London Advertiser

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.
Business Office 107
Editorial Department 134
Job Department 175

LONDON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Canadian Tobacco.

The Federal Government has engaged a French tobacco expert to test the possibilities of the Canadian leaf, and instruct the growers in the best methods of cultivation, drying, curing, etc., so as to produce the finest grades of which the soil is capable. It is desirable that these experiments should precede legislation giving further protection to tobacco growers, having regard to the interests of the great cigar industry of the country. The smokers, although merely consumers, have also a right to be considered.

The growers have the advantage of a tariff of 10 cents per pound on the raw leaf. The excise duty on Canadian cigars made from the imported leaf is $6 per thousand, and on cigars made from the domestic leaf $3 per thousand. This is a very wide margin of protection for the domestic product, but all-Canadian cigars are not finding favor with the smoking public. The returns show that the number of cigars made from Canadian leaf was 3,713,150 in 1902, 2,881,360 in 1903, and 2,200,240 in 1904, a decrease in two years of 1,512,910. The manufacture of foreign leaf cigars increased from 142,084,171 in 1902, to 170,934,150 in 1904, or 28,849,979 in two years.

The growers are asking an increase of 100 per cent in the customs duty and a uniform excise stamp for cigars. At present separate excise stamps distinguish Canadian-leaf cigars from imported-leaf cigars. Canadian growers claim there is an unreasonable prejudice against the home product and that if it were not identified by the excise stamp, smokers would make no distinction between the domestic and imported article. The manufacturers argue that they must be governed by the popular taste, and that if they were taxed into the use of Canadian tobacco exclusively, the demand for imported cigars would be greatly stimulated and they would lose a large share of the home market. If the tariff on raw leaf is raised, they ask a proportionate decease in the excise duty. They say they are willing to encourage the growing of Canadian tobacco, but the growers must produce a quality satisfactory to the smokers of the country.

It is believed that superior grades can be grown in Canada, and the experiments inaugurated by the Government are being carried on in a spirit of confidence which it is to be hoped will be justified by results.

Chas. Dana Gibson.

Charles Dana Gibson, the American artist, has renounced an income of $65,000 a year, and will remove to Europe to study the highest branch of his art, painting in oils. He says he has exhausted his resources in black and white, the metier in which he has won world-wide renown. Gibson is a genius, a creator of familiar types, which, if they are purely ideal, at least present a standard of physical grace to which the youth of the country may well aspire. His work is pervaded by a refined humor and a genial satire, which is especially effective in hitting off the foibles of a certain section of American society. Here, at any rate, he is true to life. Although a humorist and satirist, he has taken his art seriously, and has given expression to nothing low or base. He has sought to realize the beautiful, if not the sublime, and he has been an uplifting influence when the craze for illustrations has flooded the perodicals with pictorial crudity. Mr. Gibson has been an idealist, and no better proof of it could be furnished than his aspirations towards higher forms of his art, at the sacrifice of what most men hold to be the only object of a profession—money-making.

There is a valuable moral lesson in Mr. Gibson's decision. It is a rebuke to the commercialism which is vitiating every department of life. It is the spirit which makes for the noblest products of genius. Hence it is to be hoped Mr. Gibson will be rewarded by achievements in his new sphere, which will enhance his fame. He has deserved success.

Irrigation in Western Canada.

By turning the mountains into a watering-can and spending money on making a spout that will do the sprinkling where it is needed, tens of thousands of acres of land in Southern Alberta and British Columbia, which were thought to be doomed to sterility, are blossoming like the rose. Mr. J. C. Walsh, of the Montreal Herald, writes to his newspaper that if one wants an idea of how the west is growing he has only to take the statement that the C. P. R. people are now disposing of one block of 110,000 acres in their first irrigation district, every bit of which will be sold and under occupation by the 1st of June next. On the streets of Lethbridge one sees streams of water which have already flowed a hundred miles through artificial ditches, and which pass on, to provide crops still farther away. The Mormons have settled on such land, and the gentile American farmers are following them in swarms, beating them at their own arts of cultivation.

