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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, April 10.

## THE BY-ELECTIONS.

The local Union has become a tame, lame cat of late in the political alley. It purrs and snuffles contentedly over a very rancid bone. "Temiskaming," it purrs with an asthmatic accent, a famous defeat at least if not a victory. It is a sad-battered old Gilbert, much scratched and bitten in recent war and peace, snatching at morsels that it would have turned up its nose at any time before the late provincial cataclysm.

Banishing from particular attention the election in Montreal, where a Tory did not even look in, our contemporary emits one of its old racial strife howls to the effect that Liberalism's "parliamentary membership is comprised almost exclusively of representation of constituencies in which there is a non-English-speaking community." Mr. Angus McDonald, the Farmer-Labor victor of Temiskaming, must speak Gaelic or French, for the Union organ blames free trade on the Liberals, and the Farmers are going in for it strong. When Premier King brings in his tariff-reduction bill, he will find more help than hindrance from the Farmer representatives, and as for Labor, its opinion on the tariff was given by an overwhelming majority in the I. L. P. convention. It becomes apparent that it is quite absurd to say that the Liberal "trade policy cannot appeal to broad Canadian patriotism." Mr. King will be able to count on even surer assistance from the Farmer-Labor bloc for taxation reform and the curbing of profiteers.

The elections since last summer leave not the slightest doubt of the toothless debility of the Union Government. Liberals and Farmer-Laborites have taken nine of the eleven seats opened. Temiskaming comes as a crushing proof that the Ottawa Government is everywhere detested. But the old, fur-clawed cat prefers to die by slow attrition to a sudden death at the hands of all the constituencies at once. So it hides under the barn.

## MARGARET BOURGEOIS OF MONTREAL.

It is believed in Roman Catholic circles in Quebec that next month will possibly see the canonization of Canada's first saint in the venerable Margaret Bourgeois, founder of the Congregation of Notre Dame, which on the 17th of May is to celebrate the centenary of her birth. She has already given her name to 131 religious houses in Canada and the United States, of which 30 are in Montreal, the parent house of the order among them. The first steps towards canonization were taken half a century after her death, but what is known as the non-cult process began at Rome only in June, 1879, under Pope Leo XIII. Verification of the remains was made by Cardinal Vannutelli in September, 1910, while the first ceremony, the introduction process, took place under Pope Pius IX. All the evidence has now been presented and examined by the church authorities.

Margaret Bourgeois was born at Noyes, France, on April 17, 1620, and died in Montreal on January 12, 1700. During her long career in Canada she gave remarkable service to the life of the young colony. Parkman says of her: "In Margaret Bourgeois was realized that fair ideal of Christian womanhood, a flower of earth expanding in the rays of Heaven, which soothed with gentle influence the wildness of a barbarous age." The old convent at Montreal which continued her work during the whole of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, was torn down but a few years ago. Its chapel, Notre Dame de la Pitié, was one of the many quaint ecclesiastical edifices which a few years ago made Montreal rival Quebec, but all of which are gradually disappearing before the ruthless march of commerce. Notre Dame de la Pitié has gone, so has the historic old convent with its stone walls four feet thick and its beautiful courtyard garden hidden completely away from modern Montreal bustle. Today the Order of the Congregation occupies a new home in the west end of Montreal, but its work has spread over a continent.

## THE SPORT OF BOOK-COLLECTING.

The Napoleon of the book auction room has just passed away in the person of George D. Smith. Only a few weeks ago nearly every paper in the country told of his purchase for an American collector of a rare volume of Shakespeare—unique in being the only copy known—for which he had paid \$50,000 in an English auction room. Book buyers gasped when the Mazarin Bible in the Hoe library sale went for forty odd thousand a few years ago, and it was freely predicted then that never again would such a price be realized. But there are more book collectors today than there were when the Hoe library went under the hammer, and the collectors are ready to pay larger sums than ever before to secure the treasures of the printing presses.

