

London Advertiser.

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LONDON, MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1906.

More Railways for the West.

Considerable discussion has arisen over the announcement by Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, that he proposes to construct another transcontinental railway through Canada, from Montreal to the Pacific. Some people seem to be rather frightened by the news; and we are warned that this all means diverting Canadian traffic over United States roads, and the building up of United States cities, to the serious disadvantage of Canada.

This threatened invasion of Canada by the railroad barons of the United States appears to have its origin in a disagreement between the Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific. The latter corporation seems to be invading the States, and building branch lines into Dakota. Mr. Hill looks upon this as his territory, and threatens to come into our Canadian Northwest, and grasp all the trade he can get away from the Canadian Pacific. If the latter will let Mr. Hill alone he would be willing to let the C. P. R. alone. This would seem to be based on the assumption that the Northwestern States are Mr. Hill's property, while the Canadian northwestern provinces belong to the Canadian road. Mr. Hill is willing to divide; he is no hog; he will be satisfied with the territory under the Stars and Stripes, if his rival will be content with that under the Union Jack.

There is another aspect of the question, however. If there should be a superabundance of railroads, the profits of the companies might diminish; but that would not hurt the people of the countries through which the railways run. And, really, these people deserve some consideration. We may safely leave the railway corporations to look after themselves; and if they lessen their profits by building too many lines, that is their misfortune. The more lines there are, the more competition in traffic charges; and the better for the people who have to pay the charges.

Of course, it will be said that the Government of Canada is peculiarly interested in a line now under construction—the Grand Trunk Pacific; and that we do not want to have other lines built to come in competition with it. That argument might have weight if the proposed new road was asking for help. But we understand Mr. Hill asks no bonus in land or money; he only wants permission to go on and spend his own money in Canada. This is such a novel proposition that we think it ought to be encouraged—even at the risk of a little more opposition to the G. T. P. Especially in view of the fact that during the discussion on the chartering of this latter line it was emphatically stated by the advocates of the road that before it was finished there would be a demand for more lines. Lord Strathcona, we believe it was, who said that the Canadian Northwest required four transcontinental lines.

There may be nothing in Mr. Hill's threats; he may be only playing a game of bluff with his great rival for the Northwest traffic. But if he means business, and is willing to go on and spend his own money, or the money of other capitalists from the United States, in building railroads in Canada, it seems to us that the wisest policy would be to let him go on and build. We ought to be able to stand the expenditure of foreign capital to any extent, and we ought to be able to put up with all the railroad accommodation that capitalists may be willing to provide. We think we can watch the outcome without any forebodings.

The Credulity of Dowiesm.

The revolt of the people of Zion against their leader and prophet, who founded their community, and established their religion, is a striking illustration of the credulity of human nature. Dowie claimed to be the Prophet Elijah; possibly he believed it. He claimed to be divinely inspired and commissioned for the work that he undertook. His religion was based on his divine character, as announced by himself and fully accepted by his followers. Now, it appears, the people of Zion are almost unanimously of the opinion that their divine prophet is a liar and a hypocrite, a man unclean and ignorant. They have rebelled against him, and discarded him—even his own wife joining in the revolt. They are probably quite justified in the opinion they have formed of him. But, then, what becomes of the religion promulgated by him?

Surely, if Dowie is all that is charged

by his followers, the religion that he announced must be based on fraud and iniquity. Truth cannot come from a liar; purity cannot come from a foul pit. Dowiesm, according to the Dowies, must have been founded by a humbug, on a basis of lies. And yet they propose to carry on Dowiesm, with Dowie eliminated. They have chosen a new leader, who was trained up by Dowie, but who has headed the rebellion against the discredited Elijah. One would have thought that when sensible people had come to the conclusion that their faith was based on a tissue of lies, they would be disgusted with it. Instead of that, they only seem to be disgusted with their founder, and propose to carry on what he founded. Verily, the human mind is singularly constituted.

