

## London Advertiser

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LONDON, MONDAY, NOV. 11.

### DEMANDS ON THE CITY'S PURSE.

Citizens will feel disposed to give credit to members of the city council who worked out the details of the federal square project and succeeded in securing a promise of a large grant from the Dominion Government. The plan, if realized, would be a great contribution to the embellishment of the city.

Coming at a time when the ratepayers are swamped with demands for money, however, they are compelled to stop at the absolute necessities. Otherwise there is danger that London will be headed toward disaster.

The statement may sound like an exaggeration, but there are proposals involving the almost immediate expenditure of \$1,500,000 before the ratepayers, and it is not an over-statement to say that if this sum were voted the credit of the municipality would be near the breaking point.

Another point to be considered in connection with the federal square is that the city has on its hands a building for which it paid \$45,000. Saying that it could be disposed of, and disposing of it, are two different things.

The federal square plan will keep it, it commends itself to many citizens, who will hope that the Government will keep on its books the offer to contribute \$130,000. The opinion is confirmed that the city made a great mistake in so precipitately disposing of the building it had.

London at the present time imperatively needs roads and schools and sewers. Once the necessities are disposed of, the good housekeeper may consider the luxuries. These three essentials must be put before everything else.

### SPARE THE SHIPS OF PEACE.

The movement in Great Britain toward an entente cordiale with Germany has been given a powerful impetus by the letter of Sir John Brunner, president of the National Liberal Federation, urging the Liberal Association of Great Britain to bring pressure on the Government to that end. He recommended the following resolutions for adoption:

That this meeting, while heartily desiring a continuance of the friendly relations which have been established with France, urge the Government to make it clear that no understanding or intention is being implied as to military or naval action against any other power, and further expresses a strong opinion that equally friendly relations upon a similar footing ought to be established with Germany.

That this meeting urges His Majesty's Government to enter into international treaties with the United States and other powers for the purpose of securing all peaceful shipping and merchandise from capture or destruction in time of war.

Meetings of Liberal Associations in all parts of the country are fervently responding. Their action will have a soothing effect in Germany, and may speedily move the British Government to reconsider its attitude toward the question raised in the second resolution. At the last Hague convention the United States proposed that belligerents should respect the enemy's flag when it covered peaceful shipping. Under such an international law, if Great Britain were at war with any country, British merchant ships, unless carrying munitions of war, would be everywhere secure from capture, and could enter and leave British ports or Canadian ports—unmolested. It would destroy the fear that Britain would be starved into surrender if her navy lost control of the seas.

The British Government refused to accept the proposal. On the other hand, the German Government accepted it. Great Britain threw away an opportunity of proving to Germany that the objects of the British navy are purely defensive. A large body of opinion in Great Britain was deeply mortified, including leading men of all parties, among them F. E. Smith, the Unionist lieutenant. The Government had yielded to the professional views of the admiralty, to the theory that the overwhelming superiority of British naval strength should be used to the utmost, by crippling or destroying the enemy's ocean commerce. But this is a two-edged sword. Great Britain has at any given time more merchant marine on the ocean than any other power—than any other three or four powers—and she would have proportionately more to lose in war under the present rules. Not only that, but she is more dependent than any other power upon imports, and thus more vulnerable if food and raw materials are contraband of war. The exemption of peaceful shipping would agree with the principles of civilized warfare on land. An army pays for all the provisions it seizes in an enemy's country, and makes no attempt to starve non-combatants. Why not this humanity in warfare on the sea? Let the fighting ships do the fighting and decide the issue, without killing women and children with hunger.

### ASQUITH'S REASSURING WORDS.

Premier Asquith's speech at the Guildhall should take some of the fever out of the Balkan war dispatches. "The great powers," he said, "are working together with a closeness of touch and a frankness and freedom of communication and discussion which are remarkable and which may seem almost unintelligible to those who believe that because for certain purposes the powers have been and are ranged in different groups, they must therefore, in a time of European crisis, be arrayed in opposition camps." This reassuring statement was clinched by the declaration that the general opinion of Europe was unanimous upon one thing—that "the victors are not to be robbed of the fruits which cost them so dear."

