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LONDON, MONDAY, JULY 1, 1907.

DOMINION DAY.

Canadians find many reasons for congratulation upon the fortieth anniversary of the birth of the Dominion. The federal experiment was regarded with misgivings even by those who contrived it as the only possible escape from a chronic state of deadlock, which threatened to disrupt the union of upper and lower Canada, and leave British North America a thing of fragments, strung across the northern frontier of a united, aggressive, and not then too friendly republic. By means not strictly in accord with British constitutional principles, the Maritime Provinces were brought into the scheme. Then came the more regular incorporation of the west. The framework of Confederation was soon consolidated, but the economic development was much slower than the political.

The first rebuff was the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty with the United States, due to resentment over the Trent affair, coupled with the hope of starving this country into the Union. A few years later came a period of world-wide depression. The country grasped at high taxation as a remedy. Staggering under this burden the farmers of Canada had the further misfortune of finding the American market closed to them by hostile tariffs. Little wonder it was an era of stagnation. Immigration dwindled to almost nothing and the bulk of the newcomers drifted across the line. Worse still, over a million native-born left their country. The west was a cruel disappointment; there was little or no return for the vast outlay in building a railway to open up the fertile prairies and British Columbia. Debt and taxation increased, but the population almost stood still. The value of farm property in the eastern provinces declined; agriculture was for a time in a desperate condition and the tall chimney figured chiefly in party literature. The Canadian farmer helped to save the situation, after his products were shut out of the United States, by a careful study of the British market. The rise of the dairy industry was a new epoch in the development of Eastern Canada. The greatest factor, however, in the progress and prosperity of the country has been the energizing of the immigration department. This breathed new life into the Dominion. With the vigorous policy introduced by Mr. Sifton began the real settlement of the west, and the fulfillment of Canada's long-deferred hopes.

The miraculous growth of the past few years may be shown by columns of figures—but Canadians no longer need statistics to assure them on this point. Confederation solved a political problem, and the growth of the west is solving an economic one. The next great problem is political and social—the assimilation of the horde of newcomers, nearly half of them aliens. The British-born need give us no concern. There are those who see political difficulties in the influx from the United States, but their fears have so far shown no signs of being realized. Scores of thousands of Americans now in the west have accepted Canadian citizenship without reservation. They find themselves under similar laws and institutions, and scarcely feel the wrench of leaving their native land. The immigrants from the continent of Europe constitute the only difficulty which is felt at the present time, but they are a small minority and relatively decreasing, owing to the increase of immigration from English-speaking countries. The sons and daughters of Ontario who are flocking to the west, can play a great part in strengthening the ties between the older and the newer parts of Canada. The danger to national unity will not be the antagonism of French and English, but the estrangement of the west from the east. The preventive will be the growth of a pride of country and a Canadian spirit. This is the crucible in which the diverse elements of the Dominion must be fused.

Canada is fair, fat and forty.

FOND OF PAPA.

[Town and Country.]
Friend—I suppose the baby is fond of you?
Papa—Fond of me! Why, he sleeps all day when I am not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society.

WAR DOGS FOR TURKEY.

[London Daily News.]
Major Richardson, who recently took three ambulance dogs to Turkey, and instructed the Albanian soldiers of the guard at Tiflis in their use, has been created by the Sultan a commander of the Order

of the Medjidieh. The Sultan, who witnessed the performance of the dogs in his private grounds, expressed great delight at their work. Major Richardson says that the Sultan is a good sportsman, with a thorough knowledge of dogs. The system has been adopted for the Turkish army.

FETCHED HIM.

[Harper's Weekly.]
A young New Yorker of means who maintains a residence, at certain seasons, near Greenwich, Conn., recently nursed a grievance against his immediate neighbor. The latter, it appears, has been appealed to in vain to put a stop to the foraging of his hens in the New Yorker's garden.

Finally the New Yorker man decided to use a little strategy when appeal and persuasion had failed.
One day a friend, who knew of the trouble between the neighbors, asked:
"Still troubled by Blank's hens?"
"Not a bit of it," answered the New Yorker, with a chuckle. "They're shut up now."

"How did you manage to accomplish it?"
"Well," explained the New Yorker, "every night for a week I put a lot of eggs in the garden under the grape vine, and every morning, when I was sure that Blank was looking, I went out and brought the eggs in."

LAWYER-LIKE.

[Philadelphia Press.]
"I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burglar, disgustedly, "and the lawyer was there with a gun all ready for me. He advised me to get out."

"You got out easy," replied the other.
"Not much I didn't! He charged me \$25 for advice!"

WELL SUPPLIED.

