

London Advertiser.

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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1.
FROM ONTARIO TO EUROPE BY
HUDSON BAY.

Hon. Walter Scott declares that the Canadian West will never be satisfied till it has railway and steamship transportation by way of Hudson Bay. Premier Scott already has the sympathy of the Dominion Prime Minister in his aspiration to make whatever use is possible of the great Canadian sea as an additional link in the line of communication with the outside world. This route to Great Britain is the shortest from Central and Western Canada by days. Navigation, as it is now established, is open for at least four months a year, and there can be no doubt that as settlement progresses, there will be further modification of the climate of the contiguous territory. Then the resources of the engineer and shipbuilder are not exhausted, and when the need arises we shall have improved ships that will be able to combat successfully such floating ice as now is regarded as more or less of a damper to ordinary steamers.

After the Canadian Northern and the National Transcontinental ocean-to-ocean lines are added to the C. P. R., and we have three transcontinental railways, there will be a very early day when there will be plenty of traffic for a line to Hudson Bay, and thence by ocean steamers to Great Britain. Such a line will have many advantages in point of directness, and whether it is built by Messrs. MacKenzie & Mann or by some other enterprising firm, it is certain to come, and be of immense benefit to the Northwest, for no other reason than as a regulator of ocean freights to and from the center of North America, and in that term is embraced many Western States that will be favorably affected by the successful establishment of the Hudson Bay railway and steamship route to the old land.

Ontario, too, is much interested in the Hudson Bay route, and partly with the object of reaching salt water by way of James Bay, and partly with the view of opening up the undoubtedly rich natural resources of the Province that lie between the Height of Land and James Bay, we have already provided a railway that is now half-way on the journey to an "ocean" port in the north. What this may mean to Ontario is almost inclined to prophecy, but the outlook is such that we cannot long delay in completing rail communication to deep water, and thereby securing for Ontario all the advantages that Western Canada expects from a similar development.

It will be necessary, however, for those in authority in this Province to see to it that the water terminus on James Bay is of sufficient depth at all times to enable ocean shipping to reach it. There is no trouble in finding water deep enough for the largest ocean craft in the harbors on Hudson Bay that are available for Western Canada, but within the last 50 years there has been a filling up of the foreshores of James Bay, and a drying up, also, that has made the waters very shallow at points where ocean vessels were wont to find plenty of water to anchor in safety. Only last year, an agent of the Indian department, while on a mission to James Bay, went out for miles in a rowboat, and found the water so shallow that it was difficult, at times, to keep the boat moving, and he saw a large sailing vessel that had been stuck in the mud for months while trying to make a channel that in past years was open to vessels of large tonnage.

It will be necessary, therefore, before the "ocean port" of Ontario on James Bay is chosen to have a thorough investigation into the depth of water at the various harbors. There are not, we believe, a great many of them available, but whether in the vicinity of the Albany, the Abitibi, or the numerous other streams that empty into the bay it will be necessary to provide ample depth for the biggest ocean craft, for the future steamboat, to be commercially profitable, must continue to be of great carrying capacity.

MR. STRINGER'S LATEST NOVEL.

Mr. Arthur Stringer has achieved an unusual thing. The sweet-tuned poet has become also the sensational novelist. Hitherto we have thought of him as "the dreamer dreaming greatly in the man-stifling town," the Canadian sounding soft minstrelsy near the roof of Wall street. But now comes from his pen "The Wire-Tappers," the name betraying its up-to-dateness and melodramatic character. And this time the American press give unanimous approval. This time his ability to write an exciting story is put down as an established fact.

In "The Wire-Tappers" we find the

old "stylism," the poet's alertness to the shadings of sound and sight, the artist's fondling of words, and phrases; but the main thing is the engrossing and original story. It is melodrama, maybe, but it sets the pulses going all alive. There is a desperately bad villain, one MacNutt, the evil genius of the "hero," James Durkin; MacNutt is a brute-force man, something like what Jack London would put out in front as the hero, but Mr. Stringer leaves him in his conventional niche as the "villain." Of course, there is also a lovely woman, dragged first by harsh need and later by her love for Durkin, into the crime of "wire-tapping." In the telephoning episode near the end, MacNutt tries to kill the heroine, the classic tradition of melodrama being here loyally followed; but it would not be just to our London poet and novelist to say how it all ends. Suffice to say that the ending is surprisingly sudden, and, as things go nowadays, morally satisfactory. The author has worked out three or four very marked characters, that of the heroine being one of considerable interest and charm. And, by the way, Mr. Stringer's story has a Canadian locale. Some of the thrilling and pivotal scenes are laid a few miles west of this city.