The sensation-mongers have been predicting war between the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria and Italy—and the Triple Entente—Great Britain, France and Russia—over the division of the spoils. It is true there is an ethnic affinity between Russia and the Balkan peoples, and that Russia is also jealous of Austrian aggrandizement in the peninsula. But there are millions of Slavs in the Austrian Empire who sympathize with their Balkan brethren. They could not be disregarded by the Austrian Government if the latter were tempted to forcibly restrain the Balkan States from claiming the rewards of war. Serbia may be foiled in her ambition for an Adriatic port, by the erection of Albania into an autonomous state, perhaps with an Italian king or prince, but there is plenty of room to compensate her in Macedonia, Bulgaria may fairly claim the largest portion of Macedonia and Thracian. In the end the Turks will probably be restricted to a small administrative area around Constantinople.

### A FEMINE NOTION.

[Judge.]  
Mr. Post—But why adopt a baby when you have three children of your own under five years old?  
Mrs. Parkes—My own are being brought up properly. The adopted one is to enjoy.

### A PICTURE.

[Alice E. Allen, in Scribner's.]  
I've a little picture.  
Artist? No one knows—  
Just a winding country road  
Where a glad wind blows;  
With a bit of forest,  
Cool and green and still,  
Set against a morning sky,  
Rose and daffodil.

There's a brook that dances  
Underneath a bridge;  
There's a wood-thrush singing  
Somewhere up the ridge.  
All the wind is honey-sweet  
With the wild sweet clover.  
'Tis the place to pause and dream  
All your old dreams over.

Oh, I wish that artist  
Somewhere could be told  
Of the happiness he's hid  
In his skies of gold.  
Could but know the joy it is  
Just to drop your load,  
And to go a-wandering  
Up his forest road.

### DE PROFUNDIS.

[London Sketch.]  
The Vice's Wife (inquiring after black sheep)—And how is your son doing since he went to New York?  
Hodge—'E's gone on to China, apparently, mum. 'E writes to me from Sing-Sing.

### AN UN-BRITISH PREMIER.

[Portage, Man., Graphic.]  
From one end of Canada to the other Manitoba is now being held up as the province where British justice and law is a farce in the lower courts. It is to Manitoba's shame and disgrace that there is in power in this province a baseness in order that it may injure its opponents. The Russian methods prevailing in this province, be it noted, are fully authorized by that ardent ally, Sir R. P. Roblin, who in practice well he has described as the most un-British premier holding office under the flag.

### A PARLIAMENTARY CURIOSITY.

[M.P. Weekly.]  
One of the curiosities of the House of Commons, very rarely seen, was Eric Drax, for many years member for Dorsetshire borough. Once, at a general election, on the day previous to the nomination, he put out the following address to his constituents: "Electors of Wareham! I understand that some evil-disposed person has been circulating a report that I wish my tenants, and other persons dependent upon me, to vote according to their conscience. This is a dastardly lie, calculated to injure me. I have no wish in the sort. I wish, and I intend, that these persons shall vote for me."

### LONDON'S RISK.

[Stratford Beacon.]  
We suppose the loyalty of the people of London will suffer now by eating potatoes from Ohio, which the grocers are importing on account of the scarcity of the home-grown article.

### LOOKED BAD.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]  
"Then the wedding was not altogether a success?"  
"No; the groom's mother cried louder than the bride's mother. It was considered very bad form."

### BRITAIN NEVER SO PROSPEROUS.

[London Overseas Mail.]  
One danger of the present war fever is that it may check the amazing prosperity which is now general. Mr. Lloyd George, at the very interesting gathering of the National Union of Journalists on Saturday night, gave us illustrations of the present flourishing condition of trade. He told us how one steel manufacturer who put down a fresh plant in the north of England has been walking about the streets seeking men and unable to find them. In another district the employers had to send to the work-houses to root out any who could not do the work. The cry in that district about the streets was that scarcely a sufficient number could be obtained to do the work wanted. In the south of England, unfortunately, this is not quite so true. In east London there is every prospect of considerable distress, largely due to the aftermath of the great dock strike. The immediate effect of the war has been to stimulate business. The representative of one firm told me this afternoon that clothing and bedding were being ordered by the hundred thousand pieces for the wounded at the front. Red Cross societies and private organiza-

tions are purchasing blankets at Witney and Dewsbury, tents in Birmingham and surgical appliances by the thousand in London. They will all be needed within the next few weeks, and more still.