Farmers from Alberta and Saskatchewan are discovering new riches on the sunny slopes of the mountains. Says Mr. Walsh:

"They are using the mountains as sprinklers in the southern valleys, too. Our party drove for 275 miles, from Grand Forks, on the Crow's Nest branch, through the valleys of the Okanagon, Similkameen, Tulameen, Otter and Nicola, back to the main line, and anywhere there was a bit of land with anything growing upon it, there, too, was to be seen an irrigation flume sweeping round the corner of some hill. And when they get the water they do grow good fruit, from the apple to the almond, where hitherto the sage brush has reigned in its dusty glory. There is some imagination in it, too, for the actual existence of one orchard sets people to valuing adjacent sage brush lots at $200 an acre. But that is part of the fun of the game.

"You have to see the fruit trees growing in the California valleys, where the land is irrigated from flumes just like these, running miles and miles up into the hearts of the mountains, before the fabric of the vision quite appeals to you, and even then you may find orchards grown and bearing in a well-settled country offered for $125 per acre, whereas the owners of the Canadian sage brush insist on counting their riches at $200 an acre; but that is a matter of degrees and will adjust itself."

The railways projected by the C. P. R. and James J. Hill in British Columbia will bring these fertile valleys into intimate touch with the world, and they will fill up as the west increases its fruit-consuming capacity.

One Result of Competition.

Mr. Statimer Kidd says Goderich is to become "The Chicago of Canada." We shall have Chicagos to cremate soon. The new life that has been breathed into Goderich, according to Kidd, is the result of the coming of the Canadian Pacific. The advent of the big road has caused the Grand Trunk to take "a lorch." "Officials grown curt in the days of impregnable monopoly," he says, "are reading books of etiquette." Hereafter, according to Mr. Kidd, there is to be keen competition, the assurance of which causes the people of that promising lake port to cheer up. Well, the people of these Ontario towns to be quickened by the touch of railway competition are in a position to sympathize with the west, that has been handicapped for years by the lack of this sort of competition. It will be hard, too, for the people of Goderich to believe the widely-circulated stories to the effect that the west would not welcome the Grand Trunk Pacific, that the people out there were content and almost resented the coming of railway competition.

Today the good citizens of New York and Philadelphia hope to rout the forces led by General Graft and General Pull. The whole country is watching the battle.

The Toronto master plumbers are to be indicted for conspiracy at the instance of the Attorney-General of Ontario. The public may now be let into some trade secrets.

The judges in the Kingston election trial will do well to pursue the investigation and probe the conduct of the election on both sides. If some persons are hurt political morality will be the gainer.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross' address at the unveiling of the Mowat statue was an oratorical masterpiece, the effort of a thinker, and not a mere rhetorician. It can be said of too few of our public men that their addresses are also literature.

Premier Seddon has posed as the greatest imperialist among outer Britons, but he declares that no Japanese will be allowed to enter New Zealand, and that the colony will not submit to dictation from the mother country in this matter. New Zealand would be glad to look to the mother country, if Japan chose to have her own way about it.

Charlotte Mia.

[Catholic Standard and Times.]

Giuseppe, da barber ees greata for "mash."
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.

W'enever Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da people dey talka "How nobby; how neat!
How sotta da handa, how smalla da feet."

He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
Oh, many da heart of da silly young girls
He gotta,
Yes, playnta he gotta—
But notta
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

Carlotta she walka weeth her nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth faraway stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mustache,
He gotta da silly young girls for da "mash."
But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta,
I gotta!

Frenzied Lynching.

[Boston Globe.]

An "American quick lunch" in London has failed after losing $50,000. You can't bolt sinkers and wheats in a topper and a monocle.

Have You Ever.

[Baltimore Herald.]

Didoyouevergentlereadertrytowritea
littlerhyme
Whenyourneighborsloudpianowaswork-
ingovertime?
Doyourealizehowtoughitistomakeade-
centshowing—
How you
Havetothink
In A ragtime when
Plancla's going?

Goldwin Smith on Nelson.

[Bystander in Weekly Sun.]

England one hundred years ago wept for the loss of her great sailor as perhaps she never has wept for any other loss. But Nelson was probably fortunate in the moment of his death. He had completely done his work. The naval power of his country's enemies had been not only defeated but destroyed. Fears of invasion were at an end. The hero, had his life been prolonged, would have been exposed to influences of different kinds very dangerous to such a character as his. There would have been found people silly or wicked enough to flatter his failings and even to represent them as signs of a peculiar greatness. In the character of Wolfe we have another example of that union of sensibility with heroism which is so attractive in the character of Nelson. But in Wolfe it is found combined, with perfectly pure as well as warm affections and with a stainless life.