We in London have great reason to be proud of Arthur Stringer's steady growth and standing among the very foremost of American writers. He has fought his way to the recognition of both general public and critics, with hard Canadian industry and undaunted ambition. Here is the concluding paragraph of the Literary Digest's review of "The Wire-Tappers":

"The possibilities of this plot and its dangers are obvious. If Mr. Stringer has not made all of it that he might, he certainly has escaped the pitfalls into which one less alert and skillful would fall. He has not made it ultra-psychological, although from the first page to the last his efforts are directed to the delineation of Durkin and the girl who made a man of Durkin, and in doing so saved herself. Nor has he allowed his situations, which follow upon one another's heels in rapid succession, to sink to melodrama. The book is at once action and life, virile and alluring. It grips, and remains a pleasant memory; is, in the words of the New York Globe, really a fine specimen of the fiction of excitement done by a skilled hand."

The Imperial Government's South African policy will put the Boers on their good behavior.

Kipling will be so furious that his next South African poem will have to be written on asbestos.

The Ontario Government's treatment of Liberals in the civil service is in contrast with the spirit of forgiveness at Ottawa, where some of the plums have gone to lifelong Conservatives.

The mutiny at Helsingfors is an ill-timed one for Finland. That hapless country may again forfeit its ancient liberties, which it so recently regained after a period of brutal repression.

The Hamilton Herald, which makes a specialty of correcting misquotations in its contemporaries, speaks of the weary Titan bearing "the too vast orb of her fate." When did the Titan do petticoats?

SITUATION CHANGED.

[Guelph Herald.]
A few years ago the farmer labor problem was to get the hired man up at 5 o'clock. Now it is to get the hired man.

HARDER THAN THE BULL'S EYE.

[Philadelphia Press.]
"I swear to you," cried Cholly; "unless you marry me I shall put a bullet through my brain!"
"Indeed!" exclaimed the heartless girl. "What an expert marksman you must be."

A NECESSARY NUISANCE.

[Boston Traveler.]
Dr. Graham Bell announces that the telephone was born in Canada, which will not help Canada any in the estimation of the busy man who finds that the increase in the use of the telephone has made it an intolerable nuisance which he cannot get along with or without. The telephone as a servant is the most useful of inventions. The jangling bell at one's elbow compelling conversation with the bore or the promoter who could not get an audience via the office door, is fast making the phone a master, not a servant, and a time-consuming monster to be dreaded.

CONCISE DESCRIPTION.

[New York Sun.]
Stella—What was her bathing suit like?
Bella—It was heard but not seen.

UP TO DATE.

[Tales.]
Parvenu (to his guests as servants brings in a basket of wood for the open fire)—I want you to understand, gentlemen, that that wood is hand-saved.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

[Lippincott's.]
Charley Litewate—Are you fond of puppies, Miss Tanden?
Miss Tanden—This is so sudden!

FIRST AID.

[London Evening Standard.]
A ludicrous incident occurred in a London church last Sunday. A young lady accidentally let her handkerchief fall. By repeatedly stooping to reach it, she attracted the attention of the gentleman in the pew behind, with thought she was about to faint. With the best of motives he took her gently under the arms and raised her up, greatly to her surprise. As she tried to release herself another gentleman went to her assistance, and before the lady

know what was the matter they were moving her out into the aisle and into the vestibule. The finale can be better imagined than described.

MELLIFLOUS HARMONY.

[Livingston, N. Y., Enterprise.]
The concert given by the Gateway City Band at its handsome new pavilion on Second street Tuesday evening was worthy of the attentive and critical hearing it received. The mellifluous harmony of the music was felt and appreciated by every auditor. The beautiful melody of some of the softer strains brought memories of the shyness of a beautiful maiden known and missed. The triumphant crash of the crescendos created energy and fostered high hopes. The tender croon of the saxophones painted pictures of firesides and happy children asleep in loving arms.

