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LONDON, MONDAY, SEPT. 8.

IS THAT SO?

A constituency in Alberta has elected a Conservative to the local Legislature. In its astonishment at such a marvelous proceeding the Toronto News sees a clear indication of a Conservative triumph at the next Dominion election. It had evidently been having some doubts. But the result up in the Peace River, even though the questions at issue there were purely local, has cheered our contemporary's spirit. Mr. Borden may now consider himself certain of at least half of Alberta and Saskatchewan, all of British Columbia, and a big share of Manitoba. Then in Quebec both Laurier and the Nationalists have been eliminated, and in that province there will be an almost solid French-Canadian vote for the Government—which is a good thing when it is cast for the Conservatives, but very bad if it goes Liberal. There will be substantial gains in the Maritime Provinces, of course. Nothing is said about what Ontario will do; but we presume it is because they feel so sure of Ontario that it is not worth mentioning.

It is all very well for the News to feel so jubilant, but does Mr. Borden feel the same way? Does he really think a general election would send him back with the same majority he has now—to say nothing of adding 50 per cent to it? If he did there would not be much delay in bringing on an election. It would insure place and power for at least five years more. But he would have a higher motive than that. According to the professions of the Government, the Empire is in danger and needs Canada's help in its emergency. And the face of the fair Dominion is suffused with the blush of shame, because she has been humiliated before the whole world by the action of her disloyal sons, who will not let her fly to the defence of the weary Titan in his hour of need. A general election would not only consolidate Mr. Borden's power for the next five years; it would insure the passing of the naval bill; it would restore Canada's self-respect; it would save the Empire. And if Mr. Borden believed what the News says, he would be less than human as a politician, and he would be untrue to the interests of Canada and the Empire, if he did not act promptly, and secure this almost unanimous indorsement.

If the News believes in its own vapors, it might try a little harder to make Mr. Borden believe.

MORE TALK THAN SENSE.

Considerable talk has emanated from certain papers on account of the denunciation of military mania by the President of the Association of Canadian Clubs the other day. To listen to some of them one would think that the speaker was a rebel, an annexationist, and everything that was disloyal. The fact is, he said nothing more than the great mass of Canadians think. He doubtless believes that a certain reasonable expenditure for the militia department is quite proper. He assuredly said nothing against it. But he did lift up his voice against the tendency of a few people in this country to advocate large expenditures and extensive military preparations for a war that is not likely ever to come, and in the encouragement of a spirit of truculent vain-glory.

A people who desire peace will never magnify the military profession. War is an evil, and everything that tends to promote it is evil. Robbery and violence are evils, and we make preparations to counteract them. But we do not brag about it. We do not spend any more money on our police forces than is necessary, and we do not go into hysterics over it. Certain things are necessary, and we go about them soberly, almost regretfully. We know they are necessary for the public safety, and we try to make provision for the needs of the community. And we do it without exaggeration or bombast.

Our military operations should be conducted in a spirit much similar. Certain things may be advisable, and we proceed with them quietly—with only the enthusiasm and energy necessary for their efficient performance. But with a Minister of Militia inclined to magnify his office unduly, with an expenditure of \$2 per capita of her population for military purposes, with armories cropping up in every little town, with an effective militia muster of all male Canadians proposed, and compulsory service broadly hinted, there is no harm in emphasizing the fact that we are not going to turn into a nation of soldiers any more than of policemen. The militia department will soon be the greatest spending department of the Dominion at the rate pursued by the authorities at present. Better not go too fast. And an occasional utterance like that of the Canadian Clubs' president is not out of place.

LORD HALDANE ON NAVAL AID.

The Lord Chancellor of Britain, being interviewed as to his opinions on the naval question, answered calmly and judiciously, as might have been expected. He did not claim that there was an emergency which must be promptly met if the country was to be saved from disaster. Nor did he say that Canada should send a money contribution to the British admiralty in order to build more Dreadnoughts. He did say that the burden involved in maintaining Britain's naval supremacy was a very heavy one, but one which they were prepared to bear in the British Isles as long as was necessary. And he did say that they would be quite pleased to have Canada help. But how that aid should be given he did not attempt to decide. That is for our people alone.

