

The Advertiser

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(TWO EDITIONS)
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IN LONDON—Daily, 10c per week, delivered.

Western Advertiser.
(OUR WEEKLY EDITION)
By mail, per annum \$1.00

Advertising Rates made known on application
at office. Address all communications to
ADVERTISER PRINTING CO
LONDON - CANADA.

London, Saturday, Oct. 24, 1896.

The Anonymous Libeller.

Much comment has taken place over the anonymous attack on Mr. William Buckingham, of Stratford, published this week in the Ottawa Citizen. Mr. Buckingham was appointed Deputy Minister of the Interior when Hon. David Mills was Minister of that department. When the Liberal Government was defeated Sir John Macdonald took the portfolio of the Interior, and his first act was to remove Mr. Buckingham from office, his excuse being that he had to have a political supporter as his deputy. It was not charged that Mr. Buckingham was inefficient or untrustworthy. On the contrary, the Mail, then as now the chief exponent of Conservative views, spoke well of Mr. Buckingham's reputation, saying: "Nor is it a question regarding Mr. Buckingham's honorable and trustworthy character, against which we would be sorry to utter a word, and in fact, we have never yet made the slightest insinuation." The Ottawa Citizen then alleged, as it afterwards proved, without foundation, that by dispensing with Mr. Buckingham's services the country would save a salary.

The facts are really as Sir John Macdonald stated them—he got rid of Mr. Buckingham because he was a Liberal, and he wanted a Conservative for his deputy. What we desire to emphasize in this connection is the unfairness and the rib-stabbing that has recently been indulged in by the anonymous letter-writer who has been permitted by the Citizen to traduce Mr. Buckingham. From behind the wall of anonymity, this assassin of character has been enabled to hunt his poisoned shafts at Mr. Buckingham, whom he has falsely denounced as a civil servant who used his position to do service to the party which appointed him.

Mr. Buckingham has dared the man who has attacked him to produce any lot of proof that what he alleges is true. He cannot do it. It is not in his possession. He knows that the truth is not in him, and it would not have been difficult for the editor of our Ottawa contemporary to satisfy himself on that score by reference to the newspaper files of the time at which the Buckingham dismissal was under discussion.

Mr. Buckingham states that he believes his assailant is a hard-bested civil servant, who is trying to besmirch the ex-Deputy Minister, in order that he may excuse his own shortcomings. In justice to the civil service, in justice to the manhood of Ottawa, the libeller's name should be made known. No man should be allowed to traduce another behind an anonymous shield. If such an one desires to attack a fellow-citizen, it is only fair that he should be asked to face his assailant, and not seek the resort of the coward. The Advertiser has for years had a rule that no writer shall be permitted to use his columns in making an attack on another, unless he signs his name to his communication and has it published. Ordinarily, if a man refuses to do so, his motive is improper, he has not good grounds for his act, and a newspaper injures itself by permitting him to use its columns. Who is the Ottawa libeller?

Though Sir David Macpherson left an estate valued at \$40,613 13, he made no charitable bequests. His estate goes entirely to his family. Of the real estate, Chestnut Park is valued at \$78,600, and there are vacant lots in Toronto to the value of \$26,022.

Our Salt Industry.

Last year business was much brisker in the Ontario salt industry than during 1894. The director of mines for this Province, in his annual report, states that salt was produced at fourteen works in the five counties of Bruce, Huron, Middlesex, Lambton and Essex. The following statistics are interesting:

| | 1895. | 1894. |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Tons made | 51,009 | 35,215 |
| Value | \$188,101 | \$115,551 |
| Wages | 56,496 | 42,350 |

In quantity made, in value and in wages paid for labor, 1895 exceeded each of the preceding three years. No attempt has yet been made to mine the salt, though beds of great thickness exist at a moderate depth, ranging from 900 to 1,300 feet. At all the works it is produced by evaporating the brine, which either flows from or is pumped out of the borings. Herefore no other industry has been established in the Province in connection with salt works, but during the present year is plant is in course of construction for the manufacture of soda ash.

Hon. David Mills.