### THAT NEW BATCH OF HONORARY COLONELS.

[Toronto Saturday Night.]  
Good morning, have you received your colonelcy yet?

YES, SUH.

[Toronto Globe.]

With the creation of a few more honorary colonels, suh, Canada will develop a fine old Southern atmosphere, suh.

### THE MOST FREE CITY.

[Ottawa Citizen, Conservative.]  
[Mr. Francis Neilson, M. P., of England, declared in a lecture in London on Monday last that Edmonton, Alberta, was "the freest city on the face of the earth," by reason of its unique and successful method of taxing land values only. The door to similar freedom in Ontario is closed and locked. Sir James Whitney has the key and refuses to give it up.]

### A PROTEST FROM TORONTO.

[Toronto Star.]  
"The Toronto Mail and Empire says that 'no other political opinion of modern times has carried on the war against property so boldly and so effectively as Mr. Lloyd George.' Change 'property' to 'poverty' and the description would fit. The Toryism is played out in this country, excepting in Toronto."

We beg of The Advertiser not to bulk Toronto into one chunk like that. Toronto is a veritable checkerboard of opinions.

The view expressed by the Mail is barricaded in its stronghold on the corner of King and Bay streets. It is an old corner, too, in the centre of the town. The Mail has other strongholds on a few leading corners where some of our banks have established themselves, or where other old institutions have sunk their roots and delved their vaults.

But, after all, Toronto should not be judged too hastily. The whole city does not accept the idea that property is of more consequence than people, and that more the concern of governments than men.

### FIVE WOMEN UP FOR DRUNKENNESS

Two Wore Faces That Were Ornamented With Black Eyes.

THE OLD EXCUSES GIVEN

Police Find It Necessary to Take Part in Several Rows—One Woman Had Been a Barmaid.

Five female intoxicants were before Police Magistrate J. C. Judd at the Curling street station this morning, and the depths of degradation exposed in London provoked much comment among those who viewed the proceedings. Two of the women, both of whom have been in police court on frequent occasions, wore black eyes, which they accounted for in a manner that showed they looked upon drunken brawling as a matter of common course.

Saturday night, P. C. Thomas Noonan and P. C. Thomas Bolton were called upon to quell a row at the home of the somewhat famous Haines, who are now located at 292 Regent street. Mary Haines, Richard Haines, Rose Freeman and James Fox were involved in quarrel, and according to the officers the vilest language was being used by men and women alike.

An Old Excuse.  
Today Mary Haines claimed she got her black eye in a fall at her home, but Mrs. Freeman admitted that her optic was damaged by Mrs. Haines in a free-for-all a few days ago. Mrs. Freeman admitted she was drunk, and was let off with 21 days, the option being a fine of \$10. The two Haines were assessed for a month, while Fox, being more lucky than the rest, was discharged. He was placed on the bench, and was warned not to be next appearance. Richard Haines, who had not had a drink until after his arrest, and that he took a "touch" from a bottle of whisky on his way to the police station in the patrol wagon. This was sufficient to convict him without further proof, for being a lister he had no right to touch any intoxicant.

### ORPHANS' HOME GRANT

Gets Only \$300 From Government, Not \$2,000 as Stated.

In Thursday's Advertiser it was stated that the Ontario Government's grant to the Protestant Orphans' Home was \$2,000 a year. An officer of the Home informed the Advertiser that the Government grant has never been more than \$300, based on the subsidy of four cents a day for each inmate. In addition the home gets \$500 annually from the city.