Canada's Noteworthy Lead.

The extension of the penny postage, so as to enable the people of Great Britain to send a good-sized letter to the very heart of Africa—to Bechuanaland and Rhodesia—for two cents, is announced. When, seven or eight years since, the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier set the pace by establishing penny postage between Canada and Great Britain, we were told that it was too swift—that Canada would lose a million dollars a year by the change, and that it was only a question of time when the old rate of five cents would have to be established. False prophets, all of them! Canada's postal policy has proved a pronounced success. Instead of a deficit of \$600,000 to \$700,000 a year, as under the old regime, there is now a substantial surplus, and no one would ever dream of going back to the old rate with its discouragement of correspondence between Canada and the motherland. And our example has proved decidedly catching.

Regina, the new capital of the Northwest, has committed itself to an expenditure of \$10,000 for the establishment of a publicity department to attract capital to the city. Toronto follows suit with a vote of \$5,000, and even Ottawa, with many village ideas of municipal government yet to be eliminated from her civic boards, has taken a step forward and appointed a talented newspaper man, at a salary of \$1,500 a year, to specially work to attract manufacturers and other investors to the capital. What is London going to do?

Italy seems to be a very overcrowded state, or its population increases faster than the means of subsistence. Almost half a million persons have emigrated from the sunny land in the last two years, and this summer's record promises to beat any previous exodus. Even the tax of 88 cents a head imposed on the poor people is no deterrent.

What's What?

[New York Herald.]
A lovely girl.
A crowded car.
"Please take my seat,"
And there you are.
A crowded car.
A woman plain.
She stands, and there
You are again.

A Disintegrated Group.

[Baltimore American.]
"What did the girl do when her father discovered them clapping?"
"She burst into tears."
"What did the young man do?"
"Oh, he went all to pieces."
"What did the old man do?"
"He flew. He exploded with rage and blew them both up."

Regular Misers.

[London Times.]
The cook was giving the new housemaid her impressions of their employers. You'll find them just about the meanest people alive," she said, with conviction. "Regular misers, that's what they are. 'You must be economical,' that's always the cry here. Why, do you know, it isn't more than two days since I see the master and miss both playing on the same piano at the same time! What do you think of that, now?"

A Hint.

[Catholic Standard.]
"Ethel," the sweet girl's father called gently from above stairs.
"Yes, father. What is it?" she answered through the midnight stillness.
"Just tell your young man to be careful and not trip over the morning's milk when he goes out."

Yachting Experience.

[Cleveland Leader.]
"Are you fond of yachting, Miss Gray?"
"Oh, yes! At the very thought of the inspiring breeze, the straining sail, the rushing water, I can hardly contain myself."
"Y-yes—that's the way it affects me."

Still One.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]
"Hello, Bill, old man! Well, well! I haven't seen you since the old days, when we used to run around together."
"No, Jack. Ah, those old days! What a fool I used to be then!"
"I tell you, I'm glad to see you. You haven't changed a bit, old man."

The Point of View.

[Life.]
Parson—Do you take this woman better or worse?
Bridegroom—Well, I can't say. Her people think it's better, mine think it's for worse.

The Limit.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
"Don't you think Gertrude uses a great deal of face powder?"
"Great deal! Why, say, if the walking delegate of the Kalciminers' union ever saw her she's have to show her card."

A Dutiful Son-in-Law.

[Life.]
Young Wife (excited and horrified)—Jack, mother says she wants to be cremated!
Jack—All right. Tell her to put on her things, and I'll take her down at once.

The Gladness of Nature.

[William Cullen Bryant.]
Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.
The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.
There's a dance of leaves in that aspen tree,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen grove,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
Ay, look, and tell me smile thy gloom away.

Between Friends.

[Chicago News.]
Gladys—Jack declares he loves me for all he is worth.
Phyllis—Yes, and for all your father is worth, too, I imagine.

Too Much to Expect.

