voice or pen. This will be something like death to a fakir of Middleton's stamp.

Why an Should Pop the Question.

[Stratford Beacon.]

There can surely be no denying the fact that the limitations that hamper a woman's matrimonial freedom of action increase the number of unhappy marriages and prevent many that would be happy. The caste of wealth will be easier crossed, hasty marriages will lessen, passion will take a secondary place, deliberation and the better qualities of a woman's love will have play in making homes as well as in blessing them, and virtuous womanhood will always be at a marriageable age when women propose.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

The Reason.

Poet—Why is it that you never print anything that I write?
Editor—Well, I guess it must be because you never write anything that I print.—Life.

A Confession.

I'll never sink a Merrimac.
I'll never do a thing
For which my fellow-men will want
To make the welkin ring.

I'll never go to war and try
To win enduring fame,
I'll never grasp a sword and cut
Down foemen with the same.

I'll never make the poets sing
About the deeds I've done—
I'll sink no colliers and I'll do
No wonders with the gun.

For when a maiden kisses me,
I want her all alone;
And furthermore, I want, the style
And choice to be my own.
—Cleveland Leader.

A Delicate Discrimination.

"Why did you, Stillwell, say about the branded peaches we sent to cheer his convalescence?" "He said he was afraid he wasn't strong enough to eat the fruit," replied the little girl, "but that he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."—Washington Star.

Midway.

So blithe the birds sang in the trees,
The trees sang in the wind,
I winged me with the morning breeze,
And left care far behind.

But now both birds and trees are mute
In the hot hush of noon;
And I must up and on afire,
Or Care will catch me soon.

First Ingenious Maiden—How do you like my engagement ring? Second Ingenious Maiden—Oh! it is the prettiest one you ever had!

BABY'S
Terrible
ECZEMA
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My baby was about four weeks old when he began to suffer from that terrible disease, Eczema. I tried every remedy I thought would do him good. I even called in the doctor who told me it would wear away in time, but I used his medicine to no account. I did not know what to do with him. He cried all the time and his face was equal to a raw piece of meat, it was horrible, and looked as if there was never any skin on it. I had to carry him around on a pillow. I was fairly discouraged. I was then recommended to use CUTICURA REMEDIES. The first time I used them I could see the change. I used about half a box of CUTICURA SOAP, and at the end of one short week my baby was entirely cured. There has never been a trace of it since, to-day his skin is as smooth and soft as a piece of silk. Mrs. J. C. FRESE, Feb. 21, '98. 369 So. 1st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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76 pairs slightly-soiled Blankets, full bleached, soft lolly finish, assorted, fancy borders, full standard weight; 5, 6, 7, 8 pounds, all ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$4.50 per pair. They are worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a pair more than the marked price. Great chance for hotel-keepers and boarding houses. 35 White Marseilles Quilts, 11-4 size, worth \$1.75, for \$1.25 22 only White Marseilles Quilts, 10-4 size, worth \$1.50, for \$1.00

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180 pairs of Crompton's steel-filled Corsets, all sizes, regular \$1.75, for 75c. Thelma, steel filled, special, at 75c. Blue Line Corsets in fancy colors, special, at 50c. A full line of Cycling and Short Corsets, special at 75c, \$1 and \$1.25. Yvette Corset, stockinette size, at \$1.25. D. & A. Corset at \$1. D. & A. Corset at \$1.50. Magnetic, steel filled, in all colors, \$1.25. Jubilee Corset, regular 50c, very special at 35c. Condour, high bust, special at \$1.

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Perrin's and Jammet's fine Kid Gloves, two dome fasteners, in all the newest shades, very special at \$1.

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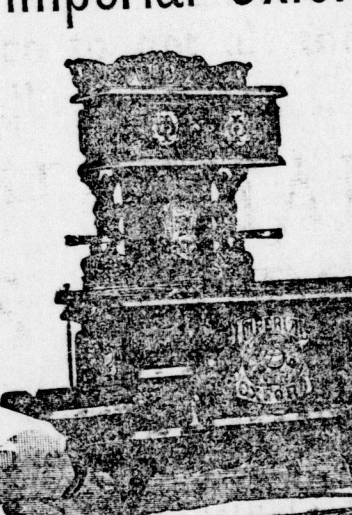
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