

London Advertiser.

Founded in 1863.

ADVERTISER BUILDING,
Dundas Street, London, Ont.SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One week by carrier..... 10c
One year by carrier..... \$5.00
One year by mail, outside city..... \$5.00
One year, delivered outside city..... \$5.00
Weekly Edition..... 75cTELEPHONE NUMBERS:
3670 (Private Branch Exchange,
Connecting All Departments.
Nights and holidays, ring the fol-
lowing numbers:
Business Department..... 3670
Editors..... 3671
Reporters..... 3672
Job Printing Department..... 3673[Entered at London Postoffice for
transmission through the mails as
second class matter.]

LONDON, FRIDAY, AUG. 9.

AS TO PEACHES.

The Toronto Star says that it is like taking California peaches to Niagara to bring a London lawyer to Toronto. The Star says this half-jocularly and means no offence, but has it reflected on the extent of this peach business? Let it examine the list of high court lawyers, present and past, and the roll of its leading lawyers, and it may be surprised to find how many of them are California peaches—from the city of London. Toronto is not so old that it can afford to boast of the superiority of its home-grown products. The townships, villages, towns and cities—for there are other cities in Ontario—have contributed by far the greater number of the choicest specimens on every Toronto tree, including the professional tree, which the Star seems to think is the pride of the garden.

Might we ask the Star to examine the origins of the men who produce so admirable a newspaper product as the Star itself? Aren't most of them California peaches? Certainly none of them are lemons. California peaches are just the things that Toronto and every large city needs to keep up the flavor of the home-bred variety. When Toronto wanted a head for its university it found a California peach in the Maritime Provinces. Its financial geniuses have been transplanted from Peterboro or London or Hamilton. Its commercial houses have drawn on outside Ontario into the scores for capable managers and executives. Its railways have brought the best men they employ from outside places. It does not seem to have a home-bred excess of wonderful hockey and lacrosse players, either, as an athlete who's Who would reveal.

In the summing up, Toronto should be consoled with the knowledge that if it needs more lawyers, doctors, financiers, journalists, commercial managers or railway experts, the smaller places breed the right sort, and have plenty ready to pick the \$15,000 plums or peaches. In a merely material way Toronto is showing other Ontario communities its heels, but when it comes to brains it is still far from self-sufficient.

THE NEXT BRITISH REFORM.

Now that the Insurance Act is actually in force, British Liberalism turns to another task. All other issues are about to dwindle beside the enormous questions of land taxation and agricultural law. Only seven years ago Premier Balfour's standing reply to petitions and deputations from the wretched in city and country was that nothing could be done. The Liberal Government has been showing that much could be done; wages in sweated industries have been forced up, unemployment has been relieved, old age and sickness robbed of half their terrors. Now the accumulated abuses of ages in the status of farm laborers, in the relations of tenant to landowner, and in methods of taxation, are to be attacked with victorious energy.

Everywhere the idea is gaining ground that the incidence of taxation should be shifted from improvements to the land. The workman's cottage or tradesman's shop should not be heavily taxed, while unoccupied land goes almost cost free, as is the case in English towns. In the English countryside, the only way to find the land required for small holdings is to put such a tax on the owner of uninhabited acres that he will be driven to sell. Campaigning for his seat in Hanley, Mr. Outthwaite, the Liberal candidate elected, proposed a tax of 3d. in the pound on land values, which seems modest enough to any colonial view, to any view but that of the British land lord, long fattened in privilege. Such a tax, however, would be a sensible relief to the smaller rate-paying and shop-keeping classes. It would be not only an act of social justice, but a condition of social progress in the poorer urban centres. It is simply monstrous that idle land should be practically tax-free.

Launching upon a campaign for taxation of land values, a minimum wage for agricultural laborers, and a fair rent bill in the interest of farm tenants, the Liberal party will probably be split, as it was over Home Rule. There are ominous signs of secession. But the Radical wing will be the stronger, and however leaders may fall away, the rank and file of voters will stand by a progressive policy. The Liberal party must move on if it is not to die; growth is its guarantee of life. A defeat at the next election is neither here nor there. The cause is the thing, and in Great Britain, are many men like Lloyd George, who care little for office except as forwarding the cause.

THE MANCHESTER BY-ELECTION.

