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LONDON, MONDAY, JUNE 24.

THE REPUBLICAN RUPTURE.

The Republican party had its birth 54 years ago in the travail of the anti-slavery agitation. It is to be shattered in the year 1912, and give way to a new party as the Whig party gave way to the Republican party in the fifties. Time will tell—a very short time. The first Tuesday after the first Monday in November may decide.

The split in the Whig party was geographical—North against South—the Southern wing going to the Democrats, the Northern becoming merged with the free soilers under the name of Republican. The Republican party today has been divided on other lines. The western and middle-western states, the home of the insurgent movement, furnish most of the support and enthusiasm for Roosevelt, but the Republicans of Pennsylvania and New Jersey also declared for him at the primaries. Excepting in five states, the other three being New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, where Taft had a majority over Roosevelt, Eastern Republicans had no opportunity of indicating their choice, the delegates being elected under the old convention system. The mutiny headed by Roosevelt cannot, therefore, fairly be described as sectional. In this it differs from the Populist movement, a combination of Western grangers and free soilers which made deep inroads into both parties in the 'nineties, but soon perished out.

In thirteen states in which the rank and file of the Republican party had an opportunity to express their choice for presidential candidate, 278 Roosevelt delegates, 18 Taft delegates and 36 La Follette delegates were elected. Upon this showing Roosevelt bases his claim that he is wanted by the majority of Republican voters throughout the country. In the other states the delegates were elected by district and state conventions, in many cases controlled, so Roosevelt asserts, by party bosses attached to the President by the ties of patronage. This method of election, though not a democratic one, was quite regular. It was not invented by President Taft. It had been practiced until this year, the first in which voters in some states have been allowed to express their preference at the polls under the system of primaries.

In the end the Roosevelt forces challenged the credentials of only 90 Taft delegates, alleging fraud in these particular cases. For instance, in the 13th district of Indiana a convention of 97 persons was held and on a viva voce vote the chairman declared the Taft delegates elected. Subsequently 51 members made affidavits that they had voted for the Roosevelt delegates. The Taft delegates were seated by the national committee in Chicago. In certain districts of Alabama, California and other states similar irregularities were alleged, but few of the Roosevelt claims were allowed by the national committee.

The ruling of Chairman Root on the disputed cases is one of the pretexts for the Roosevelt bolt. The Rooseveltians held that none of the contested or "tainted" delegates had the right to vote on the credentials of any contested delegates. The chairman decided that contested delegates had the right to vote except when their own cases were being considered. For example, when the roll for Alabama was being made up, the contested delegates from all states except Indiana were permitted to vote. Roosevelt stated the objection to this course in his fiery speech after the convention.

"The old national committee chosen by the politicians four years ago, made up a temporary roll, including some 90 fraudulent delegates who had not been elected by the people, and thereby they controlled a majority of the convention. This fraudulent temporary roll in turn chose a fraudulent credentials committee, and all the fraudulent delegates voting on one another's cases thereby made up the permanent roll which constituted the fraudulent convention."

Chairman Root defends his ruling on the ground that if the Roosevelt view prevailed a minority could dominate any convention by simply contesting all other delegates and preventing them from voting. There is something to be said for both sides.

The impromptu nomination of Roosevelt at Chicago will be ratified undoubtedly by a regular convention called for the purpose. There would be something grimly ironical in a faction fight among the Progressives themselves, but probably the La Follette and Cummings forces will be swept into the Colonel's net. The Republican party itself may be swallowed up if he defeats both Taft and the Democratic candidate at the polls. Normally a split in one party would help the other, but it is by no means certain that the Roosevelt bolt will serve the Democrats. There is no doubt of his phe-

nomenal hold on the masses and he may break the old parties into pieces. His election would divide the country into two camps, Roosevelt and anti-Roosevelt, the latter composed of the remnants of the old-line Democrats and Republicans, who might coalesce against the common enemy. In any event, whether for good or evil, party names in the United States are taking on new meanings, and politics is acquiring a new significance. There may be gains as well as losses in this process. The wreck of a party, or two parties, is not necessarily the wreck of a nation. The republic will probably survive even Mr. Roosevelt.

