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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1906.

An International Question.

The Toronto World, which has a genius for discovering mares' nests, pretends to scent a conspiracy on the part of the Federal Government to usurp jurisdiction over all the Niagara power companies, so as to forestall, in the interests of the capitalists, any movement toward provincial or municipal power development at the Falls. Says the World:

"It is pretty difficult to size up the Dominion Government's attitude to the Niagara Falls problem. In so far as it is an affair of national frontier, and of international commerce, the Dominion has a direct and important responsibility; but as a problem for the utilization of a product of nature for the development of Canadian commerce, it is a problem fundamentally for the people of Ontario. The development of power is the paramount thing, subject to the wise preservation of an unrivaled scenic splendor."

The development of power at Niagara is not the paramount thing. It is subordinate to navigation, as well as to the question of preserving the Falls as a spectacle. The Niagara power problem should be considered in connection with other power projects, involving the subtraction of water from the inland waterways. Lake Michigan is an American lake, but Canadians have the right to protest against the further diversion of its water for the Chicago drainage canal, because of the effect upon the level of the lower lakes and the St. Lawrence River and canals. Already plans are in progress for the development of 60,000-horse power near Chicago. This means that water now flowing through the channel of the St. Lawrence will be diverted to the Mississippi. Some limit must be placed upon electrical power development on the Chicago canal, or Canada's great highway to the ocean will be jeopardized. Clearly, the federal authorities of both countries must take hold of the matter, and endeavor to come to an agreement, on the principle of give and take, which will save the Falls and conserve the gigantic shipping interests of the great lakes. The provincial or state authorities cannot in the nature of things, deal with the problem. The interests involved on both sides of the line are national, not local.

Mr. Hyman's statement in the House of Commons was clear and succinct. That the export of electricity is a matter under Dominion jurisdiction, no one will venture to dispute. That being the case the Government intends to exercise its jurisdiction by imposing such conditions upon the power companies as would assure an adequate supply of electrical energy for Canadian needs. Any permission to export would be revocable at short notice; and no permission would be granted unless the company conformed to the rules and regulations laid down by the Government. The International waterways commission had been advised not to raise the question of jurisdiction at the present time, but to endeavor to enlist the co-operation of the Ontario Government, so that a mutually satisfactory arrangement may be arrived at. This is the situation at present, and there is nothing to warrant suspicion of the Dominion Government's motives, or to justify any attempt to set the Federal and Provincial Governments by the ears.

Under the terms of their Provincial charters, the Niagara power companies are privileged to export half their output to the United States. This privilege may not be exercised without the consent of the Dominion Government, but, speaking for the latter, Mr. Hyman announces that the export of electrical energy will not be prohibited for the present. The reasons are very obvious. The Canadian market is not prepared to consume all the electrical power being generated on the Canadian side of the Falls. If the power companies had no right of exportation they could not have proceeded with their great undertakings, and there would have been little or no development. Thanks to the American market, power plants have been constructed on the Ontario side on a

scale which would otherwise have been impossible, and which will assure an ample supply for an indefinite time, of electrical energy for Canadian needs. As the home requirements grow they will be promptly met. This is the intention of the policy of the Federal Government, as outlined by Mr. Hyman. The export of Niagara power will be restricted automatically with the increase of the Canadian demand. The time may come when exportation will cease entirely. The Federal Government's plan has been framed in the interests of the Canadian public, or that large portion of it which may expect to share the benefits of Niagara power.

Two Empires.

The result of the first organized census of the British Empire has just been published, and a partial census report of the German Empire is also at hand.

In April, 1901, the area of the British Empire was 11,908,378 square miles, and the population 338,401,704. The area of the United Kingdom, the mother of this vast domain, is only 121,089 square miles, and its population at the time of the census was 41,453,721.

The white populations number about 54,000,000, or 13.6 per cent of the total. Of the 344,000,000 of the colored subjects of its majesty, 235,000,000 are natives of India and descendants of Hindu immigrants.

The expansion of the empire has been amazingly rapid in recent years. In 1861 it comprised only 8,500,000 square miles, and the population was 259,000,000. In the next two decennial periods no important territorial additions took place. Between 1881 and 1891 extensions in India, the East Indies and in Africa annexed two millions of square miles to the empire. Since 1891 further extensions and annexations have been made, and these have raised the total to the present figure. Africa and Asia have been the spheres of the recent conquests, which include the hard-won Transvaal and Orange River Colonies.