The Unionists have just won North-west Manchester by a majority of 1,202. The seat had been vacated by Sir George Kemp, Liberal, who was out of sympathy with home rule. His majority in the last election was 445. Prior

to 1906 the constituency had been steadily Unionist. It was won in that year by Winston Churchill, but when he offered for re-election on his promotion to the cabinet in 1908, he was defeated by 429.

The reversion of the seat to the Unionists is not so significant as their methods of winning it. Manchester is the free trade citadel, and the successful candidate, Sir John Randles, warily kept the tariff issue in the background, laying the emphasis on home rule, Welsh disestablishment and the insurance act. The London Daily News, Liberal, and the London Daily Mail, Unionist, agree that the main factor in his success was his attack upon the insurance bill, the principle of which the Unionist party accepted in the House of Commons. The measure seems to be temporarily unpopular; there are nearly 14,000,000 insured persons paying a weekly tax, who will not be eligible for benefits for nearly six months. It is predicted there will be a change of sentiment when the benefits begin to flow.

The Unionist vote was not much larger than in 1908 or 1910, the drop in the Liberal vote being attributed partly to the estrangement between the Liberal and Labor forces. This is a far more serious menace to the Government than the Unionist party, which has no constructive policy. If the breach can be healed, the coalition should have nothing to fear from a party which runs away from its own policy to win a by-election. The Manchester victory looks like a pyrrhic one.

MR. CHURCHILL AND CANADA.

It is difficult to believe the story that Winston Churchill will visit Canada with a squadron of battleships, and will stump the country in an endeavor to whip up public sentiment for the Borden naval policy, whatever it may be.

Mr. Churchill has a genius for the spectacular, and in later years he has been credited with growing discretion and common sense, to match his undisputed abilities.

The proper naval policy for Canada was framed by the Laurier Government. The present Government has suspended the operation of that policy from partisan motives, and is seeking for a substitute. If it has pressed the First Lord of the Admiralty to come to Canada to help it out of its troubles, it has been guilty of a grave impropriety. No one imagines that Mr. Churchill would consciously act as a catspaw for any party in Canada, but the Borden Government would attempt to make capital out of his utterances here, and he would be placed in a position which every British statesman should seek to avoid.

Mr. Churchill can tell us no more about the naval situation by coming to Canada than he has told us in his brilliant speeches in the British House of Commons, which have been fully reported in the Canadian press. He has told us that "there is no cause for panic or alarm." A different construction would be put upon a visit to Canada.

The president of the republic of Hayti has been blown up. But this attracts little attention in an island in a constant state of political eruption.

President Taft has vetoed the wool bill on the ground that 49 per cent. protection is not enough for the wool industry. What a poor little lamb it must be!

The Canadian Labor Gazette reports that the cost of living is still rising, and is higher than ever before. More's the pity when there's so much farming to be done.

An English paper pictures Mr. Churchill sailing up the St. Lawrence on a battleship, and says it would be a historic occasion. It would be certainly historic.

The London Times has a new editor. This would have been a more important news item before the Times became the two-penny edition of the London Daily Mail.

Col. Hughes points to the number of persons in jail as one proof that the world is only half-civilized. The Colonel's plan for elevating civilization in Canada is to get ready to fight Germany.

Mrs. Guppy, who has discharged her eight servants to avoid payment of the British insurance tax, is being paraded as a heroine by the opponents of the act. The tax amounted in all to 48 cents a week. The lady seems to be a 48-cent heroine.

CONSOLATION.

She—Do you get a rest every summer, Mr. Jones?

He—Oh, yes. You see, I'm only in business; I'm not in society.

SPOTTED.

[Philadelphia Telegraph.]
Once so pleasing along the hike,
The straw hat new and dear;
But speckled now it looks just like
The hat of yesterday.

LONGEVITY ON THE STAGE.

[Grand Rapids Press.]
Some unkind person has been making a list of actors and actresses who are still favorites and very attractive to audiences, but who are growing old.

Among those mentioned as 50 years old, or nearing 50, are Maxine Elliott, Viola Allen, Olga Netherloft, Annie Russell, Virginia Harned, Lillian Russell, Mrs. Fiske, Marie Tempest, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Henrietta Crosman. These ladies all look young, but the playbills of the past betray their real age.