The point is important, as the Government grants to charitable institutions are to be equalized with municipal grants. The new law will thus work for the advantage of the Protestant Orphans' Home to the extent of \$200 a year, though it will remain dependent, as in the past, to private support to a considerable degree.

### A MISREPRESENTATION

Mr. Purdom Referred to as President of London and Lake Erie Company.

The London Free Press continues to represent Mr. T. H. Purdom, K. C., as the president of the London and Lake Erie Transportation Company. As the Free Press knows that Mr. W. K. George, of Toronto, is president of the company, when there was no occasion to follow its usual procedure of attacking Mr. Purdom, the Free Press has referred to him as one of the directors, which is his office, and has named Mr. George as president.

### RAMON CORRAL DEAD.

Nogales, Ariz., Nov. 11.—A cablegram was received today announcing the death on Sunday in Paris of Ramon Corral, formerly vice-president of Mexico. All the members of his family were at his bedside.

## G. K. C. GIVES HIS FANCY FREE REIN

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

I should not be surprised if G. K. Chesterton started in to write an illad or a series of books in the Pansy or Elsie style. He is such a bundle of intellectual perversity that we may expect anything from his pen, provided it be the opposite pole to the conventional and the commonplace. For Chesterton is nothing if not original. Poet, essayist, novelist, short-story writer, pamphleteer, biographer, conversationalist, debater—he tries his hand at everything, and his queerness is equal to his versatility. As you struggle with his paradoxes and try to fathom his perversity, you ask yourself how this man could have been produced by the solid, sober-going English nation. We can understand the late Mr. Andrew Lang's touch of queeriness, because he had two or three drops of gypsy blood in his veins, and some celestial liquor of that sort must have been inherited by the irrepressible G. K. C. To look at his portrait, you say to yourself that he is as typical a John Bull in appearance as Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom he is said to resemble in so many respects. But how did this fat-faced, big-waisted writer, who should be a sober-going, so downright, pick up his flighty style, his gift for glittering, elusive paradox?

Of course, this is an unanswerable question, and we are obliged to fall back upon the thought that we must take genius as it chooses to display itself. If Chesterton wills to dish up for us stories which have all the elements of surprise and mystery which you would expect in the ragouts served up by a Chinese mandarin, let us enjoy the banquet without asking any questions. And this is the feeling I have as I regale myself on Mr. Chesterton's volume of short stories, "The Club of Queer Trades," which has just been issued in a shilling edition by Hodder & Stoughton. At the end of each story I am just as surprised as if a live rabbit jumped out of an empty dish at the guests had done ample justice to the rabbit pie. And you get this galvanic shock at the end of each story even after the author has solemnly warned you in the opening pages that he is going to write about gentlemen who have adopted the most singular professions known in the course of ages. For this club, he tells us in the second place, "is an eccentric and Bohemian club, of which the absolute condition of membership lies in this, that the candidate must have invented the method by which he earns his living. It must be an entirely new trade. . . . Thus, for instance, the club would not admit an insurance agent simply because instead of insuring men's furniture against being burned in a fire, he insured, let us say, their trousers being torn by a mad dog. Secondly, the trade must be a genuine commercial source of income, the support of its inventor. Thus the club would not receive a man simply because he chose to pass his days collecting broken sardine tins, unless he could drive a roaring trade in them."

The first story in the book tells how poor Major Brown discovered that a new trade was doing business in prosaic London. It seems that the major, a retired army officer, made a hobby of flower-raising. This proved his path of temptation. For on a certain day, a barrow-man hinted to him that if he would like to see a fine display of pansies, he should climb up a wall near by and look down into the garden. The major, tempted beyond his power to resist, accepted the suggestion, mounted the wall, and was almost stunned by the surprising sight. He saw a bed of beautiful pansies; they were like other pansies, but to his horror he saw that they were arranged in gigantic capital letters so as to form the sentence: "DEATH TO MAJOR BROWN."

