

London Advertiser

Founded in 1863.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5.

THE STRUGGLE AT OTTAWA.

The Liberal party is fighting at Ottawa for a constitutional principle. It is fighting over again the battle of Canadian self-government. The Canadian people, Liberals and Conservatives, regarded that question as settled until it was reopened by the present Administration. It had been unanimously reaffirmed by the Canadian House of Commons in 1909, when both parties joined in denouncing the policy of contribution as unworthy of an autonomous Dominion under the British flag. Mr. Borden and all his followers voted for a resolution declaring that—

"this House is of opinion that under the existing constitutional relations between the mother country and the self-governing dominions, the payment of regular and periodical contributions to the imperial treasury for naval and military purposes would not, so far as Canada is concerned, be the most satisfactory solution of the question of defence."

"This resolution," said Mr. Borden at a Dominion Day dinner in London, England, the same year, "laid down a permanent policy for the Dominion of Canada upon which both parties united, and which WOULD SERVE A MORE PRACTICAL PURPOSE THAN ANY GIFT OF DREADNOUGHTS. And speaking in Halifax in October of the same year, he added:

"One governing principle at least should control, namely, that out of our own materials, by our own labors, and by the instructed skill of our own people, any necessary provision for our naval defence should be made. . . . Providence has endowed this country with the material, with the men and with the maritime situation, which are essential, not only for developing a scheme of naval defence and protection, but also for the resuscitation of the shipbuilding industry which once made Nova Scotia famous throughout the world."

Mr. Foster was more eloquent, if not more emphatic, in condemnation of the policy he now upholds:

"The first and greatest objection which I have to a fixed money contribution is that it bears the aspect of hiring somebody else to do what we ourselves ought to do; as though a man, the father of a family, in lusty health and strength, should pay his neighbor something per month for looking after the welfare and safety of his home instead of doing that duty himself. That seems to me, when you work it out, to be a basic objection to this form of aid. It goes still further than that. Suppose you contribute this year your sum, and next year your equal sum, and thereafter year after year. After ten or twelve, or twenty or thirty years, you will have paid out an immense amount of money. You will have been protected in the meantime; but in Canada itself there will be no roots struck, there will be no residue left, there will be no preparation of the soil, or beginning of the growth of the product of defence. Yet some time or other, no one can doubt that, with resources and with a population constantly increasing, we must and will have in this country a naval force of our own for our coast and home defence."

Mr. Borden, Mr. Foster and company, swallowed their convictions in order to procure the support of the Quebec Nationalists in the campaign of 1911. Only by attacking the Laurier naval act could they achieve their purpose, but they took good care to keep their contribution policy under cover until they had won the election. Having placated a section of the Nationalist party—men who won their seats by declaring against naval expenditure in any form—they now undertake to challenge the destiny of Canada as a self-governing country, to reverse the current of her history, and force her back to something resembling the old status of colonial subjection. The centralists, who are insidiously at work in all parts of the Empire, try to disguise their objects by a lingo of imperialism, by drum-beating and flag-waving, and by a pretence that Canada will share in imperial councils as never before, but their whole intent is to de-nationalize the Dominions and build up a centralizing machine under the control of the privileged few. The policy of contribution would sap the national spirit of Canada, dry up the springs of initiative and self-reliance, degrade us in the eyes of the world, and lessen our influence not only in international relations, but within the Empire itself. Our voice as a free country within the Empire would be always more potent than as a mere outpost and province of the United Kingdom, to which the centralists would reduce us.

The constitutional and political arguments against the policy of contribution are irrefutable and are supported by the Liberal press of the United Kingdom. The Government brushes them aside and defends itself by pleading the necessity of immediately strengthening the British Dreadnought squadron in the North Sea. But the German menace, if it ever existed, has vanished; the emergency has declined to emerge, even in the memorandum of the British admiralty, which the Canadian Government parades as its justification. The Government took an unfair advantage of the admiralty. It did not ask whether a policy of contribution was the better, but it demanded to know what form immediate aid should take. The admiralty had no option; it had to take a contribution or nothing, and it merely stated the shape in which the contribution would be most acceptable. The true general policy of naval defence for the Empire was outlined by the first lord of the admiralty, Mr. Churchill, on May 15, 1912, in an address to the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights at London. He said:

"The British fleets are now practically concentrated. The recent great review before the King is only one proof of the quality of concentration which the admiralty has lately brought to its final act—a policy of naval concentration which has given a real measure of security to the centre and heart of the British Empire. But there is one aspect of naval concentration which requires the attention of thinking men here and elsewhere throughout the British Empire. The fact that our fleet has not only concentrated in the decisive theatre of European waters, but must be kept concentrated and in a certain sense tied to that theatre has been for some years creating a new want, a new need, a new opportunity for the great self-governing dominions of the crown."

