

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

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LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Saturday May 17.

MR. WHITNEY'S ATTITUDE ON
THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

The Opposition leader, during the referendum debate, charged Premier Ross with cowardice in introducing that measure, and with a great affectation of boldness—after remaining silent and non-committal on the subject as long as he possibly could—laid down what he terms a policy on the liquor question. He has not touched the subject to any considerable extent during the campaign, excepting to condemn the referendum. His own position is alluded to by himself and his friends as sparingly as possible.

Now what does Mr. Whitney propose to do as regards the license problem? He vauntingly asserts that he is "bold enough to be honest and honest enough to be bold." Let us see how much of boldness and honesty can be found in his deliverances on this vital issue. On March 5 he stated in the House that he was prepared to support legislation to reduce the number of licenses, maintain intact the restrictions, remove the commissioners and inspectors from political and party influences, and enforce the license law honestly and with the whole power of the Government.

The last item may be dismissed as a mere rhetorical flourish. It is the duty of any government honestly to enforce the law. Taking the first two features of the programme, so far as they mean anything, they are strictly in accord with the policy that the Government has steadily pursued for years. The number of licenses has been reduced from time to time, so that while in 1874 there was a total of 6,185 liquor licenses, in 1901 there were only 2,950. The Liberal Government has always shown itself ready to go as fast and as far as public sentiment would sanction, both in the matter of reducing the number of licenses and increasing the restrictions.

Mr. Whitney's third item is either simply a slur on the Government, as inferring that the license officials are dictated to by party influences—in which case it might well be passed by without further notice—or else, if it is read between the lines, it is a sinister menace to public order and moral progress as importing the introduction of the very worst and most demoralizing influences into the administration of our license system. As it reads it looks harmless enough, but if it is to be read in the light of Mr. Whitney's votes and speeches it is a proposal that should excite the strongest condemnation of all interested in the moral welfare of Ontario.

Mr. Whitney and his following have repeatedly denounced the appointment of license commissioners by the Provincial Government. They have urged a change of the licensing system so as to restore its management to the municipalities. Those who are old enough to remember the time when this method was in vogue, the prevalence of illicit dealing, the way in which all restrictions were set at naught, and the general rottenness and corruption attendant upon municipal control, will readily understand the bad features of such a proposal. Is this what Mr. Whitney's programme means? What else can it mean in view of his often repeated objections to the appointment of these officials by the Government?

In 1890, when a measure dealing with the liquor traffic, introduced by Hon. J. M. Gibson, was before the House, an amendment was brought in providing that "the license commissioners hereafter be appointed in counties by county councils, and in cities and towns elected by the municipal electors of such cities and towns." Mr. Whitney voted for that amendment. He has never publicly receded from the position he then took. It must be assumed, therefore, that when Mr. Whitney speaks of removing the commissioners and inspectors from political influences, he means, or wishes it to be understood, that he is prepared to make these offices elective. In other words, the proposition to which he stands committed, as explained and emphasized by his vote, is to make the commissioners and inspector dependent for their positions upon the class who are largely interested in their decisions and the way in which they enforce the law.

The license commissioners occupy practically judicial positions and the proposal to elect them—to force them to seek the suffrage of the very men whose continuance in business depends on their judgment—to give to every violator of the law possessing a measure of influence the power to threaten these officials with the loss of their positions if they dared to enforce restrictions too closely—is dangerous and demoralizing in the extreme. It will meet with the reprobation of all concerned in upholding the purity of civic administration and the maintenance of good order and clean public life in our cities.

If Mr. Whitney's license platform which he elaborated with such a flourish over his boldness and honesty,

does not mean this, will he be honest enough and bold enough to say what it does mean? It either means the interpretation which his vote seems to put upon it, or it is a mere high-sounding generality, meaning nothing.

CORPORATIONS AND CORRUPTION.

A few years ago the Ontario Government imposed a slight tax on corporations, thereby following the example of most other countries. It was not a very heavy tax; so small, in fact, that there has been very little complaint, if any, from the parties affected; but still it has aggregated about a quarter of a million per annum. Most people thought that was a very reasonable tax. Mr. Whitney, however, has in some of his speeches declared himself in opposition to it. And in the same connection he has expressed the belief that these corporations contribute money to an imaginary Liberal corruption fund. We wonder if it ever struck him how ridiculous that sounds. Under a protection policy the parties protected would very naturally contribute towards the campaign fund of the Government whose policy was for their personal benefit. We have heard of red-parlor contributions during the regime of the Conservative Government at Ottawa. Nobody was surprised at such a state of affairs. There are a great many people disposed to be very free in their help towards keeping up a policy that is going to put money in their pockets. But who ever heard of anyone who was taxed voluntarily contributing to assist the imposer of the tax, or to maintain the political party whose policy involved the taxation? Financial corporations are usually managed by shrewd men. They are not at all anxious to be taxed. And there is not much danger that they will contribute to the campaign fund of the political party that imposes a tax on them.