[Chicago News.]
Beggars—Say, mister, I'm out of work, I've got six small children to support. Won't you give me a few pennies for 'em?"

Citizen—Much obliged for the offer, old man; but I've got all the children I need at present.

THE LORDLY HOUSEMAID.

[Yonkers Statesman.]
"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.
"I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happen to need me!"

A MIGHTY DIFFERENCE.

[Philadelphia Record.]
There's a lot of difference between vision and sight. You can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight.

NEW USE FOR BANANA SKINS.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]
"The new firm is going to make shoes out of all kinds of skins."
"Not out of banana skins?"
"Yes, indeed! They'll make slippers out of them."

REVERSED PHILOSOPHY.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"Are you saving anything for a rainy day?"
"No, I save for pleasant days."

PREFERENCE.

[Washington Star.]
"Which do you prefer," said the artistic young woman, "music or poetry?"
"Poetry," answered Miss Cayenne. "You don't keep poetry shut up in a book. You don't have to listen to it unless you choose."

TOWN WITHOUT A POSTOFFICE.

[Tit-Bits.]
While in Scotland last autumn I arrived at Maxwellton, Kirkcudbrightshire, and, wanting a stamp for a picture postcard, I inquired for the postoffice, but to my surprise I was informed the town had neither post nor telegraph office.

Investigation revealed that the town had a population of more than 3,000 inhabitants, being also a burgh, with its provost, town council and bailies. This unique town has to depend on Dumfries—nearly three miles distant—for everything of a postal nature.

WHAT HE COULD DO!

[Exchange.]
A young Birmingham man, just returned from Paris, is telling a joke against himself. He went to Paris ostensibly to learn French. The end of his journey he could do anything for him when he got back to England, in return for the good time he had enjoyed in the gay city.

"The professor said: 'You can do me one service—don't tell anyone that you learnt your French from me!'"

ON THE JUMP AND WHY.

[Yonkers Statesman.]
"How's things in Loneyville?" asked the first farmer.
"Everbody's on the jump," replied the second farmer, proudly.

"Then the automobiles have struck your town, too, have they?"
"No, they haven't," replied the first farmer.

HOPE SPRING'S ETERNAL.

[Toronto Star.]
Mr. E. L. Borden was 53 years old this week. With youth on his side this way Leader Borden and his party are encouraged in their policy of tiring out the clock.

NEW GROUND FOR DIVORCE.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
An Atlanta man has been deceiving society by wearing six pairs of trousers to conceal the long effects of a pair of bow legs, and now his wife is suing for a divorce.

PROVING CHARACTER.

[Tit-Bits.]
A laborer was charged with a petty offense.
"Have you anyone in court who will vouch for your good character?" queried the judge.

"Yes, sir, there is the chief constable yonder," was the reply. The chief constable was asked:
"Why, your honor, I don't even know the man," protested he.

"Now, sir," broke in the accused, "I have lived in the borough for nearly twenty years, and if the chief constable doesn't know me yet, isn't that a character for you?"

HE GOT IT.

[Baltimore American.]
Mrs. Smith (decidedly)—My husband and I had a clear understanding while we were engaged. Mr. Smith said he wanted a plain deal in marriage.

Mr. Jones (maliciously)—He needs a worry. He got it.

SQUAW OF THE PERIOD.

[Aitchison Globe.]
In Leavenworth recently Curley Cawley,

a Creek Indian woman, shot and fatally wounded a man; she claims that he insulted her. The Indians have dropped their blankets for dress suits; their tomahawks were discarded years ago for guns; for years they have lived in houses with art windows instead of in tents, and their daughters play the piano and the sound of the lantam is forgotten; but nothing they have done so well illustrates their readiness to adopt the manners of the civilized people as this action of an Indian woman in shooting a man. She had heard that the Duchess of Argyll had had a handsome white woman did it, that it had become fashionable as elbow sleeves, so when she got mad at a man she adopted 'he fashion by pulling the trigger.

ENGLISH SHOP NOTICES.

[Grand Magazine.]
English shop windows often provide amusing notices. A Rochdale clothier had his window smashed by a boy with a hand cart. Five minutes afterward the broken pane was covered with a square of white paper, on which these words appeared in bold letters: "An absent-minded beggar did this with a hand cart. Don't say 'Poor'—but come in and buy an overcoat." Over the door of a Whitechapel tailor may be seen this sign, which displays a sense of humor rare in the east end: "Send your clothes here to be mended. I am deaf and dumb. Least said, soonest mended."

A NEW PASSION.

[The Throne.]
She—So you are going abroad? Don't forget to write me from every place you go to.
He—Delighted. Excuse my asking—but is this a confession of love, or have you—er—started a picture postcard album?