AN INTERNATIONAL TRICK.

"He (Taft) tried to sell us out to Canada by his reciprocity deal."

So said Michael O'Riordan, the nom-nom of La Follette at the Chicago convention.

"He (Laurel) tried to sell us out to the United States," This was the implication of a good deal of the anti-reciprocity rhetoric in this country.

The American farmers were angry at the reciprocity agreement because it meant an invasion of their home market by Canadian products, without any corresponding advantages in the reduction of duties on articles which they had to buy. The language used by O'Riordan—although there was some ground for the American farmers' protest—exhibits a trick familiar on both sides of the line. It is the crook's old device of waving the flag, and raising a patriotic issue. It was the more cynically dishonest in Canada, because no interest in Canada had anything to fear from reciprocity. Not a single industry was jeopardized, and the farmers had everything to gain. Canadians may laugh at the utterance of O'Riordan, but it is not more ridiculous than the oratory and literature of the anti-reciprocity campaign in this country. The O'Riordans and the Canadian politicians now in office are birds of a feather.

A new anxiety hangs over the British Government. Mrs. Pankhurst is out of prison.

The Rowell meeting on the holiday promises to be something broader than the usual party gathering.

The Russian Duma has voted over half a billion dollars for warships in the midst of a Russian famine. Christian civilization has not yet earned the title it has arrogated.

Bryan says that Roosevelt will pull heavily from the Democratic party if a progressive is not nominated at Baltimore. "He knows an ideal progressive whose initials are W. J. B."

Since the removal of the railing around it, Victoria Park wears a decidedly more welcoming and hospitable look. Instead of a "Keep Off the Grass" aspect, it says "Come In."

The gallant defender of Ladysmith, Sir George White, is dead. Whatever his merits as a military tactician, he showed supreme moral heroism in his famous dispatch, laying on himself the responsibility for a false move. In the end he kept his flag flying.

Roosevelt's chances depend upon his ability to keep the political temperaments up to the boiling point for four months. A cause like his can thrive only on excitement. He is the master showman of the republic, but can he provide a continuous performance till November?

There is a disposition in some Canadian journals to take a Holy Vile attitude toward the United States because of the antics of the Chicago convention. After the campaign of deception in September last, Canadians cannot throw stones. This country delivered itself into a bondage which the United States is shaking off.

DELICATE PITCHER.

[Louisville Courier-Democrat.] "Mr. Southpaw," inquired the shoe clerk, "how is your wing?" "Pretty good," answered the baseball player. "Wouldn't injure it to exert it a trifle?" "I think not."

AIRY.

[Lippincott's.] She: "Aren't you sometimes frightened when you are up in the air?" Aviator: "Well, I'll admit I sometimes feel a sort of groundless apprehension."

THE UNCONTESTED SEATS.

[New York Sun.] About the only uncontested seats at the Chicago convention seem to be those allotted to the press.

MAY LET THE BILL SLIP THROUGH.

[Ottawa Journal.] The arrival of the Duke of Leeds makes four members of the House of Lords on Canadian soil. If the immigration keeps up they may get the home rule bill through the House of Lords earlier than expected.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR MORE PEACE.

[Toronto Globe.] The old maxim of the militarists, quoted the other day by the Hon. Colonel Hughes—"In peace prepare for war"—is disproved and repudiated alike by reason and by history. So long as war was counted the chief business and highest glory of nations, individuals, the maxim of semi-barbarism slaves way to the saner counsel: In peace prepare for more peace.

