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(OUR WEEKLY EDITION)

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JOHN CAMERON, President and Manager.

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London, Wednesday, Nov. 21.

—Mr. Marter is not a martyr; he is a
 Jonah.

—A majority in every ward suits us,
 thank you.

—The majority is only 800, but Mr.
 Hobbs will rub along with it.

—Some citizens were mean enough to say
 that E. E. Sheppard's jokes did it.

—No. 3 ward, with its majority of 198
 for Hobbs, is once more the banner Liberal
 ward.

—THE ADVERTISER on Saturday claimed
 500 for its candidate, but the citizens have
 declared we deserve 300 more.

—Mr. Hobbs can well say, "I am a man
 of words, but I do love my city well."
 And he will serve her well, too.

—As went London yesterday, so will go
 Kingston, West Algoma, and other con-
 stituencies when they are opened.

—Now let us all get down to business.
 We have a fine city, and we ought to be
 united in the work of building it up.

—A London South man maintains that
 the majority is at least "Six hundred and
 sixty-six." He was altogether too modest.

—The man who knows is always 'round
 to tell you "how 'twas done."
 But when you need him, he'll be found
 quite often on the run.

—If the contest be considered as one be-
 tween Sir Oliver Mowat and Mr. Marter,
 the latter can hardly help wondering where
 he is at.

—In Wards No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, which
 constitute the Dominion constituency of
 London, the majority for Mr. Hobbs yester-
 day was 571.

—The young men of London yesterday
 stood up for their best interests. We had
 faith in them before the election. We
 have faith in them for the future.

—"Thos. S. Hobbs, M.P.P., London, we
 congratulate you," was the text of
 hundreds of telegrams that poured into
 the city until a late hour last night.

—Mr. Essery did not take his defeat
 gracefully. In some intemperate remarks
 from the Free Press window, he attacked
 his Roman Catholic citizens once more and
 also accused the temperance people and the
 licensed victuallers of walking arm-in-arm
 to the polls. This style of criticism is
 simply childish, as we know of no class
 of the community that did not join in ex-
 pressing the emphatic opinion, voiced at the
 polls, that Mr. Essery would not be a de-
 sirable representative in the Legislature.

—It has been well said that it is an ill
 wind that blows nobody good. Birmingham,
 England, is making a good thing out
 of the war in the East. Its gun and
 ammunition trade is more active than it
 has been for twenty years. Last week a
 Chinese agent placed an order for 20,000
 rifles and bayonets and over 10,000,000
 military cartridges have been turned out
 during the past two months. Since the
 outbreak of hostilities no less than 150,000
 rifles have been exported from the city.
 Most of these, however, were weapons dis-
 carded by Germany after the Franco-
 Prussian war. Birmingham manufacturers
 bought them cheap to convert them into
 more modern weapons, but attempted con-
 version was a failure, and, with true
 Birmingham thrift and cunning, they were
 shipped to South Africa, transhipped in
 mid-ocean, and sold to the Chinese Gov-
 ernment.

—Impoverished land is now "vaccinated"
 on the continent of Europe. It is generally
 known that land is enriched by planting it
 occasionally with a leguminous crop like
 clover or lucerne, the roots of which absorb
 more nitrogen than they take from the
 ground. Where the nitrogen comes from
 was the problem. Messrs. Hellriegel and
 Wilfarth have discovered that the absorp-
 tion is due to minute organisms, a sort of
 disease in the roots, which, when the sup-
 ply of nitrogen in the soil begins to fail,
 appear as an excrescence, draw nitrogen
 from the air, and so enrich the soil again.
 Experiments have been made in France
 and Germany to hasten the growth of the
 disease by sprinkling the fields with soil
 in which tuberculous crops have been grown,
 or with water in which they have been
 steeped. In Prussia a field was sown with
 lupins; one part of it was then treated in
 the ordinary way, the other inoculated
 with an old lupin crop. The yield in the
 latter part was five and a half times as
 great as in the other.

YESTERDAY'S GREAT VICTORY.