DUCHESS PAINTS A SIGN.

[London Reader.]
The signboard of an inn at Roseneath, on the Clyde, was painted some time ago by the Duchess of Argyll, while away a period of tedious waiting. The duchess is, of course, well known as an artist, and has for many years had a studio in Kensington Palace, where she spends many hours in painting and modeling. As a sculptor she has great ability, and her tutor, the late Sir Edgar Boehm, thought very highly of her skill.

"YES, BUT—"

[Punch.]
Prestidigitator—You saw me put your watch in your handkerchief?
Boy on Stage—Yes.
"You can feel it still in the handkerchief?"
"Yes."
"You can hear it ticking?"
"Yes, but—"

"My watch hasn't been going since I took the works out at school."

ART.

[Musicians' Chronicle.]
The hen remarked to the muley cow. She cackled her daily lay. (That is, the hen cackled): "It's funny how I'm good for an egg a day. I'm a fool to do it, for what do I get? My food and lodging. My!"
But the muley gets that—she's the house- hold pet.
Not even when eggs are high.

The muley cow remarked to the hen. As she masticated her cud. (That is, the cow did): "Well, what then? You quit, and your name is Muley. I'm good for eight gallons of milk each day. And I'm given my stable and grub; but the hen gives me nothing. Anyways—All she can gobble—and what does she pay? Not a dribble of milk, the dud!"

But the hired man remarked to the pair: "You get all that's comin' to you. The muley does tricks, and the hen can swear. Which is better than you kin do. You're necessary, but what's the use 'O' bewailin' your daily part? You're bourgeois—workin' your own eye. You can't do nothin' but just produce—What them fellers does is Art!"

THE MINISTER'S RETORT.

[London Globe.]
A famous retort is the answer of John Wesley to the blaspheming swaggler who pushed against him on the path, with the insulting remark: "I never make way for a fool."
"I always do," said Wesley quietly, stepping aside, and then placidly pursuing his way.

PUZZLED.

[Washington Star.]
"Do you think you will learn to like your titled son-in-law?"
"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumroo. "I can't quite tell where to place him in my expense account. He is neither a recreation nor an investment."

UP IN THE AIR.

[Puck.]
Benevolent Party—So, my poor man, you are out of work? What trade do you follow?
Dusky Citizen—Oh, I'm a track-layer on the airship routes.

A DULL AFFAIR.

[Life.]
First Old Lady—That kind of a time did you have at the funeral?
Second Old Lady—Well, I've enjoyed my self more at others.

ROYALTY WEEK-ENDING

King Edward Being Entertained by the Lewis Harcourts.

London, June 29.—Prince Arthur, of Connaught, is among the week-end guests of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Reid at West Park. Included in the party invited to meet him, are Senator Chauncey M. Depew and Mrs. Depew, Justice Holmes, and Lady Roseberry, Miss Brewster, Henry Spurgis, Mrs. Spurgis, Mr. and Mrs. Courtland, D. Barnes, Miss Bryce, Charles Walmore, and Mrs. Ogden Mills.

King Edward is spending the week-end at Nunchan Park, Oxford, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, who was Miss Mary Burns, of New York. Among the other guests are J. Pierpont Morgan, Premier Campbell-Bannerman, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Hower, Lady Herby and Mr. and Mrs. Leopold De Rothschild.

Baggage belonging to a Chinese coolie who had landed at Singapore from Sumatra was being examined the other day when the official found a skull and all the bones of a human skeleton. The coolie declared that the bones were those of his brother, and he was taking them to China for burial.

TITLED FOLK
PLAYING GYPSY

Duke of Westminster's Sister and Her Husband Follow Romany Life.

London, June 29.—Gypsy wagon stands in the quiet English deld. And when you have noticed the sign displayed, "Seyra Lee, Licensed Hawker," you are astonished to find that the lady of the caravan is really a titled Englishwoman and wife of Lord Arthur Grosvenor, brother to England's richest peer, the Duke of Westminster.

And your astonishment is not apt to lessen when you learn that the Grosvenors go gypsying through green rural England in a manner to delight George Borrow, making a particular point of hawking baskets and clothespins among the astounded natives and only stopping short of trading horses in their determination to squeeze all the local color possible out of the occupation.

The Grosvenors in Camp.
This gypsy queen was just "striking camp" in Farmer Pullen's field at Appleford, Berkshire, when a reporter discovered her.

A sturdy piebald horse was grazing quietly near, and three pet dogs—Smoker, Sweep and Brock—looked lazily on while the breakfast things were stowed away.