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID.

[New York Sun.]
In her face or in her figure
Trace of beauty none could find,
But I told her that I loved her
For her qualities of mind.

I declared that beauty faded
Leaving naught to take its place,
While the heart both true and loving
Lasted out the pretty face.

Then I pitted foolish fellows,
Took occasion to deride
Those with eyes for but the casket,
Not the gem that lay inside.

Net result of my proposal:
In the paper of our town,
I beheld the glaring headlines:
"Petty Girl Turns Smithers Down."
—McLanburgh Wilson.

NOT HIS FAULT, THOUGH.

[Exchange.]

"It is a very fine thing to be brave and generous and noble," said Perry, the writer editor and Harvard teacher, "but sometimes we are generous and noble against our will. Then, of course, we deserve no credit."
"Of this type was a young married man whose father-in-law, a reputed millionaire, burst in on him one day and groaned:
"All is lost! I am utterly ruined!"
"Ahem," said the son-in-law. Then I married for love, after all."

"LIKE KIPLING AND THE DICKENS."

[The Bangkok Times.]

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:
"The news of English we tell the latest. Write in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder, get commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been colleged, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday, Number first."

IN THE GREAT PASTURES.

[Meredith Nicholson.]

Cattle also shall go with us.
(Exodus x., 26.)

When the grave twilight moves toward the west,
And the horizons of the plain are blurred,
I watch, on gradual slope and foot-hill crest,
The dark line of the herd.

And something primal through my being thrills,
For that line met the night when life began!
And cattle gathered from a thousand hills
Have kept the trail with man.

Till their calm eyes his greater illads hold;
The wonder-look, the dumb reproof and pain,
Have followed him since Abram's herds of old
Darkened the Asian plain.

A CONTINUOUS FEAST.

[St. James' Gazette.]

They were from the country, on their first visit to London, and a notice in their hotel puzzled them considerably. It ran: "Breakfasts 8 to 11, luncheons 12 to 2, teas 2 to 5, dinners 6 to 8, suppers 8 to 11." "Say, Gargie," said one to the other, "cordin' to this yere there be'n't so very much to me for ought-see'n'."

WHERE ARE THE SPARROWS.

[Toronto World.]

Are the sparrows dying off or committing race suicide?
Caretakers of ivy-clad churches and other buildings where the ubiquitous chirper builds his home, say there is a noticeable falling off in the number of English sparrows. If this is true in Toronto, it probably is elsewhere, and it would be interesting to know the cause of the decline of this prolific and hardy bird, if decline it is.

DO GOOD IN THE END.

[Toronto Star.]

Russell Sage has left all his money to his widow, who, having no children, will probably bequeath it to charity. Pope's lines on the Duchess of Marlborough's will seem to fit the case:

To heirs unknown descends the un-
guarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

RELIGION NO EXCUSE.

[Harper's Weekly.]

A certain theatrical manager of Chicago tells of an Irish policeman in that city possessing Dogberrylike traits. On one occasion, at midnight, the custodian of the law overhauled a sleep walker, who was promenading a principal thoroughfare clad only in his nightgown. When the officer had awakened the unfortunate man, placed him under arrest and was hustling him off to the station the sleep walker exclaimed with indignation:
"Surely you are not going to lock me up?"
"Surest-thing you know!" airily responded the bluecoat.

"Why, man, I can't be held responsible for the predicament you find me in! I am a somnambulist!"
"Sure, it makes no difference what church ye belong to," sharply returned the officer, "ye can't parade the streets of Chicago in your nightgown!"

GOURDAIN WOULD FIGHT A DUEL.

Man Who Attempted to Break Into Jail Almost Succeeds.

Chicago, July 31.—"At last vill-yan! I challenge you to fight a 'jewel.' Your t-t-t-me has come!"

Louis A. Gourdain, convicted lottery shark—the man who has won fame by "trying" to break into the Joliet penitentiary, hissed these words into the ears of his former partner, John H. Dalton, whom he had enticed into a room in the Grand Pacific Hotel Saturday afternoon.

