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LONDON, THURSDAY, JUNE 7.
MR. FOSTER ON HIS DIGNITY.

Mr. Foster, among politicians, has the bitterest tongue in this country, and the least right to resent newspaper attacks, however malignant. He has caused to be summoned to the bar of the House of Commons the representative in the press gallery of the French-Canadian daily, La Presse, the offense being an article in that paper accusing Mr. Foster of incessantly slandering the French-Canadians and Catholics of Quebec, and "everything and everybody who is respectable and ought to be respected."

This is a curious charge to bring against one of the authors of the Remedial Bill of 1896. To be sure, Mr. Foster is a master of flouts, and jokes, and sneers. No man in public life is so venomous in his utterances, and so given to innuendo, but it must in fairness be said that the aspersions of French-Canadians and Roman Catholics is not one of his failings, though the same cannot be said of some of his colleagues. The language of La Presse does him an injustice; but if Mr. Foster were a big man he would treat it with contempt.

Membership in the press gallery carries the obligation of fairly reporting the proceedings. Any member of the House who thinks he has been misreported, or maliciously misrepresented by a newspaper, with respect to some occurrence in the House, is doing his duty by himself and his constituents in calling attention to the fact, and if the offense is a grave one, disciplining the guilty reporter. In the present case the article written by the representative of La Presse was not by way of reporting the proceedings of the House, but was merely an expression of opinion. Every leader of the Liberal party has had to endure the same treatment from unscrupulous newspapers, but they have been big men, and have suffered in silence. La Presse has said nothing worse of Mr. Foster than has been said of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or Mr. Tarte, by dozens of Conservative journals in Ontario.

If Mr. Foster was built on a broader gauge he would ignore the whole matter. Newspapers which employ such weapons do themselves more injury than the objects of their attacks.

CANADIAN CLUBS.

The suggestions made by James J. Hill at Ottawa and at Winnipeg in his recent speeches are valuable. Would not the establishment of a Canadian Club in London be a move in the right direction? When James J. Hill spoke in Winnipeg before the Canadian Club he had an audience of twelve hundred, so it is said, comprising the leading business men of the city. When the Japanese ambassador spoke there a week ago the hall was well filled. Every two weeks these meetings are held and the result is found to be very beneficial. The London board of trade, which is showing signs of new life, might very properly move in the matter. A Canadian club would be a help in its work. It would tend to lessen the bitterness of party politics, which has been a great injury to London.

The future of Canada and its present, too, can be bettered and brightened by such organizations. Nearly all the larger cities have Canadian clubs and London should join the procession. The cost of belonging to such a club is trifling. It would bring the business and professional men together in the best way possible. It would originate discussions of value. It would tend to good feeling. It would promote friendship and stimulate thought and patriotism.

Let the board of trade or city council take this matter into consideration and we may fairly hope soon to see a Canadian club in London similar to those in other cities of Canada.

THE GOVERNMENT'S MOTIVES.

It ought to be clear to any unprejudiced mind that the Government has no sinister motive in refusing to make public the names of the shareholders of the North Atlantic Trading Company.

The names are known to the members of the Government, or at least to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has offered to divulge them to Mr. Borden, or a committee of the Opposition, if they will respect his confidence.

The Premier says the shareholders are respectable business firms in Russia, Germany and Holland. If the Opposition chose to accept his offer, and found that the facts were not as he stated, the Government would be placed in an awkward position. Mr. Borden and his colleagues would have a genuine scandal, which would be worth a good deal of party capital.

It has been charged that the North Atlantic Trading Company was a mythical concern, or composed of men of

straw, and members of the Opposition have plainly hinted that Mr. Preston and Mr. Sifton were the chief beneficiaries of the contract. The Premier's challenge to furnish the names of the shareholders has cleared away these imputations. Whether the contract was a profitable one for this country is another matter and one upon which opinions may honestly differ. Lord Strathcona, whose honor no one will impugn, regarded it as a good stroke of business. "I need hardly point out," he wrote, "that the new arrangement must be regarded as very confidential, and that it must not be made public in any way."

