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LONDON, MONDAY, OCT. 8.

**A LAWLESS USE OF THE LAW.**

While the crown attorneys in the election case at Toronto are talking of prosecutions for perjury, they conveniently overlook the fact that the whole proceedings rest upon a false foundation. The charge sworn to by Provincial Detective Rogers reads:

"That John O'Gorman, at present residing in the city of Toronto, with another and others to the said informant unknown, during and about the years 1904 and 1905, AT THE CITY OF TORONTO, in the County of York, in the Province of Ontario, and at the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, in the said Province, and at divers places in the same Province, unlawfully and wilfully did conspire to give to, and promise to procure money for certain and divers voters in order to induce such voters to vote," etc., etc.

A provincial detective, at the instigation of the attorney-general's department, takes oath that to the best of his belief and knowledge a corrupt conspiracy was set on foot in the city of Toronto. So far there has been no evidence to support his oath. If none is forthcoming, what do the prosecuting attorneys purpose doing? They are supposed to represent the crown and make no discrimination. Rogers, however, is perfectly safe. He is the tool of the attorney-general's department, and the department is the tool of a clique of politicians.

Nor is the holding of the inquiry in the city of Toronto the only mockery of justice. The whole case is outlawed by the provisions of the Dominion election act. We quote from 63-64 Victoria, chapter 12, section 142:

"Notwithstanding anything in the criminal code, 1892, every prosecution for an indictable offense under this act, and every action, suit or proceeding for any pecuniary penalty given by this act to the person suing therefor, shall be commenced within the space of ONE YEAR next after the act committed, and not afterwards (unless the prosecution is prevented by the withdrawal or absconding of the defendant out of the jurisdiction of the court), and when commenced shall be proceeded with and carried on without lawful delay."

The Attorney-General's department has merely "faked" a charge of conspiracy to circumvent the Election Act by attempting to bring the case within the Criminal Code; but it is plain that the section of the Election Act quoted above rules the present action out of court. If counsel for defense has not raised the point, it is probably because the Liberal party would be accused of trying to cloak rascality. Nevertheless, the whole proceedings are futile, as no punishment can be inflicted for any proved offenses under this illegal prosecution. From beginning to end, there has been a perversion of justice, an outrageous and partisan use of the machinery of the law, by the Attorney-General's department.

**THE FIRST ELECTRIC TRAIN.**

The first railroad train drawn by an electric motor over standard gauge tracks with New York city at the terminal, pulled into the Grand Central station one day last week.

It was the initial experiment in the transformation of the system which eventually is to extend over the New York Central's lines. In every way it was a successful demonstration of the use of electrical energy, in the smoothness of operation, the perfect control, and the immediate acceleration of speed, without a jar or a jolt.

The trip was made from Highbridge to Forty-second street, a distance of seven miles, and was covered in eighteen minutes. No attempt to maintain high speed was made, although the electrical locomotive is capable of 82 miles an hour, with as little friction and no further jarring than when it is running 40 miles an hour.

The New York newspaper reports and interviews declare that at the starting point there was no jolt of any kind. The acceleration of speed was imperceptible and instantaneous. There was no noise whatever, and the passengers hardly knew that their train was in motion during the entire trip. The control was perfect, and the train, even when running a mile a minute, could be stopped easily in a little more than its own length. The train, it is asserted, can attain the maximum speed in less than one-third the time of the steam locomotive.

For the immediate future the plan is to limit electrification to the distance between Stamford, Conn., and New York city. The New Haven and Hartford's tracks are to be used between Stamford and Woodlawn, N. Y., and the Central's for the rest of the distance. Eight of the heaviest Pullman cars constituted the "first electric train" that moved into New York. The electric engine was one of thirty-five 100-ton locomotives of 2,200-horsepower that will be used in the initial electric zone when the new system goes into actual operation—early in November, it is

hoped. One hundred and eighty-six steel cars have been ordered for this service.