He slammed down on a small table two magazine pistols, folded his arms like a tragedian, and exclaimed dramatically:
"Choose your weapon! One, perhaps both, of us never will leave this room alive!"

Dalton, who was convicted with Gourdain for running a lottery game, managed to escape. Later he appeared before the district attorney and asked for Gourdain's arrest. It was almost a chance for Gourdain to attain his wish and get back behind the bars, but he is still at large.

It appears that Gourdain, when he went to Joliet to break into the penitentiary, left his automobile with Dalton, having no further use for the material things of life. He changed his mind and after returning to his luxurious quarters at the Auditorium Annex took his auto car back without consulting Dalton.

Dalton, who is Gourdain's bondsman, was displeased with this. He talked bravely about what he would do to Gourdain when he saw him. He said he would surrender him to the authorities. They met in the lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel and Gourdain, in honeyed voice, invited Dalton to come up to his room. He has apartments at both hotels.

On reaching a large room on the fourth floor Gourdain produced his magazine pistols. Dalton says he saw him put three steel-jacketed bullets into one of the pistols. This Gourdain handed to Dalton. He put one bullet in the other and retained it.

"Now you shoot awhile," Gourdain said according to the story, "then I'll begin."

Dalton ran to the door. It was locked. He looked out of the window. No fire escape.

"Coward!" said Gourdain. "Here, take both guns if you are afraid. Shoot awhile. Then I'll take my turn. I want to be perfectly fair."

Dalton grabbed the weapons and made his escape—how, is not disclosed. He came running into the federal building a few minutes later, shaking like a leaf. He hastened into the office of Marshall Hoy. He shouted to Deputies Middleton and Joseph Buckner that he wanted to surrender Gourdain. He produced the two revolvers and told his story.

"Don't send a deputy marshal," advised Dalton. "Gourdain would shoot him on sight."

"I'll go and get him," said Thomas Middleton, the oldest deputy marshal in the office.

"No, never mind," shouted Dalton, brandishing the pistols and rushing out. "I'll bring him back, dead or alive."

ACTRESS IN POLITICS

Ethel Barrymore to Take Part in New Hampshire Campaign.

Cornish, N. H., Aug. 1. — Col. Winston Churchill, novelist and candidate for governor of New Hampshire, was happy today, when, as recruits to his board of strategy, there came to his headquarters Alchard Harding Davis and Melville E. Stone, jun., aid in the preparation of campaign literature.

Incidentally Mrs. Davis and Ethel Barrymore are to help, as "accessories," as Mr. Davis puts it.

The slogan, "The pen is mightier than the corporations," was sent from this quiet hamlet a month ago, when Winston Churchill decided that Governor Winston Churchill would suit him for a cognomen.

It is no longer Citizen Churchill, or Mr. Churchill, or even Author Churchill, by which the titlers of the soil greet their compatriot, but with their euphonious salutation, Col. Winston Churchill.

A GOOD WORD FOR THAW

Slayer of White Once Performed Kind Act for Indian.

Sioux City, Iowa, Aug. 1. — Harry Thaw has found a staunch friend and defender in Joseph Tynall, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, named, a special government agent at Yuma, Ariz., and who, when a student in the University of Wooster, was a classmate of White's slayer. Mr. Tynall was here today and showed much interest in Thaw.

"I was the only Indian in Wooster," said he, "and was given a place on the football team. Thaw appeared to take a great interest in me, and in an inoffensive way indicated if I needed any backing he would be glad to supply it. In fact, he went in for athletics and the whole association could depend on him."

He saved me from humiliation at Columbus, Ohio, once, for which I have always been grateful. We were playing the University of Ohio team, and in a heavy rush I laid out one of their best men. The crowd became furious, lost their heads and would have attacked me if Thaw had not rushed in front of me and appealed to the better sense, got them to go back and leave me alone.

"I never saw Thaw drink, and I do not believe the story about his going to Europe to get cigarettes. I wish I were only in a position to help him out. He had a quick temper, but I believe he must have had some very great provocation to have killed White."

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Great Remnant Sale Tomorrow
Our Semi-Annual Sale of Remnants Concerns a Disposal of Lengths Varying From One to Ten, Twelve and Fifteen Yards.