Is Mr. Whitney's promise to oppose the tax on corporations to be taken as a partially veiled bribe to these bodies? Is it a slight hint for them to help provide the sinews of war for him, if they would like to get rid of the corporation tax? Put me into power, says Mr. Whitney, and I will take off your tax. Does he think that will tempt them to supply a little boodle?

RESOLUTE ROSS AND WAILING WHITNEY.

No one reading the reports of Mr. Ross' campaign speeches in The Advertiser and Globe, and comparing them with reports of Mr. Whitney's performances in the Free Press and the Mail and Empire, can fail to note the marked differences that characterize the utterances of the two men. Mr. Ross speaks out with a robust cheerfulness. He is not mealy-mouthed, but he is not abusive. He criticizes freely, and at times sharply, the do-nothing policy of his opponents in the Legislature and their representations on the platform; but he does not call them filthy names, and threatens them with unmentionable penalties. He announces his policy clearly and defends it logically. He is proud of the country's past, and hopeful for its future. His addresses are bright and cheerful, and optimistic. He meets the threats and prophecies of his opponents with a smile and a jest. He never loses his temper or his courage. He is a man in the best sense of the word.

But Mr. Whitney goes around the country wailing and denouncing. Everything with him is as bad as it can be. There is no hope unless he is put into power; but what he would do if he got there he cannot tell. He has no definite policy, and can promise nothing except that he alone can save the country from the misery into which it has been plunged; he alone can strike off the chains of slavery in which his moribund imagination sees the people bound. His speeches are bitter diatribes; his public utterances a doleful sound. His key-note is one of despair; there is grief in his heart; and angry tears bedew his eyes. If he attempts a more hopeful tone when he prophesies success for his party, it is like the whistle of the frightened boy going through the churchyard at night.

Contrast the two men and say which is the most suitable leader for a growing young country like ours.

DR. ROUTLEDGE IN WESTMINSTER.

A contemporary declares that "the most desperate tactics" are being employed against Capt. Robson, and that members of the "machine" have been employed to "work" Westminster in behalf of the Liberal candidate. "Stories of despicable smallness and deliberate untruthfulness," the same chronicler tells us, "have been employed with the purpose of injuring Capt. Robson's candidacy."

Aspersions like these will be resented warmly by the electors of Westminster, regardless of party. Dr. Routledge counts among his friends as many Conservatives as Liberals. They esteem him highly as a man and a neighbor and know that he would be the last to countenance any underhand or corrupt methods. Many moderate Conservatives intend giving him their votes on personal grounds and they will not be deterred by attacks on himself or his organization, which are merely attempts to chill

DAILY PICTURE PUZZLE.



Find three of the King's horses, who are ready to return Humpty-Dumpty to the top of the wall.
SOLUTION FOR YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE—One is above, the other beneath the stem of pipe.

their sympathy for Dr. Routledge by representing that his opponent is receiving unfair treatment. Nobody is slandering Mr. Robson, and the charge that Westminster is being boomed is too absurd to call for comment.

THE LICENSE COMMISSIONERS

The Free Press today qualifies its charge that license commissioners are paid by the hour, and multiply their fees by spinning out their meetings. It admits now that they give their time nominally gratis, but says it is absurd to think they are not rewarded in some way for the trouble and annoyance of their position. That any citizen should perform a public service for nothing is perhaps foreign to our contemporary's notions. The license commissioners of this city have always been men of the highest repute and standing, who would disdain to "milk" a public office and a public trust. Will the Free Press come out boldly and say that Robert Reid, Charles Elliott and J. H. Brown are serving in that capacity merely for the loaves and fishes? Our contemporary also insinuates that commissioners in the rural municipalities pocket a part of the fees paid by the license-holders. Charges like these are easy to make, and can be handed about by any irresponsible party. Every farthing of receipts and expenditures in the license department may be traced in the public accounts of Ontario. The Opposition used to complain that these accounts were not sufficiently detailed. The Government a few years ago remedied the grievance, and the accounts are now published with such minuteness that Col. Matheson, the financial critic of the Opposition, finds the ground cut from under his feet.

Soldiers' Coats \$175 Each.

[London Express.]
The accounts of the British army clothing factory for the past financial year were issued recently. The value of the production continues to increase steadily owing to the war, and is returned for the twelve months as £478,324, or an increase of nearly £100,000. Some of the items seem rather high, but all pale before the state coats of the guards. The most is returned as: Household cavalry, £55 14s 5½d; foot guards, £32 5s 10½d. It is true the war department can make a shirt for Tommy for 10½d, and it is something to their credit. At the same time, it was recently reported from Colchester that some soldiers have no clothing fit to wear in the public streets.