The change may mark a revolution in railroad engineering. Every progressive railroad man in the country is undoubtedly studying every detail of it with deep interest, and every traveler looks forward to the power substitution which means so much from the standpoint of comfort, cleanliness and safety.

**AT THE BALL.**

[Alli Sloper's Half-Holiday.]  
Misses (angrily)—Jane, what do you mean by wearing my low-necked evening dress at the 'bus drivers' ball last night? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Jane (meekly)—I was, mum. You never heard such remarks as they made.

**A KISS COMING.**

[La Caricaturista.]  
Part of a letter written by Rosa to her father:  
"Dear Papa—I wanted to send you a kiss, but as I have just eaten an onion for dinner I will send it another time."

**THE END OF AN AGE.**

[New York Tribune.]  
"You are young and I am old," Tolstoy is noted as saying to an interviewer, "but as you grow older you will find, as I have found, that day follows day, and there does not seem much change in you, till suddenly you hear people speaking of you as an old man. It is the same with an age in history; day follows day, and there does not seem to be much change, till suddenly it is found that the age is become old. It is finished; it is out of date. The present movement in Russia is not a riot, it is not even a revolution—it is the end of an age."

**YEARNING FOR MORE REFRESHMENTS.**

[Lebanon (Ind.) Pioneer.]  
A recital was given Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Mamie Gladwell in honor of her music class. Ice cream, cake, lemonade, and fruit were served. All went away longing for the time to come when they could arrange for another recital.

**INDUCEMENTS TO DIE.**

[Bluefield (W. Va.) Leader.]  
For latest designs in undertaking, see W. A. Swan or A. L. Hawkins. Entire new stock; satisfaction guaranteed. The Swan Company Bluefield avenue.

**HE HAD A GOOD MEMORY.**

[Mount Olive (N. C.) Tribune.]  
Mrs. Rhodes has a nice tombstone placed at her husband's grave as a monument to his memory.

**HIS ONLY OCCUPATION.**

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]  
"Yes'm, but if I do youah laundry work, ma'am, I must have de undahstandin' dat my husband collects de pay."  
"But why can't you collect it yourself, Manda?"  
"Well, you see, ma'am, I don't want to rob de ol' man of de only job he's evah likely to get."

**WEALTH'S ADVANTAGE.**

[Washington Star.]  
"Wealth has to do a heap of explaining," says Uncle Eben, "but it's easier to apologize to de public for bein' rich dan it is to git de lanford interested 'cause you's poor."

**IMPERIALISM.**

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]  
One race question in the United States, another in Cuba, another in the Philippines, and still another in the Hawaiian Islands. How many more shall we have before imperialism grows weary of the impossible task?

**SAW IT COMING.**

[Meggenroder Blatter.]  
Young Wile—My sweetest, darling, best honey, hubby?  
Hubby (resignedly)—All right, spring it, I am prepared for the worst.

**NUTRIMENT OF BACON.**

[Chicago Journal.]  
Prof. Snyder, of the Minnesota food station, gives in a report, some reasons why bacon should become popular. In reference to a test he says that bacon was cut in thin slices and baked or broiled in the oven until crisp and brown. All the fat which was cooked out was saved and eaten with the bread and other foods which made up the daily fare.

On an average about 90 per cent of the protein and 96 per cent of the fat of the ration containing bacon were digested and about 88 per cent of the energy was available. Calculated values for bacon alone showed over 90 per cent protein and 96 per cent digestible fat, figures which compare favorably with those which have been obtained for other animal foods.

"Lean bacon contains as much protein and about twice as much digestible fat as other meats," says Prof. Snyder, "making it at the same time and even at a higher price a pound a cheaper food than other meats. Bacon fat is easily digested, and when combined with other foods it appears to exert a favorable mechanical action upon digestion."

