



176 and 178 Dundas St., London,
Saturday, June 20, 1903.

Big Reduction in Summer Wants.

Summer Corsets.

Short Empire Double Net Summer Corsets, steel lined, four clasp, lace and baby ribbon trimmed, special Monday, pair 25c
Straight Front Summer Corsets, in batiste and double net, steel lined, double strapped waist line, four clasp, cork protected, special Monday, pair 50c
The Danube, Marguerite and Shirazette, three excellent lines, made of fine curled, in white and drab, steel lined, strapped waist line, four clasp, lace and baby ribbon trimmed, Monday pair 50c
D. & A. Haint Hip, in white and drab, steel lined, strapped waist line and lace and baby ribbon trimmed, Monday, pair \$1.00
D. & A. Crest Corsets, made of fine jean, steel lined, laced on hips, guaranteed not to break, Monday, pair \$1.25

Grand Book Sale Monday.

300 titles to choose from, value 25c and 35c, Monday, each 7½c

Six Big Lines of Summer Hosiery.
Children's 20c Cotton Socks, Monday 10c pair.
Children's Fast Black Cotton Socks, ribbed and plain, value 20c, Monday, pair 10c

Ladies' 25c Hose, Monday 15c pair.
Ladies' Plain and Drop-stitch Hose, fast black, perfectly seamless, spliced heel and toes, elastic top, value 25c, Monday, pair 15c

Ladies' 25c Hose, Monday 2 pairs for 25c.
Ladies' Plain Hose, fast black, perfectly seamless, absolutely stainless, elastic top, value 25c, Monday, 2 pairs for 25c

Ladies' 35c Drop-stitch Hose, Monday 25c pair.
Ladies' Drop-stitch Hose, front pattern, seamless feet, extra spliced heel, guaranteed stainless, value 35c, Monday, pair 25c

Ladies' 40c Hose, Monday 25c.
Ladies' Plain Cotton Hose, fast black, perfectly seamless, spliced heel and toes, absolutely stainless, with balbriggan soles, value 40c, Monday, pair 25c

Ladies' Drop-stitch Hose, 50c pair.
Ladies' Lisle Thread Fancy Drop-stitch Hose, spliced heel and toes, guaranteed stainless, perfectly seamless, all-round pattern, Monday, pair 50c

Ladies' 25c Vests, Monday 15c each.
Ladies' Pure White Vests, with short sleeves or sleeveless, all sizes, value 25c, Monday, each 15c

35c Presbyterian Hymn Book, Monday 19c.
Presbyterian Book of Praise, large type on smooth paper, Psalms in different, different colors, linen binding, with gilt lettering and gilt edges, value 35c, Monday, each 19c

Monday's Selling in Basement.
Special in China Dinner Sets.
4 only 102-piece China Dinner Sets, handsome floral and gilt decorations, value \$25, Monday, set \$18

New open stock, Dinnerware, in flow blue and Florentine green, very pretty patterns, all special prices for Monday.

Toilet Sets.
An excellent assortment now on hand, in 4, 6, and 10 pieces, per set, from \$1.00 up to \$5

Bread and Butter Plates.
100 dozen Bread and Butter Plates, handsome floral patterns, value 75c dozen, to clear, Monday, at each 5c

We have a Complete Line of Hammocks, at all prices.

WOODS' FAIR.

SECOND WARNING!

The Great Land Sale of Building Lots in the New Survey,

Home-Hurst

Begins June 27, and Ends July 4.
Positively One Week Only.

Special prices of all lots will be \$119 to \$197 on installments; \$5 to \$10 down, balance \$3 to \$9 per month, without interest.

Home-Hurst

This new survey faces on the north side of Lovett street, just east of Rectory, the grounds occupied by Ringling's circus (you know it, you were there), and comprises 68 building lots, but only 48 open for purchase mains laid. Two new brick dwellings now building.

Around this survey cluster the leading and largest factories in London. What does this mean? A rapid increase in the value of these lots. These lots are not in the country but right in the heart of industrial London and close to public, separate schools, electric cars, etc.