In Memorium.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

The Lanark (Ill.) Gazette publishes the following pathetic little ballad, which we are informed is "founded on facts":

Willie was a gentle lad.
General regrets
Were felt when Willie one day took
To smoking cigarettes.
Willie kept on puffin'
Harder every day.
Sister took the coupons, and
She put them all away.

Willie dear has left us;
'Twas a mournful shock.
Sister cashed the coupons in
And got a mantel clock.
Now we gather round it
As the minutes fly;
It is something lovely to
Remember Willie by.

Brought Down the House.

[Baltimore American.]

"Samson knew the ropes all right," mused the disgusted Thespian. "He brought down the house with his act simply by his pull."

The Unusual.

[Toronto News.]

Extra, Extra! Special Edition! ! Man went shooting with a friend and knew his gun was loaded. Friend still alive and well.

All Hail, Saskatoon!

[Saskatoon Phenix.]

There is no doubt that the day of Saskatoon has come, Its future as a great railway center is assured. Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Laurier; will be the main points on the Grand Trunk Pacific in the west.

Variety of Goods on View.

[Irrigon (Oreg.) Irrigator.]

For a nice mint julep, a Tom Collins, or a highball, or a nice, clean shave, or a haircut, or anything in the grocery, hardware, dry goods, or millinery line, call at the City Drug Store. Also drugs for sale.

The Old Blacksmith.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Nigh to a car he had just repaired
Stood the roadside smith. His arms were bared,
His work was done. He'd mended a spring,
He had patched a tire, and fixed the thing
That broke the tigger that caused the crash,
And he stood there waiting for his cash.
And he said to the chauffeur, with a grin:
"I gather 'em in! I gather 'em in!"

Lack of Skilled Labor.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

A curious phase of the present activity in all branches of industrial enterprise is the scarcity of skilled labor and the resulting shifts to which manufacturers are sometimes put to retain the services of their employes and to obtain the additional help needed. Some large industrial centers are actually bidding against each other and shops are losing men to neighboring establishments which are willing to offer more attractive terms. Hence the workers are reaping the benefits of this healthy state of the labor market.

In the Editor's Absence.

[Rockmart (Ga.) Courier.]

The editor was absent last week and will be compelled to be absent the present week.

This week, as last, he leaves the Courier in the hands of "the boys" in the office and Col. Buell Stark.

In doing so he bequeaths to them all the credit their efforts may entitle them to, and as a natural sequence the professional kickers and "kussers" will know whom to "kuss."

Revised.

[Life.]

In Salt Lake City Cupid writes—
That he who reads may run—
"Ten souls with but a single thought,
Twelve hearts that beat as one."

Modern Perils of the Deep.

[New York Times.]

"We're lost!" the captain shouted,
As he took the elevator,
For a storm had swept the vessel
All the way to the equator.

"Now the telephone is busted,
And the steam heat's swept away,
While the patent pianola
Only funeral hymns will play.

"Swimming tank is leaking badly,
And the ice plant's put to soak—
Cannot get our Wall street prices,
For the wireless mast is broke.

"Manicure and masseur missing—
Open plumbing can't be found;
Printing presses all are broken,
And the incubator's drowned.

"Ship is just as good as ever,
Engines sound and working well—
But we're shy on several features
That become a good hotel.

"So we're lost!" the captain shouted;
"It's a cinch we've got to drown."
Elevator boy then murmured,
Opportunely, "Going down!"

Stay In Canada.

[Catholic Record.]

Which, then, is the better thing to do—to risk becoming a nonentity among the aliens—to be chained to labor in a factory—to herd in reeking tenements, or to be a Canadian anxious to make a home for himself under his own flag and to avail himself of the opportunities which now are his for the asking. The Northwest and New Ontario beckon to the Canadian. There he can be a free man, no man's hired servant, and sit beside his own hearthstone. There is the reward that awaits those who have red blood in their veins. So get a stake in this country, young man. Heed not the tales of the pelf and preferment across the line. Tell a story of your own making that shall be read by those who like to think that the grit and tenacity of the pioneer are our heritage. But be no laggard in beginning the tale.

After the Funeral.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"Oh, well, she's young and pretty and will get over it and marry again."

"But it will take her a long time. She looks so well in black."

The Common Mistake.

"Diggins says that when he went to school he was one of the brightest boys in his class."

"Yes," answered the sporting man, "that's where so many of us fall down—getting out of our class."