By the magnificent majority of 800 the
 electors of London yesterday elected Mr.
 Thomas S. Hobbs to represent the city in
 the Legislature in succession to Mr. W. R.
 Meredith, who held the position for the
 last 22 years.

It is hardly necessary to say that it
 affords us no small satisfaction that the
 citizens have rallied to the view vigor-
 ously put forth in various shapes by the
 ADVERTISER. They agree with us that
 every interest of the city as well as every
 interest of the Province would be best
 served by the election of Mr. Hobbs.

The result does not surprise us. We
 were from the first confident that the good
 sense and civic patriotism of the people of
 our fair city would assert itself. The
 electors, without regard to class, creed or
 condition, have responded nobly to our
 appeal to their better natures. Sir Oliver
 Mowat and his Government have many
 friends in this city, even among Conserva-
 tives, who believe with Principal Grant,
 himself a Conservative, that the Province
 cannot afford to dismiss Ontario's Grand
 Old Man.

To Mr. Hobbs we extend congratulations
 on his splendid victory. We believe he
 will do everything in his power to repre-
 sent the city in the Provincial Legislature,
 and to promote in every way possible the
 interests of this, the capital of Western
 Ontario, and the interests of this magnifi-
 cent Province.

The city, by this election, will enter on
 a new era, which will be promotive of
 that unity of good feeling which has for a
 time been endangered. Any other result
 could have had no other effect than
 division and disaster to our best interests
 as a peace-loving community.

For ourselves, the magnificent victory is
 sufficient reward, as we believe it will be
 for the large majority of the citizens of
 London, who agree with us in the prin-
 ciples which we have advocated in the
 campaign just brought to so satisfactory a
 conclusion.

"He Was a Leper."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on "The
 Sick General."

Everyone Has Something He Wishes
 He Had Not.

How to Get Rid of the Leprosy of Sin.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 20.—Rev. Dr. Talmage
 chose as the subject of Sunday's sermon
 through the press "The Sick General," his
 text being taken from II. Kings, v. 1,
 "But he was a leper."

Here we have a warrior sick. A red
 mark has come out on the forehead, pre-
 cursor of complete disfigurement and dis-
 cession. Naaman, the commander-in-chief
 of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy. The
 leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence!
 If his breath strikes you like wildfire all
 through the realm, and the people are sym-
 pathetic, and they cry out, "Is it possible
 that our great hero, our grand and glorious
 Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes. Everybody
 has something he wishes he had not. David,
 an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a
 thorn to sting him; Job, caricatures to
 plague him; Samson, a Nabal to deny him;
 Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Wash-
 ington, childlessness to afflict him; John
 Wesley, a tarmagunt wife to pester him;
 Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back;
 Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind
 eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and
 you, and you, and you, something
 which you never bargained for, and would
 like to get rid of.

THE REASON.
 The reason of this is that God does not
 want this world to be too bright, otherwise
 we would always want to stay and eat
 these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and
 shake hands in this pleasant society. If
 God dashes out one of your pictures, it is
 only to show you a brighter one. It is
 to push you up toward something grander
 and better, that God sends upon you, as he
 did upon General Naaman, something you
 do not want.

IN SYMPATHY.
 There was one person more sympathetic
 with General Naaman than any other per-
 son. Naaman's wife wakes the floor, wring-
 ing her hands, and trying to think what she
 can do to alleviate her husband's sufferings.
 All remedies have failed. What shall now
 become of poor Naaman's wife? She must
 have sympathy somewhere. In her despair
 she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a ser-
 vant girl in her house, to whom she tells
 the whole story. What a scene it was,
 one of the grandest women in all
 Syria in cabinet council with a waiting
 maid over the declining health of the
 mighty general? "I know something," says
 the little captive maid. "In the land from
 which I was stolen there is a certain
 prophet known by the name of Elisha, who
 can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't
 wonder if he could cure my master. Send
 for him right away." "O, hush!" you say.
 "If the highest medical talent in all the
 land cannot cure that leprosy, there is no
 need of your listening to any talk of a ser-
 vant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer.
 The finger of that little captive maid is
 pointing in the right direction.