Whole Perfect. Free Copy Registrar's Abstract. Free Deed.
No Taxes 1903. No Mortgages. No Interest.

Grasp Your Opportunities As They Fly Towards You.

Don't let this chance to get a fine lot at first prices and easy terms slip by. Go over the grounds. Look at the surroundings and, if you can read the "Signs of the Times," you will come to the conclusion that this is the greatest chance you ever had to secure a home and make money. Remember, these prices only open during sale week. Select your lot and be on hand opening day.

Agents on the Grounds to Locate Lots Every Day of the Great Land Sale, from 5 p.m. Until Dark.

A. A. CAMPBELL, OFFICES—The Peoples Building, 428 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

Open every evening of the Great Land Sale from 7:30 to 9 o'clock.

KING WILL ENTERTAIN

American Naval Officers to Be Given Good Time.

Portsmouth, England, June 20.—Preparations are being made to give a most hearty welcome to the American squadron on its arrival here from Kiel. King Edward is taking the liveliest interest in the event and will invite the officers to be his guests in London. He will entertain them at Buckingham Palace at a state ball, on the 27th inst. and at a dinner July 8. On the latter day the petty officers and seamen on the American ships will be given a dinner on board the depot ship Duke of Wellington, in Portsmouth harbor. Ambassador Choate will give a dinner at the embassy July 10, and the naval authorities and

the municipality of Portsmouth also have planned a number of entertainments, including a dinner to the officers at the town hall, July 11 and a naval reception and ball July 13, the men being given a luncheon and seats at the theater.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. No cure, no pay. All druggists are authorized by the manufacturers of Pico Ointment to refund the money where and when any case of piles, no matter of how long standing, cures in four days. On application gives ease and discovery and it is 100% remedy sold on a positive guarantee, no return, no pay. Price 50c. If your druggist has not it in stock send 50c in stamps to the Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo., who also manufacture Laxative Bromo-Quinine, the celebrated Cold Cure.

An underdone steak is better than a steak done over.

The majority may rule if the minority is not made up of women.

FIVE WOMEN BULL FIGHTERS

Their Sensational Advent in the American Arena.

Beautiful Maidens From Madrid Do Battle With Infuriated Beasts at El Paso.

A scarlet cloak flung at the infuriated head of a harassed bull, a leap by the banerilla, a plunge that proved too quick for the opponent who on two feet tried to outwit the great brute on four, hoarse shouts as the excited spectators swayed in their seats to get a better view—and then the bleeding animal dashed across the arena with a woman almost impaled upon his horns.

High in the air the crazed brute tossed her, and she fell in a fainting heap on the ground, where she would have been gored and trampled to death had not the scarlet cape of other banerillas blinded the bull at that critical moment.

It was the Plaza de Toros, or Place of the Bulls, where I have, in the novel experience of watching five women bull fight, just arrived from Spain and Mexico, says an El Paso correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

UTTERLY DEVOID OF PITY.
They are very pretty, these five daughters of a people to whom bull fighting is the most enjoyable sight in the world, and they are well-nigh as devoid of pity as the canvas upon which their brunette charms would handsomely adorn.

The accident delighted the large audience. It is half the allurements to those who frequent such places as the Plaza de Toros for some catastrophe to occur to the performers.

The girl was assisted from the arena while the game proceeded. She was not injured, strangely enough, but her sword must enter to reach his heart.

There was a flash of steel in the sunlight, but the great animal charged before it could descend. Then the man did that which filled the crowd with delight. He struck the massive, moving target and leaped aside. The bull charged a second time. Again she stabbed him. Again he ground his fore feet into the earth, and this time the blade did its deadly work. His great carcass rolled over and the crowd went mad with glee.

THE GORGEOUS COSTUMES.
It was not until after the semanita had finished their sistas the next day that I was allowed a personal introduction to them.

They turned upon me the battery of five pairs of coal black eyes. Their lips rivaled their capes in color; their hair, carefully and elaborately arranged, was as black as the velvet that embellished their costumes, except the face.

