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THE GAME OF BOWLS.

The fact that several hundred worthy citizens of Ontario, very few of whom are gentlemen of leisure, find it worth their while to annually spend a week in this city in rolling bowls on the green, illustrates the great vogue which the game has attained in this country. Its popularity is a recent thing in Canada, though the pastime is one of the most ancient in the old land. It can be traced back to the twelfth century. William Fitzstephens in his "Survey of London," written during the last quarter of that century, states that in the summer holidays youth took exercise "in jactu lapidum"—"in throwing of stones." Stone spheres were used, and it is a matter of speculation whether bowling was first practiced in the open air on turf, or under cover in alleys. Fitzstephens states that citizens went outside the city walls into the suburbs to witness these games, but the alleys were within the walls.

In a record of the reign of King Edward III., dated 1366, "Jactus lapidum" is mentioned as one of the games "alike dishonorable, useless and unprofitable," but the King was concerned lest the practice of archery, so much more important to the military spirit of the kingdom, should suffer through the popularity of bowling. In the reign of Richard II., servants, artificers and laborers were forbidden to play bowls, as the practice of archery was becoming lax. Nearly a century later a statute of the reign of Edward IV., dated 1477, showed that bowling—or "half-bowls" as it was then called—was still in disrepute. It was included among the "many new imagined plays which were followed by all classes to their own impoverishment, and by their ungracious procurement and encouraging do induce others into such plays till they be utterly undone and impoverished of their goods." Accordingly it was enacted that any one playing at half-bowls after the following Easter, or the occupier or governor of any house, tenement, garden or other place where such games were permitted, should be punished by fines and imprisonment.

By Henry VIII., cap 3 (1511-12) the game was still deemed an illegal pursuit and the word "bowls" was used for the first time. Owing to the impossibility of following the outdoor game except during the summer, public alleys continued to flourish, and legislation against them in 1535 and again in 1541 was very severe. It was enacted also that no one could at any time "play at any bowle or bowls in open place out of his garden or orchard." Such was the popularity of the game, however, that it could not be suppressed. Stephen Gosson, writing in 1579, says that shopkeepers were so absorbed in it that their wives and children cried out for bread, and go to bed supperless often in the year. In 1728 power was given to commit offenders to prison. From this date alleys were rigorously repressed, whilst greens began to increase rapidly. During the eighteenth century no country gentleman's mansion was considered complete without one. It was a royal game, since Stow states that bowling alleys were among the additions made by Henry VIII. to Whitehall, and the unfortunate Charles I. was an enthusiastic player.

The earliest delineation extant of the game shows two players with a ball each, but no jack or mark to bowl at. It is presumed that the first cast his bowl to constitute a mark for the second to play at and knock from its position. It was soon found expedient to introduce some definite mark, and in a thirteenth century manuscript there is a picture of a game of bowls being played with a small cone erected at each end. The small white ball superseded the cone, and bowls of lignum vitae have replaced the round stones. Formerly the bowls were perfect spheres, and a bias was given them by loading one side with lead. The bowls today are more or less oval, and a bias is accorded by the simple method of turning one-half of the oval smaller or larger than the other half.

The Encyclopedia Britannica says of the game that "in the present era of violent athletics its principal votaries are middle-aged and elderly persons, to whom it affords a pleasant and not too vehement exercise during summer evenings." This description scarcely applies to bowling in Canada. Here its votaries are of all ages. It is true, however, that the game has been a special providence to gentlemen who have passed the risky period of life. The average man is prone to forget that he needs physical exercise after he has lost the capacity for the vigorous

pastimes of his youth. Lawn bowling fits his case exactly. It imposes no great strain on the muscles or the temper; it may be played with dignity and decorum, and it is a game of skill. It has put a hinge in the back of many a man who was getting too stiff for his health and comfort. It has induced a multitude to regularly disport themselves in the open air who otherwise have dozed off in their chairs after the evening meal. Verily, lawn bowling is one of the greatest benefactors of this day and generation.

THE POWER QUESTION.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission has asked the Niagara power companies for a figure on a block of 10,000-horsepower. The power companies cannot very well refuse the request. Not only would they prejudice their case in public opinion by non-compliance, but it is probable that the commission could demand the "quotation" under the legislation of the late Government which obliges the companies to reserve a block of 60,000-horsepower for the exclusive use of the municipalities should the latter require it.

