

## London Advertiser

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 second-class matter.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 2.

ELECTRIC TRACTION IN WEST-  
ERN ONTARIO.

Western Ontario is about to witness  
 a development of electric traction, too  
 long delayed. Several roads are pro-  
 jected in Huron and Perth, apparently  
 as feeders of the steam railway sys-  
 tems. By reason of its size, popula-  
 tion, and importance as a distributing  
 point, London should be the centre of  
 a network of electric lines, as it is  
 of steam lines. The awakening of  
 interest among the farmers of the dis-  
 trict and the readiness of municipal  
 corporations to aid any sound project,  
 promise that some long-deferred hopes  
 will be realized in the near future.

Undoubtedly the Canadian Northern  
 Railway Company has its eye on  
 Western Ontario, which is the only  
 rich field not covered to some extent  
 by its system. From all accounts, the  
 company will build electric roads  
 wholly or mainly west of Toronto.  
 There will be parallel lines, one from  
 Toronto, to Guelph and Stratford,  
 thence to Lake Huron or the River St.  
 Clair; the other from Hamilton to  
 London, Chatham and the Detroit  
 River. The Canadian Northern's  
 control of a Niagara power concern  
 and certain traction interests in West-  
 ern Ontario, and the fact that the  
 impression that its Western Ontario  
 roads will be operated by electricity.  
 In any event, its invasion of this  
 part of the Province cannot but re-  
 bound to London's advantage.

The most helpful development would be the  
 construction of more electric roads,  
 tapping the rich and populous towns,  
 townships, and villages not now in  
 direct touch with this city, though  
 naturally tributary to it. The London  
 and Port Burwell road, for instance  
 would open a new field for London  
 enterprise, and the projected roads  
 north and west, for which charters  
 were granted some years ago, would  
 have the same effect. Not only would  
 London necessarily profit, but nothing  
 would tend more to promote the in-  
 terests of agriculture. In a very large  
 degree the future of progressive farm-  
 ing depends upon these transportation  
 facilities, which have not only an  
 economic but a social value in greatly  
 diminishing the isolation of farm life,  
 and adding to its amenities.

## BROWNING.

In a few days the centennial of the  
 birth of Robert Browning will be ob-  
 served by his admirers wherever the  
 English language is spoken, and in  
 foreign lands as well. The 7th of  
 May, 1812, was his birthday.

Milton said that great poetry must  
 be simple, sensuous and passionate.  
 About "simplicity," many men many  
 minds. Milton meant, no doubt, free-  
 dom from ostentation, plainness of  
 manner rather than of meaning, nat-  
 uralness, sanity. Whatever may be  
 thought of Browning's philosophic  
 poetry, or of the intellectual gymnastics  
 of his earliest and latest work, the  
 bulk of his middle production, from  
 1840 to 1870, will pass the examination  
 for the very highest poetic honors, on  
 Milton's tests. Naturalness and sanity  
 in the richest measure will be con-  
 ceded by every reader to the author  
 of "Sancti," "Home Thoughts from  
 Abroad," "How They Brought the  
 Good News From Ghent to Aix," "My  
 Last Duchess," etc. Even the grotesque-  
 ness which is so marked in poems like  
 "Caliban" and "Child Roland" is but  
 the natural gambolling of a genius of  
 surpassing vitality. Obscurities due to  
 elliptical expression are not in Browning's  
 case ostentation or sibylline contortion,  
 but the motions of a quick and vivid  
 spirit eager to make the reader fly and  
 wing the air with it. In his love letters,  
 where he was sure of his companion, his  
 vivacity and hers evolved a code of  
 speech that is often a cipher to an-  
 other. There is no denying the nat-  
 uralness of Browning's best work. It  
 is his own note you hear, always pow-  
 erful, helpful, often beautiful in the  
 highest degree, free of convention and  
 poetical airs and twangs. As for his  
 "sensuousness" and "passion," Stop-  
 ford Brooke well calls him a spiritual  
 epicurean, always enjoying himself,  
 and a sunshine even when the dark-  
 ness comprehended it not. Once in the  
 full tide of singing, Browning is  
 matched by no other English "song-  
 smith," to use Carlyle's word, except-  
 ing Robert Burns. The "Cavalier  
 Songs," "Pippa Passes," and "Pros-  
 pices" alone make it worth while for  
 a whole people to keep the memory of  
 Browning green; indeed, they compel  
 it. What gift is given to man better  
 than a song? King David, Sappho,  
 Schiller, Charles Wesley, Burns, the  
 author of "La Marseillaise," Browning,  
 "left their souls on earth, they have  
 souls in heaven, too, double-lived in  
 regions new." It is better to keep  
 their birthdays than the anniversaries  
 of death.