It is an amazing business, this buying and selling of rare books. Both in England and America it has been developed to a remarkable degree, and sales running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars take place all through the season, both in London and New York. On a side street in New York, up a dozen stories, may be a group of people gathered in a comfortably furnished room, and there, catalogue in hand, bid down the rarities of the book world just as in a lower sphere men and women buy in stores, bureaux, dishes and kitchen utensils at the disposal of somebody's

household effects. Items are called from a printed catalogue, and the sales go forward with a speed that is bewildering to the novice. It is not even necessary to attend the sale, for bids come in by mail from every part of the country, and go into competition with the bids of the buyers actually present.

Tastes in book-buying change from year to year, but there are what are known as standards in the business. Elizabethan literature, Shakespeareana and the drama of that period, is always in demand. First editions of the poets bring ever higher prices, but perhaps no class of rare book shows greater advance in value from year to year than those known as Americana, the books and pamphlets dealing with early history and travel on this continent. Usually printed in limited editions to begin with, time has lessened the number of copies year by year, and anything that relates to America printed before 1900 will usually command a high price, while many items printed after that date are also in demand. It might be thought that rare books of this kind would reappear again and again in the auction rooms, but this is not the case. Each year sees a large number of these rare books absorbed into public and university libraries, from which they never depart. Once a book is bought by other than a private collector its end has come as far as the auction room is concerned.

There are many Canadian books, or, rather, books relating to Canada, that command high figures among collectors. Among the most desirable of this character are the famous Jesuit Relations, the little missionary reports that were sent home to France by the black-robed missionaries on the shore of Georgian Bay. These little volumes were designed to stimulate the interest of the generous-hearted in France, and also to stir young men to work in the mission field, and they present a remarkable picture of the life among the aboriginal tribes of this part of the country. No library in the world, aside, perhaps, from the central Jesuit Archives, has a complete set of these little reports. The Jesuit Archives at Montreal have a partial set, there are quite a number in the Library of Parliament, still more in Laval University Library, and the New York Public Library lacks but three or four. There are some issues that appear almost every year in the market, but of others there is no recorded sale for a generation past.

Book-collecting in such fields as rare Americana is possible only to those who combine a long purse with a real love for the pursuit of such treasures. In other fields, however, there are unnumbered collectors who extract the same pleasure out of picking up items that are more easily secured, and this city possesses some private collections in limited fields that have given satisfaction to their owners in the collecting, and that may give wider benefit if eventually made available for general use. Western University would be much poorer today if J. Davis Barnett had not used his taste for good books to gather together his library, in many respects unique, and which in days to come will be a finer memorial than anything in stone or brass that could be raised.

## BOXING IN THE SCHOOLS.

One of the speakers at the annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association urged that boxing be made part of the school training. To many it is considered strange that this form of recreation and athletics was not long ago adopted by the physical development side of the public schools. When properly supervised it develops in the boy self-control, courage and manliness. It instills into him a self-confidence that is of immense value to him later on when he steps out into the world. Boxing has suffered from being associated with prize ring brutalities and dishonesty, but if kept clear of this sort of thing there is no reason why it should not be an excellent aid in achieving clean, wholesome self-reliant Canadian manhood.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is said that doctors do not give the huge doses of former days. But they prescribe by the quart.

## BOOK-LOVERS.

(H. Addington Bruce.)  
Book-lovers have some notable advantages over other people.

They need never know lonely hours so long as they have books around them. And the better the books the more delightful the company.

From good books, indeed, they draw much more than entertainment. They gain mental food such as few companions can supply.

Even while resting from their labors they are, through the books they love, equipping themselves to perform these labors more efficiently.

This abate they may not be deliberately reading to improve their minds. All unconsciously the ideas they draw from the printed page are stored up to be worked over by imagination for their future profit.

Book-lovers, too, if the books they love are really good, benefit signally by the increased knowledge they obtain of the correct meaning and the proper use of words, which is a distinct cultural and social advantage to them. It is also a business advantage of no small value.