And the costumes—oh, what gorgeousness! Splendidly bejeweled, they caught the light at bewildering angles wherever they moved. Each seemed a kaleidoscope of color. They were ready for the forest parade in El Paso that takes place daily during the semanita when on a tawdry ride they challenge the public attention and admiration. They were richly embroidered boleros, satin blouses and short satin skirts. While ring petticoats are, of course, out of professional question, and they are clad as men.

Their capes—the inevitable garment of the torero—were of plush and velvet, and extremely elaborate. One can readily understand the reason for their length, breadth and thickness, intended as they are for the confusion of the bulls. Lined with white satin and heavily trimmed with ermine, they have to be frequently renewed.

In the arena the owners must at the moment it would cost their capes for the caps they wear are made of plush and are very clumsy. Slippers of noticeably small size enter the picture. No Spanish woman is ever too young to feel too old to take pride in the smallness of her feet.

TRAINED IN SLAUGHTER PEN.
The women bull fighters do not speak English, therefore I communicated with them through an interpreter. Much as I might deplore their position, I could not but pay tribute to the

brutality of the "game," where the odds are against the bull, can be no better demonstrated than by the fact that 500 cowboys, who left the ring in Juarez in the body of the morning, were making it to El Paso, being unable to witness the torture of the horses and bulls.

And yet women attend these bull fights every Sunday as regularly as they go to church. They sit through all the killing—usually six bulls and as many horses are sacrificed—and find it "very exciting and interesting."

Ants On Horseback.
A French traveler has discovered a new species of ant in Spain, or, at least, a new variety of the insect, never recorded. The creatures were small, of a gray color, and lived in damp places. They traveled often in troops, which seemed to be under the direction of a commander who rode on "horseback." M. Meissen, the Frenchman, who noticed this insect, was attracted to these groups by discovering that each company contained a large ant that traveled more rapidly than the others. Observing them more closely, he noticed that each large ant always carried a small gray ant upon its back, though the remainder of the troops were on foot. This mound ant would ride along the line, travel swiftly along the column from head to rear, and apparently overlook their maneuvers.

M. Meissen concluded from what he saw that this species of ant, while on its travels, is under the direction of a commander, though such "ant-horses" as the general rides must be rare and valuable, for he scarcely ever found more than one mounted ant in a colony.—Boston Budget.

Danger in Milk.
We are approaching the time of year when, with warm weather, the infants of our great cities begin to die in thousands from acute milk poisoning. Some months ago the London Standard in these columns to the infant mortality—one in six in the first year of life—has revealed to the public the cause in the main to improper feeding. The axiom was also laid down that uncooked milk is unfit for use. Now the British medical journal is publishing a series of articles on the milk supply of our large towns, and will tell you how to cure yourself for 25c. Thousands of testimonials.

The Remarkable Experience of Neil O'Neil, London.

"I have suffered from Rheumatism for five years, principally in the arms and legs. My feet and ankles were badly swollen and I was laid up for five or six weeks in the doctor's care. I obtained very little relief and suffered greatly until I procured a trial vial of Munson's Rheumatism Cure; this did me an extraordinary amount of good. I am now greatly benefited and can work as I did formerly."—Neil O'Neil, 183 Simcoe street, London, Ont.

"If you are sick, if you have indigestion, if you are nervous, if your liver or blood is impure, if you have piles, or any ailment, ask your druggist for 'Munson's Guide to Health.' It is free and will tell you how to cure yourself for 25c. Thousands of testimonials.

courage which had made competitors in a field that is supposed to demand the nerve and physical strength and skill of men only. Each was of superb development, easy and graceful in carriage and willing to perform the most under rough and powder evidenced the possession of fine health.

"Where did you get your earliest training?" I asked.

The answer was repellent. "The slaughter pens. It was there we learned how to stab to kill," was the calm reply of Mauricia Alvarez. Senorita Alvarez is the matadora, or espadadora, whose part in the performance is that of a "star," and whose special privilege it is to reach the bull's heart with a sword.

"And does the sight of slaughter never affect you?" I asked.

The senorita shrugged her plump shoulders. I looked inquiringly at her companions and was answered by the unanimous whiffling of her shoulder and eyebrow and careless toss of the head that more eloquently expressed indifference and contempt than words.