Perhaps, however, the finest thing  
 to remember of Browning was not his  
 work, dazlingly original and pure as

it is, modern, stimulating and  
 poignant, nor even his noble life and  
 inspiring faith, but that amazing love  
 for the woman who was only less  
 brilliant than himself, and the power  
 he had of winning from her a devotion  
 matching his own. It is one of the  
 most interesting love stories in human  
 history. The Brownings were like  
 two suns which meet and flash for  
 ever into one. Love seemed to swallow  
 up life for them. Poems like "By the  
 Fireside" and "Pippa," in the "Ring  
 of the Book," show how Elizabeth be-  
 came the centre of Robert's imagina-  
 tion. Upon her death in 1861, after fif-  
 teen years of ecstatic existence with  
 him, he wrote to a friend like this:

"Then came what my heart will  
 keep till I see her again and longer  
 —the most perfect expression of her  
 love to me within my whole knowl-  
 edge of her. Always smilingly, hap-  
 pily, and with a face like a girl's,  
 and in a few minutes she died in my  
 arms, her head on my cheek.  
 There was no lingering, nor acute  
 pain, nor consciousness of separa-  
 tion, but God took her to himself as  
 you would lift a sleeping child from a  
 dark, uneasy bed into your arms  
 and the light. Thank God."  
 There is nothing to apologize for  
 in the splendid annals of Browning's  
 life. On May 7, the world will uncover  
 its head in memory of a wonderful  
 poet and a wonderful man.

## STILL AN ISSUE.

Every Liberal worthy of the name  
 would gladly light the reciprocity  
 battle over again, and will hope that  
 the issue comes to the front once more  
 at the next Federal election. It may  
 be removed by Congress' repeal of its  
 own act, but not otherwise. Self-  
 respecting Canadians simply cannot  
 afford to admit that the political fu-  
 ture of this country may be affected  
 by fiscal legislation at Washington.

When the opponents of the reciprocity  
 agreement contend that the opening  
 of the American markets to Canadian  
 products would be inimical to Cana-  
 dian independence and British con-  
 nection, they argue that the fate of  
 the Dominion is in the hands of Con-  
 gress. According to their theory  
 Congress may at any moment imperil  
 our national existence, while Cana-  
 da cannot lift a hand in her own  
 defence. Whatever she may do, she  
 cannot prevent the United States from  
 taking down its tariff wall.

It would be a betrayal of the best  
 and highest interests of the country  
 if the Liberals were to drop the rec-  
 iprocity issue before the door of the  
 American market is closed. Particu-  
 larly would it be a betrayal of the  
 prairie provinces. There has been  
 too much said about the antagonism  
 between east and west. Three out of  
 the five eastern provinces, and only  
 a fraction under half their voters, de-  
 clared for reciprocity. The western  
 farmers, robbed of their nearest and  
 best market while bearing the burden  
 of the tariff for the sake of eastern  
 producers, would be more exasperated  
 if eastern Liberals showed the  
 white flag. The Liberal party served  
 the cause of national unity in the last  
 election. If there is discord between  
 east and west the fault belongs to the  
 Big Interests which undertook to  
 squeeze the western farmer, both as  
 a producer and consumer. They  
 denied him the right of selling his  
 products to the best advantage, while  
 refusing to relax the tariff which  
 holds him in fee.

## A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

"Mrs. Muchbless—I feel measly. The  
 baby hasn't cried all day.  
 Mr. Muchbless—So do I. He will  
 probably cry all night."

## LAME.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"I notice that Mrs. Binks has trou-  
 ble in dealing at the bridge club to-  
 day. Rheumatism?"  
 "No; she's joined a market basket  
 club."

## EXPLAINED.

[Puck.]