"If the main development of the past ten years has been the concentration of the British fleet in decisive theatres, it seems to me, and I dare say to you, not unlikely that the main naval development of the next ten years will be the growth of the effective naval forces in the great dominions overseas. Then we shall be able to make what I think will be found to be the true division of labor between the mother country and her daughter states—that we should maintain a sea supremacy against all-comers at the decisive point, and that they should guard and patrol all the rest of the British Empire."

That was the admiralty's solution of the problem less than a year ago. There is nothing in the memorandum it sent to the Canadian Government to show that its view has been changed. The policy outlined by Mr. Churchill is the basis of the Laurier policy. The Laurier policy therefore not only meets all constitutional requirements, but on the purely material side—the disposition of the naval forces of the Empire to the best advantage—conforms with the judgment of the highest naval authority in the United Kingdom.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumble!
There sterner first unfurled her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For, there I took the parting farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn's blossoms,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flaw'd o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wit my own vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aye to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, oh, fell death's untimely frost,
That nip'd my flower, saw early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips
I ha'e kiss'd so fondly!
And, as I gazed for aye, the distant glances
That dwell on me see kindly!
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lov'd me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

CUBS OR JACKALS.

[Dr. Michael Clark, M. P.]
I was much touched with the evident sincerity of the words of the Prime Minister the other day, when, in his own simple way, he dwelt upon the merits and virtues of the heroic Captain Scott, whose death we all lament. But under this scheme, Scott is the full-blooded brother of Britons, but only the distant relative of Canadians. Build your own navy! I believe in the British lion, and I believe in the lion raising cubs; I do not believe in the role of the jackal for Canada. The lion, the full-blooded cubs in Australia; and we will breed them here, too. There is nothing but defeat awaits this scheme. Take it to the Canadian people and begin by telling them: "You are a nation," and end by telling them: "You cannot fight," and they will say: "Take it away, we do not own it; it does not belong to us; it is a corpse, by this time it stinks!"

OUT OF PLACE.

[Spokane Chronicle.]
Howell—I feel like a fish out of water.
Powell—I feel like a horse in a garage.

WHY HAIR TURNS WHITE.

[St. Nicholas.]
The color of the hair is due to iron which is picked up by the cells of the hair follicle in the little factory in the skin where hairs are made. As one gets older the little cells which manufacture the hair grow weary, and they will not take up as much iron as they once did.

NEEDED TO BE EXPLAINED.

[Lippincott's.]
Mrs. Hennessey, who was a late arrival in the neighborhood, was entertaining a neighbor one afternoon, when the latter inquired:
"An' what does your old man do, Mrs. Hennessey?"
"Sure, he's a diamond-cutter."
"Ye don't mean it!"
"Yes, he cuts the grass off the baseball grounds."

AN OLD HAND.

[Life.]
Owner of Apartment House—Is the new janitor experienced?
Agent—You bet he is! He wasn't on the job half an hour before all the bells and speaking tubes were out of commission.

PASSING OF FATHER.

[Life.]
Father is going. The patient, kind spirit who made my prayers at night and tucked us up in bed, will soon be a thing of the past. Even now it is rare to find him anywhere.
We can see him yet—for our childish memory goes back to the beginning—leading over our crib and anon in the still (except for our presence)—watches of the night heating the milk over the gas-stove. And when mother used to come home from the caucus, how father's face would light up when, before turning in, she nodded her approval! There was nobody in all the world quite like father. No matter what our troubles were, we always found a safe refuge in his sympathetic bosom. How soft was his voice as he read aloud to us at night from Elmer Glyn's fairy stories and other well-known classics. And when we tossed on our beds in fever there was no cooing touch like father's. Who will take his place?

JUST BE GLAD.

[James Whitcomb Riley.]
Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so,
What we've missed of calm we couldn't have, you know,
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have sinned in that dark hour we have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
We were not shine and shower bent,
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow can be said;
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

TEMPTING FATE.

[Judge.]
"Pop, what does tempting fate mean?"
"Tempting fate, my son, means wearing a high hat in snowballing time."

CAN YOU SAY THIS?

[The Presbyterian.]
If you have an honest task bless God for it. It is his way of supporting you and making you a support to others. Do not pity the toiler, pity the idler. It was a hard worker and a son of a poor home who well said, "Blessed be drudgery."

SHRINKING VALUE.