**SOME OF MRS. CRAIGIE'S EPIGRAMS.**

[The Dream and the Business.]  
A martyrdom nowadays would be called an advertisement.

When the heart has a certain measure of distress it is agitated and in revolt, but when it is full of woe and can contain no more, it is still, and its stillness passes for resignation to destiny.

It hurts terribly to be an egoist. No man ever did a work in spite of persecution that he might not have done ten thousand times better if he had been encouraged.

People who wish to regard divine providence as an English gentleman of large fortune, perfect morals, an anxiety to frustrate the foreigner, and a wish to feed rather than to meet the poor, were disturbed by Rembrandt's fear of God, which to some seemed superstition, and to others ill-advised.

Time answers questions by deaden-

ing all our faculties and sensations. I have been watching elderly men and women; they try to believe that they have gained wisdom. They have only lost the power of wondering.

A man will spend a lifetime quarreling with his own heart, whereas a woman can never believe that her heart may be in the wrong.

The choice of a career and the choice of a wife—the most important steps of a man's life—are accidents all ways.

Many people have excellent morals, but the most odious ways. Perhaps he was romantic—the first condition of all unhappy persons.

**SHE'S THE "IT."**

[London Globe.]  
The Lancashire clergyman who recently left the word "obey" out of the marriage service gives as his reason that he does not wish women to start married life at a disadvantage. But it really matters little in practice. It has long been understood that though a man and his wife are one, the wife is that one.

**TRUE TO GLADYS.**

[Minneapolis Tribune.]  
Stern Mother—When George proposed to you, did you tell him to see me?  
"I did," replied Gladys, "and he said he'd see you several times, but that he liked me just the same."

**IN SAFE KEEPING.**

[Punch.]  
Mrs. Madison Squer—I suppose, in your Grace's family, there are a number of historic jewels.  
His Grace—Yes, indeed. I must get them out some day and show them to you, by Jove.  
Mrs. Madison Squer—Ah, then you still have the tickets?

**RESPECTING THE "SAWBATH."**

[Punch.]  
Tourist in Highland—who has eaten about four pennyworth—What do I owe you for this meal?  
Guidwife—Aweel, it's the Sawbath. So we'll not charge ya anything.  
Grannie—Na, na, we wunna charge ye anything. But ye can just gie the bairns saxeapce aplece!

**NOT CONVINCING.**

[Hamilton Herald.]  
Hon. George E. Foster's explanation does not strike one as being comprehensive enough.

**FOSTERED FINANCE.**

[Hamilton Times.]  
"Fostered Finance" should not be encouraged.

**THE FARMER'S WIFE.**

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]  
Miss Ella Darlington is wasting a good deal of sympathy in the English papers on the condition of the farming women in Canada. They are the drudges of the money-earners and the raisers of large families, she says. "The true Canadian farmer treats his wife as a thing to be used hard until it is done." Nobody will enjoy the joke more, perhaps, than the farmers' wives of Canada. Wonder if it is a case of sour grapes with Ella?

**ALONE IN LONDON, HER MEMORY GONE**

Strange Case of Woman in Workhouse Puzzles Authorities and Police.

London, Oct. 8.—An extraordinary case of lost memory is at present puzzling the authorities at the Marylebone workhouse, as well as the London police.

Among the occupants of the workhouse is a woman who can remember nothing more about herself than that her name is Hannah, and that she has a husband and two children, and lives somewhere in the country. She was found wandering in Baker street by a policeman, and was taken to the workhouse.

There she was closely questioned, and the story she told was a strange one. "I remember that I have a husband, who is a market gardener, and two children," she said. "I remember their names—they are William and Nellie. I lived in the country, where, I do not know, and came to London on business. My house was for from the station, to which I drove in a carrier's cart."

"I do not know how long I was in the train, and everything is dark to me from that time. I seem to remember being in a park and lying down under some trees. Then some one, a man, spoke to me, and I told him. I had lost my memory, and he said the best thing to do would be to go around to the stations to see if I could recognize the one at which I arrived."