This distinction cuts far deeper than mere words. It openly and deliberately challenges the maxim of nations, the chosen objective of the nation. If frankly and unabashedly renounces military glory as an end even to be desired. It accepts what all history teaches, that the victors even the victors of war are not gain, but loss. It rejects the shallow claptrap that the law of the survival of the fittest in war

works for the physical and moral betterment of the nation. In war that law of evolution is reversed. The fittest do not survive. The young, the physically fit, the morally courageous were first to be chosen and first to fall. The war nations bred from less than their best—from the undersized, the unheroic. Every great war followed by physical degeneration. In matters of commercial honesty the investigations into scandals over army equipment and food supplies for the soldiers of the United States, and even the brief records of Canada, yield shameful evidence. War is discredited as a purpose of peace.

The century of peace between the United States and Canada justified up to the hit the more civilized counsel; in peace prepare for more peace. Had there been war preparations on the great lakes and along the boundary, who can tell what war experiences would have stained our history? The United States is even now reducing and removing the remnants and reminders of the old-time "prepare or die" policy. What these two nations have done on this continent can be done in Europe just so soon as international war syndicates are broken, and in peace the people prepare for more peace.

AN EASY JOB.

[Toronto Globe.] Mr. Pelletier, the postmaster-general, goes to England at the end of this month with Mr. Borden and Mr. Hazen. His duty will be to see that the French-Canadians are not "forced" about the ships of Canada's navy to be cut to pieces fighting the empire's battles abroad. He will oppose naval conscription. As nobody ever thought of such a thing, his task should be an easy one.

DRUG HABIT DECREASING.

[Toronto Star.] It is gratifying to learn from the admirable address of the president of the Council of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, recently in session in this city, that the drug habit is materially on the decrease. This is due almost wholly, says President Stewart, to the Mackenzie King act of 1910, which is more effective in its provisions and its practical operation than the Provincial act passed for the same purpose.

WANTS MORE OF IT.

[Ridgeway Dominion, Can.] Finance Minister White did a courageous and right thing in cutting the content duty in two, teaching the mercantile and the transportation companies a needed lesson. Do it some more, Mr. White, in several places.

APPELLING MISTAKE.

[Chicago Tribune.] "At the prayer meeting the other night," confided Mrs. Goodale, wife of the pastor, "Brother Joffier made the most awful blunder you ever heard of."

"What was it?" inquired Mrs. Hardesty.

"He started the hymn, 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story' to the tune of 'Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?'"

OVERHEARD.

[Chicago Tribune.] "Mike, who are those chaps that are having such a high old time in that banquet hall?"

"Oh, that's one of them college alumni associations holdin' a reunion."

NEW BOOKS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sociology and Natural Science.

Jenks and Lauck—"The Immigration Problem."

Adams—"A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil."

Stern—"Neighborhood Entertainments."

Doncaster—"Hereditry in the Light of Recent Research."

Useful and Fine Arts.

Pusey—"Care of the Skin and the Hair."

Harris—"Health on the Farm."

Jacob—"Suggestion and Psychotherapy."

Pope—"House Wiring."

Morison—"How To Make a Wireless Set."

Lynde—"Home Waterworks."

Report of the Commission on County Life.

Conter—"Co-operation Among Farmers."

Ingersoll—"Animal Competitors."

Van de Water—"From Kitchen to Garret."

Hodgson-Williams—"Stair Building and the Steel Square."

Tabor—"Landscape Gardening Book."

McCrosan—"Lullaby and Heart Songs."

Stranger—"Irish Poems."

Walsworthy—"Justice."

Marking—"Miss John Bull."

Fox—"Following the Sun-Flag."

Copping—"Golden Land." True Story of British Settlers in Canada.

Grenfell—"Off the Rocks; Stories of the Deepsea Fishery of Labrador."

Aspinall—"British East Indies."

Lange—"In the Amazon Jungle."

Gard—"Story of Tecumseh."

Children's Department.

Brown—"One Footed Fairy."

Barry—"Girl in the Case."

Lord Strathleigh, Philanthropist.

Cody—"Fourth Watch."

Connolly—"Wild Courses."