The embers of a real gypsy fire were slowly dying out, and from the interior of the main van, a second and smaller one was drawn up a little farther away—came a scream of welcome from a tame magpie.

It was typical Romany encampment, and the dainty figure of Lady Arthur Grosvenor, in short skirt, brown jersey and yellow tie, make an effective way-side picture.

The morning sun had not yet shown itself, but the party had been up betimes, and nearly everything was in readiness for a start.

Lady Arthur Grosvenor, and a young lady friend who accompanies her, occupy the larger van, while Lord Arthur Grosvenor takes up his quarters in the smaller one.

"Who is Seyra Lee, Licensed Hawker?" she is quoted as saying. "I am at person. You see, that is part of the atmosphere. One can not do this sort of thing without doing it thoroughly. And so I just had a license taken out for me. And the baskets and pins hanging under the axes. And the beds inside and the horses and clothespins. They are all proper gypsy fashion. Very one. I had a good deal of trouble with them all, and as you may imagine. For when I inquired with real gypsies—at least they said they were real gypsies and they were kings and queens and dukes and all that according to themselves—one said this was proper art one said that. I saw saw that some of them must really be deceiving me, so I read up a great deal in George Borrow. And between Borrow and the gypsies who could be called—some of them have such fine, honest faces even if their reputations are awful—why I got together all these things and they are all authentic and true to the Romany Rye.

Travel Like Gypsies.
Of course, we do. We travel exactly like gypsies. That is as near like them as possible. When we started out we just let people take us for real gypsies. We don't look altogether unlike them, do we? So we are just Seyra Lee and her gypsy band. But we had so much trouble in finding a place for camp. We would drive along just like proper gypsies would, and when it came sun set we would pick out a nice, smooth field. My husband and I would drop the fence, and in we would drive, never thinking, of course that the owner would have any objections. But so often he would. He would come charging down the opposite hillside, shouting and waving clubs, and his dogs barking. I don't swear awfully. I really pity the real gypsy. They must be sworn at so. And then he would order us off. He would threaten us with arrest if we did not obey.

"And, of course, with the supper things unpacked one doesn't want to break up and go off just because a farmer has a wholly unaccountable prejudice. So the one way out of it was for us to let him into the secret, and then it was all right. He couldn't understand how we came to go a-gypsying, but we didn't mind about that. And it really was a great relief, both to my friend, my husband and myself, to get at first we dressed like real gypsies. We do so, as much as possible.

Sell Baskets and Clothespins.
"Yes, indeed, we do. We sell baskets and clothespins. That is part of the best fun of it. You get awfully close to the people when you do that. It's better than books. We were careful to find out the right prices to ask for everything, and we lose very little on things. It takes such a long time to sell anything if you hold out for a real price, and the people are so obstinate and yet so nice that we haven't the heart to hold out against them. You can not imagine how novel and pleasant and interesting it all is.

"The country is so beautiful, and in the twilight there is such a delicious loneliness that seems to arise from the sun and descend from the declining sun. Several other people have taken example from us and so. There is no other way of seeing the real beauty of the country and still live simply and pleasantly as you do. You see we do all our own cooking.

"My husband is an excellent cook and seems to really like it. It is not simply, of course, we live so simply. He has the smaller cave. I and a young woman friend have the larger one. We have no servants with us; it would spoil half the fun. But we do everything together. I go camping in the fields every night about sunset, get up and am jogging along the beautiful lanes by sunrise again. There really couldn't be anything more enjoyable than being a Romany queen.

Vancouver and Victoria.—General trade along the coast holds a good moving fairly well and provincial industries are generally active. There is some danger that shipping will be interfered with owing to the scarcity of coal. Labor is so badly needed in the mines that work is being retarded. The fruit raising industry promises to show remarkable growth this season.

Quebec.—Hot weather has materi-

Thursday, July 4, We
Will Inaugurate a Big
Mid-Summer
Green Ticket
SALE

Watch for Big Bargain Lists
Store Closed Today (Dominion Day).

CHAPMAN'S
126, 128, 128½ DUNDAS STREET

TRADE OUTLOOK
IS SATISFACTORY
Bradstreet's Weekly Review from
All Points of the
Dominion.

Montreal, June 30.—Trade reports to Bradstreet's say:—General trade conditions here continue satisfactory. Retail business is well under way and the volume of wholesale trade is showing further improvement in the matter of re-orders. The drygoods men report fall orders large. Values generally hold firm. The demands for cotton are heavy and the mills are working to full capacity. Woollens are showing a rather quieter tone. The business in knitted goods are very heavy and the mills are unable to fill all orders. Orders for fall deliveries of blankets, etc., are so heavy that manufacturers may not be able to ship all required. All lines of building hardware continue in heavy demand. The iron and steel market is very active with prices firm. Groceries are doing a good steady trade. Teas, sugars and canned goods are firm. Collections are generally fair to good. While receipts of cheese and exports are somewhat heavier than they were earlier in the season, they still fall behind those of last year. Butter exports are very light, the local demand absorbing nearly all offerings. Hides have an easier tone. Wool continues firm with offerings light.