"Why should we say to Satan 'Get  
 thee behind me'?" asked a teacher.  
 "So that we shall get ahead of him,"  
 returned the bright boy.

## DESPERATE.

[Mcgendorfer Blatter.]

"I believe Mr. Blank will propose  
 to our Edith tonight."  
 "What makes you think that?"  
 "I noticed when he came in he had  
 a sort of desperate look."

## IN THE MARKET.

[Satire.]

Every man has his price, but some  
 hold bargain sales.

## THE POET.

[E. E. Kiser.]

The poet sang of sparkling rills  
 And bursting buds and country  
 lanes  
 And violets and daffodils  
 And sweet, refreshing April rains.  
 All muffled up and having chills.  
 And doped with seven kinds of pills.  
 He sat where fog and smoke were  
 thick,  
 And, looking from his window, where  
 it furnished little light or air,  
 Saw out a wall composed of brick,  
 And as he looked and as he wrote,  
 A lump rose in the poet's throat.  
 "For he was weak and sad and sick,"  
 "I fear," he said beneath his breath,  
 "That I am doomed to starve to death."  
 "Unless I sell this mighty quack!"  
 Therefore the poet wrote away  
 Of promises that spring fulfill,  
 And bravely let his fancy stray  
 To gladness over distant hills.

A Few Lines of  
Most Anything

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

STOP! THIEF

"A run for his money."

Some people expect an automobile  
 owner to stop and pick up everyone  
 with whom he has a passing acquaint-  
 ance.

Are there any young ladies living  
 nowadays who would get up early  
 enough to be Queen of May?

Driven From Home.  
 The restaurant is in great glee.  
 His place becomes a winner.  
 For all the married men just now  
 Cannot go home to dinner.

The only kind of a chicken fancier  
 folks don't like is the one who  
 "fancies" them with a bag, at night.

After looking them over are you  
 nerved up to make your pennant-  
 prediction.

Our idea of an enthusiast is the  
 man who has brought one lonely  
 onion above the ground and tells all  
 his neighbors how he has reduced the  
 cost of living.

The Sporting Editor was busy with  
 a quoter, and approaching him he  
 discovered that he was taking his  
 baseball phrases out of stock. Some  
 of them were:  
 "A sensational catch."  
 "A smashing drive."  
 "They were wild with enthusiasm."  
 "The runner trotted home."  
 "Our team is certain to grab the  
 pennant."  
 "A spectacular stop."  
 "He drew a throw to second."  
 "A happy throng fled out of the  
 field."  
 "The pitcher was derricked in the  
 eighth."

Will We Ever See—  
 A man as sharp as a tack?  
 Or bright as a dollar?  
 Or hard as nails?  
 Or quick as lightning?  
 Or full as a goat?  
 Or straight as an arrow?

AT THE COUNTER.  
 [Boston Transcript.]

Salesman—Now here, madam, is a  
 piece of goods that speaks for itself:

Customer (interrupting)—Then  
 suppose you keep quiet a moment and  
 give it a chance.

STOPPING THE LOSS.  
 [Life.]

"Young man, how do you expect to  
 marry my daughter if you are in  
 debt?"  
 "Why, sir, in my opinion, it's the  
 only secure thing to do. The longer  
 I am engaged to her, the worse off  
 I will be."

SAFE.  
 [Mcgendorfer Blatter.]

"The next time you spill your cof-  
 fee on the table-cloth, don't try to  
 hide it by setting the cup on it. I  
 will notice it anyway when I clean  
 up."  
 "Yes, but I am in the office by that  
 time."

MAKING IT RIGHT.  
 [Dundee Advertiser.]

Lady (at fashionable ball)—Do you  
 know that ugly gentleman sitting op-  
 posite to us?  
 Partner—That is my brother,  
 madam.

Lady (in confusion)—Ah! I beg  
 your pardon. I had not noticed the  
 resemblance.

TOO MUCH.  
 [Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"Who gets the custody of the auto-  
 mobile?"  
 "I told my wife she might have it.  
 I can't keep up a machine and pay  
 alimony too."

SEQUENCE.  
 [New York Sun.]

Knicker—April showers bring May  
 flowers.  
 Bocker—And April chills brings  
 May bills.

A STERN CHASE.  
 [Judge.]