The interests of the public were much better protected by that legislation than is generally supposed. It required the power companies to sell electrical energy in Canada at a rate not exceeding the lowest figure at which they sold power in the United States. It is understood that power is being sent across the river at \$11 or \$12 per horsepower, and that the commission will be satisfied with a similar quotation for Canadian purposes.

This week representatives of the municipalities will meet at Galt to talk over the situation. Apparently the practical course will be for each interested municipality to ascertain how much electrical power is consumed within its limits, and what can be done to distribute the consumption as evenly as possible over the whole 24 hours of the day so as to ease off the load factor. Then a group of these municipalities may apply to the hydro-electric commission for figures as to the cost of transmission and local distribution. This will at least help to clear up the fog which now surrounds the whole question of the cost of power. The people of London and elsewhere must know exactly what electricity for light and power generated at Niagara will cost them before they can be expected to say yes or no to any scheme of municipal ownership. At present nobody has any assurance on that point. The people of Toronto have been under the delusion that power would be delivered at their doors at \$17 or \$20 per horsepower per annum, and now they are told, on what is supposed to be the best authority, that the figure is \$55. It is the duty of the hydro-electric commission to set the public right. Give the people facts and not theories.

THE LORD'S DAY ACT.

"Having discovered late in the day that the sanction of the Provincial Attorney-General is demanded if the act is to be enforced, will The Advertiser have the nerve longer to defend an act that by its own admission is of non-effect?"—London Free Press.

The Advertiser has not admitted that the Lord's Day Act is rendered of no effect by the proviso that the consent of the Attorney-General is necessary to any prosecution. There is nothing in what has been said in these columns to justify so sweeping an inference. The Free Press quoted approvingly from its Detroit namesake a paragraph heaping contumely on Sir Wilfrid Laurier, because the operation of the bill in any province was made dependent upon the sanction of the provincial attorney-general. This comment was based upon what The Advertiser supposed was a misreading of the statute, but such was not the case. The Advertiser, like the Toronto Globe, and many other newspapers, had been misled by a printer's error at Ottawa which changed the meaning of the section of the act covering the point in dispute. The Advertiser acknowledged its error instead of running away from the subject. But it is ridiculous to argue that this journal has conceded that because the Detroit Free Press was right in its law it was right in its deductions. The chief promoter of the Lord's Day legislation, the secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, describes the act as a very great gain to the cause of Sabbath observance, and says that it could not have been achieved without the aid of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Journals like the London Free Press, which have derided Sunday legislation, are perhaps consistent in snarling at his heels, but the friends of the cause are grateful to him. The bill is not all they hoped it would be, but it is a vast improvement on the old order of things.

The Toronto Telegram says that the place on the Toronto Hospital Board offered by the Ontario Government to Rev. D. C. Hossack was "not an overabundant recognition of his public services." Mr. Hossack has "thrown the sop back," and the Telegram adds: "It is to be hoped that if the Whitney Government had offered Mr. Hossack a still greater place, he would have refused the offer." There is nothing in Mr. Hossack's record to indicate that he would reject a greater place if he has lost the capacity for the vigorous

ENGLISH WORKINGMEN AS TRAVELERS.

[New York Post.]
One development of English railroad travel is as well worth attention as the Salisbury catastrophe. What is known as the "day cheap trip" is more popular than ever, and the railway companies are competing for the patronage of the great public that likes to travel a long distance for a comparatively small sum. The Great Western Railway Company, for instance, issues return tickets between London and Weston-super-Mare (113 miles) for one dollar, and carries passengers each way in about two hours without a stop. Places like Brighton, Margate, Hastings, Skegness, Yarmouth, Blackpool, Southampton and Morecambe are visited every day by thousands of people who have been conveyed from city to sea in well-appointed trains at low rates; indeed, Blackpool, by far the most popular seaside resort in Great Britain, depends very largely upon the "cheap-tripper." On the last Saturday in April, 60,000 people journeyed from Lancashire and Newcastle district to London to see a football match, at return fares ranging from 10 to 15 shillings. An excursion of this kind means two nights in the train and about 18 hours of sightseeing. But the "cheap-tripper" has a tendency to favor excursions which entail a tax upon the powers of endurance. Not long ago 700 workmen of Burnley participated in a "day-trip" to Paris. During the 43 hours they were away from home, they traveled 1,000 miles by land and sea, kept continually on the move while in the French capital, and paraded four deep before the President. And these noble 700 have the satisfaction of knowing that for the rest of their days they will be regarded by friends and acquaintances as men who have traveled and seen "foreign parts."