Turning to the German Empire (exclusive of the colonies) the census of last year shows a total population of 60,605,000, on an area of 208,820 square miles. There have been no territorial annexations in Europe since unification of the German states, and the average rate of increase in population has been 1 1/2 per cent annually. The German colonies and dependencies have a total area of 1,021,575 square miles, and a population of 9,000,000 to 10,000,000. The possessions are chiefly in Africa. They do not lend themselves to white colonization and have been a financial burden to the empire.

The growth of Germany is portentous. It is estimated that in ten years the population will be 70,000,000. The country is not naturally rich and cannot compare in fertility with France. The growth of population has been due to the marvelous industrial development of the past thirty years, and has been maintained although millions of Germans have emigrated to the new world. Population will increasingly overflow the limited confines of Germany in Europe, but for want of suitable colonies German emigration will be absorbed by foreign countries. Is it any wonder that Germany envies Great Britain her world-wide empire in which the British race may find ample room to expand?

A woman was attacked and bitten by a rat in the Grand Trunk station here. This is another argument for a new depot.

Perhaps the coal operators and miners are engaged in the great American game of bluff. The public may well hope so.

A thirty-story building is to be erected at Broadway and Cortlandt street, New York. The streets of Gotham in a few years will be canyons.

Some of the aldermen of Vancouver refuse to attend the reception to Prince Arthur in an official capacity because silk hats are prescribed. The chances are that there is more demagogism than democracy in their motives.

Public sympathy will go out to Hon. Robert Jaffray, of Toronto, in the loss of his estimable wife. Her death is given an added touch of pathos by the circumstance that it occurred unexpectedly while Mr. Jaffray was being invested with senatorial honors at Ottawa.

Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, verifies the report, first cabled from London, of the discovery of ultra-violet rays, which will distinguish living matter from dead. These rays cause living bodies to cast shadows, but show dead bodies transparent. In the experiment with a rat, the instant the rodent died, a shadow of the same shape was noticed to pass upward and vanish. Prof. Gates' explanation is that the electric currents in the nerves and muscles of the living stop the electric waves of light, but when the currents are stilled by death the rays pass through.

Representatives of various state legislatures will meet in Des Moines, Iowa, to discuss the popular election of United States senators. Several legislatures have declared for the principle of popular election, and will seek to procure the co-operation of two-thirds of the states, which is necessary to change the federal constitution. Some writers on the Canadian press are extolling the United States as an example to be followed out in reforming the Canadian Senate. The United States Senate has lost the confidence, and even the respect, of the American masses. It has become the stronghold of privilege, and the creature of the trusts. The United States is ruled by an oligarchy.

Conflict of Opinion.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Do you agree with Carnegie that millionaires seldom laugh?"

"No, I'm certain they all have the laugh on me."

The First Aniline Dye.

[London Telegraph.]

It is fifty years ago since William Henry Perkin extracted from coal-tar the first of the aniline dyes—"mauve." The jubilee of that event is about to be celebrated and honor done to the discoverer.

No Loved Her Not.

[Harper's Bazar.]

A little 6-year-old girl friend of mine came running to me and threw herself into my arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"God doesn't love me any more," she wailed. "God doesn't love me." "God doesn't love you! Why, dear, God loves everyone," I assured her. "Oh, no, he doesn't love me, I know he doesn't. I tried him with a daisy."

Maria Mitchell's Beer.

[New York Post.]

Prof. Maria Mitchell, the noted astronomer, was once ordered lager beer by her physician as a tonic. On the way to visit her sister, Mrs. Joshua Kendall, of Cambridge, she stopped at a grog shop (it was before the non-license regime), and bought a bottle of beer, which she asked her brother-in-law to open for her.

The Mitchell family, says the Boston Herald, spoke the "plain" language among themselves.

"Where did thee get it, Maria?" questioned her sister.

"At the saloon on the corner," replied Miss Mitchell, serenely.

"Why, Maria! Doesn't thee know respectable women don't go into such places?"

"Oh!" said Miss Mitchell, in the manner of one who has done all that could be required, "I told the man he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of his traffic."

The Only Remedy.

