

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Bruce Cheese Takes Two World's Fair Medals.

Society Wedding at Lunan—A Victim of the Iowa Cyclone.

BRUCE.
W. C. Loombe, Q.C., solicitor for the town of Sarnia, has given his opinion that telephone poles and wires cannot legally be taxed, but he sees no reason why the instruments should not. The court of revision has therefore placed the assessment of the Bell Telephone Company's plant in Lunan at \$500.

Three of the medals awarded to Canadian cheese at the World's Fair in Chicago were won by John Connelly, Malcolm, with 92 points; John Connelly, Malcolm, with 92 points; Frank Millson, Pinkerton, 92 points; and James McKellar, Diverston, 91 points. The highest number of points taken by an exhibitor was 98.

ESSEX.
John Yeo, a deck hand employed on the ferry Victoria, had a leg broken on Thursday. The ferry was leaving Detroit, and the forward line had in some manner caught on the apple. The other end got around around Yeo's leg, and he was jerked against the side of the boat.

Louis Ferroni, of Windsor, for selling liquor unlawfully, was fined \$20 and costs on Thursday.

Constable Sam Wilson, of Windsor, was on Wednesday night locked up for non-support of his wife. Walkerville council has struck its rate this year of taxation at 5 mills on the dollar and on an assessment estimated at one-third its value. Walkerville is the lightest taxed town in Canada, and is supplied with all the modern improvements.

WILSON.
William Lane, the well-known ship carpenter, will start work at once with 100 men to rebuild the Grand Trunk Road car boat Great Western at Sandwich. The work will take four months and cost \$35,000.

The park commission have accepted the plans for a \$10,000 public bath house on Belle Isle. The building will be \$50 by 100.

HURON.
The Winton News says that John Ferguson, of Amabel, discovered a man lying dead on the Oliphant road the other morning. It proved to be Wm. Alderson, who worked at Park Head. He left the house for morning for Winton to catch the train for Park Head, and had only got half a mile on his way when he was stricken with an epileptic fit.

Thomas Cummings, son of John Cummings, Hulet, has met with an accident whereby he lost a leg. He is employed on the C. P. R.

Miss McCrue, of Clinton, while out driving with her sister, Mrs. Tedford, was thrown out of the rig, through a runaway. Her arm was broken, and being in delicate health, the shock may prove too much for her.

KENT.
Miss A. Bissell, of Chatham, on the occasion of her wedding with Harry Andrews, of that city, was presented with a purse containing \$30 in gold from the First Presbyterian choir, where she had been an active worker.

The Bothwell Times editor has figured it out that as a rule there is enough time wasted around the average country railway station to cultivate any 400-acre farm in the neighborhood.

MIDDLESEX.
At Lunan on Tuesday, Rev. James Endicott, B.A., of Winnipeg, was married to Miss Sarah Diamond, a prominent church worker of that town. On behalf of the congregation the bride was presented with a purse of \$30. They leave shortly for China, where Mr. Endicott goes as a missionary.

Hugh Fraser, one of Parkhill's oldest residents, is dead, aged 84. He lived in Nairn for many years, and was one of the sturdy pioneers of that section.

The Lobo Township Council did court of revision work at its last meeting. The council will convene again on July 3.

Wednesday evening fire broke out from the explosion of a lamp at the residence of Chas. Mathews, 4th line, Adelaide, which resulted in the burning of the building, though, owing to the help of passing friends, the contents were nearly all saved. The net proceeds of the Mt. Carmel Roman Catholic picnic were a little over \$1,400.

The residence of Edward Nicholls, gardener, living on the Adelaide road, near Moody's corner, was destroyed by fire Wednesday. Most of the contents were saved.

Joseph Jones, a Grand Trunk brakeman, fell from a brake bar on the train near Glenora on Wednesday night, and was severely injured. He has been removed to his home in Windsor.

Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, visited his sister, Mrs. (Rev.) J. Holmes, last Saturday. He drove in from Exeter and was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Rollins, of that town.