Toronto trade reports say:—A good volume of business is moving in all lines here. The wholesale demands for summer lines is improving and fall business continues very heavy. All lines of drygoods are moving well and values are firm. The markets for next winter are oversold in many lines of knitted and heavy goods. In many lines shipments are heavy to all parts of the country. The demands from the West are heavy. Ontario collections are generally good. From the West they are still slow. Country trade throughout Ontario is showing a good tone. The general outlook for crops is very encouraging. A report on the fruit crop just issued promises a light crop of small berries and a medium to good crop of most other fruits. Fruitings will be heavy. From all the manufacturing centers of the Province comes a report that there is no let up to the general activity. Boot and shoe manufacturers are doing a heavy business for the fall and winter trade. A report of the manufacturing industry just issued at Ottawa shows an increase of 43 per cent in the country's industrial output during the past five years.

Winnipeg reports to Bradstreet's say:—Travelers returning from different parts of the country state that the outlook for future trade is exceedingly bright, notwithstanding the fears that have been expressed regarding the outcome of the harvest. Reports from all districts seem to confirm all previous statements to the effect that the total yield will be about an average crop. Wholesale lines are now moving well and the sorting trade is better than it has been at any time this year. Farmers are being tempted to hold their grain by high prices and deliveries are not heavy. Collections are still somewhat slow.

Vancouver and Victoria.—General trade along the coast holds a good moving fairly well and provincial industries are generally active. There is some danger that shipping will be interfered with owing to the scarcity of coal. Labor is so badly needed in the mines that work is being retarded. The fruit raising industry promises to show remarkable growth this season.

Quebec.—Hot weather has materi-

For the Noon-Day Lunch
Nothing So Satisfying as
TRISCUIT

It is whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked and compressed into a wafer, presenting greatest amount of nutriment in smallest bulk. Delicious as a toast with butter, cheese, marmalades and beverages.

Always ready to serve. Crisp, tasty and nourishing.
All Grocers—13c a carton; 2 for 25c.

This is called the practical age; at all events it is a time when people like to get value for their money. This is assured when you buy

COWAN'S
Perfection COCOA
(MAPLE LEAF LABEL).
It is absolutely pure, very nutritious and very healthful
The COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

SELLING OUT!
Compare These Prices With Any Jeweler in Existence:

Ladies' Chatelaine Silver Watch, Was \$4 00. Now	\$2 50
Boys' Nickel Watch (extra value). Was \$2 00	\$1 00
Ladies' Hunting Waltham Watch, in a 25-year case. Was \$15 00	\$8 50
8-Day Clock, half-hour strike, 22 inches high. Was \$5 00	\$2 25
Alarm Clock; good timekeeper. Was \$1 50. Now	65c
Plated Cuff Links and Scarf Pins. Were 50c. Now	25c
Nice Brilliant Brooches, plated. Were \$1 25. Now	60c
European and American Backcombs from	35c up
Masonic, Oddfellows, and all society pins at	Half Price
1847 Rogers Bros'. Goods greatly reduced in price.	

P. BIRTWISTLE, 116 Dundas Street

ally helped trade. The latter as a rule is reported satisfactory, both wholesale and retail, and collections show improvement. Crop conditions are generally favorable and fruit promises well. Oats, barley and rye are well above the ground and with good weather a favorable yield is expected. Local industries are well employed and no failures are reported.

Hamilton's trade reports to Bradstreet's say there is now a fairly good re-order trade in summer wholesale lines. Retail trade is showing a good tone here and in the surrounding country. Collections, too, are fair to good. The outlook for the fall trade continues bright. There is no change in the industrial situation, manufacturers in all lines having plenty of orders ahead.

London trade reports say there is a satisfactory tone to all lines of trade and retail, and collections show improvement. Crop conditions are generally favorable and fruit promises well. Oats, barley and rye are well above the ground and with good weather a favorable yield is expected. Local industries are well employed and no failures are reported.

GOOD PROSPECT FOR CORN CROP.

Everyone with corns will be pleased to know that Putnam's Corn Extractor is guaranteed to cure hard, soft or bleeding corns in 24 hours, painless and sure, is Putnam's.

THE CRICK IN THE BACK.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delighted is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equals it.