CHILDHOOD'S FINGER POINTS THE WAY.
 And now often it is that the finger of
 childhood has pointed grown persons in the
 right direction. There are hundreds of
 Christian mothers who had their attention
 first called to Jesus by their little children.
 Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday and
 you will find hundreds of little fingers
 pointing in the same direction, toward
 Jesus Christ and toward Heaven. O, do
 not despise the prattle of little children
 when they are speaking about God and
 Christ and Heaven. You see the way your
 child is pointing; will you take that point-
 ing, or wait until, in the wrench of some
 awful bereavement, God shall lift that child
 to another world, and then it will beckon
 you upward? Blessed be God that the
 little Hebrew captive pointed in the right
 direction. Blessed be God for the saving
 ministry of Christian children.

NAAMAN HAD TWO DISEASES.
 No wonder the advice of this little
 Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's man-
 sion and Benhadad's palace into excitement.

But Naaman takes the little maid's advice;
 he sets out to meet the Israelite, and finally
 the chariotiers check the horses at the
 prophet's door. Come out, Elisha, come
 out; the grandest company that ever came
 to your house has come. No stir. No stir
 away. "Naaman's cured! Naaman's
 cured!" But a gladder time than that it
 would be if your soul should get cured of
 its leprosy. The swiftest white horses
 hitched to the king's chariot would rush
 the news into the eternal city. Our loved
 ones before the throne would welcome the
 glad tidings. Your children on earth,
 with more emotion than the little Hebrew
 captive, would notice the change in your
 look and the change in your manner, and
 would put their arms around your neck and
 say: "Mother, I guess you must have be-
 come a Christian. Father, I think you
 have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord,
 God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

HIS AWFUL CRIME

A Spanish Anarchist Pays the Penalty—
 He Would Not Stop.

BARCELONA, Nov. 21.—Salvador Franch,
 the chief conspirator in the bomb throwing
 plot which resulted in the death of 30 per-
 sons and wounding of 80 others in the Ly-
 ceum Theater in his city a little more than
 a year ago, was executed here about 6
 o'clock this morning. All day yesterday
 and all through the night the condemned
 man spent his time in preaching the doc-
 trine of anarchy. He rejected the enger-
 gingly the efforts of the priests who sought
 to persuade him to turn his mind to his
 approaching death and expressed scorn
 and contempt for those persons who be-
 lieved that his recent pretended
 conversion was genuine. The prisoner
 throughout the last day and night of his
 life showed no appetite. At 8 o'clock last
 evening his wife and daughter were ad-
 mitted to his presence and spent consider-
 able time in an endeavor to induce him to
 confess his crimes and accept the consol-
 ation of religion, saying: "If you don't you
 will ruin us." Franch angrily refused to
 pay any heed to their appeals. He was
 several times found necessary for the mil-
 lions to charge upon and disperse the
 crowds which had collected about the
 prison in the hope of seeing the execution.

IN SPIRIT of favorable news regarding the
 health of the Amer of Afghanistan, there
 are grounds for believing that he is not yet
 out of danger. There is less uneasiness in
 England about his condition since Lord
 Rosebery's declaration that the British
 Government is in thorough accord with
 Russia on all international questions.

Dr. Thomas Oliver, writing upon the
 "Diet of the Working Classes," says a good
 word in favor of the greater use of sugar
 as muscle food. Sugar, he says, ought to
 be included, to a larger extent than it is,
 in the dietary of the working classes.
 There is always a small quantity of sugar
 present in human blood, viz, 1 per cent.
 When muscle is in a state of activity there
 is a disappearance of sugar from the blood,
 four times greater than occurs in the blood
 issuing from muscle in a condition of rest,
 clearly indicating, therefore, that during
 activity sugar is used up.