[Parkhill Gazette-Review.] The Glenora high school board, Mr. Bald, of Ridgeway, was engaged as principal at a salary of \$900 per year; Mr. Baker, of Trenton, as second assistant at a salary of \$600, and Miss Campbell, of Lindsay, third assistant at \$450. Miss Cloney is now first assistant, and her salary has been increased to \$750.

OXFORD.
O. J. Mitchell, furniture and manufacturer of spring beds, Ingersoll, has assigned to Wm. Ewart, Ingersoll.

Among the passengers on the C. P. R. express which was derailed near Komoka yesterday, was Mrs. Percy Biette and child, of Woodstock. Mrs. Biette was severely injured. There was a deep gash in her head and her body was badly bruised.

When the car turned over she was pitched from the upper to the lower side. Seats and other fixtures were smashed, and the mother, holding her child to her breast, was pinned down in the debris of the coach as if she were held in a vice. She was unable to extricate herself, but the train hands finally succeeded in getting the mother and child out through a broken window. Mrs. Biette's hair was caught by a lamp and had to be cut off before the train hands could reach her. Mrs. Biette is now resting at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Gunn, on Light street, Woodstock.

PERTH.
Amongst the killed in the recent great storm at Iowa was John Detweiler, who up to about five years ago lived at Carleton Place, in the township of Fullarton. His mother lives in the West ward, Mitchell, and a sister is married to Henry McNaught, Grey.

SIMCOE.
There passed away on Wednesday one of Simcoe's oldest business men and most highly esteemed citizens in the person of M. C. Brown, police magistrate of that town. He was a leading harness and saddlery dealer and was a prominent member of the community.

TIME IS ON THE WING.

Time is on the wing! I spend it not in vain.
For years in folly lost we never shall see again.
Remember well this gift by God to man was given.
To benefit his kind on earth and make him fit for heaven.

Time is on the wing! We are swiftly passing by.
As travelers to that tomb where all mankind must lie.
That time will surely come, when death shall lay us low.
And prince and peasant must submit and to its mandate bow.

Time is on the wing! The fairest flowers may blow.
On green and sunny banks where crystal streamlets flow.
But, O how soon those little smiling things will fade.
And all their gems of loveliness lie withered in the shade.

Time is on the wing! The seasons come and go.
From their eternal round what countless changes flow.
The seedtime and the harvest with fields of grain.
That wave in golden billows along the level plain.

Time is on the wing! How quick the fleeting hours.
Bring tempest in their train, the springtime and the flowers.
And every rolling year proclaims our coming.
And tells how soon our hopes and cares like autumn's leaves may lie.

Time is on the wing! 'Tis sweet to breathe the fragrance of the rose.
Distilled from odorous plants and lovely flowers fair.
Which through the shady woodlands in rich profusion grow.
Some with many colored tints, and others white as snow.

Time is on the wing! O may our dying moments be
Calm and smiling as the sunset leaves the sea.
Or like a flowing river with music on its way.
So may we all rejoice in one eternal day.

BENJAMIN GREENE,
45 Palace street,
London, July 10, 1893.

SINGLE TABLETS.

Clipped From The St. Louis Courier and Elsewhere.

WHERE IT SHOULD GO.
Wages—to labor. Interest—to capital.
Ground rents—to the public treasury.

IT IS HIS.
If a man make a table that table is his.
Not even a leg of it can be amputated,
justly, even under forms of law and called taxation.
The community has no right to any part of the table or its value, but the owner can give or bequeath it to any one he pleases.

THE RIGHT TAX.
Justice has at last found a way to fill the treasury without wronging and discouraging labor and placing unequal burdens upon the people. It is simply to take the land values which the community makes, for the use of the community, leaving untouched to individuals the wealth they have produced.

DON'T DISCOURAGE INDUSTRY.
The more we tax a thing, whether it be buildings, furniture or dogs and horses, the more we discourage its production—the less we tax, the more we encourage. So, as houses, furniture and horses are good things, let's be logical and remove the tax on their production, starting the wheels of industry humming every where and making good instead of hard times.

IT HITS THE SPECULATOR.
The single tax could not be a burden to anyone who put his land to its best use, for it would merely represent the value of the aid received from the community. It would be a burden only to those who wished to hold land idle or only partly used. It would compel all such to add to the value of the land, or to abandon it. In either case labor would find employment and production be increased.