[New Orleans Picayune.]
A scientist figures that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. This may account for the anxiety of some people to possess it while it is of some size.

APPARENT NONSENSE.

[Baltimore American.]
"He talks miserably and yet he talks well."
"How can he do both?"
"Because he's drumming up business for an artesian company."

GREAT ORATORS; JOHN BRIGHT, MASTER OF SAXON SPEECH

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

It is a far cry from Daniel O'Connell to John Bright. The former represented the gaiety and the brilliance of the Celtic temperament, but the latter was essentially Saxon, modelled on the severe lines of a Milton or a Cromwell. Remote from the great schools of England, John Bright passed his early life in academics, but at the age of fifteen began work in the cotton mills of Rochdale. He was not brought up on the classics of Greece or Rome, but in his young manhood his nightly study enabled him to master the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton. Not content with improving his own mind, he organized the young men of Rochdale into a literary society, and it was in this arena that John Bright learned the art of ready speech and of thinking while on his feet. He never wrote out his speeches, as he believed that this made a man a slave to his memory or his notes. In giving advice to young speakers he once remarked in later life, "If you mean to speak, first know what you are going to say; the next point is to speak very deliberately; every word, in fact, every syllable, should be expressed. If you do these, and if you have matter worth listening to, you will be listened to and you will acquire a confidence and ease you will not acquire in any other way." Bright also tried to use the simplest Saxon words that would express his ideas. Clearness, simplicity, practical good sense, and great earnestness made him one of the finest orators of the Victorian era.

But there is no doubt that John Bright's chief asset was his melodious voice. The late Charles Dilke once went so far as to say that if you took away the voice of Bright, there was nothing left in his speeches. This was an exaggeration on the part of Dilke, but it is strictly true that Bright's severe style of speech would never have had such potency except for his marvellous voice. Speaking of Bright's oratory, Mr. T. P. O'Connor recently described the impression made upon him the first time he heard "Honest John":

"The manner was almost conciliatory, the tone almost conversational, the voice low and gentle, with that under-swell which was one of the most marvellous qualities of that extraordinary organ. For the voice of Bright was unequalled by that of any man I have ever heard, except, perhaps, the voice of Salvini, the great Italian actor. Disraeli says somewhere in one of his novels that the greatest is the low voice laden with passion, and that is an exact description of the voice of Bright. Indeed, his voice was so marvellous that in after years I could not hear him begin a speech in the House of Commons with the commonplace words—'Mr. Speaker, Sir'—without feeling thrills down my back."

Because for many years the voice of Bright was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, owing to his opposition to several popular causes, he became rather embittered and led the life of a solitary man in Parliament, but he was always listened to with respect, and even with reverence, because of his integrity. He raised his eloquent voice against the Crimean war, pleaded powerfully for the repeal of the corn laws, exposed the anti-slavery movement, parliamentary reform, reform in the administration of India, and urged the doctrine of a free church in a free state. To Canadians, one of the most interesting of Bright's speeches was that in which he argued that Great Britain need not try to fortify her frontier against the United States; that this would be an impossible feat; it would also be foolish, for the citizens of the Republic had no desire to molest Canada. In the course of this eloquent deliverance of March 13, 1865, Bright said:

"If the bond of union and friendship between England and the United States remain unbroken, we have not to thank the wealthy and the cultivated, but the laborious millions, whom statesmen and historians too frequently make little account of. They know something of the United States that the honorable gentlemen opposite and some on this side of the House do not know—that every man of them would be welcome on the American continent if they chose to go there, that every right and privilege which the greatest and highest in that country enjoy would be theirs, and that every man would have given to him by the United States a free gift of one hundred and sixty acres of the most fertile land in the world. Honorable gentlemen may laugh, but that is a good deal to a man who has no land, and I can assure them that this homestead act has a great effect on the population of the north of England. I can tell them, too, that the laboring population of these counties, the artisans and the mechanics, will give you no encouragement to any policy that is intended to estrange the people of the United States from the people of the United Kingdom."

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Vincent Astor, who has more millions than most newspapermen have headpills, wants to become a reporter. An exchange of positions might be effected with some member of the staff of the St. Thomas Journal.

A Portland, Me., man, to wipe off an election wager, has started to lead a mule 4,500 miles. Puzzle—Find the mule.

That March lamb is acting just like a polar bear.

Do you know whether or not the street cars are operating on half-speed? Neither do we.

It is officially denied that the little, old, last year's car will be an added attraction at the automobile show.

Mother's fixin' up the hammock, and she's the best prognosticator we know about.

