

**London Advertiser.**

FOUNDED IN 1863.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.  
TELEPHONE CALLS.

Business Office .....107

Editorial Department .....134

Job Department .....175

The London Advertiser Company,  
Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, Lon-  
don, Ont.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25.

**Broadening Ontario and Quebec.**

That Canadians, until recent years, have not been fully aroused to a recognition of the enormous extent of the national resources of their country is now generally acknowledged. We were contented until a decade or so ago to look upon the Dominion as little more than a fringe on the northern border of the United States, and to regard our timber land as hardly worthy of exploration. We had some hopes of the Northwest being capable of development in a wider sense, but not much expectation of ever making anything out of the northern regions of Ontario and Quebec.

The future of the central area of the Dominion took on a new aspect, however, when the Liberal Government of Ontario put up its great battle for the preservation of the northwestern portion of the Province to the people of Ontario, at the time the attention was made to portion it out to politicians by the then Conservative Government at Ottawa. Then the attention of the world was first directed to the varied timber and mineral resources of the great northwestern territory of Ontario. It was not, however, until the Ross Government sent out a commission to investigate the country in the Temiskaming region that the real value of our north land was proved beyond peradventure. Then it was shown that not only was there nearly as much good farm land as is comprised in the whole of the cultivated area of the Province—some sixteen million acres—but splendid forests and rich mineral deposits. It was in consequence of this report that the Ross Government undertook to build the Temiskaming railway, and it was through the construction of that railway that the rich mining field of Cobalt was discovered, and an impetus was given to exploration and settlement, which is likely to prove far-reaching.

It is well not to overlook these facts, and to give credit where credit is due, when considering the agencies that have contributed to the broadening of the Provincial vision and the effective adding to the revenue-providing resources of the Province.

The awakening has not come to Ontario alone, however. Mon. Mr. McCorkhill, the Quebec Provincial Treasurer, who has many friends in this neighborhood, has been telling the Montrealeers how his province has been broadened in recent years. Once on a time Quebec was referred as being composed of two cities and a few settlements on either shore of the St. Lawrence. Those who have read the early history of Canada remember that the great impenetrable wilderness of Rodgers' expedition was the Eastern Townships. Now, as the treasurer of Quebec pertinently inquires, where can there be found a more beautiful country, or a more prosperous people than are to be found there today? Then it was thought in Quebec, as in Ontario, that no good thing could come out of the country north of the Laurentian Mountains. Some of the richest wheat-growing and cattle-raising lands on the continent have, however, been found in the region around Lake St. John, and many thousands of prosperous settlers have found, and are still finding, homes there. These people, Mr. McCorkhill informs us, are among the most progressive in the province. At Roberval, the principal town, they tried to get the Bell Telephone Company to establish a telephone system, but failed, and so they built a system of their own which serves about two hundred miles of that part of the province. And as for resisters and movers Mr. McCorkhill believes that more of these labor-saving agencies are to be found than in the Eastern Townships.

While, therefore, our eyes may be on the West, as the greater arena of settlement, and we in Ontario and Quebec are not envious of the phenomenal progress that has been made in the newer provinces in the last ten years, we do well to remember our duty to our own provinces, and to recognize the marvelous possibilities that are being opened up for the development of hitherto neglected, rich, natural resources. As the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway is proceeded with, and the facilities for exploration and settlement are provided, the value of our great timber land will become more and more evident, and the opportunities for our sons and daughters finding comfortable homes in comparatively near-by parts will be multiplied.

**At His Old Tricks.**

When the news reached Ottawa that George Eulas Foster, M.P., had actually informed the Borden Club, of Toronto, while in an exhilarated mood at their Easter Monday dinner, that the Dominion cabinet ministers were not as great as they once were, and that

the Opposition have never been so united as they now are, there was, of course, consternation on one side, and a waxing happy and rejoicing on the other. George Eulas, however, must not be taken too literally. It is no new thing for him to imagine that the political leader on the side to which he is opposed, who is no longer in public life, was infinitely superior to the Liberal statesman of today. George Eulas really belongs to a school of politicians, who have been teaching all these years that the only good Liberal is a dead one, or a Liberal not now in public life. He and his associates never had a kind word to say of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, while he was leader of his party. In later years they were equally unjust in their criticism of the public record of such statesmen as Hon. David Mills, Sir Louis Davies and Sir William Mulock; but now that these men are out of public life, Mr. Foster bobs up to assert that they were eminent statesmen, and that the gentlemen who have succeeded them are picaresque. We make bold to say that if any one of the present ministers were to die or retire tomorrow, Mr. Foster would be amongst the first of his associates to belaud his statesmanship and many good qualities—that he might the more effectively belittle the merits of his successor in office.