"So he called a cab and we drove around to many stations, but I do not think I had ever seen any of them before. Suddenly, the man left me, and I wandered around alone. "Then I found my purse had gone. In it was all the money I possessed. I had given it to the man to pay for the cab, and he had not given it to me again. Then I remembered there was the return half of my ticket in one of the pockets of the purse. If I had thought of that before I might have found out from where I had come, but now it is too late."

Of what followed, and where she went, Hannah can recollect nothing till she found herself in the workhouse.

Hannah is a respectably dressed woman about 50 years of age. She is short and stout, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and dark complexion. When found she was dressed in a black coat and skirt, with a black feather in her hat, and wore a gold wedding ring and a pearl and ruby brooch. She carried a small handbag, which contained a chain and ring.

The master of Marylebone workhouse said last night that, though an effort had been made to find out the relatives of Hannah, no trace of them has yet been discovered.

**SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT TREES**

MANY OF TODAY'S CUSTOMS ARE MERELY REMNANTS OF PRE-HISTORIC RITES.

Common Belief in Early Times That Spirits Were Shut up in Giants of the Forests.

Despite education, culture, polish or what you will, the primitive passions and instincts of humanity are still alive, and whenever the occasion warrants, they crop out to prove that "a man's mind for a" the progress of the centuries, and still believes in the superstitions that were the bane of his father.

Particularly is this true of the trees. "The groves were God's first temples," and in countries as widely separated as Mexico and India, Madagascar and Sweden, tree worship was one of the first religions of the inhabitants. It surrounded the Israelites in Palestine, and they were so prone to fall into the ways of their neighbors that the patriarchs had to issue the command, "Thou shalt not plant thee a grove of any trees." (Deut. xvi, 21.) The fig tree was sacred in Egypt, Japan and India. The Romans, too, held it in high regard, for they believed that with its overhanging branches it had stayed the floating basins contained the infant twins, Romulus and Remus. Most of the sacred groves that decked the seven hills of the Imperial City were of oak, and in far-away Britain the same tree was worshipped by the ancient Druids.

**SPIRITS SHUT UP IN TREES.**

It was the common belief that good or bad spirits were shut up in the giants of the forests, where sometimes they talked and moved and sang, always exerting a benign or evil influence upon man. So it became necessary to appease the wrath of the tree spirits if they were evil, and praise them if they were good. Many of the practices of the past are merely remnants of these widespread historic rites. The superstition originated by the hoary priests of the pagan Celts, that any injury to an oak would be severely punished by the presiding deity of that tree, lasted long in England and has not wholly died out yet in Brittany. After most of the traces of Druidism as a religion had been obliterated, and this superstition has joined the ranks of the forgotten, the English began to look upon the oak as a sort of weather bureau, and even today, in many parts of the "right little isle" the following quatrain may be heard:

"When the oak comes out before the ash,  
You'll have a summer of wet and splash;  
When the ash comes out before the oak,  
You'll have a summer of dust and smoke."

**A TREE OF MANY POWERS.**

The ash tree is rich with superstitions. The old charm-middie ages used it in their love potions, and the daisies of ancient times believed that it would enable them to make their sweethearts true, and help them to discover their future husbands. The inhabitants of Iceland still look with dread upon the oak of mortality, and the "right little isle" it will make enemies of all who gather round a hearthstone on which it burns is deep seated, and was once almost universal in Europe.

Superstitious seekers after good luck may still be found invoking the spirit of the ever-leaved ash, after the manner of the ancient tree worshippers, with the verse:

"Even ash, I do pluck thee,  
Hoping thus to meet good luck;  
If no luck I get from thee,  
I shall wish thee on a tree."