But father still declares, with a show of violence, that you may dodge the coal man early in the season, but he'll get you in the end.

Night-Blooming Colonels. Referring to the visit of the colonels of Canada to Ottawa recently, H. F. Gadsby writes:

A Philadelphia clergyman says the world will end in 1933. Well, we'll just have to wait and see, won't we?

Cheer up, the daisies and buttercups and spring onions will be waking up and rubbing their eyes pretty soon.

A man walked up Richmond street today with an electric fan. He's indulging to the full in anticipation of spring's coming.

"The last colonel entrained this morning, and Ottawa, which has been ablaze with these night-blooming heroes, is back to normal again. I say night-blooming advisedly, for it's muggy for the colonels in the daytime, and red coats from 4 p.m. onwards—it cost the country \$50,000, but it was a big show for the money."

Keen Observing. This. The automobile show at London this week will demonstrate that the motor car has come to stay. From an estimated contemporary. Most astute observation!

Bill, who runs to slang, says all the dames will go daffy over any pretty boy with a tenor voice.

Ever meet a farmer whose well has never been drilled for oil or gas? Neither did we.

Someone ought to raise the rent on that groundhog.

According to the rural papers, the oyster is rampant in every hamlet from London to Windsor.

Appearances are deceptive—what, for instance, looks like a porous plaster than a pancake.

Notice the terrible struggle among London's new streets to be named after His Worship Mayor C. M. R. Graham?

Sleeping on the side of the face is decreed by a physician. But who can sleep on both sides at once?

And now Peter Maher wants a chance to "come back." The heavy-weight championship promises to resolve itself into a battle between old men swinging crutches.

Dyspeptic Businessman—I'd like to have something not too indigestible, please.

Greek Waiter—One sausage!

A Pottersburg lady has applied for permission to grow vegetables in the school-yard of the eastern section. If she will agree to put watermelons on the list, there will be no objection from the male pupils.

Have you been afflicted with "auto legs" yet? Neither have we.

Wanted—We will pay on demand one million dollars to the person who will invent a self-starting device for telegraph messengers.

Better Advertise for a Vocabulary. From the Want Ads.]

Fore Sale—One pair curling stones, well trained; owner has decided to play golf.

St. Thomas has adopted the buffaloes that were recently offered to London. How homelike their habitat will be!

The London hockey team doesn't seem to fear this German peril one little bit.

We Discover a Poet. [Wallaceburg News.]

Pressing hay is the order of the day. —Univerville Correspondence.

Spontaneous Conversation, Perhaps. [Wallaceburg News.]

House shaken and shattered by gab explosion.

The Town's Live Wire Returns. [Wallaceburg News.]

George Weber, after an absence of four weeks in the east, has arrived in town with something up his sleeve.

Fine Chance for a Fat Man. [Glencoe Transcript.]

Come and see who weighs the most on Friday night.

No Bulgarians Invited. [Glencoe Transcript.]

The "Young Turks" are giving an oyster supper and concert in the town hall Friday evening. —Shetland Correspondence.

Listing the Decorations. [Wallaceburg Herald-Record.]

The tables were beautifully decorated by Mr. J. E. McDougall, Lynn Lillie, and Frank Ross.

Propheet-ing or Profit-ing? [Wallaceburg Herald-Record.]

An Indian palmtist named Da-He-Nee-Dah is at the Tecumseh House, Consult her if in trouble or uncertainty over health or heart troubles. Here for a few days only.

Enough Said. [Glencoe Transcript.]
A fine clock has been placed upon the Presbyterian Church wall, a gift from the Sunday school.—Appin Correspondence.

Gone to Consult Connie Mack. [Zurich Herald.]

Mr. "Tolly" Wurm, Zurich's sport enthusiast, left on Wednesday for Toronto and other eastern points, to (so the wise ones say) look up some material for this year's baseball team. We venture the opinion that the trip has some connection with the suffragette question.

After This, the Violets. [Highgate Monitor.]

According to local observations, when the young folks sit out in a swing until after ten o'clock, in the evening, spring must be nearly here.

Where Singing Ceases. [Wallaceburg Herald-Record.]

Mr. Von Ayres has resigned his position as choir leader in the Baptist Church, as he is taking voice culture, and has to cease singing for a time.

A Wallop for the Weed. [Wallaceburg Herald-Record.]

A debate was held at the Snye school last week that aroused considerable interest. It was resolved "That dress was more harmful than tobacco." The negative side won out by a point.

Two Portions Gone. [Wallaceburg Herald-Record.]