Kipling's Technical Jargon.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

It is not often that the reading public hears from Rudyard Kipling nowadays, and this is all the more reason that after his "eloquent silence" he should give that public something entertaining instead of encyclopedic, inasmuch as he knows more than many and can entertain us as well as the best. It cannot be said that he has done anything of the kind in his latest short story, "With the Night Mail," published in McClure's Magazine for November. It is not entertaining, but exasperating. It is not even a story, but a catalogue of mechanical appliances, chiefly interesting to captains and engineers of mail steamers.

This is a habit of Mr. Kipling's, this sudden dropping into jargon appertaining to locomotives, steamboats, steam engines, and machinery in general, and passing it off as a story upon the unsuspecting reader, who suddenly finds himself mired in a slough of unintelligible technique, uncertain whether to go on or turn back, when he was expecting pleasant diversion and an hour with Mr. Kipling's rare fancies and vivid descriptions. We have to be thankful that this habit is not a frequent one, but we should be more thankful if he would abandon it and leave technique to the encyclopedists and the scientific experts.

It is all the more exasperating that Mr. Kipling drops into this habit immediately after he has produced something in his best vein and has aroused the reader's expectation that more in the same vein is coming. Mr. Kipling's last two stories were "They" and "An Enforced Habitation," the one exquisitely refined and almost ethereal, the other alive with human interest and significance. From these he suddenly lapses into a trip "With the Night Mail," and through a dozen tedious pages we are treated to such statements as that "Fleury's Paradox of the Bulkheaded Vacuum is in full blast and 162's Limit is low on account of the small size of her nine screws, which, though handier than the old colloid Thelussons, bell sooner"; and, again, that "Even Fleury, who begat it, and, unlike Magniac, died a multi-millionaire, could not explain how the restless little imp shuddering in the U tube can, in the fractional part of the second, strike down the furious blast of gas into a chill, grayish-green liquid that drains from the far end of the vacuum through the eduction-pipes and the mains back to the bilges"; and after all this that "bilge tank, upper tank, dorsal tank, expansion chamber, vacuum, main return (as a liquid), and bilge tank once more is the ordained cycle," and that "you can hear the trickle of the liquefied gas flowing from the vacuum into the bilge tanks and the soft gluck-glock of gas locks closing, as Capt. Purnall brings '162' down by the head."

All this may be found on a single page and more of the same kind on every page, but why set this forth as a story? If Mr. Kipling must do these things, why not do them for the Popular Science Monthly or the Engineering Magazine? Still better, why should he do them at all? We concede that he knows all about machines and engines from A to Izzard. Give us more of the jungle, and Kim's India, and the three soldiers, the barracks, and Mandalay, and Danny Deever, and Tommy Atkins, Mr. Kipling, and drop mechanical jargon which we don't understand and don't wish to understand. Get away from the whir of wheels and the smell of the engine-room "lest we forget" the Kipling of the "Plain Tales of the Hills" and the "Seven Seas."

POEMS THAT LIVE.

"Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all of great and feeling souls."

Song of the Mountain.

[Bliss Carman.]

Son of all the cities,
With their culture and their code,
What brings you to my doorway
By the lone and starry road?
You may come with seven pack-mules,
You may walk or steam or ride,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you come without a guide.

You may come with rod and level,
With compass and with chain,
To parcel me for profit,
And barter me for gain;
You may tell my age in aeons
By the scars on drift and slide;
But you'll never, never know me
Till you learn how I abide.

You may range my slopes for silver,
You may wash my hands for gold,
You may tally every jewel,
Till my gems have all been told;
You may cross my wildest canyon,
You may top my last divide,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you watch me wonder-eyed.

You my sleep for nights together
With your head upon my breast,
The companion of my silence,
The receiver of my rest.
You may come with all your wisdom
To subdue me in your pride,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you love me like a bride.

LOUIS LIKES ROOSEVELT

Would See an American Presiden Visit King Edward.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 6.—Honored by the President by an invitation to luncheon informally at the White House, Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenburg kept his special train waiting three-quarters of an hour this afternoon while the President engaged him in a long personal conversation.

In the morning Prince Louis visited Mount Vernon, making the trip down the Potomac River on the United States dispatch boat Dolphin.

At Mount Vernon the party was met at the landing by the superintendent of the grounds, who conducted them through the home of the first President.

At the tomb of Washington, Prince Louis stood reverently in silence for a few moments.