These tactics have been so often resorted to by men of Mr. Foster's stamp that we wonder anyone takes any stock in them, and we only refer to Mr. Foster's diatribe now because it is associated with another statement of an extraordinary character—even when made by him. When Mr. Foster says that his party in Parliament is at present united as it has never been since 1896, he may be telling the truth, and yet there may be as much lack of unity as was displayed among the historic Kilkenny cats. There is evidence that this estimate of the unity prevailing in the Opposition ranks is absolutely correct. It is but the other day that one of the leading Conservative senators publicly disowned the leadership of Mr. R. L. Borden, and within the last few days the leading Conservative newspaper in Quebec has repudiated with equal warmth Messrs. Sproule, McLean and Hughes as leaders of their party. Yet all three gentlemen sit on the front benches of the House and claim that they more nearly represent the sentiment of their party than do their opponents within the Conservative ranks. We had the other day, too, when member after member behind R. L. Borden rose and denounced Mr. Maclean as a demagogue, while everyone knows that Mr. Monk and Mr. Bergeron are emphatic in washing their hands clean of association politically with such Ontario representatives as Dr. Sproule and Mr. McLean.

Mr. Foster's influence in his party is limited, or one would be tempted to suggest that he would find plenty of opportunity for missionary work among the heterogeneous collection of politicians that sit in his neighborhood. He might be much better employed in attending to the sweeping of his own doorstep than in endeavoring to belittle Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the statesmen associated with him in managing the country—and managing it admirably.

And now Mr. Whitney says the Cabinet has not even considered the matter of Niagara power!

The aftermath in San Francisco shows that a standing army has its uses, more blessed than war.

King Edward will visit Vesuvius, but will cheerfully forego any demonstration in his honor by that renowned protuberance.

France is quaking with the dread of a proletarian outbreak on May Day. It is a proof of the superior stability of the social order in Great Britain that no matter how acute and widespread may be human distress, there is never a fear that people will resort to violence.

The newspapers report that Prince Arthur was visibly nervous during the functions which marked his reception in Toronto. The young man was probably taken aback by a display of fuss and feathers more prodigious than he has been accustomed to at home. He will be at the mercy of Toronto social bounders for a whole week, and is to be pitied.

President Roosevelt's declaration that no assistance for the relief of San Francisco sufferers would be accepted from outside the United States, was inspired by national pride, but showed a lack of judgment and delicacy. It is not doubted that the American people will more than rise to the occasion, but the generous impulses of others who offered aid should have been respected. The catastrophe appealed to the common heart of humanity, and national boundaries should be lost sight of.

**No Damaged Canvas Wanted.**

[Family Journal.]

Artist (to landlord)—I can't pay my rent, but I can give you a lot of canvases as security.

Landlord—All right; I'll take them if you have not painted on them.

**Jordan Water for Sale.**

[London Tribune.]

A company has been started at Berlin, called the Jordan Water Market,

with the object of selling Jordan water for purposes of baptism. The prospectus, which is issued mainly to pastors and sextons, describes the labor and expense to which the company is put in order to dispatch caravans to and from the banks of the River Jordan. The price per bottle of water is 15 marks and every pastor who sells a bottle of it is entitled to four marks discount. General indignation is felt at the company of pastors and others who have started the business, and efforts are being made to stop the traffic.

**Very Sad.**

[Pittsburg Press.]  
These are the saddest words we meet, As through this life we jog:  
"He used to be on Easy street,  
But now he's on the hog."

**San Francisco.**

[From the Poems of Bret Harte.]  
Sore indifference to Fate he felt,  
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

"Upon thy heights so lately won,  
Still slant the banners of the sun;  
Thou seest the white seas strike their  
tents,  
O Warden of two continents!"

And scornful of the peace that flies,  
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,  
Thou drawest all things, small or great,  
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast  
In jungle growths of spite and mast,  
I know thy cunning and thy greed,  
Thy hard high lust and willful deed.

And all thy glory loves to tell  
Of specious gifts material,  
Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide  
Her skeptic sneer, and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood  
Of her Franciscan brotherhood,  
Hide me her faults, her sin and blame,  
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowed, sit and pray  
Full morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise  
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas  
Above her sunny argosy of years;

When forms familiar shall give place  
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her hopes and anxious fears  
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift  
The sensual joys and meager thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision, we  
Who watch and wait shall never see—

Who, in the morning of her race,  
Toiled fair or meanly in our place—

But, yielding to the common lot,  
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

**A Cure.**

[New York Sun.]