Taking into consideration the reckless way in which the late Dominion Government distributed "Q.C.s" among its political friends, the Sentinel-Review says that Hon. David Mills ought to be proud of the fact that Sir Oliver Mowat, on assuming office, prevented the inclusion of his name in the list. "But all the same," adds our contemporary, "he is the highest constitutional authority in this country."

Fifty-two French Canadians, who have recently had homes in the New England States, have returned to Canada and will take up lands in the Lake Umbagog district. We expect to see many other exiled Canadians returning to the Dominion soon.

Specimen English Progress.

A native of the northern English burg, Newcastle-on-Tyne, visited his birthplace the other day, after an absence of 38 years. Newcastle is a specimen English trade center. Its population has doubled since 1850, and the condition of the people has been vastly improved. Forty years ago, in Westgate street, stood a plain house, upon the door of which was a brass plate bearing the legend, "Mr. Armstrong, Solicitor." He was an eminently respectable young lawyer, but when the good people of Newcastle heard that he was neglecting conveyancing, and spending his time studying mechanics, they shook their heads, and expressed their conviction that he was engaged in a fool's pursuit, considering his training. But "Armstrong, the lawyer," invented the hydraulic crane, destined to be of phenomenal service to mankind. He still kept up his law business, but he bought a lot and erected a small building, in which the manufacture of hydraulic machinery was undertaken. From that humble beginning, Mr. Armstrong, with true English persistence, built up the vast Elswick establishment, which now has but one rival in Europe—the Essen factory in Germany. In the Armstrong factories, 15,000 skilled workmen now toil at furnace, forge and lathe. The industrial buildings extend over a mile along the banks of the River Tyne, and from their doors are annually sent forth millions of pounds' worth of rifled guns, and hydraulic rams and cranes of every description. The manufactures are sent to all parts of the world, and "Mr. Armstrong, solicitor," is now worthily distinguished as Lord Armstrong, and recognized as the chief agent in promoting the industrial progress of the Tyne. Some inventors have not profited by the results of their discoveries, but this one-time obscure, plodding Newcastle barrister has reaped the harvest of his genius; he is a millionaire.

How the world moves. Even the Island of Anticosti is to have an electric railway. When Menier, the great French cocoa man, bought the island, it was a happy day for its handful of settlers.

The Winnipeg Nor'Wester rides a very high horse. It says the Advertiser was "immoral" when it stated that the office of the late Archbishop of Canterbury was a fat one. Our contemporary must be parting with its wits. The archbishopric is worth \$75,000 a year and two palaces go with it. Is it immoral to say so? certainly not in London. The Winnipeg editor, however, may move in a sphere so far above ordinary mortals that he would not dare speak of an archbishop's office as "fat."

TRY IT.

Ram's Horn.
How much it would shorten our long prayers in church if we would only pray for what we are willing to work for.

IN A TERRIBLE PLIGHT.

The editor of the Delhi Vindicator is in a serious way. Last week's paper tells an anxious world that diphtheria has appeared in his midst.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"I am sorry I bought one of those door-mats with 'Welcome' on it."
"Why so?"
"Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night."

LIGHT ON A GREAT QUESTION.

Guelph Mercury.
Perhaps the best light on the situation (the Manitoba school question) comes from the London Free Press of Wednesday. On page one, it says, under its Ottawa notes:
"So the Manitoba Premier, Mr. Greenway, had to withdraw from this agreement, and now, as far as can be learned, no other scheme can be devised, and the settlement is as far off as ever."
On page four, it editorially observes:
"The smirking and winking that has been going on at Ottawa between the Laurier Government and the Manitoba delegates anent the school question, has come to an end. The delegates have been warned by sunny ways into the acceptance of a settlement of matters according to the arrangements made a year ago. But the people at large are not to know that the conference was a farcical make-believe."
It is not the Free Press' fault if the people have not the best information on the question.

"NOT MUCH OF A VISITOR."