THE NEW WAY OF TAKING IT.
There are two ways by which a man can compel other men to yield to him without return a portion of what they earn—the simple old way of forcible compulsion, and the complex and highly improved new way of securing elements without which men cannot live and exacting rent for the use of them. Is there a third way by which the possessor of superior strength, skill or knowledge, or the owner of great accumulations of wealth could levy toll upon his fellows if access to natural gifts were as free to them as to him? No.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.
While wages sink to a lower level than before, and capital and labor imagine each other enemies, when in fact they are co-partners in production, and the enemy of both, standing between them, disrupts the partnership and precipitates war between them by blackmailing price for land upon which they form their partnership, and upon which they otherwise might successfully engage in production. Production is thus still at its fountain head, and capital is withheld from use, labor is idle in every large city and town by the thousand, and tens of thousands, and the end is not yet. To radically cure this radical wrong, the single tax men propose no such halting and half-hearted measures. They go radically to the root of the wrong.

IT IS HARDLY EVEN A TAX.
The single tax is really no tax, but a payment to the community by land holders, for a benefit, conferred by the community upon particular sites of land that those getting value received for their payments cannot in any sense be said to pay even a single tax. We would tax two lots, side by side, equally, irrespective of whether one had a house upon it or not, not tax one lot for siting the industries house builder one cent upon house or things inside of it. By doing this we would encourage house building and industry, and the vacant lot industry next door would be forcibly reminded the vacant lots and weeds were an eyesore to civilized communities.

HOW TO BRING GOOD TIMES.
We must first dispose of this forestaller, this paralyser of industry, this enemy to labor and capital and the people generally, the tax known by the name of landholder's rent, or land monopoly, and, disposing of them first, capital and labor will then go untrammelled to nature's reservoir and bring forth abundantly the good things nature so surely yields, when monopoly conditions and man-made laws, to perpetuate the evil, are brushed aside.

To brush aside these land monopoly conditions, these unjust tax laws, behind which landholders shelter and fatten the single tax men advocate the single tax placed upon the annual rental value of land.

Radical wrongs require radical remedies, and this radical remedy the monopoly men fear more than any other. He fears not the Anarchist plan nor the Communist, Socialist or Knight of Labor so much as the single tax. Why? Because single tax places land monopoly up by the roots.

Among the pains and aches cured by this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted to the relief of the above ailments, but also to the relief of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially liable—hiccups.

A GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

A country town in one of our Middle States, in which is a sectarian college, was startled by the suicide of one of the college students. He had become a confirmed drunkard, and enfeebled in mind and body, conscious that his career in college was over, afraid to go home, in despair he sought death.

His brother was sent for to take the dead boy home. He found the president of the college and said to him:
"My mother three years or more ago sent you her youngest son, her Benjamin. He was a healthy, honorable boy, who, when he left home, had never touched a drop of liquor. There is nothing to carry back to her but this poor diseased body. Who has done this? Who is guilty?"

The venerable president was deeply moved. "Not I," he said. "The faculty to go astray, they remonstrated with him. I pleaded with him. Every influence that we could exert was brought to bear. But he went down as if drawn by some invisible hand."

Whose was this hand?
The dead body was carried down the street, a pretty young girl looked out of a widow of her home and saw the hearse. She remembered how, nearly three years ago, vexed at his blindness to her charms and his eagerness for study, she had used all her little wiles to attract him; how she had succeeded; how mad he was in his admiration of her.

There was a club in the college composed of students of free social habits. At their late suppers wines were used, and stakes were played for at their card tables. She had urged him to join the club, and had praised their "manly" ways; their freedom from boyish restraints. "They were men of the world; she never could care for any man who had not seen life."

He had joined the club, and this was the result.
The silly, frivolous girl gave a sigh, and then laughed nervously. It was a pity! She had lost an admirer. But who was to blame? Not she. She knew other men of the world who would not be driven to suicide by a few glasses of liquor!