[Philadelphia Press.]
"You must set up and investigate, John," she repeated, "I heard that noise again and I'm convinced it's a burglar!"
"Huh!" he grunted, sleepily, "you don't expect me to have the courage of your convictions, do you?"

When Is It?

[Brooklyn Life.]
"Which is it—Winter lingers in the laps of spring," or "Spring lingers in the lap of winter?"
"Don't remember; but of late years I should say it had been lap and tap."

To Mary.

[New York Sun.]
When Mary sings, her pretty song,
Is changed from foe to crown;
She twists her mouth and tilts her head,
And teeters up and down.

When Mary snores, her placid face
Shows calm, rapid sleep;
And not a wave of trouble heaves
Across her peaceful breast.

The sound on each occasion made
Of equal merit rank;
Save Mary loves to hear her voice,
And we decline with thanks.

And that is why we here suggest
"Would better both the scores,
If Mary snored the way we sing,
Or sang the way she snored."

Anticipating His Wit.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"Here is a Chicago perfumery concern that has failed with no assets that can be discovered."
"Don't say that."
"Don't say what?"
"That there isn't a scent left."

Cut It Short.

[Houston Post.]
"Sir, I understand there is a sort of a courtship on between you and my daughter?"
"Yes, sir, I—"
"Well, I don't approve of it; cut it short!"
And that night the young man eloped with the object of his affections.

Verified.

[Washington Star.]
Stella—Mabel boasts of having family jewels.
Bella—Well, I know her engagement ring was in three families before Jack gave it to her.

Just as Well.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
"Do you believe in the saying that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives?" asked the man with the string tie.
"I certainly do," replied the Sage; "and I also believe that it's just as well that they don't."

No Motive; Merely a Reason.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
"So you have decided to leave," said the lady of the house to the cook.
"What is your motive?"
"No, motive, mum. I'm only going to get married."

Peril Eliminated.

[Judge.]
"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but your little girl will not be able to speak for several days."
"Then, it will be safe," said the anxious mother, "for me to invite the minister to tea, won't it?"

Not Good on That Road.

[Kansas City Journal.]
A Salina couple, who were just married, were riding on the train, and so absorbed were they in each other that the bridegroom handed the conductor his marriage certificate when he called for tickets. The conductor said: "This is good for a long, weary journey, but not on the Union Pacific."

FREE ALCOHOL FOR THE ARTS

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

A strong effort is being made by manufacturing and agricultural interests to get Congress at its present session to remove the internal revenue tax from denatured vegetable alcohol. "Denatured alcohol" is that which, by some process, has been made unfit for use as a beverage. Untaxed vegetable alcohol might be sold for 50 cents a gallon. The tax raises its price to around \$2.50 and is prohibitive of its extensive use.

Two arguments are offered against the repeal of the tax. It is said that it would cut into the Government's revenues and that it would open the door to revenue frauds. The loss of revenue that would result is put as low as \$300,000 and as high as \$3,000,000 or \$10,000,000. Probably the latter estimate is as inaccurate as the former. As to frauds, denatured alcohol is now sold tax free in nineteen leading countries. If they can prevent frauds the United States should be able to do so.

While the arguments against the removal of the tax are feeble and weak those for it are numerous and strong. It would be a boon to the farmers of every section. Alcohol can be made from corn, cornstalks, sugar beets, potatoes, sweet potatoes, and yams. Secretary Wilson estimates that if an acre of land grows 50 bushels of corn there can be made from its corn 140 and from its cornstalks 170 gallons of commercial alcohol. At the rate of 50 cents a gallon that would be \$155 worth. He estimates that from an acre of such potatoes as are grown abroad for cattle feed there might be made 500 gallons of alcohol, or, at the rate of 50 cents, \$250 worth. These figures indicate how largely, if by the removal of the tax the market for alcohol were allowed to grow, the profits of agriculture might be increased. The farmers would also find untaxed alcohol both cheaper than and a marked improvement over kerosene for lighting purposes and over gasoline as a motor fuel for the internal combustion engines which, in recent years, have come into wide use on American farms.