This great accumulation of remnants is the natural result of the six months' business—hence the splendid values and variety to choose from. Hence also the purposely extreme low prices to effect the disposal of the entire lot in a single day, some will be sold at one-third off. Some at half price and many of the shorter lengths at less than half price. It will be a quick sale. Try and be on hand shortly after store opening. Thursday morning, remember.

Remnants of Black and Colored Silks, 1 to 15 yard lengths.	Remnants of Table Linen, 1½ to 5½ yard lengths.
Remnants of Black Dress Goods, 1½ to 7 yard lengths.	Remnants of Toweling, 2½ to 10 yard lengths.
Remnants of Colored Dress Goods, 1½ to 10 yard lengths.	Remnants of Sheet, 2½ to 9 yard lengths.
Remnants of Linings and Sateens, 1½ to 6 yard lengths.	Remnants of Pillow Cotton, 2 to 7½ yard lengths.
Remnants of Prints, Percales, Flannel-ettes, Wrapperettes, Ginghams, Muslins, Lawns, Dimities, Chambrays and Zephyrs. Some splendid picking in this lot. Lengths run from 2½ to 15 yards.	Remnants of Tapestry Carpet, lengths 16 to 38 yards. Regular 65c yard, sale price..... 43c
	Remnants of Brussels Carpet, lengths 9 to 25 yards. Regular \$1.15 and \$1.25, sale price..... 75c
	Remnants of Wool Carpet, 3 to 12 yard ends. Regular 75c yard, sale price..... 37½c
	Nairn's Inlaid Linoleums, remnants measuring 3½ to 22 square yards. Regular 80c to \$1.10 yd., sale price..... 69c
	Remnants of Japanese Matting with cotton warp, lengths of 10 to 25 yds. Regular 35c and 40 yard, sale price... 19c

ODDMENTS

Odd Skirts, Odd Waists, short lots of Hose, one or two of a kind in Ladies' Underwaists, odd pairs of Curtains, etc., will be included in Thursday's Remnant Sale.

Your Fifty-Cent Pieces Will Do the Work of Dollar Bills If You Attend This Sale Thursday.

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

CHICAGO'S MURDER RECORD

Leads Cities of U. S., But Is Behind St. Petersburg and Rome.

Chicago, July 31.—Chicago has more prisoners awaiting trial for murder than any other large city in the world with the exception of St. Petersburg and Rome.

Chicago leads New York and Paris by a large margin, while London, with her unparalleled population, has no prisoners whatever awaiting trial for murder against Chicago's 35.

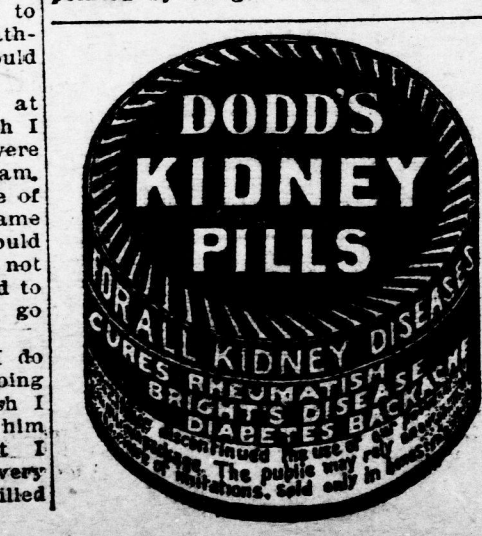
These facts came to light yesterday through statistics furnished by Jailer Whitman, of the county jail in an article in last Sunday's issue of the New York World Dr. Andrew D. White, former president of Cornell University and former ambassador to Germany, declares that the United States virtually leads the civilized world in murders, and particularly in unpunished murders. From tables printed by the World in connection with Dr. White's statement, and from Jailer Whitman's statistics it appears that Chicago at present leads the United States in murders.

Asked for an explanation of Chicago's prominence in the above list, Chief of Police Collins said yesterday: "It should not be forgotten that Chicago is the dumping ground for the different nations of Europe and that it is also a congregating point for the hobos of the United States. Chicago is a kind of rallying point for the scum of the earth. The result is that we have many criminals. A large proportion of Chicago homicides are committed by foreigners."