She went for her foolish, cruel way. This is a true story, stripped of its worst details. In every college town there are young girls whose influence, unfortunately, is stronger over the students than that of their sweet and dearest friends. How do they use it?—(Youth's Companion.)

LONDON, CANADA.

London and suburbs have a population of 35,000 persons.
London is situated in the garden of Canada, midway between the Niagara and the Detroit Rivers.

London is the center of nine different lines of railway, giving easy access to the whole continent, and to the lakes and sea-board.

London has direct connection with the three great Canadian lines of railway—the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, and the Michigan Central.

London controls a line of railway from the city to Port Stanley, on Lake Erie. Each day more trains arrive at and depart from London than arrive at and depart from any other Canadian city in the same time.

London's public water supply is obtained from never failing pure springs four miles from the city. Their yield is practically unlimited. London has the best drinking water on the continent.

London is an excellent health resort, as it has a lower death rate than any city of its size on the continent, and it has magnificent white sulphur baths within its limits.

London has 1 opera house and 4 public halls.
London has 13 public schools (and a number are under contract), not including kindergarten; 3 Roman Catholic separate schools, 2 ladies' colleges, and 1 collegiate institute.

London has a Conservatory of Music and a School of Education.
London has 2 public libraries.

London is an excellent enterprise, factoring and commissioning, for manufacturing and wholesale trade, and for the sale of goods for groceries, hardware, drygoods, small wares, boots and shoes, drugs, crockeryware, etc. There are one or more manufacturers of furniture, engines, boilers, stoves, iron and brass foundries, implements, stamped tinware, railway cars, oil refining, leather, barrels, machine tools, clothing, cigars, office and school furniture, biscuits and confectionery, furs, beer, washing compounds, acids, woodwork of every description, etc.

London has two daily newspapers (morning and evening editions).
London has six banks and eight loan and investment associations.

London has six charitable institutions, two hospitals and seven public buildings.
London has a good street railway, which will be much extended during the year.

London's rate of taxation is 18 mills, which includes all school rates, etc.
London's civic assets are \$2,547,798.34, and the balance of assets over all liabilities is \$22,581.19. The total assessment is \$15,333,067.

London has 44 churches, every religious denomination of any importance being represented.
London has an excellent Entomological Society and exhibition, and some of the ablest entomologists to be found in Canada.

London has markets three times weekly, the best in the west. The Great Western Fair is held for ten days in September. Further particulars about the city may be obtained by applying to the mayor, the city clerk, the secretary of the Board of Trade, or the ADVERTISER.

A Horse to Match the Cheese.
[Port Hope Times.]
Among the exhibitors from the united counties at the World's Fair will be P. C. Brown, of Winchester, who is the owner of what is probably one of the largest horses in the world. Jumbo, as this horse is called, stands 21½ hands high, measures 18 feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and weighs 2,100 pounds. He was bred by Richard Scott, of Bowick, township of Finch, and has a full sister weighing 1,630 pounds. Mr. Brown recently purchased Jumbo from P. Masterman, of Finch, for a large sum, and after a tour through Canada, will take him to the World's Fair.

Are You Nervous?
Are you all tired out? Can you be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Safflower Pills, which give nerve, mental and bodily strength, and thoroughly purify the blood. It creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box.
"What made you think the collection was taken up to get the minister a new suit?" "Because so many of the congregation put in buttons."

It is on humans or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Safflower Lotion. Sold by John J. Leonard and all druggists.

A Drop in Sponges.

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Pearl Soap, 30 cake.
Baby's Own Soap, 30 cake.
Babey's Liver Lozenges, 5 for \$1.
Brand's Improved Iron Pills, the best.
McCallum's Kidney and Bladder Pills.
McCallum's Mandrake Blood Bitters.

C. McCALLUM.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS

Bearing on the Recent Great Liberal Convention at Ottawa.

Dealing with the recent attacks on the Liberal Convention by the Hamilton Spectator, which characterized the meeting as a French convention, the Ottawa Evening Journal editorially says: "We venture to contribute a few facts to this discussion, having for the purpose gone over the official register of the convention. The total number of delegates who registered as the Liberal office was about 1,150; of these 231 registered from Quebec Province. Of the 231, 61, or nearly one-fourth, bear English names, delegates chiefly from the eastern townships, from Montreal and from Huntingdon, Argenteuil, Ottawa and Pontiac counties. This shows just the English-speaking representation to be expected from Quebec, as about one-fourth of the population of the Province is English-speaking."