Some of the most prominent men are nearing 60, as, for instance, Forbes Robertson, Robert Mantell, Francis Wilson, Nat Goodwin, Robert Hilliard, and De Wolf Hopper. Certain well-known people have passed 60 and are verging toward 70—for example, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry and W. H.

Crane. Yet they are all bright and youthful, and promise to reach 80 or 90. Life on the stage seems to conduce to longevity.

OH, YOU REVOLVING DOOR!

Attendant (as lady comes around the eighth time)—This ain't no merry-go-round, lady!

Lady—I know; but I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out.

WHY?

[Life.]
Geraldine—When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water.

Mr. Jorie—Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught.

BUSINESS MEN.

[Life.]
Business men are divided into two classes—those who have machines and those who are.

DESPERATE.

[Fleeting Blatter.]
Economical Father (to his daughter, sotto voce)—"I say, Alice, play some song that everybody can sing. They're doing nothing but eating and drinking."

EVERYONE TO HIS TASTE.

[Puck.]
Mr. Scudalong—When I was your age I went to bed with the chickens.

Young Scudalong—I don't see how you managed to stick on the roosts.

MERELY A WOMAN.

[S. E. Kiser.]
Because she loved him she did not care how others worried and strove and schemed;

To her the weather was always fair
And sweet were the peaceful dreams she dreamed.

Because she loved him her look was glad
And the fates were good and the world was bright;

And she wondered, seeing those who were sad,
Why their cheeks were wan and their lips were white.

Because she loved him she did not sigh,
For rights that her eager sisters sought;

She was willing to let the days drift by,
He always first in her dearest thought.

Because she loved him she could not see
The cunning snares that he slyly set,
And, at last, deserted and dying, she,
Being merely a woman, loved him, yet.

GOT 'EM, LIKELY.

[Detroit Free Press.]
We presume that Woodrow Wilson's three daughters have all struck for new gowns on the strength of it.

THAT SILVER STUFF.

[Ottawa Citizen.]
Sir Wilfrid Laurier will deliver two speeches in New Ontario. The folks up there have always liked the silver stuff.

A SACRIFICE.

[Life.]
Man (to boy swimming)—If the water's so cold, why don't you come out?

Boy—Oh, I want to get some other fool to come in.

GOING TOO FAR.

[Boston Transcript.]
"One who goes too far can I go to Scollay square without change on this car?"

Fresh Conductor—No, mum; you need a nickel.

UNSYMPATHETIC.

[Literary Hack—Gee, but it's hard to write verses for winter on a hot summer day!]

His Wife—Huh! You ought to try making preserves for winter on a hot summer day!

THIS SORT OF A SUMMER.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
This is a fine summer for people who like old-fashioned winters.

FAME.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
The trouble with fame is that no man can ever know while he is alive that he has won it, and the probabilities are that there will be no satisfaction in it for him if he finds out after he is dead.

FOOLISH GERMANS.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
"In Germany a student is honored for the scars he has won in duels."

"How different from our own sensible custom. Here a young man takes pride in the injuries he has suffered in automobile accidents."

EXPOSITION OF PLUGGING.

[Ottawa Free Press.]
Sir William Macdonald, the Montreal tobacco millionaire, is about, according to rumor, to offer McGill another princely endowment. Sir William's career is an exposition of what can be accomplished by continual plugging.

HER VERY FIRST.

[Aitchison Globe.]
If you see a half-grown girl walking down Commercial street with a broad, happy smile on her face, and carrying a package which anyone can tell a block away contains a corset, you may know it is her very first.

Home-Made Door Mat of Rope and Wood.

There is a sort of door mat that is much in use in some sections of the country which is said to be an excellent substitute for the expensive rubber or metal affairs. It is made simple of alternate strips of wood and rope and can be fashioned at home.

A frame is made of three-eighths-inch lumber, one inch thick. The frame can be any size desired. Alternate strips of rope and wood are then

filled in. The best way to complete the mat is to leave one side of the frame open until the strips of rope and wood are in place. Make the wooden strips of one-inch lumber as thick as the frame.

First nail the length of rope to the frame and then a strip of wood. Then another length of rope and another strip of wood and so on until the frame is filled. Then put on the other side of the frame and the mat is finished and ready for business.

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NOBEL PRIZE;
DID IT GO TO
WRONG MAN?

[By Special Arrangement With
the Winnipeg Telegram.]