[Baltimore Daily Record.]

Edwin James was one of the most brilliant English lawyers of his day, but he was always in financial difficulties. At one time he lived in some west end chambers, the landlord of which could never obtain rent. At last he had recourse to an expedient which he hoped would arouse his tenant to a sense of his obligation. He asked him if he would be kind enough to advise him on a little legal matter in which he was concerned, and on James acquiescing drew up a statement specifying his own grievance against the landlord and asked him to state what he considered the best court for a landlord to take under such conditions.

The paper was returned to the landlord the next morning with the following sentence subjoined: "In my opinion, this is a case which admits of only one remedy—patience."

The Chorus Girl's Prize.

[London Chronicle.]

Our old nobility has ever been of the way of drawing its new blood from the stage. Just as Napoleon's soldiers were said each to carry a field marshal's baton in his knapsack, so may every chorus girl imagine that in her make-up box lurks a peerage.

Awaiting the Result.

[New York World.]

In slavery days a negro was discovered in a hotel office walking up and down.

"Here, you nigger," said the proprietor, "who do you belong to?"

"Dead, massa," the negro replied. "I dunno until de poker game now goin' on upstairs is finished."

Hastened to Report.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, in a determined tone of voice, "I want you to go and look at that furnace."

Mr. McSwat crawled out of bed, thrust his feet into his slippers, and went down two flights of stairs, into the basement.

He returned in a surprisingly short space of time.

"It's still there, Lobelia," he said, crawling into bed again.

Ashamed?

[Hamilton Times.]

The Tory press is doing a great deal of squealing over Mr. Ross's motion for a return giving the names of all officials who have been removed or who have resigned since the Whitley Government came into power. Now why make very faces about a trifle like that? Are they ashamed that the people should have a statement of what they have been doing?

The Boy's Prayer.

[London Daily Mail.]

A well-known cleric said the other night that as a boy, when told to pray into his hat before taking his seat in church—a piece of ceremonial now obsolete—he always used the following formula: "Lincoln, Bennett & Co., hat makers to Her Majesty the Queen, extra quality. Saville-street, Piccadilly, London. Hont soit qui mal y pense. Diet et mon droit. Amen."

What They Call It.

[Puck.]

Granna says we's right in style, A-sittin' in our auto-bile.

Grandpa says we're fit to kill, A-ridin' in our auto-bill.

Ma, she says we ought to feel Grateful for our auto-beel.

Pa says there ain't no other man Kin run an outta like he can.

Auntie preaches near and far 'Bout our lovely touring car.

Uncle Bill says he ain't seen Nowhere such a good machine.

Brother Bill, he keeps on braggin' 'Bout the speed of our new wagon.

But, oh, it sounds so grand and noble, When Sister Sue says automobile.

The Modern Newspaper.

[Sir Alfred Harmsworth.]

I do not hesitate to declare, and I am prepared to prove by extract if re-

quired, that the great, dignified journals of the past exist only in the imagination of those who talk and write about them. Distance in this matter tends to enchantment.

The general contents of the daily press years ago would greatly surprise the present-day reader of newspapers. Only thirty years ago many newspapers were accustomed to print topics now unmentionable. The modern newspaper has many faults, but it is at least decent, and it does not give the rest of the world the impression that English life largely centers round the divorce court and the prize ring.

Another Little War In the Empire.

[From the New York Sun.]

The British in Uganda recently decided to put the Nandi tribe on a reservation and make them stay there. The Nandi, living to the northeast of Victoria Nyanza, are the only tribe near the great lake that has given the British any serious trouble since the whites gained the upper hand in Uganda. They did not take kindly to the idea of having a fence around them, and Capt. de Crespigny of the British expedition that has been driving the blacks to the land selected for them writes that about 1,000 of the Nandi were killed in the operation.

Not even the Masai have been such a thorn in the flesh of the whites. The Nandi have lived on the southern slopes of Mount Elgon, which is noted for the caves that honeycomb its sides. Years ago many of them lived in these caves, but they have recently been settled at the foot of Elgon among the plains and forests, 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea. This is one of the regions which the British have recommended as suitable for white colonists; and it is only sixty or seventy miles distant from the lofty plain which the British Government offered to the Zionists as a refuge for oppressed Jews.