To the ancient Greeks the hawthorn was emblematic of happiness and hope. This meaning was attached to it throughout Europe, until Sir John Mandeville published his "Travels" in the fifteenth century, and spread the story that the Saviour's crown of thorns was made from the hawthorn. An early French superstition that the hawthorn groans and weeps on Good Friday was also instrumental in changing that tree to its present estimate from a charm against evil influences to an omen of disaster. In many parts of England, and even in this country, it is regarded as presaging the direst misfortune if a person sleeps in the same room with a sprig of hawthorn. The myrtle, on the other hand, is considered an eminently lucky plant to have in the house, and its possessor is assured of success in all his undertakings.

Long before the time of Shakespeare the bay tree was an object of superstition. The withering of such a tree was believed to be a sure indication of coming misfortune to those with whom it was in any way connected. Shakespeare gave voice to the superstition in "Richard II." when he made one of his characters say:

"'Tis thought the king is dead; we'll not stay."  
The bay trees in our country are withered."

It was thought by the ancients that lightning would never harm this tree, and it was customary among them to carry bay leaves as a charm against the thunderbolts of Jove. The same belief was long prevalent in England, and reference to it may be found in an old poem dedicated to Ben Jonson:

"I see that wreath which doth the wear-er arm  
Against the quick strokes of thunder, is  
To keep off death's pale dart."

A curious survival of the days when the magicians of Europe sought indeliberately for the philosopher's stone is the superstition that attaches to the hazel tree. The old alchemists used to make their divining rods out of hazel twigs, and they fostered the belief that it would mysteriously direct its owner to hidden treasures, if it was manipulated with the absolute faith that was required in all those occult enchantments of the Middle Ages. As time went on, the "rod of Jacob," as a branch of hazel was universally known, gathered new powers. Not only would it lead to the discovery of buried hoards, but it

**J. H. CHAPMAN & CO****October Curtain Sale**

Embracing 2,000 Pairs at Very Great Money-Saving Prices

The arrival of several immense shipments of Lace Curtains will insure tremendous selling here this week. Great as has been the values in previous October Sales, we have never been able to offer such notable bargains as these. They represent practically every grade and variety of Lace Curtains manufactured, and the prices asked in many cases are away below present market values. You can procure Curtains for every room in the house at this sale.

**Nottingham Lace Curtains**

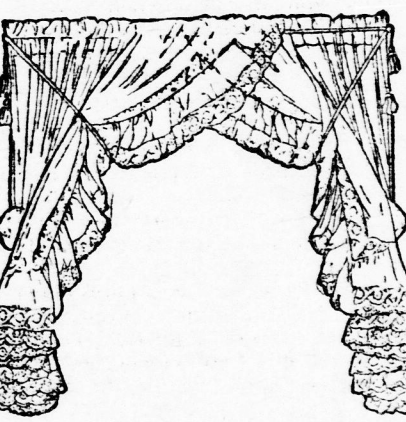
Think of the possibilities this sale affords. An almost limitless variety and every pair fresh, crisp and perfect—almost every known weave; all the latest creations in curtain elegance. Prices per pair.....40c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2  
Fine grades equally choice, on sale at per pair.....  
\$2.50 to \$10

**Brussels Net Curtains**

While higher in price than many other styles, the demand for these desirable curtains is greater than ever. The decorative charm that they lend to the home beautiful, is fully appreciated by the seeker after the artistic. Values such as this sale affords are an additional inducement. Prices per pair \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00 up to \$10.00

**Frilled Muslin Curtains**

Over one hundred distinct styles to choose from in these very dainty curtains for bedrooms and halls. Prices per pair, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c and up to \$2.00.

**Frilled Bobbinette and Muslin Curtains**

by the yard. Prices per yard 12½c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c and 45c

**Bonne Femme Door Curtains**

In the newest and most beautiful designs that you or we have ever seen. Prices, each.....  
.....75c, 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50

Bonne Femme Window Curtains beautifully trimmed with lace, insertion and braids. Prices, each.....  
.....85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75

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

**BOGUS BONAPARTE FORCED POISON IN NAPOLEON'S BED DOWN HIS THROAT**

Says He Is Descendant of Great Emperor and Fought at Sedan. Masked Assassins' Daring Outrage Results in Death of Their Victim.