"My father was a matador," said Mauricia Alvarez, proudly, "and a famous one. He was killed in the ring at Madrid five years ago."

HER FATHER'S SWORD.
"Are you not afraid when you encounter angry bulls?" I asked.

"My father, whose sword I now use, was not afraid. Why should I be, or my sisters? We have no reason to uphold the name in the ring because the bull does not die just because the men kill it. Never to fight with the sword is a victory in the public mind."

Our two brothers were matadors, fearful and skillful. One was killed by a bull, the other is now recovering from being badly gored in the thigh. Alas, they never fight any more. Thinking of that, I never to fight with the sword is a victory in the public mind."

"The bulls we have to fight in Spain are much more vicious than those of America," said she, "and you know, as I added, indicating with a sweep of her muscular arm the superior beauty of the Spanish culture of discoloration and very bad." "Of course, we always realize the danger we are in, but we all. We have not been hurt, but we do not expect to get hurt by any scratches. That would be too easy."

"You will be killed some day most likely," I predicted.

The Senorita Alvarez shrugged her plump shoulders again. She might have been contemplating the purchase of a man for a husband, for the alarm that was apparent in her pretty face. "My friend!" Very well, she answered briefly.

THE CHIEF MATADORA.
"I am the principal matadora," she continued in answer to a question. "I assist in the dispatching of the bull, but she does not strike so true as I. Why do you lose some points?"

"Why do you lose some points?" she asked, indicating with a sweep of her muscular arm the superior beauty of the Spanish culture of discoloration and very bad." "Of course, we always realize the danger we are in, but we all. We have not been hurt, but we do not expect to get hurt by any scratches. That would be too easy."

"You will be killed some day most likely," I predicted.

The Senorita Alvarez shrugged her plump shoulders again. She might have been contemplating the purchase of a man for a husband, for the alarm that was apparent in her pretty face. "My friend!" Very well, she answered briefly.

"I am the principal matadora," she continued in answer to a question. "I assist in the dispatching of the bull, but she does not strike so true as I. Why do you lose some points?"

"Why do you lose some points?" she asked, indicating with a sweep of her muscular arm the superior beauty of the Spanish culture of discoloration and very bad." "Of course, we always realize the danger we are in, but we all. We have not been hurt, but we do not expect to get hurt by any scratches. That would be too easy."

"You will be killed some day most likely," I predicted.

The Senorita Alvarez shrugged her plump shoulders again. She might have been contemplating the purchase of a man for a husband, for the alarm that was apparent in her pretty face. "My friend!" Very well, she answered briefly.

"I am the principal matadora," she continued in answer to a question. "I assist in the dispatching of the bull, but she does not strike so true as I. Why do you lose some points?"

"Why do you lose some points?" she asked, indicating with a sweep of her muscular arm the superior beauty of the Spanish culture of discoloration and very bad." "Of course, we always realize the danger we are in, but we all. We have not been hurt, but we do not expect to get hurt by any scratches. That would be too easy."

"You will be killed some day most likely," I predicted.

The Senorita Alvarez shrugged her plump shoulders again. She might have been contemplating the purchase of a man for a husband, for the alarm that was apparent in her pretty face. "My friend!" Very well, she answered briefly.

"I am the principal matadora," she continued in answer to a question. "I assist in the dispatching of the bull, but she does not strike so true as I. Why do you lose some points?"

"Why do you lose some points?" she asked, indicating with a sweep of her muscular arm the superior beauty of the Spanish culture of discoloration and very bad." "Of course, we always realize the danger we are in, but we all. We have not been hurt, but we do not expect to get hurt by any scratches. That would be too easy."

"You will be killed some day most likely," I predicted.

The Senorita Alvarez shrugged her plump shoulders again. She might have been contemplating the purchase of a man for a husband, for the alarm that was apparent in her pretty face. "My friend!" Very well, she answered briefly.

"I am the principal matadora," she continued in answer to a question. "I assist in the dispatching of the bull, but she does not strike so true as I. Why do you lose some points?"

THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 20.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Cool and showery.