Upon leaving Mount Vernon the prince was presented with a sprout from the ivy which grows about the tomb. "I shall treasure this and take it to my home in England," the prince said, "as a souvenir of this morning."

The President is sending to King Edward a return personal message by Prince Louis, which will be delivered when the Prince next visits London.

Before his departure for Annapolis, Prince Louis said to the correspondent of the London Morning Post:

"I have long looked forward to seeing the President, and he was good enough to give me the opportunity at dinner at the White House on Saturday. I was greatly impressed with his strong personality, his intellectual strength, his comprehensive knowledge, his democracy, but at the same time his dignity. He looks what he is, the masterful leader of a masterful people, determined, courageous, bold. I am only sorry that I cannot see and know more of an extraordinary as well as a very charming man.

"This is the first time, I believe, that a British admiral has been received by the President at Washington; now I should like to see an American President received by the King in London."

THROWING LIGHT
On the Subject of
HOME DYEING

Home dyeing is a fascinating and money-saving work when Diamond Dyes are used. Home coloring has an attraction for ladies in all ranks of society, and the wonderful results achieved by the Diamond Dyes for women, have made them the popular home dyes in all parts of the world.

One ten-cent package of the Diamond Dyes will do the same work that a steam-dyeing establishment charges $1 for.

All faded and dingy-looking dresses, skirts, suits, blouses, jackets, ribbons, stockings, coats vests and trousers can be recolored in the home and made to look as good as new, at a cost of from 10 to 20 cents, when the never-failing Diamond Dyes are used.

It is well to bear in mind that direct money saving can only be guaranteed when Diamond Dyes are used. Have a care that you do not buy the worthless imitations sold by some dealers. Refuse such deceptive dyes if you would avoid trouble and loss of money and temper. Ask for the DIAMOND DYES; refuse all others that may be offered to you. 65-k-y

TOO COLD TO SUICIDE

Hamilton Girl Waded In to Her Knees and Then "Quit."

Hamilton, Nov. 7. — Yesterday afternoon Lizzie Whitney, 223 North Park street, wrote a note calculated to make her family sorry for the way she had been used by them, pinned it on her dress, waded out in the Dundurn marsh until the water reached her knees, and threw herself in. The cold water brought her to her senses, and she jumped up screaming for help. She was rescued by a passing milkman and taken to the city hospital. Though her condition is regarded as rather serious, the doctors have hopes of her recovery.

SIN OF GETTING RICH

Gibbons Denounces Stock Watering and Dishonesty of Cashiers.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 7.—Cardinal Gibbons preached at the cathedral on probity in business, taking as his text: "Pay What Thou Owest." He said in part:

"There is one species of dishonesty which is conducted on a larger scale. I allude to the iniquity of watering stock and floating it on the market, of inflating stocks and bonds and giving them a fictitious value.

"This sin is the more odious as it is not the result of a sudden impulse of temptation, but is perpetrated in cold blood by sharp-witted men, who court the esteem of their fellow-citizens. They use all kinds of specious arguments to catch the unwary in their toils, and inflict untold misery on a too confiding community, and not infrequently widows and orphans are the victims of this species of fraud.

"I might also allude here to dishonest presidents and cashiers of banks and business house clerks. Their number, thank God, is small compared with the army of loyal and upright officials.

"These unfaithful officers yield to the criminal desire of growing suddenly rich. They secretly appropriate the funds of the institution in which they are employed, with the vague intention of restoring them. They gamble in stocks and other securities, hoping to realize large profits.

"Their first venture is a failure. They cast the dice again and again, each time staking larger sums, with the same result, till they have gone down the stream of speculation too far to retrace their steps and hide their iniquity. They involve themselves in irreparable ruin and degradation. All the waters of the Mississippi could not blot out the stain. A name which before was mentioned with honor is now whispered with bated breath, covered with the charity of silence. The last chapter in their sad history is usually suicide, exile or the penitentiary."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Tossed by the Bulls, and ripped by the Bears,
Harassed and worried by manifold cares,
With stocks on the whoop that he thought would go down,
And the up-stocks slumping, and all of the town
Roaring and slamming about his ears,
He grabbed his hat, and chased by his fears
That prodded him on with vicious punch,
He rushed away for his noon-time lunch.
He saw men lined at gilded bars,
But he knew that the Fiend of that Cup deals scars,
Smoothing the nerves for a time, perhaps,
But saving a knockout for misled chaps.
But he knew of a cup that has truly cheered,
And around the corner he briskly steered,
And took it brimming, and spicy, and hot,
From the pretty girl of the coffee-pot.
And his soul was soothed, he forgot his cares,
And was ready again for the Bulls and Bears.
Then over the rim of his cup he gazed
At the pretty girl as the draught he praised.
"How do you make it, my pretty maid?"
"Use CHASE & SANBORN'S—that's all!" she said.