Crockett—"Flower of the Hundred Dresses (two copies)."

Douglas—"Saintsbury Affair."

Ford—"Old Numbers."

Gibson—"Flower of the Peach."

Herrick—"The Healer."

Hill—"Rogue in Ambush."

Hine—"Half in Earnest."

Munford—"Buck Peters." Ranchman.

Oppenheimer—"False Evidence."

Ray—"The Brentons (two copies)."

Richardson—"George Thorne."

Roberts, C. G. D.—"By the Marshes of Minas."

Shoat—"The Last Try."

Steele—"Wally, a Story of the West."

Waller—"Sanna of the Island Town."

York—"Miss Daffodil."

Harbour—"Team Mates."

Brown—"Phillips at Halcyon."

Burnett—"Secret Garden."

Camp—"Jack Hatt at Yale."

Houston—"Yellow Magnet."

Johnston—"Travelers Five Along Life's Highway."

Lawton—"The Dreadnought Boys on a Submarine."

Turner—"An Ogre Up-to-date."

SHOT IN A ROW.

Cohait, Ont., June 24. Tony Angeli, an Italian, is in the hospital seriously wounded, the result of an Italian scrap, in a shack in the Nipississ property last night, while Tony Zackoni and his brother are held as the ones who did the shooting. Angeli was shot an inch below the heart and very slight hopes are entertained for his recovery. The trouble was over an old feud.

Lady Simcoe's Life In Canada

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

The majority of Canadians have little or no appreciation of the delights that await them in the perusal of the early history of the Great Dominion. Most boys are brought up on the sappy pages of school histories of Canada, and it is no wonder that the very mention of history is enough to nauseate them in after life when they choose their own reading. As a rule, formal history is wearisome to the flesh, but the memoirs and diaries that are being rescued from oblivion these days provide just as entrancing pages as a reader can happen upon anywhere. "The Life of Father LaCoe" is such a book, a new treasure just added to the Canadian library and another work that takes its place beside it in point of absorbing interest is "The Diary of Lady Simcoe," by J. Ross Robertson, Toronto. In these two books issued by the same fortunate publisher, William Briggs, we have volumes of which Canada may well be proud. The former is an historical romance of the West, the latter a fascinating revelation of the first years of settlement in Upper Canada.

It seems almost incredible that such important documents as the letters which Lady Simcoe, wife of Governor Simcoe, sent home from Upper Canada during her five years there, between 1791 and 1796, should have remained undiscovered for so long a time, but Mr. Robertson has had the good fortune to rescue them from their quiet resting place in a Devonian manor house. He has now given them to the world, and before long, we believe, he will follow this work with a biography of Upper Canada's first governor, which will also be an authority.

Lady Simcoe was not only an artist, but had quite a Popsyan gift as a terse chronicler of passing events. What charms me most as I read her entries in the weekly diary, which she forwarded regularly to a lady friend in England, is their healthy, pungent humanity. The wife of the governor was aristocratic in manners, and usually stood on her dignity, but you find no painful stiffness in her style. Keen observer that she was, nothing was alien to her, the dress or dancing of a stray Indian, the best cure for the ague, or the sting of the rattlesnake, the arrival of the first mosquito of the season (ague and mosquitoes had much in common, but Lady Simcoe, who lived in the premiere age was unaware of it) or the prospects of a war with the United States, she touched on all these topics with easy grace.

The wife of the first governor of Upper Canada was familiar with the difficulties of life in the wilderness. Her letters from England usually carried by Indians from Montreal were frequently singed or burnt along the back or edges from hanging too near the camp fire. After they went to Niagara in 1796, the Governor and Mrs. Simcoe had to live in a tent. The violent thunderstorms, which seemed to be alarmingly frequent in those days, made tenting a disagreeable kind of life. The Governor was obliged sometimes to hold the ropes lest the tent should be blown away. One day, after being out driving and after a threatened runaway, the horse being frightened by the blinding lightning, Mrs. Simcoe came home to find things very dreary.