Mrs. Knicker—What do you do when your husband tells you of the big fish that got away?

Mrs. Bocker—I tell him of the paragon I might have married.

**Culture Through the Cook.**

[Kansas City Journal.]

"Speak every day to some one who you know is your superior," said Edward Everett Hale, in an easy duty. If your wife is not at home say something to the cook.

**The Umbrella Test.**

[Washington Star.]

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella."

**A Spring Story.**

[Buffalo News.]

Once more we hear the story "That was told so long ago." "The umpire was 'agin us," And we didn't have a show."

**Eccentric Woman or Boy?**

[Trib-Bits.]

"Your bookkeeper seems to be a bright young woman."

"Yes; but she has some very eccentric ideas."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. She enters our messenger boys' wages as 'running expenses.'"

**Electricity vs. Steam.**

[The Forum.]

For the present, electric traction will be used to radiate fanlike from the great centers within whose limits the steam locomotive will be forbidden to enter, although the traveling power house will continue yet for a time to serve for the long distances through traffic, picking up the trains where the electric locomotives drop them, at points from 50 to 50 miles beyond the terminals.

**The Maple Sap Forever.**

[The Khan.]

There is a medicine for spring,  
To praise it's my endeavor;  
It has no equal here on earth—  
It's Maple Sap forever!

The Maple Sap our physic dear,  
Take it now or never.  
'Twill clear your blood, though thick as mud—  
The Maple Sap forever!

A dose of sap will soon from thee  
The springtime fever sever,  
And that is why you're sure to praise  
The Maple Sap forever!

The Maple Sap, our physic dear,  
Take it now or never.  
'Twill clear your blood, though thick as mud—  
The Maple Sap forever!

**Under Fire Ninety-Two Times.**

[London Mail.]

Aged 90 years, and holding the proud record in the British army of having been under fire in battle 92 times, William Edwards, late of the Ninth Lancers, has just died at Butlocks Heath, near Southampton.

For 25 years Edwards served in the army, from January, 1842, until Oct. 2, 1866, and during that time he took part in various Indian campaigns, including that of the mutiny, retiring on a pension of 11d a day.

This meager income he has supplemented by working at various trades, having had to support an invalid wife, who is now left in poor circumstances.

**Always Willing to Forgive.**

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"Woman is a magnanimous creature."

"So?"

"Yes, sir. No matter how much in the wrong she may be she can always bring herself to forgive the man."

**The Modern Appetite for Pleasure.**

[From the New York American.]

At South Beach, Staten Island, is rising a cluster of towers and minarets, triumphal arches, spectacular buildings to house entertainments of all sorts and kinds, an amphitheater to seat 10,000 people and all the other flimsy, but nevertheless impressive structures that go to make up that sort of amusement resort which has come to be known, almost generically, as Coney Island.

For the summer entertainment of the people of this wonderful, great city of ours it seems impossible to make too lavish preparations. Already it is belted about by parks and wonderlands that but a few years ago would have been the marvel of the world, and which, through only commercial affairs, catchpenny affairs even, represent an enormous investment of capital and ingenuity, and a prodigious disbursement of fun.

The old-fashioned days of the clamor, the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel have vanished. Today we must have groups of buildings, not unimpressive to the eye even by day, but which when illuminated by the lavish and artistic use of incandescent lights form at night really thrilling spectacles. Towers must pierce the sky.

We must have every possible opportunity to enjoy the sensation that we are risking our lives in a mad rush down the chutes, or in a wildly whirling airship, comforted though we may be by the fact that we are perfectly safe. Novelty, variety, something doing all the time, and everything bizarre and thrilling, appear to be the demands of the New Yorkers seeking rest and recreation in the silly summer night.

Fort George, at the northern end of Manhattan Island, is being brought up to this modern standard. South Beach, at the far southern end of the greater city, is approaching completion. Coney Island will shine and scintillate and laugh and huzzah all summer as the millions pass through its gates. Glen Island, at what may be called the northeast corner of the city, which was long merely a pleasant pastoral having place, devoted to sentiment and beer, is presently to blossom out with electric towers, artificial lagoons and all the other paraphernalia of a New York seaside resort.

The amount of money and ingenuity expended on these enterprises is fabulous. The interest taken in them by our people and the strangers within our gates is incalculable. No city in the world of today or of history probably ever saw such glittering spectacles.