Canada Presbyterian.
Here is a deliciously humorous and eminently candid excerpt from Rev. C. J. Cameron's valedictory to his congregation in Brockville: "Some have complained because I have not visited more. I was weak in that line (mark

the contrition). I was not a good visitor, and when those in charge of a congregation with me would seek to drive me kindly into that work, I thought that it was time for me to move. It may be that the man who comes after me will visit you. I hope he will visit you incessantly." Some congregations are very unjust in their demands upon a minister along this line. They should remember the experience of those under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. Binnie, of London, England, who had been criticizing their spiritual adviser for neglecting the social aspect of his work. One Sunday morning, after the preliminary part of the service had been concluded, and the time for the sermon arrived, Dr. Binnie arose and said: "This week I have devoted my time exclusively to visitation, and have been unable to prepare a sermon. I will now pronounce the benediction. How can a congregation expect a minister to gallivant about town every day in the week and still be prepared for the work of the Sabbath?"

The November Century will contain the opening instalment of the serials: "Campaigning with Grant," by Gen. Horace Porter, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; Dr. Weir Mitchell's novel of the revolution, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," and "A Rose of Yesterday," by Marion Crawford.

McClure's Magazine for November will contain the first instalment of a five or six-part story of Rudyard Kipling. It is Kipling's first long story of American life, being a tale of stirring adventure among the Oklahe fishermen on the Grand Banks. It will be illustrated with drawings from life by J. W. Taber.

Madame Calve and Madame Melba will both appear in the next issue of the Ladies' Home Journal with articles on the voice. Madame Melba has written before, and is, in fact, no novice with the pen, but this is Madame Calve's first attempt at authorship. She wrote the article in French, and after an English translation had been made of it, she had the original manuscript bound between morocco covers as a souvenir of her debut as a writer.

A TRAITOR AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY

Capt. Dreyfus Costs France \$12,000 a Year and is Making His Keepers Crazy.

From the Figaro.
There are not many nations in Europe rich enough to treat themselves to a traitor like Capt. Dreyfus, who is assuredly the dearest object in that line that has ever existed. We might, perhaps, have four heroes for the same price. The Government machine, with its usual genius, has so skillfully arranged matters, that it costs us \$12,000 a year to maintain in a distant island a man who has been degraded publicly for treason. If he lives only twenty years, which would not be extraordinary, he will have cost his country more than \$240,000. Never did any man who saved his country cost so much as that.

It is also the first time on record that any human being inspires a interest for people to spend 14,000 francs a year merely to learn the condition of his health. If a Minister happens to dream some night that Dreyfus has escaped, that costs 1,500 francs in telegrams the next morning. If Dreyfus catches cold it takes \$100,000 to announce the event to the proper authorities, while if a German or English vessel is sighted sailing past the Ile du Diabie we have to pay 2,000 francs. Besides this the keepers and watchmen on the island are subjected to the most cruel discipline. One has gone mad on account of the weight of responsibility. Two men have been devoured by sharks in going from the island where the Governor lives to the Ile au Diabie to find out how Capt. Dreyfus had slept at night, pale, nervous, restless beings are seen walking about anxiously, with a frightened look, startled and driven out of their wits at the slightest sound, having hardly time to sleep and eat; they never take their eyes off a very tranquil person who walks his hundred paces after breakfast, smoking his pipe, with his hands behind his back. They are people with a clear conscience, who watch a man who has committed a crime.

THE QUEEN HAS OUTLIVED.

1. All the members of the Privy Council who were alive in 1837.
2. All the peers who held their titles in 1837, except the Earl of Darnley, who was 10, and Earl Nelson, who was 14 in that year.
3. All the members who sat in the House of Commons on her accession to the throne except Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Charles Villiers, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Mansfield, and Mr. John Temple Leader.
4. Her Majesty has seen eleven Lord Chancellors, ten Prime Ministers, six Speakers of the House of Commons, at least three bishops of every age and five or six of many sees, five Archbishops of Canterbury, and six Archbishops of York, and five commanders-in-chief.
5. She has seen five Dukes of Norfolk succeed each other as Earl Marshal, and has outlived every duke and duchess and every marquis and marchioness who bore that rank in 1837.
6. She has outlived every member of the Jockey Club and every master of foxhounds that flourished in 1837.
7. She has seen seventeen Presidents of the United States, ten Viceroys of Canada, fifteen Viceroys of India, and France successively ruled by one King, one Emperor and six Presidents of a Republic.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Geo. Seales, a Well-Known Contractor of Niagara Falls, Completely Restored by the Great South American Kidney Cure—Thousands More Can Bear the Same Testimony.