When Alfred Nobel, the Swedish millionaire and explosive inventor, died, he left a will which he had designed in a spirit of idealism. He was disappointed because his invention had not made war impossible; on the contrary, it had led the nations of Europe to pile up explosives of the most deadly character, and to go on talking about and preparing for war as the main business in world politics. The only thing left for Nobel to do was to try to make his fortune express his desires for humanity. He provided in his will, therefore, for the distribution of \$4,000,000 a year, every year, for ever, to an inventor in five different fields of effort. The most original worker on behalf of peace was to receive \$400,000; the most able inventor in the field of chemistry, of physics, of medicine, were to be similarly rewarded, and finally, the same tidy sum was to be given each year "to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency." With regard to peace promoters and scientists, trustees in Stockholm, who pick out the annual winners, have had little difficulty, and have met with little or no criticism because of their selections, but it seems that there has been considerable dissatisfaction with the adjudication along literary lines.

At the Nobel prize trustees carrying out the wishes of the dead millionaire in this department? This is the question which Gerald Stanley Lee is inclined to answer in the negative. He points out in a satirical article in the English Review that, in the year when the Stockholm committee sent a check to Rudyard Kipling for eight thousand pounds (\$40,000), an English writer, Mr. Allen Upward, wrote a book called "The New World," which was "so idealistic and distinguished, and so full of new ideas and of new combinations of old ideas, that there was scarcely a publisher in England who did not instinctively recognize it, who did not see that it would not pay at once, and that therefore it was too important a book for him to publish, and after a long delay the book was finally printed in Geneva."

Although a copy of this book was sent to the Stockholm committee, the prize was not awarded to Upward. Hence Mr. Gerald Lee indulges in this caustic language: "One would have thought that here was precisely the situation for which Alfred Nobel, who had been the struggling inventor of an invention that would not pay at once, himself, would have been looking. A book so inventive, so far ahead, that publishers praised it and would not invest in it, one would have imagined to be the one book of all others for which Alfred Nobel stood ready and waiting to put down his eight thousand pounds. But Mr. Nobel's eight thousand pounds did not go to the comparatively obscure, uncaptivated inventor, who had written a book to build a world, or, at least, a great preliminary design or sketch, towards a world. The Nobel prize trustees, instead of giving the eight thousand pounds to Allen Upward, looked carefully about through all the nations until their eyes fell on a certain Mr. Rudyard Kipling. And when they saw Mr. Rudyard Kipling, piled high with fame, and a pound a word, they came over quietly to where he was, and put softly down on him eight thousand pounds more."

Mr. Lee admits that if the Nobel prize trustees had given the award to Upward "a howl would have gone up round the world that would not have quieted down yet, and it is this howl that Mr. Nobel intended the prize for, that he thought a man would need about eight thousand pounds to meet. . . . He wanted to spend eight thousand pounds a year on providing for the world one more book which would give the ordinary man the personal feeling of being with a genius, of cold, lonely, cosmic genius, the sense of a chill wind of space outside blowing through." And here is Mr. Lee's summing up of the whole matter: "The Nobel prize acts twenty years too late; it falls into line with our usual ornamental D. D., L.L.D., habit, and has become, so far as literature is concerned, a mere colossal, kindly, doddering old age pension from a few gentlemen in Stockholm. It adds itself as one more futile effort of men of wealth, or worldly efforts, to be creative and lively with money—very much on the premises with money, after they are dead."

Joanhoe.

A HINT TO WINSTON.

[Montreal Herald.]
It would, however, be much more desirable that British statesmen should visit this country at a time when no grave question of imperial policy is before the country.

MERE EPIFANY.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth.

Bill Taft, to Penrose and to Crane well known.

The interests frowned not on his massive girth.

And all standpatters claimed him for their own.

CHAPMAN'S

NEW IDEA PATTERNS NOW
IN STOCK.
OPEN UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK
TONIGHT.

An Important List of Attractions for Saturday's Selling

Make a Saving of a Few Cents On Every Purchase and the Total Will Surprise You

Replenish Your Stock of Hosiery From This List

A fine quality Lisle Hose, handsome, medium sheer stocking, with reinforced feet; shown in black, tan or white; all sizes. Unexcelled at 25c per pair.
Beautiful Lisle Hose, double heel, sole and toe; insures long service. Black only; all sizes. . . . 35c per pair, 3 pairs for \$1.00
Dainty Lace Ankle Stockings, in pretty designs. Black, white, tan or sky; all sizes. . . . 25c per pair
High-grade Lace Ankle Lisle Hose, 3 designs, rich lustre finish; in black only; all sizes, 50c per pair
Misses' Lace Ankle Stockings; fine lisle, in sky, tan, white or black; sizes 6 to 8½. . . . 25c per pair

WEST STORE.