FOUND CANNON BALL OF 1634.

[London Globe.]
A cannon ball which had lain buried since 1634 was yesterday recovered from a field on the farm of Mr. Hampson, of Acton, Nantwich. The ancient town of Nantwich played a considerable part in the civil war, as the headquarters in Cheshire of the Royalists. General Fairfax and Breton, and much fighting took place at Acton, where during a portion of the siege of Nantwich the royalists were forced.

On some of the masonry of both Acton and Nantwich, the cannon ball still visible marks caused by cannon shot.

THE TRAGEDIES OF ONE SUNDAY.

[Toronto Telegram.]
Windsor—Intoxicated husband murdered his wife in presence of their children. Orillia—Ten-year-old boy found a bottle of whisky, drank it, and is dead.

Hamilton—Intoxicated man fell out of a third-story window and was killed. These three tragedies are the partial results from one day's activity on the part of the whisky habit.

Whisky does not take a Sunday off or go on its summer holidays.

Whisky is doing business every day in the year, and the sort of business it does is indicated in yesterday's items from three points affected by the habit last Sunday.

THE REAL IDIOT.

[Puck.]
Most any man can make a fool of himself. It is where he wants an elegant job and doesn't care for the expense that he gets some woman to help him.

THE CLOCK STUTTERED.

[Pittsburg Press.]
Soon after 4 in the morning the husband returned home in the usual state of intoxication. He was lucky in getting the key to fit the lock at the front door, but as he literally climbed the stairs an unfortunate side step aroused his wife. When he reached the top of the stairs, whose tongue was fond of exercise, gave a prolonged exhibition of shrewish oratory. In conclusion he said: "You one that had tied her to a man who came home at 4 in the morning. 'My dear,' ex postulated the husband, 'it's only one o'clock. Just now I heard it strike one several times moist distinctly.'"

EVIDENCE.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]
"Is yer little bruvver in, Mary?"
"Course 'e is. Can't you see 'is shirt 'anging on the line?"

UNCLE ALLEN.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"Always be careful when you move your chair in a restaurant," advised Uncle Allen Sparks. "You never know whose wad of gum is stuck on the under side of the seat."

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]
"Yes, Billings was knocked down by the automobile and had a suit of clothes ruined."

"He must have been very angry."

"Angry!" He said if he had a gun he'd shoot the chauffeur."

"Of course he didn't shoot him."

"No, but he ran around the auto and kicked holes in each of the tires."

"Did that relieve him?"

"Yes, he felt all right after that. He's in the tire business, you know."

ONE CONSOLATION.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
Knicker—Did that graduate ask you if her hat was on straight?

Bocker—Yes, it was the only thing on earth she didn't know.

THE HEIGHTS OF GRANDEUR.

[Cleveland Leader.]
Teacher—Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?

Scholar—Why—m'm—Swiss cheese.

Teacher—Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous.

Johnny—Limberger?

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

[New York Sun.]
Mrs. Givemint—"I don't believe you are starving."

Wearly Willie—"Lady, your neighbor next door said I must be or I wouldn't risk your cooking."

MARY AND THE HOGS.

[London Tribune.]
Last summer a well-known professor went with his family to a small seaside resort on the east coast, and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking paying guests. The year he went to the farmer and in his letter said: "There are several little matters that I desire changed should I decide to pass my holidays at your house. We don't like the maid Mary; moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." The farmer replied: "Mary is went, and we haven't had no hogs since you went away last August."

BUFFALO BULLS
FIGHT TO DEATH

Two Great Beasts Battle Furiously for an Hour.

ONE FALLS DYING AFTER CHARGE

The Victor, Giving Vicious Finishing Hook, Drops Exhausted—He May Survive.

New York, July 23.—Practically unwatched, the greatest sporting event of the year occurred early yesterday morning at Bronx Zoological Park, when two great bison bulls fought horns in the dark and fog and fought roaring. At the end one went down in death, and the other bellowing a weak triumph, dropped gasping beside him.

Heine had been the outlaw bull of the Bronx herd for a long time. He is an enormous brute of great strength and vicious habits. He is so ugly that he is kept in a pen alone. He is the handsomest specimen of the specie in captivity.

About a month ago T. G. M. Cardeza, of Philadelphia, presented to this city a bull named Jud, three bison cows, together with several elk and antelope.

The Cardeza buffaloes were placed by themselves in an inclosure adjoining that of the redoubtable Heine.