GET MAN AFTER YEARS

Sleuths Follow Embizzler Relentlessly Through Many States.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 1.—Arrested on a charge of embezzling \$35,000 in Chicago eight years ago, R. J. Mahoney, a prosperous Seattle real estate broker, who for the past few weeks has been an inmate of a private sanatorium in this city, is facing the prospect of a term in jail or confinement in an insane asylum. On the report of a committee of physicians appointed by Judge Webber to examine



Get What You Ask For!

THERE is a Reason—Why the Good People of America buy Cascarets as Fast as the Clock Ticks.

Every second some one, somewhere, is buying a little Ten-Cent Box of Cascarets.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—60 times to the Minute, 60 Minutes to the Hour, 3600 Boxes an Hour, 36,000 Boxes a Day of Ten Hours, 1,080,000 Boxes a Month, and then some.

Think of it—220,000 People take a Cascaret tablet every day. Millions use Cascarets when necessary.

The Judgment of Millions of Bright Americans is Infallible. They have been Buying and Taking Cascarets at that rate for over Six years.



It is not an Experiment, not an Accident or Incident, but a sound, Honest Business, based on Time-Tried-and-Tested Merit, never found wanting.

There is a Reason.

Cascarets are the implacable foe of All Disease Germs; the incomparable cleanser, purifier and strengthener of the entire Digestive Canal.

They Act like Exercise on the Bowels. Muscles, make them strong and active—able to Help Themselves do their work—keep themselves clean.

Cascarets are the safe-guard of Innocent Childhood against the Dreadful Death-dealing Dangers that threaten the Lives of the Little Ones.

They are Purely Vegetable, absolutely Harmless, always Reliable and Efficient.

Into his mental condition depends the outcome.

Step by step since he disappeared from Chicago in 1898 detectives have been following Mahoney's trail. From Illinois to Texas, from Texas to California, and from California to the State of Washington, they dogged his footsteps, until they found him at Seattle about four months ago. Then, after they had communicated with their clients, the losers by Mahoney's alleged speculations, and the trap was about to be sprung, their plans were again foiled by the action of Mahoney's relatives and friends in releasing him to this city on the ground that his mind had become affected by business worries.

Yesterday detectives of the Portland police department placed Mahoney under arrest at a sanatorium on a fugitive warrant sworn out by J. W. Grier, a Chicago lawyer.

It is asserted that for some time

a true, faithful, loyal servant of Mankind. Over Five Millions of Dollars have been Spent to make the merits of Cascarets known, and every cent of it would be lost, did not sound merit claim and hold the constant, continued friendship, Patronage and "Endorsement" of well-pleased people year after year.

There is also a Reason—Why there are Parasites who attach themselves to the Healthy Body of Cascarets' success—Imitators, Counterfeits, Substitutes.

They are Trade Thieves who would rob Cascarets of the "Good Will" of the people, and sneak unearned profits, earned and paid for by Cascarets.

A Dishonest Purpose means a Dishonest Product and a Disregard of the Purchasers' Health or Welfare.

Beware of the Slick Salesman and his ancient "Just as Good" story that common sense refutes. He will perpetrate a fraud on you for a stolen profit.

Cascarets are made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and the famous little Ten Cent "Vest Pocket" box is here shown. They are never sold in bulk.

Every tablet marked "CCC." Be sure you get the genuine.

All Druggists everywhere sell them, and Millions of Men and Women carry them constantly in vest pocket or purse. A sample and the famous booklet "Curse of Constipation," Free for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

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prior to 1898 Mahoney had been conducting an investment business in Chicago, and that his alleged victims were for the most part women ignorant of business methods, including widows, who were induced to intrust their money to him.

Grier will try to have Mahoney extradited.

According to eastern correspondents Sarah Bernhard carried back with her the earnings of her recent American tour. This may be true, but if so it is the first time she ever did anything of this kind. On her last tour here she cabled every cent to Paris wherever she happened to be and carried back in money only the receipts of her last two performances. When she was playing in the west the tolls were very high, but she never minded—that. Every Thursday the week's receipts went on by this quick method to Paris.