Gink—Your son is pursuing his  
 studies at college, isn't he?  
 Dink—I guess so. He's always be-  
 hind.

FINANCING.  
 [Farm Journal.]

J. P. Morgan can raise \$10,000,000  
 on his check any minute; but the man  
 who is raising a large family on \$9  
 a week is a greater financier than  
 Morgan.

FAULTY FAMILY TREE.  
 [Philadelphia Record.]

Willie—Has Jack a good reason for  
 being ashamed of his ancestors?  
 Billie—I should say so. His grand-  
 father struck out four times in a  
 world's series.

MAKING SURE.  
 [Boston Transcript.]

Grocer—What are you doing there?  
 Clerk—Mr. Jones has ordered a  
 bushel of potatoes, and I'm looking  
 him up in Bradstreet.

SENSITIVE.  
 [Mcgendorfer Blatter.]

Dentist—We must kill the nerve of  
 that tooth.  
 Patient—Then I will go out of the  
 room. I'm too tender-hearted to wit-  
 ness it.

BETTER STILL.  
 [Judge.]

Edna—Did Mabel get that six-  
 shooter she spoke of providing her-  
 self with as a protection against  
 burglars?  
 Eva—No; she got a six-footer.

THE LAND  
OF LETTERS[By Special Arrangement With  
the Winnipeg Telegram.]

Anne Douglas Sedgwick, known in  
 real life as Mrs. Basil de Selincourt,  
 has written a novel, "Tante" (William  
 Briggs, Toronto), which has elicited  
 murmurs of admiration from the  
 fabled race of reviewers. As it is  
 having a large sale, the public must  
 like it too. In reading it, I had an  
 unusual experience. The first fifty  
 pages made me feel that I could not  
 endure until the end. I hated the  
 character, Tante (which is simply the  
 German word for aunt), round whom  
 the story is written, and I was not  
 attracted by the Charlotte Russe style  
 of Anne, the authoress, who takes a  
 wicked delight in airing her German,  
 French, American and other foreign  
 languages, and who is also given to  
 much high-sounding talk on music  
 and musicians, arts and artists, to  
 say nothing of China and glassware.  
 The atmosphere of such a novel al-  
 ways seems to me to be hot and op-  
 pressive. Anne Sedgwick, however,  
 to use one of her own over-worked  
 words, enjoys this "milieu," and as  
 she has succeeded in dissecting the  
 human hearts of some interesting  
 characters, and in devising a most  
 original plot, I found that I could not  
 get away from her book until I had  
 read the last page.

A word or two as to the plot of  
 this engaging story. Tante is a  
 Madame Okraska, a Polish musician,  
 famous as a performer on the piano.  
 Spoiled by the world's applause,  
 Tante is a goddess of the concert  
 hall who cannot get enough adulation  
 from the silly men (mostly poets) and  
 sentimental women (chiefly members  
 of the English upper class) who  
 prostrate themselves at her carefully  
 manicured feet. Obstinate, selfish,  
 fickle, cruel, the female genius loves  
 to pose. She is nearly always tired,  
 and in her languor enjoys the an-  
 tics of her sympathizing slaves. Our  
 authoress uses up a couple of pages  
 in trying to describe this fifty-year-  
 old egotist. Let us look at her  
 through Anne Sedgwick's eyes. "Her  
 hair was strange; no other woman's  
 hair was massed and folded as was  
 hers, hair dark as night, and inter-  
 twined and looped with twisted  
 strands of pearl and diamond. Her  
 face was strange, that crowning  
 feature known to all the world. Dispa-  
 rate racial elements mingled in the long  
 southern oval, and the Slavonic mod-  
 elling of brow and cheek-bone. The  
 lips, serene and passionate, deeply  
 sunken at the corners and shadowed  
 with pencilling of down, were the  
 lips of Spain; all the mystery of the  
 South was in the grave and tragic  
 eyes. Yet the eyes were cold; and  
 touches of wild ancestral sufferings,  
 like the sudden flash of spurs in the  
 language of a Polonaise, marked with  
 the wide nostrils and the heavy eye-  
 lids, and the broad, black crooked  
 eyebrows that seem to stammer a  
 little in the perfect sentence of her  
 face."