A kindly old gentleman with white whiskers was watering them. The major felt goose-flesh crawling up his spine, but he had not won the Victoria Cross for nothing, so he sprang into the garden to demand an explanation. The old man led him into the house, advising him earnestly not to mention Jackals. In the front room of the house the indignant major found a young lady, "a graceful green-clad figure, with fiery red hair and a flavor of Bedford Park. . . . You know I must not turn around, every day, after noon till the stroke of six I must keep my face turned to the street." This was mystifying. A little later the bewildered major heard a voice as from the coal cellar beneath the pavement. The voice said: "Major Brown, Major Brown, how did the jackal die?" The major was a very brave man. He went alone down into that cellar, had a tremendous struggle with a fat villain in the coal-hole, and as a result retained only a portion of the slippery desperado's clothing. In the pocket, however, he found a certain address, went to it, and found that a mistake had been made. An attack had been planned upon him, but upon another Major Brown, who had become a subscriber to an "Adventure and Romance Agency," and this little adventure had all been carefully planned in order to give the other romantic Major Brown the feeling that life was not altogether a thing of dull, monotonous, commonplace. Of course, the manager of this "Adventure and Romance Agency" was a member of the Club of Queer Trades.

After reading these highly ingenious yarns, I believe that Mr. Chesterton himself ought to organize an association of this kind, and I feel sure that no person in England would have a stronger claim on the presidency of such a club.

They are advertising for lumberjacks in London. Any young man who thinks the shanty boy has a romantic life might try a season with axe, peevish or pickaxe.

There's one bylaw to come before the electors that should be printed like this on the ballot paper:  
AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY.  
It is the storm-sewer bylaw.

There's a royal road to knowledge—but it isn't so difficult to become a colonel overnight.

It is likely that a trifle of a million and a half to all the citizens will be asked to spend next year.

"I have discovered that no man can enter the city council and fit himself for proper service to the city inside of two or three years," said one of this year's aldermen. "What we need is a city manager."

It's all a matter of taste in choosing the city hall—the citizens can have a castle or a business office.

If Russia doesn't believe one of these scrappy little Balkan states will be wiping her off the map.

After gazing upon the magnificent paces the federal square promoters have conjured up, we were only restrained from writing an epic poem with considerable force.

Some of our good labor friends hold to the belief that the city council needs an official scorer.

No, Leander, that was not the hen-fur camel you saw going up the street. That was one of our dearest young models trying to wear a shoulderless overcoat.

A patent snore-stopper has been invented. But it will never be as effective as a sharp elbow in the ribs.

Once upon a time Kentucky led the world for colons.

Damp Situation.  
[Windsor Echo.]  
George McLean spent Sunday in the swamp—Lion's Head correspondent.

Mystery of Bob.  
[Oxford Journal.]  
What's the matter with Bob? We haven't seen him lately.—Silosam correspondent.

Was a Warm Member.  
[Thornbury Herald-Reflector.]  
Wes, says he has never been cold enough to freeze a fellow yet.—Mill Creek correspondent.

Fowl and Out.  
[Alliston Herald.]  
Mr. A. Colwyn contained the Ivy hall team and managers to a fowl supper on Friday night last. An enjoyable time was spent in games and music.—Ivy correspondent.

Spared the Oration.  
[Brampton Conservator.]  
A late start and a long program crowded out the proposed impromptu speeches which were a feature of the December meetings.—Meadowdale correspondent.

To What Base Uses.  
[Shelburne Free Press.]  
The old Baptist Church at Priceville was sold by public auction two weeks ago to Otto Konold, of Glenelg. The building will now be known as Kinross Hall. The hall was opened on Friday, Nov. 8, 1912, by holding a dance, at

which prizes were given for step dancing and good music.

Overworked Barber.  
[Hepworth Progress.]  
Mr. Rose is doing a big business in barbering. Some days he does not get his dinner till 3 o'clock, and he does well to get his supper at all.—Shallow Lake correspondent.

Settled.  
[Markdale Standard.]  
The poverty social in the Methodist Church Friday night was well attended, and a decided success in every respect. The debate, resolved, that the city people are greener in the country than the country people are in the city, resulted in favor of the affirmative.—Walters Falls correspondent.



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