There are thousands of people whose progress in the business world is retarded by their inability to speak and to write correctly. Many cannot spell even simple words correctly, though they have been to school.

With reason employers hesitate to promote such people to positions that involve much oral or written communication with others. When the inability to speak well or to write well is conspicuous, promotion to positions requiring social contacts is virtually out of the question.

"I like Joe," the employer may reflect. "He is honest, faithful, a loyal, hard worker. But he murders language so atrociously that he would be a laughing stock to our customers if I sent him out on the road. I guess he'll have to stick where he is."

The reading of books—of good books—is one of the surest ways to guard against being afflicted with such a business handicap as this. Show me a man with a limited vocabulary, weak in grammar, absurdly deficient in spelling, and I will show you one who is almost certainly not a lover of books.

Finally, book-lovers are far more likely than other people to have keenness and breadth of vision. Unless the reading is all in one direction they can hardly suffer from near-sightedness and narrowness of mind, which is another business as well as social advantage to them.

It helps to make them sympathetic and tactful. It saves them from many a mistake due to bigotry and intolerance. It prevents them from needlessly making enemies and assists them to win friends.

In a word, the love of books promotes spiritual as well as intellectual growth.

Hence it may fairly be described as a virtue which all should do their best to cultivate. Hence, again, the old philosopher's advice is as sound to-day as when it first was uttered:

"Have thy study full of books rather than thy purse full of money."

And hence also there is a world of wisdom in Isaac Barrow's saying:

"He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter."

## From Here and There

### THE RIVER OF GOD.

[The Khan.]  
The River of God is full of water.  
And its depths are never dim.  
With sweet and life-giving water  
'Tis full to the very brim:  
It springs from the heavenly highlands  
To freshen the grass and flowers  
On a thousand thousand islands  
In a thousand thousand seas.

The River of God is full of water.  
It flows thro' all space serene,  
It splashes against Arcturus,  
And keeps Orion clean:  
Thro' the great Square of Pegaseus  
Its sparkling torrents flow,  
And it floods the sunless places  
Where the long-lost comets go.

The River of God is full of water,  
And in it the stars do dip,  
And the mightiest sun, Canopus,  
Doth float on its tide like a chip:  
Its depth, its width, its splendour,  
Its currents do leap and toss,  
But, oh, I've seen little children  
Safely wading across!

Oh, the River of God is full of water,  
Of water there is no dearth,  
There's water far above Vega,  
There's water under the earth.  
Hail the tradition that the level  
We'll flood it, the time is near,  
God's people are digging the sluices,  
And Christ is the Engineer.

The Wigwam, Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ont.

### CANADA AT WASHINGTON.

[Manchester Guardian.]  
The latest development in Canada's constitutional progress is an ironical comment on the complaint of the South African Union that the British Empire is now to have a representative of her own at the rank of a crown colony. It is stated that Canada is now to have a representative of her own at the rank of a crown colony. It is stated that Canada is now to have a representative of her own at the rank of a crown colony. It is stated that Canada is now to have a representative of her own at the rank of a crown colony.

### CORRECT FORM NECESSARY.

[London Sphere.]  
A recently discharged soldier, who had unpleasant memories of his military experience, took the first opportunity after resuming his civilian life to write to his former colonel:  
"Sir—After what I have suffered for the last two years, it gives me much pleasure to tell you and the world that I am now a 'place' to which only the wicked are consigned."

### CRITICISM EASY.

[Calgary Herald.]  
Ex-Premier Asquith has declared himself against the government's home rule bill for Ireland. But when it comes to putting a veto on the bill, the premier has nothing feasible to offer. In this he is like the Irish themselves.

### GREAT INVENTION.

[Vancouver Province.]  
As the spring housecleaning season approaches housewives may be interested in the device of an Indian inventor that can be used as a child's cot, sled, hat-rack, carpet beater or carpet stretcher.