"We were so cold and wet," she says, "that we were glad to drink tea. It was quite dark and too windy to allow of our burning candles, and when the forked flashes of lightning enlightened the air, I was able to drink tea. I wrapped myself in two or three great-coats and intended, if the tent were blown down, to take shelter under the great dinner table. The rain and wind did not cease for two hours, and we had no means of drying our clothes, and were obliged to sleep in a wet tent. However, we have not caught cold." But there were plenty of occasions in travelling when this doughty lady did get very wet and caught cold. She travelled off, as may be supposed, to Kingston, to Quebec, and back again to Niagara or York. There are many entries here, which tell how she and the Governor sailed across the lake to York, or went around by land. The most dismal journey that Mrs. Simcoe records was from Quebec to Upper Canada in February, 1795. She was going back to rejoin her husband and nothing daunted her, but she suffered many things from the poor sleeping accommodation and meals that she had to put up with on the long trip.

On Sunday, February 8, she arrived with her party in Champlain. "The house at Champlain," she writes, "was wretched, and the people said that travellers never slept in it, but on my repeating a request for a room, they gave up their sitting-room, which appeared so dismal that I could not sleep, though I lay down on a board. In the night a great dog crept in from under the stove and people were talking continually. The people looked as if they belonged to the cave dwellers."

Lady Simcoe was lucky to escape the perils of such a journey. The following entry is characteristic not only of her style, but also casts a sad light on the hardships of those days: "A person lately crossing Lake Champlain passed a large hole in the ice and an infant, lying alive by the side of it. By tracks it appeared that a sleigh had fallen in, and it was known that a heavy-laden sleigh, with families in it, left the country on the opposite shore the day before, probably the mother taking the child out as the sleigh went down. The gentleman carried the infant to Montreal, where a subscription was raised for her maintenance—a good circumstance this for the commencement of a heroine's life in a novel."

But if there were hardships and incon-

veniences in those days of nation-building, there were also many joys. It is delightful to follow this active Englishwoman in her daily gallops to Gibraltar Point, the original of Hamelin's Point of today; Lady Simcoe loved to ride around the sandy peninsula from the Don to the point, for there was no Toronto Island at that time. We are also pleased to read her own confession that she was very fond of peaches and watermelons. "We have thirty large May Duke cherry trees behind the house, and three standard peach trees, which supplied us last autumn for tarts and desserts during six weeks, besides the numbers the young men eat. My share was trifling compared with theirs, and I ate thirty in a day." She cautiously adds, "They were very small and high flavored."

Some of the most interesting pages in the book tell of the choice and surveying of Toronto as a new settlement. Governor Simcoe and his wife are responsible for many of the place names of Ontario. Mr. Robertson has made this diary doubly valuable by adding luminous notes to explain plain names and allusions that would otherwise be Greek to the reader. These explanatory notes follow the entries of which they treat, and are written in most attractive form. There is a mine of information concerning the beginning of civilized life in Ontario, and once more let it be said that no later cent Canadian can afford to leave these pages unread.

Wanho.

A Few Lines of Most Anything

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



"Not for publication."

"All who are not mothers, please stand up," said Chairman George S. Gibbons at the playgrounds meeting Saturday.

Six men were among those who rose to their feet.

Roosevelt should sign a good pinch hitter.

London lost a born fire fighter when George Milliken signed up with the Grand Trunk last week. This boy in fire always went at his work as though he liked it. He has had as many narrow escapes as he has fingers. There's a baby girl who wouldn't allow him to take any unnecessary chances, and her command had more weight than the persuasion of others.

Toronto wins as the original goat. They still fall there for Tom Longton's goat.

Personal—How about the aquatic club? The swimming hole calls for F. L. W. E. or C. C. please write.

The automobile reaps a daily crop of dogs. Of course no one can be expected to stop his car for one.