Heine Goes To Training.
The two bulls "nosed" each other through the wire fence, but offered no hostilities. Two days ago Heine took a look at his rival and then walked in a large circle for 48 hours. The keepers now say he was training.

Yesterday just before dawn there was the sound of a heavy body crashing against wire. It was three repeated. The keepers got out just in time to see Heine charge the fence a fourth time, break through it and make for his rival, Jud was waiting, head on, his tail lashing his flanks.

After the first double bellow as the two met the battle was almost soundless; there was only the click-click of horns and the trample of feet. Now and then turf-clods and stones would be cast spinning against the wire.

Jud, a mature bull, with good bone and plenty of substance, was no calf to be tossed easily aside. He got a good foothold and stayed fast. Head to head the two great creatures bore against each other. Slaver and blood patterned to the ground with a steady drip.

Keepers with short forks prodded and rained blows. Padlocks of water, too hot for comfort, were dashed at the shaggy heads. A red-hot iron was brought and applied to straining flanks. To all the combatants paid the same heed that they might pay to gnats.

Could Not Be Parted.
The three cows who made up Jud's household were driven up as a diversion, but they turned on the keepers. After that they were left alone.

The fight had raged for an hour and both beasts were sobbing in agony. Jud, who was not up to his antagonist in weight, began to give way.

Every time he backed or side-stepped a gash was ripped in his hide by the impetuous Heine.

With a tremendous effort he executed a final back bound, charged once again with his last remaining strength, missed and went down with a thud. Blood formed around him in a pool.

Head down still, Heine rushed once more, ripped off a piece of the thin underbody skin so large that he exposed his enemy's vitals, backed away, tottered and fell. The fight was over.

Daylight had broken and one glance showed the terrified keepers that Jud had not long to live. What could be done was done for him. His gaping side wound was bandaged and his minor hurts washed, but his best blood was spent, and in his eyes was dimmed death. His brute strength kept him alive until 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when he rolled on his side and expired.

Half an hour after the fight Heine staggered to his feet and picked his way back to his own pen. No one dares to approach him, but he does not bleed profusely and it is believed he is not mortally hurt.

THE NEW C. P. R. LINE.
Orillia, Ont., July 21.—The Toronto Construction Company, Limited, has been awarded the contract for the construction of the Georgian Bay branch of the C. P. R., which is to run from Victoria Harbor to Peterboro via Orillia. The line will be about 100 miles long and the company has the contract for the whole line complete. Work will be begun within a month.

FIRE BY LIGHTNING.
Moscow, Ont., July 21.—The Moscow cheese factory was burned to the ground early this morning. It contained about \$700 worth of cheese, there being \$950 worth shipped out yesterday. The factory was owned by Vanluven Bros., and was partly covered by insurance. Lightning is supposed to have caused the fire.

WHY THUNDER SOURS MILK.
To many persons the curdling of milk in a thunderstorm is a mysterious and unintelligible phenomenon. Yet the whole process is simple and natural.

Milk, like most other substances, contains millions of bacteria. The milk bacteria in a day or two, under natural conditions, would cause the fluid to sour and be particularly susceptible to electricity.

Electricity inspires and invigorates them, heading them on as electric, cocaine or strong tea affects men. Under the current's influence they fall to work with amazing energy, and instead of taking a couple of days to sour the milk, they accomplish the task completely in half an hour.

It is not the thunder in a storm that does it, it is the electricity in the air that does it. With an electric battery it is easy, on the same principle, to sour the freshest milk. A strong current excites the microbes to super-microbic exertions, and in a few minutes they do a job that under ordinary conditions would take them a couple of days.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Greatest Bargains
Ever Offered in Our
Women's Suit Section

Closing out all our broken lines together with the balance of that great purchase which created such a furore last week. An aggregation of values never before equaled in any previous clearing sale. Opportunity to secure fashionable summer suits at less than cost of material and making.

75 Women's \$4 Shirtwaist Suits, \$2.50

Can't say that this is the greatest value in this sale, for there are too many other styles at prices equally remarkably; but it is a surprisingly timely offering—one that appeals to such a large number of women at this time of year—that we give it special prominence. Beautiful Shirtwaist Suits made of pretty dyed linens, percales, duck and chambray, well made and prettily trimmed, in best colorings. Regular \$4.00, to be closed out at.....

\$2.50

Clearing Women's \$3 Muslin Suits at \$2

Just 35 in this lot, and you acknowledge them good \$3.00 values. They have the style and the finish of high-grade suits. Made of fine hair cord and dimity muslins in black and white and light effects, beautifully made and trimmed on waist and skirt panels with lace applique. To be closed out this week at.....