Six years ago the British lost hope that their last war with the natives of Central Africa was over, for they made up their minds that the Nandi must be repressed if force could accomplish it. The tribe has always been a thorn in the side of the white man, and the aggressions had really become unbearable.

The British did not attempt to impose the hut tax upon the Nandi. They did not permit caravans to travel through the Nandi country, and in fact were content to let the tribe severely alone. But the Nandi, unfortunately, would not let the British alone. When the telegraph wire from the Indian Ocean was strung along the Nyando Valley the Nandi could not resist the temptation to swoop down now and then and carry off a mile or two of the wire. Then they began to make raids on transport carts, mail carriers, and isolated telegraph stations.

The difficulty had to be faced, and so a strong expedition was sent against the tribe. It took four months to give the Nandi their fill of fighting and then they sued for peace and obtained it. They behaved themselves until they forgot the lesson they had learned; and a while ago they began to menace the railroad that joins Victoria Nyanza with the Indian Ocean, and to attack the white pioneers who are opening farms on the high plateau.

So the second war with the Nandi began. After the natives had been severely trounced the British determined to give them a reservation and to keep them strictly away from the settlers and the railroad. The objective of the Nandi in this proceeding has resulted in more bloodshed; but there is little doubt that they will be forced to live on their reservation just as their relatives, the proud Masai, are now tending cattle in the two districts set apart for them and to which they are wholly confined.

POEMS THAT LIVE

Venice.

[George Gordon, Lord Byron.]

(From "Child Harold," Canto IV.)

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs, A palace and a prison on either hand; I saw from out the wave her structures rise, As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand; A thousand years their cloudy wings extend, And a dying glory smiles o'er the fond land.

Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles, Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred Isles! She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, Riving on her throne of proud towers. At airy distance, with majestic motion, A ruler of the waters and their powers; And such she was—her daughters had their powers From her; and such they are, when in their towers Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.

In purple was she robed, and of her feast Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased. In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more, In silence rows the songless gondolier; Her palaces are crumbling to the shore, And music meets not always now the ear.

Those days are gone—but beauty still is here. States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die. Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear, The pleasant place of all festivity. The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy. But unto us she hath a spell beyond Her name in story, and her long array Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms descend Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway: Ours is a trophy which will not decay With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor, And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away.

The keystones of the arch; though all were o'er, For we repeated were the solitary shore. Age Adds to Its Popularity. Fifty years ago Putnam's Corn Extractor was introduced. Its sale has been enormous. The reason is that "Putnam's" is the only painless and sure cure for corns, warts and bunions. Doubtless you have proved this yourself.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Noticeable Values in the New White Waists

Description is apt not to do justice to the beauty of the New White Waists, so we will merely point out a few of the noticeable values and ask you to inspect them for yourself. The present aggregation is a strong one.

Fine Organdy Waists, invisibly opened up the back, pin tucks in the back, yoke formed in the front with German valenciennes, collar and deep cuffs trimmed the same. A beautiful waist.....\$3.00

White Organdy Waists, blind embroidery insertions, with cluster tucks on pleats, deep cuff trimmed with insertion, also the collar. Nothing prettier has been shown than this.....\$2.75

Fine Lawn Waists with seven rows of embroidery insertion and nine clusters of tucks, every tuck is hemstitched, even those that are in the sleeves and cuffs. Splendid value.....\$2.00

Extra Nice Waists, made of fine lawn, wide embroidery insertion, joined with val. insertion finished with hemstitched tucks, pretty collar. Price.....\$1.50

Eight Styles at \$1. No better variety could be described than we present at \$1. The workmanship is of the best, the fabric and trimmings are remarkable, the style is unsurpassed, at.....\$1.00

Special, White Lawn Waists, tucked and pleated back and front, finished with two rows embroidery insertion, full sleeves, pleated, hemstitched collar. Special at.....75c

We have just received a repeat order of Ladies' Percale Waists in navy blue, dutch blue and light colors. These waists are made with full pleated fronts, new sleeves; and are extraordinary value at.....50c

New Corset Cover Embroideries

Today's news is of a new lot of Corset Cover Embroideries rather underpriced.