Tramp's Spring Song.

[Henry Edward Warner, in Baltimore News.]
I'm the prince of a noble profession,
At the head of a genteel procession.
The world seems to prevail an impression
That a tramp is a sorry thing.
But I live with the birds of the air,
And repose in hay-scented bowers,
And kind heaven abundantly showers
Its blessings on me in the spring.
I drift—and I nature together—
Here and there, with a change of the weather,
And I know neither halter nor tether,
But I go at my own sweet will;
I rejoice in the song of the river,
Content with the gifts of the Giver,
While others halt, tremble and shiver
In their fear for a fattened till.
I live in today, and tomorrow,
With its burden of anguish and sorrow,
Is alone for the foolish to borrow.
The pain that they mind have missed;
And I live where the blossoms, adorning
The fields, care and trouble are scorning,
And awake with the first blush of morning.
My cheeks by the fresh dew kissed,
Aye, tho' it is storming or shining,
I stop not for useless repining—
There's naught in complaining or whining.
To appeal to a heart that's free;
But nature and I drink the sweetness
Of life in its fullest completeness,
And time, with its menacing fleetness,
Has no sting of regrets for me.
I can laugh in the face of disaster,
And I bend to no overbearing master;
I live as I please, but no faster—
As free as the birds of the air;
I drift—and I nature together—
Here and there, with a change of the weather,
And I know neither halter nor tether,
And my keep is the wide world's care.

An Admirer of Music.

[Washington Star.]
"Do you take any interest in music?" said the young woman.
"Of course I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have the profoundest appreciation of music. One tune from a brass band can, in most cases, get up more enthusiasm among a crowd of voters than half a dozen stump speeches."

Sublime Nerve.

[Kansas City Journal.]
The most phenomenal case of nerve ever known on the American continent is reported from Wichita. A rug ped-

dler called several times at a house and found the people away from home. At last he wrote and pinned this note on the door: "Madam—Kindly remain at home tomorrow forenoon. I want to sell you a rug."

Why Not?

[London Chronicle.]
A writer in the West End, describing an interview with M. Worth, said that gentleman "farvelled." It is the poet's prerogative to increase the vocabulary, and the following is an attempt in that direction.

I gardened in the evening shade,
And birds around me sang;
Indoors my friends, as sounds betrayed,
Plunged.

'Twas then that Jones came horsing by—
His steed my newly shod—
He cordially "hulloa'd," and I
"How-do'd,"

He told me how his meadows grassed,
And how his poultry egged;
His views how houses should be glassed
I begged.

So he opined till I tired,
And backed him from the theme,
And then of butting cows inquired,
And cream.

While thus we conversed, Time
With ruthless footsteps sped,
It darked, we heard the Vesper chime,
From yond.

At last we felt that we must part,
"Farewell," my friend, I cried,
And he with anguish at his heart,
"Good-bye,"—

Discouraging.

[Puck.]
The Messenger Boy—Well, how'd yer like mercantile life?
The Office-Boy—Aw, de boss don't give me any encouragement.
The Messenger Boy—How's dat?
The Office-Boy—Why, he never gives me a look when I'm working; but just as soon as I start ter loaf a bit, he's Johnny-on-de-spot wit' his eagle eye!

Supperless.

[Washington Star.]
Now Rulin grins. The fruits of patient toil
Are blasted like a city by the sea,
Which ruthless Nature hastens to despoil
Amid the Fire King's awful pageantry.
Why have I grimly hoarded, coin by coin,
The golden store which now is swept away?
Why did I fondly wait and hope to join
For once the happy few, for once be gay?

It was a tender and delicious dream:
It makes the truth more grim when I awake
No more with promise bright is life
A gleam!
All! All is lost! The cook has burned
The steak!

An Easy One.

[Harvard Lampoon.]
Hilo—When did the Free Masons start?
Bilo—in the stone age, idiot.

The Multi-Billionaire.

[Toronto Telegram.]
The hundred-thousand-dollar man has long succumbed to fate,
And my old multi-millioned friend is going out of date.
So fast, indeed, I almost see
The grand meteoric flare
That will usher in the brand
New Multi-Billionaire.

By Practical Experience the
Ladies Know That
DIAMOND DYES
Are the Best for Home Work.

It is the easiest matter in the world to dye with the Diamond Dyes, as thousands of women know from practical experience. By this work, any intelligent woman can make old clothing look like new, and save a great many dollars in the course of a year. One ten-cent package of Diamond Dyes often saves the cost of a new gown, for it makes the old one look like new.

Mrs. Alex. McGillis, Winnipeg, Man., says: "Your Diamond Dyes are home treasures. I have used them with great success for many years. The colors are fast and beautiful, and washing cannot change them. I would send them to my friend, Dr. Routledge, rather than bother with worthless imitations if sent to me free of cost."

Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns richly colored of the best Scotch Hamilton Y. M. C. A. tendered his resignation some time ago, but it had not been accepted by the directors, who had hopes that Mr. Rodger would reconsider his action and withdraw his resignation.

Monday Morning Great Chances At 8 O'Clock
TABLE LINENS AND TABLE NAPKINS

FOR MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

We are determined to make this THE GREATEST LINEN SALE in the history of this store, and if you read the prices quoted below, you will agree we are not expecting too much when we make the above statement, and the lots we offer won't last long, if good, reliable Linens, Belfast Irish makes, count for anything, at manufacturers' prices and less. NOTE THE QUALITIES AND PRICES.

TABLE LINENS.

50c Table Linen 39c

Half bleached, 72 inches, Irish Table Linen, extra value, 50c yard. 150 yards to clear, at per yard.....39c

\$1.00 Bleached Damask 69c

120 yards only, Bleached Table Damask, 72 and 76 inches wide, beautiful new designs and extra quality, made in Ireland, and bleached in Scotland, where the heather blooms. Regular value \$1.00, while they last, per yard.....69c

Damask Table Cloths

8 only, Bleached Damask Table Cloths, 6x4 for small table or 5 o'clock tea. Regular 90c to \$1.00 each, to clear, for each.....65c

\$2.75 Damask Cloth \$1.75

12 only, Very Fine Damask Table Cloths, 7x4 and 8x4, beautiful designs and borders all round. Regular prices \$2.50 and \$2.75, some are slightly soiled, the lot to clear while they last, each.....\$1.75

TABLE NAPKINS.

75c Napkins 49c Dozen

17 dozen Damask Tea Napkins, all linen, good size. Regular 75c per dozen, to clear while they last, per dozen, only.....49c

\$1.50 Napkins 99c Dozen

10 dozen Damask Napkins, large size, all linen, assorted patterns. Extra good value at \$1.50 per dozen, to be sold while they last, per dozen, only.....99c

\$2.50 Napkins \$1.39

6 dozen only Damask Dinner Napkins, all linen, fine quality, extra nice goods. Regular value and sold for \$2.50 per dozen, while they last, per dozen.....\$1.39

High-Class Linens

Special prices during these days, Monday and Tuesday, in High-Class Table Napkins and Bleached Cloths, also in Silk Cloth and Napkins to match. Goods from \$2.00 to \$8.50 and \$10, at special prices these two days.

Dress Goods Clearing..

One table Dress Goods, all new, plain cloths and stuff goods, odd lines and broken lots, from season's selling, prices were 75c, 90c and \$1.00 goods, in colors and black, all on one table and your choice of 75c, 90c and \$1.00 goods, for per yd. 50c

208, 210,
210½ and 212
Dundas St.

The Runians
Carson McKee Co.

208, 210,
210½ and 212
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Perfect Manhood



Our "Restorine"
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NORTH BAY, ONT.,
July 31st, 1906.
Dear Sir:—Have finished taking your 30 days treatment, and am in every way improved. I weigh 20 lbs. more, and am much stronger, and my nerves are very much better.
Yours sincerely, H. N.
(Sworn Testimonial.)

Health of body, strength of mind, steadiness of nerves are the best and most precious gifts man can lay upon the altar of his conjugal love. Restorine operates on the nerves which control the sexual system, and infuses into it, power and vigor. No such thing as failure in life, is possible in perfect manhood; it is the lack of vital force, and the depletion of sexual energies that makes failures of men. Restorine awakens a man to a sense of restored vitality and power. Why be weak when you can so easily become strong! Proofs are the test. Sworn testimonials sent to any one on receipt of name. Five Days' Trial Treatment sent absolutely free. Write To-Day. (11)

Dr. Kohn Medicine Co. P.O. Drawer 2341 Montreal.

"Famous" Gas Range

Pays for Itself.

A "Famous" Gas Range can be bought and installed for \$15.00.

It will easily save this amount in fuel in one year.

Then you have the Range as a profit on your investment—no danger of the "Famous" becoming out of date, because it has already reached perfection.

When figuring this out take into consideration the everlasting comfort of cooking with gas.

SMALL GAS STOVES AT FROM 50c UP.

For Sale by

Wm. Stevely & Son, 362 Richmond Street.

The City Gas Co., 215 Dundas Street.

J. C. Park, 663 Dundas Street, East London.

The McClary Manufacturing Co.

All Gas Stoves can be seen at Our Showrooms.

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no longer use the old-fashioned powder dyes with all the mess and trouble that they bring when women are dyeing at home. Maypole Soap is quick, clean, safe and it washes and dyes at one operation. Brilliant, fadeless. All colors and it does it any time.

Maypole Soap.

Sold everywhere.
10c for Colors. 15c for Black.

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Are exchanged for returned wrappers every working day except Saturday afternoons during the summer months.

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