The High Commissioner had good reason for this warning. He had, innocently enough, addressed a meeting at Hamburg in the interests of Canadian immigration, and afterwards learned that if he visited Germany again he would receive unwelcome attentions from the police. He had no desire to expose others, who undertook to similarly serve this country in European countries, where antiquated notions of liberty obtained, to the penalty which he narrowly escaped.

Those who engaged in the work of directing European immigration toward the shores of Canada relied upon the pledge of secrecy given them by the representatives of the Canadian Government. It would be national perfidy and dishonor to violate that pledge. The Opposition is free to condemn the contract on its merits, but it should not ask the Government to violate the good faith of this country.

The Canadian people will accept the testimony of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as to the good character of the men behind the North Atlantic Trading Company, and will agree that no question of corruption is involved.

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
"And you say you lost your position by the great earthquake in San Francisco?" Inquired the kind lady.
"Yes, mum," replied Frayed Franklin.

"What was your position?"
"I was asleep in a barn at de time, mum."

QUITE A STOIC.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"I had expected there would be a great spurge at Miss Fawcett's wedding, but it seems to have passed off quietly."
"Oh, yes; the young man submitted to the operation without a murmur."

ROMANCE VS. REALITY.

[Columbus Dispatch.]
Cumbach—What became of that pretty Miss Dreamer who used to declare she would never marry until a handsome knight rode into town on a fierce charger with a glittering sword by his side and claimed her for his own?

Homar—Oh, after breaking into the splinter class she was married to a man who drove two chargers hitched to a milk wagon, and she did remarkably well at that.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

[New York World.]
The net debt of London is \$225,000,000; that of New York \$421,557,114 last November. The budget of the London County Council for one year is \$50,000,000; that of New York, including some costs not borne in London by the council, is more than twice as great. They growl in London about extravagance.

DIFFERENT.

[Houston Post.]
"What are you looking so sad about?"
"You knew that I was married, didn't you?"
"Yes, but I thought you were devotedly in love with your wife."
"I am, but you knew I eloped with my wife and that her mother and father have been searching for us ever since."
"Well! You don't mean to say that they have discovered your whereabouts?"
"Yes."
"And are trying to separate you and your wife?"
"No, they are going to live with us."

THE ONE BEHIND.

[Sam Kiser.]
You who have scaled the rugged steep that lead to the god success, And know the path with its stone and thorn and mocking, grim dress You who have known the ill of a squag that quells the doubts and fears, And the kindly when the way was rough, and the voice that lifts and cheers, Does there come a thought for the other man? From the cherished height and goal, Have you thought of the man who struggles on with a weak, imprisoned soul?

To win from the throbbing millions, To climb the crowded hives, To free the soul from the binding chains that hold the striving lives, This is the dream of the burdened heart—and hark to the prayers they pray— Hark to the sobs for abandoned hopes when the twilight flushes gray! And you who have scaled the dizzy height, have your eyes been stricken blind? Never a thought have you given him—the man who was left behind?

FITTING.

[Exchange.]
Mrs. Shopper—I wish to buy a present for a servant girl. Can you suggest something appropriate?
Salesman—Certainly. Give her a traveling bag.

BULL FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

[T. P.'s Weekly.]
Spain is still a great country for bull fights. The season starts on the first Sunday after Lent and continues with a short interruption at the height of summer—till the month of October. Seville and Madrid are the great cen-

ters of aurumachia. In Spain no bull leaves the ring alive, neither do any of the horses. The expense of supplying even the poor hacks, which are chosen is enormous, and in some poverty-stricken townships horses are omitted from the performance when the corrida becomes a good deal more palatable to the stranger, though less so to the native. O'Shea states that 2,400 bulls are killed annually and 3,500 horses.

ON THE OLD ROAD.