On Sunday morning John Nelson is minus a portion of his whiskers, and a portion of his dwelling was blown out as a result of a gas explosion.

YOUNG METHODIST PROBATIONERS MAY MARRY AT WILL

Joker in Conference Clause Makes Road to Matrimonial Bliss Easier.

Marriage has been made easier for young Methodists. Stern and rigorous, rivaling the rules of banking institutions in the case of bond clerks, has been the Methodist discipline respecting the unauthorized marriage of young preachers, known in Methodist terminology as probationers. Methodist or other members.

The law, as it formerly stood, forbade the marriage of a probationer without the consent of the Methodist Conference to which he belonged. This meant a big obstacle, and in addition it could only be removed during one month in the year, and that the nuptial month of June.

Recently a bright young Methodist probationer named R. H. Newton, of the Hamilton Conference, had a get-wedded-quick inspiration. Why not secure the assent of a majority of the special conference committee, and then have the knot tied? He was particularly in a hurry, as he was bound for the West China Mission, and his lady love was quite willing to accompany him to the Celestial Empire, provided that the matrimonial path was clear.

Mr. Newton discovered the little joker in the Methodist law, secured the assent of the special committee, married his betrothed, and all was joyful for the happy pair.

Then came a sequel. Rev. Dr. J. S. Ross, D. D., made a charge against the special conference committee of exceeding its authority.

The case went to Toronto and was tried before the Methodist Church authorities at the board room, Richmond street. Rev. Dr. Cooley represented the Hamilton Conference. The announced decision of the committee, issued that the special committee had full jurisdiction, and did not exceed its authority.

A number of probationers are understood to have been watching the outcome of this test case with keen interest.

MRS. PAWLEY DIES ILL FOR SOME TIME

Survived By Husband and Two Sons—Born in England.

The death of Mrs. Julia Pawley, wife of Mr. David B. Pawley, 753 Eglar street, occurred on Tuesday. Mrs. Pawley had been ill for several weeks, and little hope was held out.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES CAME ON FACE

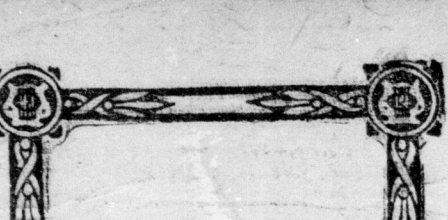
Sores Spread Until Face Was Covered. So Itchy Could Not Resist Scratching. Cured Entirely in About Two Weeks by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Clachan, Ontario.—"My trouble started with sores breaking out on the face. They came as pimples and were unsightly. These sores seemed to keep spreading until my face was covered. They were so itchy that at times I could not resist scratching them. After trying two or three different salves which did not stop the sores breaking out, I tried a cake of Cuticura Soap also Cuticura Ointment. I found that they cured me entirely of the sores in about two weeks." (Signed) Fred E. Meyer, Feb. 12, 1912.

LEGS BURNED AND ITCHED

Souris West, P. E. Island.—"My little girl, aged four years, was troubled with a painful rash on her legs. It began in a dry rash very hot and itchy and after a few days it looked like little pimples with a white top on them. Her legs burned and itched very much and she was very restless and was also cross and fretful. She used to scratch and make sores when I was not watching her. I had to leave her stockings off her as they would irritate her legs. I used to bathe her legs with warm water and use the Cuticura Soap freely, then dry her legs and rub on the Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in one week." (Signed) Mrs. P. J. Mulhally, Aug. 1, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 51D, Boston, U. S. A.



The Gourlay Stamina

Stamina—long life—durability—are built into every inch of the Gourlay Piano with the result that it is lasting in tone, in action, and in appearance.

Every single detail of manufacture of the Gourlay Piano is basically correct—representative of the highest and most exacting standard of workmanship and material. These things count. They are the concomitant of perfection. They make the Gourlay Piano an artistic triumph—an instrument in which the artistic is joined to the material to form a medium of musical expression deft and subtle for the trained musician, and staunch and durable for constant everyday use. Stamina is a necessary qualification in a piano whether it is manipulated under the masterful hands of an artist, or the plodding uncertain hands of a beginner—stamina is an artistic and economic necessity.

When the question of "what piano to buy" comes up, see The Gourlay—investigate its claims to preference—see why it should be your final choice on artistic and economic grounds.

GOURLAY WINTER AND LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

London Showrooms

261 Dundas Street

for recovery. She was born in England, but has resided in this city for many years. She leaves to survive, her husband and two sons, William P. and David B. The funeral will be held from her late residence on Friday, and interment will be made in Mount Pleasant at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. E. Appleyard will officiate.