In his experiments to demonstrate
 whether sugar is a muscular nutriment,
 Harley abstained from all food, except 500
 grammes of sugar daily, i. e., a little over
 one pound by weight, and he found that
 there was not only an increase in the
 amount of work accomplished, compared
 with that done during fasting, by 70 per
 cent, but that muscular fatigue was de-
 cidedly retarded. It is recognized that
 when sugar is added to food, a man is cap-
 able of doing more muscular work with-
 out tiring, and that this occurs about
 two hours after it is taken. With Harley's
 experiments before us, it is interesting to
 observe that what physiology is now teach-
 ing has apparently long been known to the
 Northumberland coal miner and to the
 English navy.

SCROFULA 12 YEARS

Always Sore. Face Burned Like Fire.
 Ashamed to Be Seen. Four
 Doctors but Little Benefit.
 Cured by CUTICURA.

For about ten or twelve years I have been
 troubled with scrofula. My head was always
 sore, my face was dry and burned like
 most of the time. My body had big red spots on it,
 and I did not know what to do. I went to four different
 doctors and they helped me
 at first. In the end I got
 worse again; then I tried
 other remedies, but they did
 me no good. I was ashamed
 to go to public. I was a
 sight to look at. Every one
 I met would say, "What is the
 matter, why don't you take
 something?" Even at my daily
 labor I had to wear a sort of cap to keep the dirt
 from getting into the sores. After I would
 wash, I would be covered with big red pimples
 all over my face and neck. Some two or three
 people raised me to try the CUTICURA REM-
 EDIES. I did try them, and am glad I have done
 so. Gladly I will give a well marked, and in the best
 of health since. I cannot praise the CUTICURA
 REMEDIES too highly. I enclose my portrait.

LEWIS W. KATON, Louisville, Pa.

GET OUT OF THE CHARIOT OF PRIDE.
 Now, my hearers, you know that this
 General Naaman did two things in order to
 get well. The first was—he got out of his
 chariot. He might have stayed there with
 his swollen feet on the silken ottoman,
 seated on that embroidered cushion, until
 his last gasp, he would never have got any
 relief. He had to get down out of his
 chariot. And you have got to get down
 out of the chariot of your pride if you ever
 become a Christian. You cannot drive up
 to the cross with a coach-and-four, and be
 saved among all the angels. You seem
 to think that the Lord is going to be com-
 plimented by your coming. Oh, no, you
 poor, miserable, leprosy sinner, get down
 out of that.

WASH AND BE CLEAN.
 But he had not only to get down out of
 his chariot. He had to wash. "O," you
 say, "I am very careful with my ablutions.
 Every day I plunge into a bright and beau-
 tiful bath." Ah, my hearers, there is a flood
 brighter than any that pours from the
 granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood
 of pardon, and peace, and life and heaven.
 That flood started in the tears of Christ
 and the sweat of Gethsemane, and rolled
 on, accumulating flood until it fell earth and
 heaven. It is the "fountain open for sin and unclean-
 ness." William Cowper called it the
 "fountain filled with blood." Your fathers
 and mothers washed all their sins and sor-
 rows away in that fountain. Oh, my
 hearers, do you not feel like wading into
 it? Wade down now into this glorious
 flood, deeper, deeper, deeper. Plunge once,
 twice, thrice, four times, five times, six
 times, seven times. It will take as much
 as that to cure your soul. O wash, wash,
 wash, and be clean.

JOY.
 I suppose that was a great time at Dam-
 ascus when General Naaman got back. I
 think the people rushed out to hail him
 back to his home. Naaman's wife hardly
 recognized her husband; he was so wonder-
 fully changed. And the little captive maid
 rushed out, clapping her hands and shout-
 ing, "Did he cure you? Did he cure
 you?" Then music woke up the palace

and the tapestry of the windows was drawn
 away, that the multitude outside might
 mingle with the princely mirth in-
 side, and the feet went up and down in
 the dance, and all the streets of Damascus
 that night echoed and re-echoed with the
 song: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's
 cured!" But a gladder time than that it
 would be if your soul should get cured of
 its leprosy. The swiftest white horses
 hitched to the king's chariot would rush
 the news into the eternal city. Our loved
 ones before the throne would welcome the
 glad tidings. Your children on earth,
 with more emotion than the little Hebrew
 captive, would notice the change in your
 look and the change in your manner, and
 would put their arms around your neck and
 say: "Mother, I guess you must have be-
 come a Christian. Father, I think you
 have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord,
 God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

WHERE THE BUYERS GO

AND WHERE THEY STAY.