Alcohol is used in manufactures as wide apart as those of aniline dyes and passenger coaches, pictures frames and sewing machines, and in all sorts of other things. There would immediately on the removal of the tax spring up a big demand for the vegetable product. The tax now practically forces many American concerns to use wood alcohol, and puts them at a serious disadvantage with their British, German and other foreign competitors. The supply of gasoline is fast declining, and the oil trust is rapidly boosting its price. Free alcohol would be a cheap and excellent substitute for gasoline as a fuel for automobiles, motor boats and a wide variety of stationary engines, and would give the oil trust a hard blow.

In view of the comparatively small loss of revenue that would result and of the great and extensive advantages that seem certain to be derived by large classes of the people from this subject, it appears clearly that the duty of Congress to repeal it.

POEMS THAT LIVE

The Lady's Looking-Glass.

[The New Yorker.]
Celia and I, the other day,
Walked o'er the sandhills to the sea;
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire his heavenness best;
And on the surface of the deep
The wind only only not asleep.
The nymph did then and there appear
So pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words as flow the air,
With secret joy I heard her say:
That she would never lose one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, O, the change! the winds grow high,
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flares, the thunder roars,
The big waves lash the frightened shores,
Struck with the horror of the night,
She turns her head and wings her flight,
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore or view the main.

"Once more at least look back," said I;
"Thyself in that large glass decay;
When thou art in good humor dressed,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
Appears not half so bright as thee;
Tis then that with delight I rove
With secret joy I heard her say:
I bless my chain, I hand mine oar,
Nor think of all I left on shore."

"But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear,
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell the rising storm is nigh,
Then thou art in good humor dressed,
Deformed by winds and washed by rain;
And the poor sailor that must try
To furl, labors less than I,
Whipped and vain to vain to vain to vain,
While love and fate still drive me back;
I choose to do as thou dost do,
I hide the first, and then obey;
Wretched when first, and then obey;
I with thee, or without thee, die."

MR. McLEAN, OF LONDON.

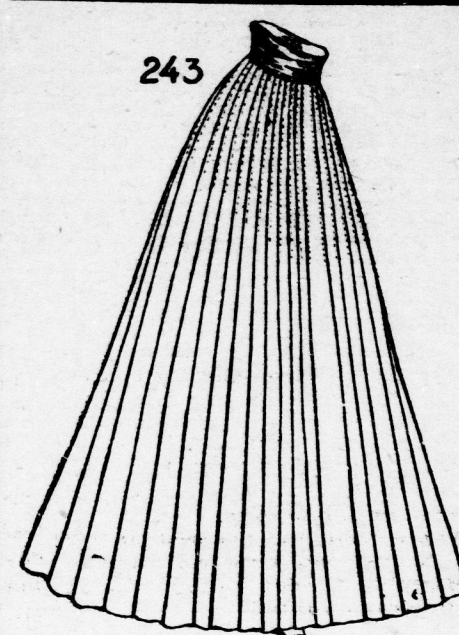
Analysis of One of the Weekly Reports Sent to Headquarters.

R. C. McLean, of the Semi-ready Wardrobe, London, in the report of his sales for five days in March, shows that of 34 suits and overcoats sold, some eighteen were sold to former customers and sixteen to gentlemen who patronized his store for the first time. The eighteen customers who buy again are sufficient proof of the satisfactoriness of Semi-ready, while the sixteen new customers is evidence of growth of the Semi-ready idea of tailoring. But from conclusive testimony that the man who today wants to be well dressed will wear Semi-ready clothes.

In this city and district the exclusive franchise in the Semi-ready business is held at 146 Dundas street, London.