Despite the fact that it is an abolitionist, the bar rally, there won't be a cry moment at the big Rowell meeting on Dominion Day.

The main streets of our big village should be flushed every Saturday night. The suggestion will not be approved by the laundresses.

The Town's Full of Mr. Jingles. Contributions to our sad number come in bunches. Now for some sadder ones. Here's the first budget:

"The saddest sound, I do believe, Something like this, 'I gotcha, Steve.'"

I have no words, but there's a brute Up on our street, who blows a fute. DISTRIBUTE.

I'm soured, and sad the prospect is, They'll soon cut off my golden fizz. BLEARLY BILL.

The words that drip with bitter gall: "Where shall they build the city hall?" G. T. H.

The saddest words, I beg to state: "Good night, my sweet; the hour is late." DOROTHEA.

You ask for sad words; here's a few That top the list: "The rent is due." J. M.

Of all sad words that yet one's goat, These four my choice: "He roared and bawled." R. F.

The saddest words man ever did say: "He lit his pipe while hauling hay." ARY.

The saddest words are these by far:

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bile, Headache, Indigestion, etc. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose. Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature

W. D. Wood

By its QUALITY Stephens' Ink

has for 80 years held the home market and has FORCED its way through every Tariff abroad.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA

Trade Supplied by Reid Bros. & Co., London

"The girl stepped backward off the curb." * * * * *

It is hard to convince any woman that the American convention should afford the daily fashion hints. * * * * *

Yes, Augustus, it's a psychological treatment when the pinch-hitter pinch hints. * * * * *

That's What They All Say. [Clinton New Era.] Our band can play with the best of them. * * * * *

Takes More Than Two Pills. [Amherstburg Echo.] Let every Harrowite get after the particular brand of weed that is around his plot. Why not make this a clean town? A pull here and a pull there, and it can be done. * * * * *

First to Get Thirsty. [Flesherton Advance.] Our boys who went to Niagara with the volunteers returned home on Friday last. Some of the boys say they do not know whether the regiment should have been called the Thirsty First or the Thirsty First—Kindly correspondence. * * * * *

One of the Very Nicest Little Jails. [Clinton New Era.] As the town lockup, otherwise known as the "outhouse" or "bastille," has been the periodical abiding place of increasing numbers, since the advent of the new C. O. P., it was taken in hand by the property committee and its interior furnishings put in conformity with what might be expected in a modern place for the detention of offenders. A "Welcome" mat here and there would relieve the gloomy walls, and be in keeping with other improvements contemplated. It has certainly been a real "cool" up to the present, as the windows consist of some light bars, and the bedroom suite was the soft side of a plank. * * * * *

MORE LOCK TROUBLE. St. Catharines, Ont., June 22.—Lock No. 21, just below the lock which was wrecked yesterday, sprang from the pivot this morning and so the navigation was stopped for the afternoon. It was weakened by the rush of water yesterday and gave away early this morning. A new gate is being rushed from Port Dalhousie. * * * * *

Toronto Relatives Remembered by Late Catusp Millionaire. Cincinnati, June 23.—Under the will of Thomas A. Snider, catusp manufacturer, and native of Toronto, filed for probate yesterday, Ethel Stanton, daughter of his fourth wife, will receive between \$110,000 and \$160,000 of his estate. It would have gone to his widow, but through her death it is now divided among his children. Snider's estate is estimated at between \$250,000 and \$300,000. * * * * *

In \$50,000 is left for distribution among relatives in the United States and Toronto.

TWO FOREIGNERS MURDERED DURING DEBAUCH AT TORONTO

Mike Gydra Was Shot by Joe Napole and Died Instantly, While John Masterneko Died in Hospital of Knife Wounds Inflicted by Big Frank.

Toronto, June 24.—The Polish colony on the Lake Shore road, was the scene of a double murder yesterday evening, when John Masterneko and Mike Gydra were killed by two Italians, following an altercation due to excessive drinking, resulting in a free fight.

Masterneko was slashed with