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**J. H. CHAPMAN & CO****The Season's Sale of Jardinieres**

Articles That Are Both Ornamental and Useful  
On Sale at Nine O'Clock Thursday Morning

THURSDAY  
For 25c

THURSDAY  
For 35c

THURSDAY  
For 50c

Pretty Jardinieres in assorted designs and colorings, in small, medium and large size. Shop early and get first choice.

**Dainty Wash Goods From New York**

Our display of Wash Goods for this week is most fascinating, designs, colorings and finishing of the very latest creations. See them whether you are in need of them or not. The display will give you an idea of what Dame Fashion has in store for you. We cordially invite you.

**Handsome Damask Vesting**

New and dainty patterns, beautiful wash goods. Yard 12½c, 15c and 20c

New Chiffon Organdy, in white and colors, beautiful silk finish. Very special price, yard.....16c

Rich Mull Batiste, soft and silky finish, 38 to 45 inches wide. Yard.....30c and 35c

**Ladies' Gloves at Tempting Prices**

Ladies' Lisle Gloves, in black, white, gray and modes, two dome fasteners, double tips. Special, at, pair.....50c

Ladies' Lisle Gloves, in black and white, 2 dome fasteners. Special price, pair.....75c

**Fownes' Guaranteed Kid Gloves at \$1.00 Per Pair**

Fownes' "Audrey Kid Gloves," in black, white, gray, tan and brown shades, guaranteed and fitted. Special price, per pair.....\$1.00

**Ladies' Raincoats at Greatly Reduced Prices**

\$12.50 Raincoats for \$8.50

25 only Ladies' Raincoats, in fawn, gray and castor shades, fitted and full backs, pleated and belted, full length. A serviceable garment for spring and summer. Special price.....\$8.50

**Special Sale of Sateen Petticoats for 68c**

6 dozen Black Sateen Petticoats, with three frills, all sizes, good full skirt, well made. Thursday selling at, each.....68c

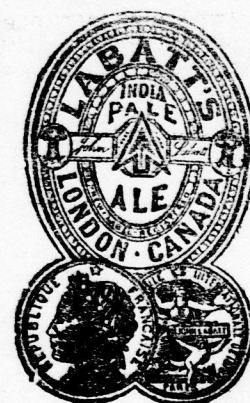
J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

You may try the world over, and nowhere will you find taste, flavor and purity so beautifully blended as in

**COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE**  
Croquettes, Wafers, Medallions, Lanches, Etc.

It has the rich, delicious flavor of pure Canadian cream, and the finest chocolate.

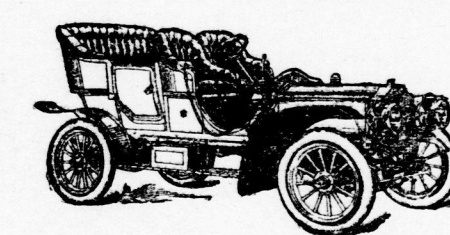
The Cowan Co., Limited, Toronto



**Labatt's**  
(LONDON)  
**INDIA PALE ALE**  
The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite.  
10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.

**Sheet Lead** Immediate Delivery.  
**THE CANADA METAL COMPANY**  
Get Our Prices.  
William Street, Toronto. Phone Main 1729

**Two Reasons Why the Russell**  
is Pre-eminently the Right Car.



You cannot expect success with a car designed for one kind of roads and conditions, when it is to be used under vastly different circumstances.

**"MADE IN CANADA." MARK THESE POINTS.**

1. TREAD—Standard wagon tread in Canada is 56 to 56½ inches—in other countries it varies from 49½ inches up. Ask what the tread of a car is before you buy. You do not always use a car in town, and one wheel in the rut and the other, well, anywhere, is not fun for either car or driver. Russell tread is 56½ inches.

Will track with a wagon on any roads in Canada.  
2. CLEARANCE—In countries where all roads are parkways the mechanism of a car may be suspended low—Not so in Canada. A car to be safe should have at least 9-inch road clearance.

The lowest point in front or rear axle of the RUSSELL IS NINE INCHES from the ground, and no fly wheel, gears or vital parts are lower than 11 inches. Think what that means for Canadian roads.

Model A—12 H. P., 2-Cylinder Touring Car .....\$1,300  
Model B—16-18 H. P. Touring Car .....\$1,500  
Model C—24 H. P., 4-Cylinder Touring Car .....\$2,500