18-inch Corset Cover Embroideries, 4 patterns, at, yard.....20c
English Eyelet Embroidery for making corset covers, at, yard.....35c, 40c

Corset Cover Embroideries with beading. Some are lace trimmed, all new, at, yard.....20c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 80c and 90c

Nainsook Embroidery Edgings, 2 inches wide, fine quality, at, yard.....10c
9 and 10-inch Cambric Embroidery Edgings, at, yard.....25c

Repeat Order of Bath Towels

You still have the last lot in mind—these are identically the same—a repeat order.

8 1/2c Turkish Bath Towels, at, each.....6 1/2c
15c Turkish Bath Towels, at, each.....12 1/2c
20c Turkish Bath Towels, at, each.....15c

For April

New Idea patterns, each 10c
New Idea Sheets free.

The new Magazine is full of suggestions for Easter. Plenty of Easter verse and stories—and authoritative description of new styles.

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128 1/2 Dundas St.

How to Fool a Lazy Liver with Artificial Exercise

EVERY serious Sickness has a small beginning. And, in nine cases out of ten that small beginning is made in the Bowels.

Indigestion is the beginning of most diseases.

It paves the way for all others.

Lack of exercise, hasty eating, improper food, are its first causes.

Laziness, and postponement, permits it to grow into Chronic Constipation, which means life-long Discomfort.

It isn't necessary to be sick-a-bed, you know, in order to be mightily uncomfortable.

Even slight indigestion affects the nerves, dulls the mind, and obscures the merry sunshine of Life.

And, Indigestion once started, grows fast, corrodes temperament, and discounts happiness, good cheer, capacity.

It does that long before it puts you on the Sick list.

Every thinking Doctor knows why.

Professor Rand knew it.

That's why he framed up for students his famous formula for Happiness, viz: "Trust in God, and keep your Bowels open."

The Bowels need adjustment from time to time, just like a clock, or a watch.

No "Good time" is humanly possible without this.

And, the time to adjust the watch is not when it has run down, nor when the main spring is broken, but at the very minute adjustment is discovered necessary.

The time to adjust the Bowels is not merely when your Head Aches, when your Liver is Sick, your Stomach in Revolt, and Nature's Food Process retarded for 24 hours or longer.

The proper time to adjust them is the very minute you suspect they need adjustment.

—If your tongue is slightly coated,
—If your breath is under suspicion,
—If your Head feels a trifle heavy or dull,
—If digestion seems even a little slow,
—If Heartburn, Belching, Colic or Restlessness begin to show themselves,
—That's the time to eat a Cascaret.

Don't imagine the Cascaret is ineffective because it is pleasant to eat as Candy.

It acts as pleasantly as it tastes. It is as congenial to your Bowels as it is to your Palate.

It is not a "Bile-driver" which floods out your stomach today with fluid juices needed for tomorrow.

But, it acts like Exercise, instead.

It stimulates the muscular lining of the Bowels and Intestines, so that they mechanically digest food and drive out the waste.

This is why Cascarets differ from all Purgatives, Physio, Cathartics and Whirlwind Drugs that help today at tomorrow's expense.

Cascarets are the only Bowel and Liver medicine that do not need to be used in larger doses every month you use them.

The time to use a Cascaret is when you first suspect you need one.

They only way to have them ready to use precisely when you need them is to carry them constantly in your pocket, as you do a Watch or a Lead pencil.

The ten cent box of Cascarets is made thin, flat, round-edged, and small, for this precise purpose.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

A sample and the famous booklet, "Cure of Constipation," Free for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

7/1

Bank of Nova Scotia

Incorporated 1832.

CAPITAL, - - \$2,500,000
RESERVE, - - \$4,200,000

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Deposits of \$1 and upwards are received, repayable on demand.

LONDON OFFICE—Cor. Richmond and Carling Sts.

R. B. ROSSBOROUGH, Manager.

Congressman Olmsted, of Pennsylvania, takes a man about four terms to fanny, expressed this opinion: "I militarize himself with his office."

2 in 1 Shoe Polish

Black, Tan and White. The bootblacks all use "2 in 1" Shoe Polish—Pleasured customers and many of them.

"2 in 1" is a leather food, softens, preserves and does not eat or burn shoes. Don't take substitutes.

Black and Tan in 30c and 60c tins. White in 30c glass.

It is not a "Bile-driver" which floods out your stomach today with fluid juices needed for tomorrow.

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