I was a great sufferer for years with acute kidney disorder and pain in my sides. When almost all other known remedies had been fairly tried and had failed, I was advised to take South American Kidney Cure. One bottle did me so much good I purchased two more. I am now completely restored—feel better than I have for five years. It's a great cure, will give relief in six hours, and I delight in recommending it to others.

A monument to the brothers Grimm, known to all children as the collectors of the "Household Stories," has just been erected at Hanau.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.



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It's a sign of better times when such good soap is in demand. Send us 25 "Eclipse" Wrappers, or 6 cents in stamps, with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel.

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From 7 to 10 O'Clock.

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ON GROUND FLOOR.

| | |
|---|---|
| HOSE—Ladies' Plain Wool Hose, spliced heels and toes, worth 25c. Saturday Night 14c | PLAIDS—Three patterns only, All-Wool! Scotch Plaids, worth 50c. Saturday Night 25c |
| HOSE—Children's Plain Wool Hose, double heels and toes, worth 25c. Saturday Night 17c | SKIRTS—One lot very heavy Fine Felt Skirts, worth 75c. Saturday Night 50c |
| HOSE—Children's Fine Worsted Ribbed Hose, double heels and toes, worth 30c. Saturday Night 34c | CHE'KS—Six pieces Silk and Wool Checks, worth 50c. Saturday Night 35c |
| HOSE—Ladies' All-Wool Ribbed Cashmere Hose, double soles, heels and toes, worth 50c. Saturday Night 38c | CREPON—Black Crepon and Novelty Dress Goods, worth \$1. Saturday Night 50c |
| KNEE PROTECTORS—Children's Stock-inette Knee Protectors, worth 15c. Saturday Night 10c | NOVELTY DRESS GOODS—Six pieces Novelty Dress Goods, colored, worth 35c. Saturday Night 25c |
| GLOVES—Ladies' Black and Colored Kid Gloves. Saturday Night 25c | CHECKS—Three pieces Two Toned Novelty Check Dress Goods, worth 25c. Saturday Night 20c |
| HANDKERCHIEFS—Fancy Embroidery Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 15c. Saturday Night 10c | CURTAINS—Ten pairs Oriental Curtains, worth \$2. Saturday Night \$1 50 |
| GLOVES—Colored Cashmere Gloves, worth 15c. Saturday Night 10c | CURTAINS—Ten pairs Chenille Curtains, \$1 yards long, heavy dado and fringe, worth \$4. Saturday Night \$2 75 |
| PURSES—Ladies' Purses and Card Cases, made of leather, calf lined, worth 30c. Saturday Night 20c | CURTAINS—Ten pairs Chenille Curtains, worth \$5. Saturday Night \$4 |
| NIGHT DRESSES—Ladies' Fancy Flannelette Night Dresses, sample lot, a great snap. Saturday Night | CURTAINS—Six pairs Turkish Curtains, worth \$5. Saturday Night \$2 50 |
| VESTS—Ladies' Ribbed Wool Vests, full fashioned, worth 60c. Saturday Night 42c | SHEETING—Twill Sheeting, unbleached, two yards wide, worth 18c. Saturday Night 15c |
| JERSEYS—Ladies' Fancy Colored Golf Jerseys, worth \$2. Saturday Night \$1 43 | COMFORTERS—Six feet by six—very heavy, worth \$1 75. Saturday Night \$1 50 |
| SOCKS—Men's All-Wool Black Ribbed Socks, worth 25c. Saturday Night 3 for 50c | WRAPPERETTE—German Wrapperette Flannel, dark colors, stripes and plaids, worth 15c. Saturday Night 10c |
| SUSPENDERS—Men's Silk Trimmed Elastic Suspenders, worth 25c. Saturday Night 15c | LINEN—Unbleached Table Linen, 68 inches wide, worth 35c. Saturday Night 27c |
| HATS—Men's Fine Fur Felt Stiff Hats, good shapes, worth \$2. Saturday Night \$1 25 | COTTON—Unbleached Cotton, fine make, 40 inches, worth 8c. Saturday Night 6 1-2c |
| HATS—Gents' Fine Fur Felt Fedora Hats, black and brown, worth \$2. Saturday Night \$1 25 | PRINTS—Blue Sateen Prints, with white dots, fast colors, worth 15c. Saturday Night 10c |
| RUGS—Large German Lap Rugs, fine assortment of patterns, worth \$1. Saturday Night 75c | SHEETING—Bleached Twill Sheeting, 2 yards wide, worth 25c. Saturday Night 20c |
| GLOVES—Men's Fine Fleece-Lined Kid Gloves, worth 75c. Saturday Night 50c | COTTON—Bleached Pillow Cotton, 48 inches wide, worth 15c. Saturday Night 12 1-2c |
| SHIRTS—Men's Black Sateen Shirts, fast colors, worth 50c. Saturday Night 39c | DAMASK—Bleached Table Damask, all linen, 62 inches wide, worth 65c. Saturday Night 50c |
| SHIRTS—Men's Heavy All-Wool Top Shirts, worth \$1. Saturday Night 80c | NAPKINS—Table Napkins, large size, all linen, worth \$1 25. Saturday Night \$1 10 |
| HANDKERCHIEFS—Men's Large Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, cambric, worth 15c. Saturday Night 3 for 25c | FLANNEL—Wool Flannel, gray, 27 inches wide, plain or twill, worth 20c. Saturday Night 16c |
| SHIRTS AND DRAWERS—Men's Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, worth 40c. Saturday Night 30c | PLAID—Scotch Plaid Flannels, all wool, worth 20c. Saturday Night 25c |