Paris, Oct. 8.—Several British tourists had an exciting experience while inspecting the rooms of Napoleon I. at Versailles, today.

The party was in the Emperor's bedroom, and the guide was pointing out the beauties of Napoleon's bed, when one of the party exclaimed: "There's somebody in it now!"

At this moment a man, looking wonderfully like Napoleon, and dressed in the gray coat and cocked hat of the familiar shape, sat bolt upright in the bed.

"I am Napoleon the Fourth," he said, "the direct descendant of Napoleon the Great. I fought at the battle of Sedan, and after the battle I retreated to Paris, came here and fell asleep. You woke me up. Go away."

The guide understood that the man must be mad, and had the good sense not to contradict him. He replied: "If I please your majesty to follow us, we will conduct you to your palace."

The man followed with dignity, and was eventually taken to the hospital at Versailles, where he is to be looked after.

He is an Italian named Benvenuto Buononoro. It is thought that it may be his extraordinary resemblance to Napoleon the Great which has turned his head.

IT PAYS TO BE AMIABLE.

A young man in the neckwear department of Marshall Field & Co., who had been with the firm but a short time, was one day waiting on a customer who seemed to be unusually hard to please. The would-be purchaser, who was a handsome elderly man, tossed the ties about and seemed to desire any shade and style save those offered for his approval. The salesman patiently displayed a varied assortment of the goods, deftly knotting the ties and holding them out to show the effect and the shimmer of the satin or silk, searching through boxes for the colors, and, in spite of the somewhat capricious manner of the customer, never for a moment losing his smiling good nature. Finally a half dozen ties were selected, and, waving pencil, the clerk asked the following questions:

"Cash or charge?"

"Charge," replied the gray haired man.

"What name please?"

"Marshall Field."

The new salesman almost grasped with astonishment, and he probably does not know to this day that his subsequent politeness and patient endeavor to serve his employer and to please his customer, who, of course, in this case proved to be one of the same person.—Saturday Evening Post.

Paris, Oct. 8.—A strange affair, the circumstances of which recall the times of the Borgias, is reported from Rheims.

A man named Choisy, living in the Rue du Doctor Thomas in that city, was assailed last night when close to his house by five masked men, who held him down while one of their number forced down his throat the contents of a phial. The assailants then released him and ran away.

Though suffering great pain, Choisy succeeded in reaching his house, where he fell into his wife's arms, exclaiming: "They have poisoned me!" He died a little later.

**LONDON A GREAT CITY.**

United States Consul-General Wynne furnishes an interesting compilation from the Statistical Abstract for London, 1905. The six and a half million people in Greater London live in 928,998 houses, a population 100 years ago was just one-fifth what it is now. Though the number of births was nearly double the number of deaths in 1904, the birth rate is steadily declining. The postal figures show that in 1905 there were 1,028 postoffices in London, 108, and 2,435 public telephones working. The total imports at London in 1904 amounted to \$89,095,000, and the total exports \$42,229,000. Some idea of London's wealth is shown by the assessed income tax value in 1904 in the administrative county, houses representing \$19,254,000, trades and professions \$39,495,000, profits of companies and other interests \$68,511,000, salaries (corporate bodies) \$15,044,000, salaries (army and navy) \$108,574,999. In 1905 there were 2,293 motor cars and 1,833 motor cycles in London. Licenses to drive were granted to 3,070 people, the fees received amounting to \$36,300.

**R R R RADWAY'S READY RELIEF****CURES SORE THROAT.**

It is the Unfailing Household Remedy for all Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, "Grip," Pneumonia and Pains and Aches of All Kinds.

Sold by all Druggists.