The original New England was on the Pacific Coast. Francis Drake, in 1579, at the close of a month's stay, took possession of the country for his sovereign, Elizabeth, and named the new acquisition Nova Albion (New England), because he thought the white cliffs near what is now Point Reyes resembled the chalk cliffs near Dover.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO



Best Styles in Eton Suits and Coats

Gray Suits lead in popularity. Made in chic Eton style, some with Princess girdle to match. The fawn separate coat is in great demand this season, because of the popularity of their lingerie waists. We show a large variety and at lowest prices, as these unapproachable values will testify:

\$15.00 Eton Suit

Of French gray soft finished worsted, coat in double breasted effect, notch collar, gored skirt pleated front and bottom.

\$18.50 Pony Suit

Tailor-made of mannish worsteds in new shades of gray. Collar and vest of plain gray broadcloth, circular skirt pleated back and front.

\$20.00 Eton Suits

Of tropical worsted in new shades of gray. Strictly tailor-made suit, stitched straps and button, girdle to match. Circular skirt, pleated front.

Fawn Covert Coat

Hip length, full sleeves, notch collar, tailored straps and pointed pockets. Another model in castor, straps back and front, at \$8.00 and \$9.00.

\$29.00 New York Suits

From N. T. Nathan Broadway. These were used as models. Made of French lustre, Eton style with silk vest. Colors brown, blue and green. Worth \$30.00.

Fawn Whipcord Coat

Jaunty hip length, tailored straps on sleeve and back, at \$7.00. Semi-loose and short coats, lined throughout, at only \$10.00.

GRAND LINES OF GRAY SKIRTS

Moderately priced Gray Tweed and Worsteds Walking Skirts in correct shades, new pleated and circular effects. Prices \$2.75 to \$8.50.

Ladies' Fancy Black Silk Capes

Real stylish Black Brocaded Silk Capes, with fuzzy collars and stoles. A select variety. \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Our Millinery Will Shine in Any Assembly

Wherever the wearer of our millinery goes she will have every reason to be proud of her hat. Its individuality will be at once remarkable and distinctive. The style will be of the very best. Prices are always right.

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128 1/2 Dundas St.

SPLENDID BILL FOR LAST WEEK

Manager Bennett Receives Some Sterling Attractions for the Vaudeville.

Manager Bennett, of Bennett's Vaudeville Theater, announces that this week closes the season at his popular playhouse. And that he has determined to leave a good taste in the mouths of his patrons, that they may flock to the house next season, is evidenced by the fact that the bill for this week is one of extraordinary strength. In fact, it may be safely said that it has never been excelled at Bennett's.

Miss Daisy Harcourt, the famous English character change comedienne, is the main attraction of a programme which fairly glitters with names of vaudeville stars. Another feature act will be that of the operatic stars, J. Aldrich Libby and Kathleen Traynor. A comedy musical act will be presented by Eckhoff and Gordon, and George W. Day, the monologist, will deliver his inimitable funniness. A whirlwind dancing act by Valmore and Horton, and an interesting performance of shadowgraphy by the Misses Durblye, and last, but by no means least in importance, James Macdonald, who was the principal comedian with "The Sultan of Sulu." Mr. Macdonald is a captivating vocalist and a splendid story teller.

Remember this is the last week of the season. Don't miss the attractions Manager Bennett has provided.

There is nothing new as regards a new house for Bennett's next season, or as regards repairs to the present house. This was the statement Manager Bennett made to The Advertiser today.

Manager Stewart, of the Grand Opera House, who will take over that playhouse next season, is in New York at present on business in connection with the theatrical enterprise. Mr. John B. Fitzpatrick, who with others, controls the house for the next five years, will be in the city inside a week, when a statement of the plans of the new management will probably be given out.

In certain interested quarters the statement has been made that the lease of the house to Mr. Fitzpatrick has not as yet been signed. There is not a little of truth in the statement. The new lease, which took the Grand Opera House out of the hands of Mr. A. J. Small, was signed months ago—signed, in fact, in August, last.