[Pail Mail Gazette.]
Once in an old forgotten day This by-track was trodden way, But now, so few the steps that pass, The ruts are carpeted with grass.
The careless brambles trail across, The gravel has its garb of moss, And off the dawn and dusk go by Unmolested by a human eye.

But when the old tangid day is past, The lumbering road awakes at last, And many feet are hurrying pressed Against the comfort of its breast.

There is no sound of stealthy tread Along this pathway of the dead— No rustle of the feet that pass Deaden by something else than grass.

Gray men who toiled and wrought of yore, Lone, weary women, burden'd sore, And little children prattling low— I catch their chatter as they go;

And here the lover and his maid, Long since in dismal kirkyard laid; And mother with her suckling pressed Against the comfort of her breast.

They all had passed, their traffic done, Long centuries ere I saw the sun. I stand and watch them wondrously, Half thinking that they beckon me.

A WOULD-BE MODERN WITCH.

[London Express.]
Mrs. Ellen Hayward, 70 years old, who lives in the forest of Dean, was charged at Little Dean petty sessions May 15 with pretending to be a witch. The case rested on the evidence of a Worcester farmer, named Davies, who consulted her "because things had gone wrong with his stock." The cash was dismissed.

CUI BONO?

[Toronto Star.]
Death must have been just a little harder for Manuel Morales, king-hater and bomb-thrower, when he reflected that of the twenty-five people he killed and the sixty he wounded not one had a drop of royal blood in his veins.

BIG GIRLS NOW.

[Boston Globe.]
By all means, King Edward ought to come over to Canada, and the United States, if only to see how fat some of the girls he danced with when he was Prince of Wales, in 1861, have grown.

LEAFY LONDON.

[Richard Whiting, in London Magazine.]
London is one of the luckiest cities I know in having its great stretches of garden and open spaces that cut deep into the heart of the bricks and mortar. With all its shortcomings in vista and perspective—and they are grave—it is still one of the best working approaches to the garden city in being.

A REMINDER.

[Punch.]
His partner (at the dancing party)—I really never heard a better speech in my life! Such a wonderful flow of—
He—Great Scott! That reminds me—I've left the bathroom tap at home full on!

PERIL.

[Washington Star.]
"Aren't you afraid that horse will run away with somebody?"
"Friend," said Broncho Bob, "I ain't nothin' in Crimson Gulch fear a hoss to run away with a man. It's when a man tries to run away with a hoss that there's danger."

POKES FOR THE PACKERS.

Returns from the embalmed beef trade, qualify naturally as tainted money.—New York World.
The muck rake is appalled at the terrible job before it in the meat packers' dens.—Columbus Journal.

According to reports the Chicago packers are letting absolutely nothing get away but the smell.—Washington Post.
Embalmed beef is not American food, and the trusts must understand that there is a limit to the people's patience.—Louisville Herald.

It is suspected that the polite young men who take visitors through the packing houses have not shown them all.—Kansas City Star.
There is a growing feeling in the country that the center of the meat industry in the United States should be "Spottless Town."—New York Tribune.

The Chicago packing house muck appears far too heavy for the ordinary rake. A steam dredge would seem to be the machine needed there.—Washington Post.
As the story of the stockyards unfolds many persons are beginning to wonder that the packers did not find some way of placing the stockyards' smell on the market in neat cans as a health food product.—Chicago Daily News.

A blow was also struck at pie in the Sinclair packingtown revelations when the charge was made that bad eggs were deodorized and made into a mixture sold to bakers and confectioners for the manufacture of pie crust. Let us also have federal inspection of pie!—Boston Herald.

Still, if the worst comes to—or stays at—the worst, you can inspect your own meat.—Indianapolis News.
Talking about fearlessness, how does the bravery of the man who faces shot and shell compare with that of the ones who continue to order hash in cheap restaurants?—Chicago Record-Herald.