John H. Chapman & Co

LADIES! LADIES!! LADIES!!!

Having sold largely in all lines of Ladies' and Misses'

Mantles, Jackets, Wraps & Golf Capes,

We now offer the balance of our stock at greatly reduced

prices. Our sales this season have been most gratifying,

and thousands have gone to their homes happy,

knowing they always get good value for

their hard-earned dollars at

The Progressive Mantle House

These goods will be sold exactly as advertised.

Note the Following Prices.

Ladies' Jackets

Furs for Ladies

and Children,

Every Jacket must be sold before

Xmas.

Fine Beaver Jackets, black and

tabac shades, \$7 50 to \$12 50, worth

\$10 to \$15.

Ladies' Beaver Jackets, Eton

fronts, Australian Marten edgings,

only a few left, of a rich tabac shade,

\$12 50, worth \$15.

Ladies' Handsome Black Beaver

Jackets, \$6 50, \$7 50, \$8 50, \$10,

worth \$8 50 to \$15.

Ladies' Beaver Jackets, fur-trimmed

and plain, \$7 50, \$8 50, \$9 50, \$10 50,

worth \$9 50, \$10 50, \$12 50, \$15.

1 table Odd Jackets, all sizes, good

styles, your choice \$2 50.

1 table Ladies' Ulsters, your choice

\$2 50.

1 table Ladies' Jackets, \$3 to \$5,

worth \$5 to \$10.

1 table Children's Ulsters, \$2 50 and

\$3, worth \$5 to \$7.

1 table Children's Jackets and

Ulsters, from \$1 50 to \$4 50, worth

\$4 to \$6 50.

Children's Eiderdown Coats, natty

and comfortable.

50 Ladies' Fur Collarettes, for \$1,

\$1 10, \$1 25, \$1 50, \$1 75, worth

double.

Ladies' Persian Lamb Collarettes,

\$5, \$5 50, \$6, \$6 50. Must be sold.

Ladies' Muffs,

In Sable, Beaver, Seal, Baltic Seal,

Greenland Seal, Opossum and Coney,

will be sold for 80c to \$3.

Children's Persian Lamb Caps,

special, your choice of 25 only for

\$1 50; 25 only for \$3. These goods

are worth double. Secure one.

Children's Sets, collarette and

Muff, \$5.

Children's White Muffs, \$1, \$1 50.

Ladies' Fur Capes

Large Greenland Seal Capes, from

\$15 to \$30, guaranteed.

1 only Greenland Seal Cape, \$17,

34 inches long, storm collar, a beauty.

Ladies' Greenland Seal Capes, 30

inch, full skirt, large collars, \$25.

Ladies' Persian Lamb Capes, gray

and black, \$18 to \$45.

Ladies' Black Astrachan Jackets,

any size you wish, from \$14 to \$45;

they must go.

1 only Australian Seal Coat, \$26,

worth \$35.

Our Ordered Trade

This is our banner department. In this we take the

lead. Our large and efficient staff is kept exceedingly busy

filling orders for fine garments. Two first-class cutters

always at work. Hundreds of yards of cloth cut every week.

A perfect fit in every instance. You leave your order and

have it filled at once. You do not have to wait two or three

weeks for a coat or mantle at the Energetic Business Mantle

House. Call and see the various departments in full swing,

and you will not be surprised at the business done

—AT—

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & CO'S

126 and 128 Dundas Street.

SPECIALTIES. Repairing and recon-

structing of dynamo, motor armatures, all

systems repaired and rewound. Commutators

and electrical appliances, work guaranteed.

Office and factory, 39 York street, London,
 Ont. All kinds general repairing done.
 Write for estimates and circulars.