Now, a conventional English lawyer,  
 a straight-limbed, common-sense sort  
 of gentleman, might well have expect-  
 ed trouble when he married the ward  
 of this self-indulgent lady of the  
 stammering eye-brows. But Lawyer  
 Jardine fell in love with Karen, the  
 ward of the idolized Tante. When  
 Karen became Mrs. Jardine, self-will-  
 ed, jealous Tante, who realized that  
 Mr. Jardine saw through her and  
 hated her, began to interfere. Poor  
 Karen, who it must be said, was a  
 very simple young person, was  
 divided between her husband and  
 Tante. She thought her husband  
 cruel, so left him, and went back to  
 her dear Tante, only to be disillusion-  
 ized after personal suffering. She is  
 restored to her husband at last, but  
 the whole process, the marital duels,  
 and the wordy warfare between  
 Tante and the sarcastic husband are  
 diverting. There is little action in  
 this book, but more psychology; for  
 Tante had seven devils, and Anne  
 parades them all before our enrapt-  
 ured gaze. The authoress certainly  
 knows her sex, but I fancy that she  
 has overdrawn the patience of Mr.  
 Jardine, who suffered too much from  
 Tante before he let himself go. Take  
 it all in all, this is a brilliant novel.

Death Follows  
 the Surgeon's Knife

Surgery is the fad in medical treat-  
 ment, and many doctors still recom-  
 mend a surgical operation for piles.  
 Too often the results are fatal to the  
 patient and even when the operation  
 is a success there is to cure piles.  
 There is a safer way to cure piles,  
 a less risky and a less expensive way.  
 You are certain of obtaining relief by  
 using Dr. Chase's Ointment, and if  
 you persist in this treatment you can  
 also be fully cured.  
 It is worth while to try Dr. Chase's  
 Ointment, even if you have been told  
 that an operation is necessary. Many  
 have escaped the knife by using this  
 ointment, others have been cured by  
 its use after operations had failed.  
 Relief from the itching, stinging  
 sensations which make the suffering  
 from piles too hard to bear is obtain-  
 ed almost as soon as Dr. Chase's  
 Ointment is applied.

## Wash Goods

More Beautiful Than Words Can Describe

AMERICAN COTTON VOILES—Crisp and firm weave, in plain shades of tan, blue, 25c  
 mauve, pink, gray, white and cream, 28 inches wide. At a yard .....

BORDERED BATISTE—These are 40 inches wide, and come with deep border effects, spots and  
 small polka dots, in tan, blue, navy and black on white grounds. 25c  
 At a yard .....

IMPORTED VOILES—All kinds of Voile are much in vogue. These are in stripes  
 and checks, in gray, tan, blue and black, on white grounds, 28 inches wide, at yard. 20c

WHITE PLISSE—For sacques, kimonos and dresses, beautiful wide crepe effects; 25c  
 requires no ironing. Width, 31 inches. At a yard .....

EMBROIDERED FRENCH VOILES—One of the daintiest cotton voiles we have seen 50c  
 this season. In mauve, gray, tan, cream and black. At a yard .....

Other fine White Voiles for waists and dresses, at yard .....

TAN POPLIN SUITING—Very effective for suits and motor coats, yard. 25c

OTTOMAN CORD SUITING—Extra heavy weight and highly finished lace silk, for suits and  
 motor coats. In black, tan and blue, at a yard .....

WHITE BEDFORD CORD—The newest Cotton fabric in wide-wale Bedford Cords, for dresses,  
 waists and skirts. At a yard. 25c, 35c, 40c and 50c

WHITE PIQUES, medium and wide cords. At yard .....

WHITE RATINE CLOTH—A novelty for the ladies' suits. The weave is similar to Turkish  
 towelling, 27 inches wide. At a yard. 35c

Large Stock of EMBROIDERIES

In every kind and description. See them today.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

248 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON

as the general good, for, like Paul,  
 our care is that of all the churches.