\$2.00

White Linen Skirts Clearing at \$2.50

Women's Dress Skirts of fine quality white linen, tailor-made style, trimmed with self-strapping and small pearl buttons; very easily laundered. This is the most stylish and serviceable outing skirt we know of. And white linen being so fashionable makes this offering all the more important. Price for this sale only.....

\$2.50

Women's \$1.35 and \$1.75 Petticoats
Clearing at 98c

For a Going-Away Skirt this is an ideal garment; saves laundry bills, while they look equally cool and stylish. They are made of fine English percale, in neat black and white checks, finished at foot with deep knife-pleated flounce; trimmed with ruching of black mercerine. Usual prices \$1.35 and \$1.75, closing out at.....

98c

Our Ladies' Tailoring Department
Special Note—opened today for the fall season.
Wouldn't this be a good time to consult about your fall suit?
The new materials are ready.

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

HAWAIIAN SWIMS
FOR 30 MILESThe Remarkable Life and Death
Struggle of a South Sea
Islander.

Honolulu, H. I., July 23. — Edward Duvauchelle, of Molokai, is the hero of a remarkable story of human courage and endurance and of a marvelous escape from death. The fact that he was one of the team that represented the National Guard of Hawaii at the rifle shooting at Sea Girt, N. J., last fall will perhaps add some interest to the tale of his thrilling experience.

Monday night, May 28, Duvauchelle, who is a fisherman, living at Pukoo, on the southern coast of Molokai, with three native Hawaiians as companions, left home in a whaleboat with a load of fish for Lahaina, Maui, about 12 miles away. They arrived safely, sold their fish, and about 8 o'clock started in a dead calm to row back. A light breeze sprang up and they hoisted sail, making the sheet fast. A sudden squall capsized them before they could ease off the sheet. The boat became waterlogged and began drifting out to sea. They were at the time a mile or two from Kaaanapali landing, Maui. They made a float with four oars and the mast, and with this to help them, two of the natives, at their own request, started to swim ashore to get help.

After awaiting their return for three hours in vain, Duvauchelle and his remaining companion, Dan Pawaa, came to the conclusion that the two men had failed to reach shore, and as the whale boat was drifting still farther out to sea they decided that they should themselves attempt to reach the shore by swimming. They made a float of the boom and gaff and all that was left of the boat's gear and started. The current carried them in the direction of Napili and they were able to gradually make their way toward the shore. When within half a mile of it they discovered, to their consternation, that the current was setting against them, and that in spite of all their efforts they were drifting farther away—this time in the direction of Molokai, which seemed to them to be about ten miles distant. They, therefore, made up their minds to swim toward the shore of that island. They seemed to be making considerable headway, and by sunset were, as near as they could judge by the line of breakers on the reef, four or five miles from the shore.

They had moonlight until nearly midnight, when the moon set. By this time Dan Pawaa was becoming exhausted and could barely keep himself afloat. Thereupon Duvauchelle gave up the float to him entirely, placing

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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Manufactured by
HUNT BROS., - CITY MILLS.

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Labatt's
(LONDON)
INDIA PALE ALE

The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite.
10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.

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For the Summer?

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him in the middle of it, and he himself swam without the assisting buoyancy of the float. When about 500 yards from the shore of a little rocky islet, about a mile from the Molokai coast, Duvauchelle was overcome with exhaustion, bidding Duvauchelle goodbye, dropped from the float, sank and never rose. Duvauchelle succeeded about an hour later in reaching the rock and dragged himself, wounded and bleeding, beyond reach of the waves, where he fell asleep from exhaustion, not awakening until past noon the next day. Then he swam to the Molokai shore, a mile away, and made his way home.

When he started on his swim he had taken off his shirt, as it was a hindrance in swimming, but had kept his trousers on, so that the white skin of

his legs would not attract the sharks which infest these waters. He was terribly tormented while in the water by small crabs, which fastened themselves to the skin of his chest and clawed and bit him almost to madness. He was in the water nearly seventeen hours and swam a distance of between 25 and 30 miles.

Duvauchelle is of French and Hawaiian parentage, 38 years old, tall and powerfully built. In many respects Duvauchelle's experience is without a parallel, although there have been several somewhat similar occurrences in these waters, the comparatively narrow channels between the islands of Molokai, Lanai and Maui tempting many to cross in whaleboats and other small craft.