The popular prejudice against "embalmed beef" bids fair at last to become effective.—New York Tribune.
All is not gold that glitters, and all is not beef that's tinned by the trust.—New York Herald.

Diseased heaves can't be legally used for packing, but it has been found that they can all right.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.
The meat inspection may be a farce, as Dr. Cutler says, but it is far from being a farce condescend.—Kansas City Times.

Sentence the Chicago packers to live for a year on the worst meat they have been selling.—Cleveland Leader.

KENT'S GOOD FRUIT CROP

Splendid Growth of Strawberries, Cherries, and All Kinds of Apples.

Ridgetown, June 5.—We are now in a position to give an authoritative forecast of the fruit crops throughout East Kent.

Strawberries—While this early fruit was slightly touched by frost the injury was nil, and the many patches will produce large quantities of these luscious berries, which are the first of our early fruits. This home grown product will be on the market by the latter part of next week.

Cherries—The prospects were never better for this fruit. The trees are loaded, and while the black knot has done some damage there are still a goodly number of trees left.

Apples of all kinds promise well, especially the Northern Spy, which seems to be the favorite summer apple in the west.

There will also be a bumper crop of pears.

Plums and peaches, however, have suffered, and the crop in most orchards will be a light one. However, there are some fairly good reports coming in.

Berries, currants and small fruits of this nature will be an average yield.

Farmers are going in for beans with a vengeance, and thousands of acres have gone in during the past two seasons.

There will also be a large acreage of corn, and this is one of the main foods for cattle and swine, and East Kent leads all Canada in these two classes of live stock.

POEMS THAT LIVE

The Hereafter.
(From "An Essay on Man.")
[Alexander Pope.]

Hope humbly then; with trembling pin-
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God
adore,
What future bliss, he gives not thee to
know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest;
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Restless, and unable to repose,
A poor, unhappy creature that is born,
To see that God, who made him, does not mourn.

See God in clouds, or hears him in the
wind;
His soul proud science never taught to
stray
Far from the solar walk or Milky Way,
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humble
heaven;

Some safer world in depth of wood en-
braced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land
behold,
No floods, no torments, no Christians thirst
for gold.

To be contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But says, "I am admitted to that sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Lloyd George, now a member of the
British cabinet, was addressing a meet-
ing in Wales, and his chairman said:
"I have to introduce you to the member
of Carnarvon boroughs. He has come
here to reply to what the Bishop of
Wales dissatisfied. In my opinion
the Bishop of St. Asaph is one of
the biggest liars in the country; but
he has his match in Lloyd George!"

Every male between the ages of 20
and 65 in Switzerland is obliged to vote,
unless he be a pauper, criminal or
bankrupt.

Up Against It

Is the man with corns. Nothing
simpler than the twenty-four-hour
cure with Putnam's Corn Extractor.
Painless and safe. Sold everywhere in
25c bottles.

BOILS ALL OVER HIS

FACE AND NECK

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

DID FOR HIM

WHAT FOUR DOCTORS

FAILED TO DO

KENWATON, ONT., July 25th, 1905.
Messrs. THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD.,
TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR SIR:—I am writing to let you know
that Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me.
I am a young man, twenty years old, and a
few days ago I began to feel dull and
sick, and was greatly troubled with boils
coming out on my face and neck, mostly on the
right side, and I could not get rid of them
I would have, perhaps, two or three more
appear.

I had four doctors trying to cure me but
they had very little success. I tried, but
still without success. At last one day, last
week, someone happened to say, "Why not
try taking Burdock Blood Bitters for the
boils?" I was willing to try anything
and immediately sent for a bottle, but at the
time was doubtful if it would be of any use.

However, I used that bottle and while I was
taking it I began to feel better, although I still
kept having a few boils but not nearly such
bad ones. I did not miss any work, while other-
wise, I used to miss, sometimes, a week out
of every month. I kept on taking the medicine
until I had taken six bottles, and I feel as
well as I ever did.