ON FIRST FLOOR.

| | |
|---|---|
| ULSTERS—Men's Black, Brown and Gray Frieze Ulsters, worth \$8. Saturday Night \$4 50 | SUITS—Odd Lines Boys' 3-piece, Good-to-Wear Suits, worth \$4. Saturday Night \$2 95 |
| OVERCOATS—Men's Good-to-Wear Tweed Overcoats, worth \$5. Saturday Night \$2 50 | SUITS—Boys' 2-piece Heavy D. B. Suits, worth \$2 50. Saturday Night \$1 95 |
| ULSTERS—Men's Heavy-weight Fawn and Brown Frieze Ulsters, worth \$5 50. Saturday Night \$7 25 | PANTS—Boys' Serge Knicker Pants, worth 50c. Saturday Night 29c |
| COATS—Men's Black and Brown Paramatta Waterproof Coats, worth \$7 50. Saturday Night \$5 | COATS—One Table of Ladies' Short Jackets, the newest thing, just opened out today, in black and brown, worth \$3 50. Saturday Night \$2 50 |
| SUITS—Men's D. B. and S. B., all wool, tweed suits, worth \$7 50. Saturday Night \$5 95 | COATS—One Lot Ladies' Short Coats, good assortment of styles, all the newest goods, worth \$7. Saturday Night \$5 |
| SUITS—Men's Black Worsted Suits, stripe pants, worth \$12. Saturday Night \$9 50 | COATS—Ladies' 32-inch Coats, in black and colors, beaver cloths, tailor-made, large buttons, worth \$16. Saturday Night \$8 50 |
| PANTS—Men's Good All-wool Pants, worth \$2 50. Saturday Night \$1 75 | MILLINERY—For 10c, one lot fine Colored Wings, worth 15c to 20c; for 25c, one lot Hats, felt, worth 50c and 75c. Saturday Night |
| ULSTERS—Boys' Heavy Frieze Ulsters, worth \$3 50. Saturday Night \$2 89 | TRIMMED MILLINERY—The finest assortment of Trimmed Millinery we ever had the pleasure to show you; will be surprised to see the stylish hat you can get for \$1 50 Saturday Night |
| OVERCOATS—Boys' Heavy Tweed Overcoats, worth \$3. Saturday Night \$1 95 | |

TERMS CASH.

CHAPMAN'S

126-128 Dundas Street,