In the registrations from Acadia and Eastern Ontario counties, Essex and Manitoba, we find about 40 French names.

"This enables a tolerably accurate estimate of the proportion of French-Canadian representatives at the convention, namely, about 170 from Quebec Province and 40 from other provinces, or 210 all told, as against 940 English-speaking representatives. In other words the French-speaking delegates were, according to the registration here, less than nineteen per cent. of the convention. In Canada the French-speaking people are about 28 per cent. of the population. The convention figures, therefore, show that there was a larger proportionate representation of the English-speaking people of Canada at the Liberal Convention than of French-speaking people, a really rather surprising fact, considering that the convention was called by a French-Canadian leader."

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This old and familiar summer resort is now open. The management will be assigned to the care of an experienced lady housekeeper. Terms, address J. J. Watson, the proprietor, 114 St.

GAMBLING ON WALL STREET.

(Rev. Thomas Dixon, New York.)

In my humble opinion the day is certainly coming in the history of America when the mass of the business now transacted on these exchanges and called legitimate will be understood at its real worth and will be suppressed, as are other crimes, by law. Gambling is a crime. It is a crime that damns the whole man that engages in it and destroys the community that tolerates it. And gambling is gambling, whether it takes place in Daly's gambling hell, in a bucket shop or on the floor of the exchange. Our courts have long decided that contracts on these exchanges made on marginal transactions and all other transactions in which a similar principle is involved are gambling pure and simple; that they cannot be enforced in law. This being true, they ought to be suppressed by law.

Panics are produced and untold ruin brought to thousands of homes in the midst of national prosperity. What reason is there under heaven to-day for a panic in the money market except that some coteries of scoundrels beneath the surface have some cause to grind in producing a panic. Of all the battles on the earth none is so utterly brutal, so utterly devilish, as this battle on these gambling exchanges for supremacy, for money. War on the field of blood is then the time to flee from him. Men in martial pastime compared to a wounded enemy. No nation, not even a Turk, will fire on a hospital.

A wounded friend is the supreme opportunity of your Wall Street gambler. When a man is disabled in the financial world then is the time to fleece him. Not only so, but these scoundrels watch their opportunity to wound their friends, and then, when in the fight they have fallen, they spring on their prostrate bodies and rob them of the very clothes on their back. A man who wrecks a train is esteemed a villain for whom hanging is an honor. Lynch law is too good for such a man. The whole community turns out en masse and scour the woods and fields to find him, but a man who plays his game, and by lies and chicanery

in this gambling center wrecks a train, not simply one train but the whole road, impoverishing thousands of stockholders, bringing suicide and poverty and despair to hundreds of homes—this man is crowned the Napoleon of finance. He pockets his millions and becomes thereafter a magnate.

Comrades.

Slimson (sternly)—Willie, where are those green apples gone that were down cellar.
Willie—They are with the Jamaica ginger that was in the closet.

The I. C. Makes Church People Dance.

(St. Catharines Star.)

The intelligent compositor very often puts his foot in it. An account was given in the Star the other day of a reunion held by the congregation of Christ Church, Grantham, and after describing the general good time that was enjoyed, the types went on to say that those present were supremely happy promenading in the moon light, and dancing to the music of the St. David's band. The manuscript read "drinking in the music of the St. David's band."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Laxative Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Servant—Please, ma'am, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs. Young Mistress—Well, what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any.

Advice To Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALWAYS ALL PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for all ailments of infants.

Druggists and grocers sell it everywhere. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Throughout Western Ontario
--in the homes, on the news-stands, street cars, depots, railway trains; in fact, whenever or wherever people have time to read, they have the people's favorite paper, The LONDON ADVERTISER, with them. Its motto is--
"First of all, the news." The Advertiser is bright and clean, and will always be found sustaining its position abreast of all that is best in legitimate journalism.

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