Almost every patient, medicine, advertised
to cure boils, I could get hold of, I tried, but
still without success. At last one day, last
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J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Big Opportunities From All Over Store

OFFERED IN

Friday's Bargain Sale

We devote Friday to housecleaning—going through each stock with a broom that sweeps out all the small lots and oddments. Prices are marked without regard for actual values or real worth—our thought is to keep lines intact and free from remnants. No wise buyer will turn a deaf ear to tomorrow's list.

MEN'S SUMMER VESTS

BIGGEST SNAP OF THE SEASON—30 dozen Men's French New Summer Vests—a recent round-up from the maker in which we got exactly 346 vests worth \$1.75 to \$2.00, the patterns most in demand, plain white duck, white duck with black stripes and fancy figures; every vest has removable pearl buttons. All sizes up to big men's sizes. Just the biggest vest snap ever offered in the city. Choice tomorrow..... 95c

Boys' Bargains

Boys' Corduroy Knickers, in sizes 4 to 9 years. Bargain Day prices, 45c; larger sizes... 50c

Boys' Norfolk Suits, fine light tweeds for summer wear, sateen-lined. The best ever offered. Friday special \$2.95

Wash Suits

The biggest range in the city of Boys' Wash Suits and bargains from the word go. At 50c, 65c and 75c

DRESS GOODS TABLES

FOR FRIDAY—These Are Sure to Create a Stir.

Table No. 1.—19 pieces Colored Suitings, tweeds, taffeta and granite suitings; all colors, 40 to 44 inches wide; worth 45c and 50c. On sale Friday, for, yard 25c

Table No. 2.—12 pieces Fancy Summer Suitings, correct weights for wear right now; suitable for shirtwaist dresses and separate skirts. Were 50c to 60c yard. On sale Friday, for, a yard 35c

Table No. 3.—Containing Fancy Dress Goods; mostly 54-inch tweeds for tailored and Eton suits, and shirtwaist dresses; were \$1 and \$1.25 yard. On sale Friday 75c

A few pieces Cord Wash and Lace Striped Silk, pink, hello and gray, was 35c and 50c at 25c

Drapery

6 pieces Cottage Drapery Nets, 33 inches wide, open work border, colors in blue, red and green; worth 10c yard. Reduced tomorrow to 5c

10 pieces Art Muslins, 38 inches pretty floral designs and borders on cream grounds. On sale Friday, only a yard 10c

Linen Counter

25 only, Fringed Table Cloths, bordered around, red and green and red and white, 68 inches square, washable; were 95c each; Friday bargain day 69c

One line White Canadian Crochet Bed Spreads, largest double bed size, hemmed, ready for use. Were \$1.60 each. Bargain Day \$1.20

Sheets—Of English Twilled Sheetings, size 72x90, A pair ready-made to-morrow \$1.50

Hose and Vests

Ladies' and Misses' Ribbed Cotton Hose, seamless feet. 15c all sizes, at 15c

Ladies' and Misses' Fine Black Cotton Hose, Hermsdorf dye. Bargain day, at 20c

Boys' Heavy Ribbed Cotton Hose, double leg. Bargain day only 25c

Ladies' Plain White Cotton Hose, seamless feet. Bargain day only 20c

Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Vests, with sleeves or sleeveless. Worth 12-15c each. Bargain day 10c

Men's Hats

Men's Textile Panama Hats, dip front shape, porous and cool positive \$1 value, all sizes 50c

Whitewear

Ladies' White Cambric Petticoats flounce trimmed with lace insertion and edge. Very special tomorrow 75c

Night Gowns, round and square necks, lace trimmed, at 65c

Men's Textile Panama Hats, dip front shape, porous and cool positive \$1 value, all sizes 50c

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Whitewear

Ladies' White Cambric Petticoats flounce trimmed with lace insertion and edge. Very special tomorrow 75c

Night Gowns, round and square necks, lace trimmed, at 6