"2. I would like to suggest that our  
 Methodist should co-operate in regard  
 to our young people, in their insti-  
 tutionalism to the bit. I do this not  
 because I think that to save a young  
 man's soul from hell I must catch his  
 sympathies at a ball game or a ban-  
 quet. Some of our leaders in insti-  
 tutionalism to the bit, I think, are  
 putting the cart before the horse. My  
 philosophy is of another sort. To me,  
 men are organized from the ground up,  
 in their own beings; they are body,  
 rising into mind, rising into spirit—a  
 veritable trinity. Religion is not ful-  
 filling its mission when it saves a man's  
 soul; it is filling full its task when it  
 saves the man, in every department of  
 his complex being. Religion is a life,  
 that saves the whole lump. I would  
 play ball with a boy because ball-play-  
 ing is as much a religious exercise as  
 praying is. There is as much need for  
 manliness and unselfishness and fair-  
 ness here in prayer-meeting. Some  
 boys would like to be at the ball all  
 night, as much as some men would like  
 to pray right round the hour on Wed-  
 nesday night. Whatever stimulates the  
 good and represses the bad is religious.  
 A game of lawn tennis is religious,  
 night with Shakespeare is religious. A  
 praise service is religious. Away with  
 the artificial walls which are raised,  
 constituting things on one side secular,  
 and the other side sacred. Now, I  
 would submit this. It would be a  
 statesmanlike policy to purchase a  
 commodious site—or as many as  
 needful—furnish it with buildings,  
 with parlors, reading-rooms, with ten-  
 nis courts, with resting places, play-  
 ing places, as well as praying places,  
 and let the Methodist of an entire city  
 congregate, under arrangements, at  
 these places, at hours of leisure, and  
 get to know each other, through  
 prayer and play and entertainment,  
 and in the end, when the religious  
 barriers would meet here, some-  
 times we sing:

"We will know each other better  
 When the mists have cleared away."

"Well, God help us to clear; some  
 of these mists away by a mastery  
 co-operation and a joint purpose."

"3. The next field is humanitarian. It  
 relates to the sick, Christ's whole task  
 was not complete until the sick were  
 healed. Jesus said, 'I desire mercy,  
 and good news, Jews have hospitals,  
 and good news. Methodists should have  
 their hospitals, and good news. Why?  
 So that our sick may be in an at-  
 titude of mind, that is, a good mind,  
 service. I do not know that the Ro-  
 man Catholics deliberately proselytize  
 at the bedside of the suffering. But I  
 do know this, that I never feel so kind-  
 ly toward a Catholic as when I witness  
 sweet, patient service to the sick and  
 dying, rendered for 'Jesus' sake.' And  
 I know that a vital Methodism, with  
 a message of salvation for everybody,  
 sick and sound, is not a mere  
 formula, but a passion and an atmos-  
 phere, and would find one of her best  
 opportunities here. I have nothing  
 against the general hospitals more than  
 the general hospitals of the sick. They  
 are mighty agents. But they are not  
 great agents for generating distinctly  
 Christian principles, being devitalized  
 by the desperate attempt (in this age  
 of church union), to prevent any one  
 church flavor from overmastering  
 every other. In every city of London's  
 size Methodism should plant a hospi-  
 tal, and fling open its doors to the  
 sick of all sorts and complexions. Don't  
 shake your heads about 'making it  
 pay.' The history of hospitals is that  
 the religious hospital has fewer over-  
 drafts than the civic institution.

"4. Every growing constituency has  
 a developing problem. Old churches and  
 congregations diminish; new commu-  
 nities form; down-town churches change  
 their complexion, and sometimes are  
 depleted. Foreigners invade and make  
 settlements. Now, either we ought to  
 serve them or not. Christ is for them  
 or not. The salvation needs statement-  
 ship. It needs the highest type of con-  
 nexionalism extant. New churches must  
 be planted. Where? Where Tom,  
 Dick, or Harry wants them? No, but  
 where they ought to be. Well, get on  
 your map. See where the strategic  
 places are. Plant your growing causes,  
 nurse them, be the fruitful mother of  
 children, give them milk from your  
 breasts until they can earn meat for  
 themselves. This should be consum-  
 mated in the spirit of brotherhood  
 and under the management of a company  
 of responsible men, appointed by the  
 various churches of the city—a truly  
 connexional proceeding. Verily be-  
 lieve that no church can thrive unless

it seeks not her own, but so much

as the general good, for, like Paul,  
 our care is that of all the churches.

"2. I would like to suggest that our  
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 to our young people, in their insti-  
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