Glove Specials

All balances of long Silk Gloves, 12 and 16-button length, in best grades; in black, white and light colors; odd sizes throughout. To clear at a pair 93c

WEST STORE.

Underwear Savings

Two and a half dozen Net Summer Corsets. Best 50 cents pair. Sizes 18 to 25, for 43c pair
Ladies' Knit Corset Covers, long sleeves. Best 25c quality. Saturday, each 21c
Knit Drawers, full size. Our best 25c quality. Per pair 15c
Cambric Nightgowns, slip-over style, lace yoke. Saturday 59c each
Ladies' Cambric Petticoats, deep flounce of embroidery. Saturday, special 98c each

WEST STORE.

White Indianhead Skirts, to Clear at 98c Each

Five dozen of these popular White Skirts, sizes 22 to 27 waist measure, panel front and back, 6 gores, high or ordinary waist line. Saturday, each 98c

EAST STORE.

Satine Petticoats, 47c Each

Six dozen Black Satine Petticoats, sizes 36 to 42. Good grade cloth, accordion pleated flounce, and small frill. Saturday each 47c

EAST STORE.

Special Household Items

Hemstitched Pillow Slips, in heavy round thread cotton, soft finish. Sizes 40, 42 and 44-inch. Saturday, a pair 25c

40-inch Bleached Pillow Cotton, plain, in heavy weight. Special, a yard 15c

Pure Linen Bedroom Towels, made in Ireland, hemmed ready for use. 21c each; \$2.40 per dozen

Hemmed Huck Towels, pure white. Size 24x40-inch. 12½c each; \$1.40 per dozen

EAST STORE.

Wash Goods Snaps

Handsome 23-inch Silk-Finished Foulards, in rich Paisley effects, medium weight. Just the thing for kimono and dressing sacks, etc. Worth 35c yard. Saturday 15c per yard

Silks on Sale

20-inch Striped Silks, in black and white or white and black, also few colors. To clear at 36c yard

EAST STORE.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

239 and 243 Dundas Street

A Few Lines of Most Anything

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

"Fighting over a woman."

A Boston doctor says common soap is a carrier of disease. This helps to explain the small boy's attitude.

Not one of those fat men who raced at Fort Stanley for fun could be induced to run the mower over the grass for money.

We have no figure in Canadian life that compares to the Bull Moose, excepting that screeching catamount, the Hon. Sam. Hughes.

Depends on what sort of Americans have been hanging in Mexico as to the fuss that will be stirred.

One admirable thing about these baseball pitchers, who write for the newspapers—they all advise small boys not to drink.

No, Ambrose, when central says "L. D." she doesn't mean "Listen, Dearie." (Contributed.)

The lowest temperature in the Arctic circle yesterday was 54 degrees. London's lowest was 58.

Speaking of appropriate names, we know a reporter named Lines, whose nickname is Red-Head.

"St. Thomas was a doubter, but there is no doubt about St. Thomas." Is the slogan of our neighboring city. Isn't it rather doubtful slogan?

Q.—Where shall the city hall be built?
A.—Large gobs of silence.

Q.—When shall the city hall be built?
A.—Ask of the whispering winds.

These smooth fellows are naturally quite slippery.

Hope He Gets His Wish.
[East Elgin Reformer.]

"Jeff" White, Jack Millard and George Washington Howse are talking about building a hot air plane. They wanted me to join them. But when I take a journey up in the ethereal blue, I don't expect to come back again—at least, I don't expect to get "my bumps" if I do return.

Naming the Twins.
[Bohengen Independent.]
The parents of twins in Toronto

have had them christened Pansy Fuchsia Chrysanthemum and Aster Primrose Dahlia. That is what comes of having these seed catalogues kicking around. If they are blessed with another pair of twins, perhaps they will take the dinner menu and select Pork Beef Mutton and Raspberry Plum Pumpkin.

An Old-Time Tourist.

[Harriston Review.]