HOLLOWAY'S Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c. yxwt

A Jersey City judge has decided that 5 cents a week is none too much for a man to reserve when he gives his wife the balance of his $16 25 wages.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieve the pressure on the nerves which causes the headache. Try them.

In Germany the Staatsanzeiger, the official gazette, records the appointment of Dr. William Kalker as a member of the imperial sanitary council. But Dr. Kalker has been dead for three years.

IT IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE.—There is not a city, town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not known—wherever introduced it made a foothold for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Eclectric Oil, and that is Dr. Thomas'. Take nothing else.

Experts calculate that Irish bogs are capable of turning out 50,000,000 tons of fuel per year for a thousand years.

La Grippe Thrice Cured.

"I have had the grip three different times," says Mrs. Thomas Cleland, of Alliance, Ohio, "and was left with a bad cough. Every time I was cured by the use of Dr. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and I can not speak too highly of this valuable medicine." For sale by all druggists.

Cheap Excursion to New York.

The excursion of the season to New York will be on Nov. 14, via New York Central—$10 25 return from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good ten days. Covers date of New York Horse Show. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, for full information. 64n

Cheap Rate to New York. $10.25.

Nov. 14 the New York Central will run the excursion of the season to New York, good ten days for return, round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo. Excellent opportunity to see the New York Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, for full particulars. Telephone Maine 4361. 64n

See the New York Horse Show.

The famous New York Horse Show will be held in Madison Square Garden from Nov. 13 to 18. Londoners can see it at little expense by taking advantage of the New York Central Railroad's cheap excursion on Nov. 14. Rate $10 25 for round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good ten days for return. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian passenger agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, for full particulars. 64n

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond St. 'Phone 997.

The Family Ale

The only GOLD MEDAL awarded at the St. Louis Exposition for Ale and Stout was won by JOHN LABATT. Purchasers can always get Labatt's Ale and Porter in prime condition from P. J. WATT, Market Square, Molsons Bank Building.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

BRITISH SUFFERED

Enormous Losses Sustaired by Englishmen in Odessa.

New York, Nov. 6.—A special cable dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Times, says that the recent outrages at Tomsk and Tver and especially those at Odessa are to be investigated. At Odessa British subjects have suffered enormous losses.

There can be no longer the slightest doubt that the main source of the danger to life and property lies, not in the revolutionaries, but in the mobs instigated by the police and reactionaries. The police at Moscow are openly organizing attacks against the Liberals and the Metropolitan has ordered that homilies be read in the churches with the same object.

The new procurator of the Holy Synod, the Liberal Prince Obolensky, has already taken action to stop the disgraceful proceeding.

THE WABASH SYSTEM

Is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including Old Mexico, the most interesting country on the face of the globe; Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the admiration of travelers, every comfort is provided; there is nothing wanting to complete one's happiness. The days and nights pass only too quickly while traveling on the great Wabash line. For full particulars address any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Four Tourist Sleepers

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Michigan Central
The Niagara Falls Route
Eastern Standard Time
TIME TABLE IN EFFECT
NOV. 5th, 1905,

Trains arrive and depart from London as follows:

Arrive.		Depart.	
No. 130.....	6:55 a.m.	No. 131.....	7:15 a.m.
No. 132.....	11:10 a.m.	No. 133.....	2:20 p.m.
No. 134.....	5:10 p.m.	No. 135.....	5:35 p.m.
No. 136.....	9:45 p.m.	No. 137.....	10:25 p.m.

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Nos. 131 and 133 connect at St. Thomas with through trains for Detroit, stopping at all local points.

No. 135 connects at St. Thomas with eastern express for Chicago, and the Wolverine, for New York.

For full information call at ticket office, 395 Richmond street (Phone 205), or address THOS. EVANS, Ticket Agent, London.
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From St. John, N.B., every Saturday, and Halifax every Monday, to Liverpool, via Moville.

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For tickets and full information call on agents Grand Trunk Railway, E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger and ticket agent; E. RUSE, depot ticket agent; J. D. McDONALD, district passenger agent, Toronto.