The story goes that a certain interested individual made the statement that he was willing to bet any amount up to \$500 that Mr. Small would control the Grand next season, but when the money was put up this individual backed down.

According to the terms of the old

lease, Mr. Small's term expires on June 1, 1906, but should he choose to put in a stock company he can retain control of the theater until Sept. 1, 1906. But under no condition can he have the house after that date.

Independent and free lance attractions will play the house next season, and the guarantee is given by the management that the best season Londoners ever were treated to is in store for them next fall and winter.

It is said that Mr. Small has been trying to buy Bennett's Vaudeville Theater, or at least has been talking of buying it, but as Manager Bennett controls a lease of the house for years to come, there does not appear to be any chance of the Toronto man getting it.

BUSINESS MAN TO MEN

Mr. F. D. Taylor, of Detroit, Addresses Auditorium Meetings.

Mr. F. D. Taylor, head of the firm of Taylor, Wolfenden & Co., Detroit, the speaker at the men's meeting in the Auditorium yesterday afternoon. His subject was "The Making of a Man," and he chose Paul as the type of one who was a man in the highest sense of the word. Few men are ever called on to make greater sacrifices than were made by Paul in abandoning his friends, his religion, his plans for life, all in order to follow an ideal which his conscience approved. Paul it was who first realized the spiritual import of the Kingdom of Heaven, not pre-ferment on earth, but a gospel for the lowly, for the Gentiles. Man, who was created in the image of God, should have an ideal and should live up to it. Only one man had attained to the ideal—the man of whom Paul said, "Behold the man!" Character-building was a slow process, attained stone by stone, virtue by virtue. The foundation must be laid on the great foundation stone, Jesus Christ. Mr. Taylor said that in the making of character one must be positive, have self-control, individuality and above all, purpose.

The B. M. E. Male Quartet assisted very materially with the singing.

"Repent and Be Converted," was the subject of a strong address last evening in Dundas Center Methodist Church by Miss E. Stafford Miller, based upon Acts III, 19. Miss Miller said that there is a conflict going on in the hearts of men between right and wrong, and that any idol which displaces God must be abandoned before peace can come. Christ preached repentance, a sorrow for sin and a turning away from it. The proof of repentance is the abandonment of sin. God calls men and women today to repent, that their sins may be blotted out. Has a coldness and indifference come over the people, that they disregard God's solemn call? If people will only stop in their desire for pleasure or gold, and listen to God, then will they be blotted out, and they will enjoy the times of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord.

"MOSES OATES" IS DEAD

Passing Away of a Unique Journalistic Character at Toronto.

Toronto, April 23.—Death removed Saturday morning in the General office, the name of "Moses Oates," was at one time a well-known figure in literary and journalistic circles in Toronto.

Many years ago Mr. Mowat edited a paper in Galt, from whence he moved to Berlin, where he held similar office. In 1893, Mr. Mowat was its editor for the pen-name of "Moses Oates," was at one time a well-known figure in literary and journalistic circles in Toronto. He had written considerably on meteorology, a subject on which he was keenly interested, and his almanacs, in which he gave forecasts for the coming winter, attracted a good deal of notice, gaining for "Moses Oates" a more than local reputation as a weather prophet. Weather experts recognized that he had really a good idea of what he was talking about. The weather observatory was in those days a favorite resort of his.

One article he wrote, "Where the Days Are Longest," attracted world-wide attention and was included in a United States official report.

Mr. Mowat passed away from the effects of pneumonia, for which he was admitted to the general hospital only on Thursday last. His condition was hopeless from the first. He had roomed alone for some time. He had been under which he has fallen began with the usual preliminary of a bad cold. He was 55 years of age. A son and daughter, grown up, and resident in the city, survive.

Mr. Mowat was at one time very proud of his resemblance to Edward Blake and assisted in making it more complete by wearing a large, soft hat and eyeglasses.