### WHERE A CHANGE IS NEEDED.

[Kingston Whig.]  
While the wages of machinists, painters, plumbers and carpenters have increased from 50 to 80 per cent, statistics show that the salaries of Methodist ministers have increased only 7 per cent. Should the church people not feel ashamed of such a record? The clergyman is worthy of his hire.

### AN INTERRUPTED LIBRARY.

[London Daily Telegraph.]  
When the Kaiser decided on war he halted plans for the building of the greatest library in the world, a structure with mechanical devices for the handling of 10,000,000 volumes. A library of this size would take first rank in the universe, since the British Museum Library contains only 4,000,000 volumes, the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue 1,500,000, the University of Chicago Library only 300,000. German Kultur on the peaceful side of spreading knowledge had progressed so far as to send an engineer around the world to study the great libraries and report on their facilities for the handling of their books. The German Government had received the report, and when the war burst forth was engaged in a study of the mechanical device to handle the transportation of 10,000,000 volumes between the storehouses, the reading-rooms and the central offices.

### JUSTICE FOR THE OPPRESSED!

[Vancouver World.]  
Demanding their "freedom and independence," the people of the Philippine Islands appeal to that numerous and assertive body in the United States known as the "Friends of Irish Freedom."  
The "down-trodden" Filipino says that they are denied their rights, that they seek "self-determination," and that because within nine months the United States Congress has twice gone on record in favor of an Irish republic, the Filipino people ask that Congress grant them what it seeks for the Irish.

It would seem a reasonable plea. There are only two and a half million people in Ireland languishing under the "oppression" of one-half of the Anglo-Saxon people; in the Philippines there are ten and a half millions "languishing" under the "oppression" of the other half. If justice is a matter of figures, the Philippines have the better of the argument.

It is hardly to be expected that Great Britain, following Washington precedent, will take up the "cause of the oppressed" Filipinos. Great Britain will content herself with offering self-government to Ireland, while the Philippines, as they so pathetically put it, "continue knocking at the door of the American Congress asking for their promised liberty."

### SHOULD GET CREDIT.

[Hamilton Times.]  
The Times is not an opponent of the U. F. O. Labor Government, nor is it opposed to the Independent Labor Party. It sees good in both, and looks upon them as agencies calculated to better conditions among the people. They stand for much that the Liberals stand for, and have been fighting for for many years back. We welcome them in the struggle on behalf of the common people. The Hon. Walter Rollo is a comparative newcomer among us, but he should be fairly well versed in the political life and history of this country. As a student of political economy he would not be ignorant of the work accomplished by the Liberal party of Great Britain. He must know of the struggles of that party in the interest of the workers. He must know all about the reform bill agitation and the free trade struggle. He must know who widened the franchise and who gave the people the ballot. He must know who legalized trade unions, and so on.

Well, the same kind of a struggle went on in Canada. The Canadian Liberals have had an uphill fight for the liberties of the common people. The statute books of both this province and the Dominion are full of laws passed by the Liberal party or at its instigation, making it easier for them to live and giving them privileges and liberties that were denied them. When Mr. Rollo arraigns the political parties for their remissness or worse in caring for the workman, can he not give those who deserve it some credit for what they did?

Canada did not reach its present political status in a day or without a struggle. The whole political history of Canada is that of one continual fight for the masses against the classes. Canada did not always have responsible government. It had to be fought for and won. There was such a thing as clerical reserves. They no longer exist. The ballot had to be fought for. We make our own tariffs, and we make our own laws. Perhaps all these reforms just grew, like Topsy.

## WHITE MAN

[By George Agnew Chamberlain.]

"Can you believe me," he continued, "when I tell you that no one was more surprised than the Superman himself when he assumed flesh after his long preparation and awoke to find himself a Vandal—a Frankenstein. The theory was perfect—all that was lacking were the things of the spirit, the breath of life without which any animated creature becomes automatically a monster."

"And yet the collective spirit of man advances only by plunder. You can see it in my own country, yesterday, in Africa today and it will come in the Americas tomorrow. The greatest robbery ever said by Salisbury, a rock among men, was that ruins are not evidence of occupation and that packed epigrams bring us face to face with danger at the foot of the road of freedom."

He glanced at her as though to make sure she were following his thought. "Justifiable plunder," he defined, "is robbery through the giving of self. Oh, that rock I will take my stand and build my house of life. I'll kill game to feed men, scar the earth with highways, rob forests to build ships and gladly see nations fall before a race that shall carry out a sheathed sword but a lighted torch."

"Oh, White Man," said Andrea, her brow puckered with internal effort, "please apply it to individuals."

He started to nail her once again, but he was stopped by the highroad of surrender in the company of ravage and love. I'll give and still give and with each word will grow the heaped mountain of my demands. You see it, don't you? That's justifiable plundering. Now I'll look at the rate of the sun."

"Better the sunset," murmured Andrea, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dimmed with new insights, "than the dawn of a new day."

"What are you saying?" asked Andrea quickly. "What are you doing?" "Trying to get up the meat we've been looking at."

"Oh," exclaimed Andrea non-committally, but she measured him with scornful eyes.

While the supply of the vast larder and the supervision of the other camp formed the major part of M'sungu's untiring industry they were by no means the totality of his affairs. Watching him, Andrea soon learned why he never lunched. He hadn't the time; too many things pressed to his attention. He was a governor on no mean scale and during the midday rest hour he would pass from group to group, settling all those disputes which could be determined without recourse to legal argument. In this manner he sifted to a minimum the cases to come before the solemn conclave of chiefs.

On the first occasion that Andrea witnessed this tribal ceremony which occurred monthly at a certain stage of the moon, she began by feeling huffed. Lacking an audience for her mood, soon gave it up for one of scornful amusement which, in turn, surrendered to an interest that amounted to awe. The day in question began with the curt information from M'sungu, who appeared carefully groomed and for the first time in her experience, dressed in punctilious mufti, that she would have to attend every one of twelve hours without his aid. Mystified, she awaited developments, and they came rapidly.

Under the great acacia was placed a table and behind it a camp armchair. To the right and left of the armchair stood in a crescent fourteen other seats of varying dignity—chairs, petroleum cases, kerosene tins and an inverted bucket—for even native kings, he he monarch of but one village, has the right to sit in the presence of an authority, whatever its grade. The white man took the armchair and immediately, to the rumble of a dozen tom-toms, a horde of natives in white, swarmed in to the beaten court of the chief. Before Andrea awoke to the fact that she was at a premium every one was occupied, and she found herself standing around aimlessly waiting for M'sungu to send for a chair.

In the meantime, all those natives who lacked the royal hall-mark were squatting on the heels in a vast mass of seated and concentric circles, of which the innermost left an open space where the natives were determined by the



exact circumference of the wide-spreading branches of the tree. Andrea coughed softly but M'sungu did not look up—in fact, nobody looked up. It was exactly as though she were not. She slipped to the trunk of the tree and leaned on one hand placed against it. Somehow it seemed an odd friend in an empty world.

The preliminary palaver was a matter of much leisurely ceremony, guttural pronouncements, grunts, pauses, more monologues, repeated grunts; but once it was over, M'sungu settled back with a sigh and started dispensing justice with a breathless manner that reminded one of the ruler in which he dispatched game.

It seemed to Andrea that he never waited to hear more than the statement of the offence when he would immediately pronounce sentence. "Twenty lashes. Next! Thirty lashes. Next! Twelve lashes. Next!" at the rate of about a case for every two minutes.

Nine times out of ten the victim would stare sheepishly and withdraw; in the tenth case there would come a look of sullen wonder into the culprit's face, whereupon the white man would know that the pre-

## AUNT EPPIE HOGG

By FONTAINE FOX (Copyright.)



Aunt Eppie is the fattest woman in three counties.

## FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots—How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a relief concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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