And Canadians, we believe, are ready to bear their share of the burden. The Liberals are just as ready to give aid as are the Conservatives. Perhaps more so, because a section of the latter party, and a very powerful section at that, cannot be depended on for anything more than resolutions in Parliament that they say are to be taken simply as marks of good will, and of promises which are not to be implemented by payments.

That the Mail and Empire should attempt to make political capital out of Lord Haldane's remarks is, of course, quite natural. When it talks about "the Laurier blockers of naval aid to the Empire," and accuses Liberals of "denying Canadian aid to Britain," it only repeats the old story, which has been made to do duty for the party ever since the Liberals voted against the contribution policy of the Government. But its diatribes are but misrepresentations and misstatements now as they have ever been. The Liberals have never, since the question was first broached, refused aid to Britain. It was a Liberal Government that first spent Canadian money to strengthen the naval forces of the Empire. The Conservatives belittled the Liberal expenditure. It was not enough, they said. But we are willing to spend more, if the first appropriations were not sufficient. The Liberal Opposition in Parliament placed itself on record as being willing to vote for the Government's outlay of \$35,000,000. But they were not willing to turn that amount over to an irresponsible authority in England. They wanted it spent under Canadian control, and as far as possible for the benefit of Canadians, in the construction of a Canadian navy which should defend the Empire in connection with British ships. That was not "blocking naval aid to Britain."

It is true the Liberals tried to block the Government tribute policy. And in so doing they did what they thought was in the best interests of the Empire. And when they failed in the House of Commons they asked in the Senate that the people should have an opportunity to decide. But the Government has refused to give the people of Canada a voice in the settlement of their naval policy or the expenditure of their own money. "We are the masters," said the Minister of Marine, the other day, and he voiced the policy of the cabinet. We will wait till enough Liberal senators are dead, and we will fill their places with men who will vote as we wish, and then we will do what we want to do. If they felt that the people were with them, the Government would have carried out the Premier's pledge, and have referred the whole matter to the people. But they are afraid to do it, for they know they would meet defeat. It is the Borden Government that "blocks naval aid to Britain," for instead of giving the people of Canada an opportunity to speak their mind, it simply marks time, and defers action. It talks, and waits, and does nothing else.

Thaw has materially helped the hotel business in Cootickoke and Sherbrooke. Now the Montreal people are likely to have the pecuniary benefits of his presence. The tourists also expect an increased revenue.

An English evangelist, preaching in New York, says that women's dress in these days is an invention of Satan, and that no wearer of a slit skirt can enter heaven. A man's intentions may be good; but that does not hinder him from making a fool of himself.

The Hon. G. E. Foster has had a very pleasant oriental trip. His report of all he saw, and said, and did, will duly appear in a blue book in about two years. From all appearances that will be the net result of the trip, so far as Canada is concerned. But it was doubtless an interesting experience for Mr. Foster.

That proposition to have the British Government create a Duke of Canada seems to have fallen rather flat. It was too much even for the truly loyal imperialists. Perhaps if the scheme had been one to provide titles for a hundred people instead of only one, it might have been more satisfactory. Try again.

The Halifax Herald has been casting up the accounts between Nova Scotia and the Dominion since confederation, and estimates the sum due its province at \$170,000,000. If it would do any good we could easily figure out on behalf of Ontario a bill of ten times that amount. But we would never get the money. Neither will Nova Scotia.

In view of statements made by certain hygienists that kissing is unhealthy, the Chicago Health Commissioner comes to the relief of an alarmed public with the announcement that it is perfectly safe within reasonable bounds. We always thought so. But what are the bounds? Opinions differ as to this. Therefore every one should experiment until he or she finds the danger limit. That is the only way to be certain.

Looping the Loop 3,000 Feet High
How the Daring, Dangerous, Thrilling Aerial Somersault
Was Performed by French Aviator.

This illustration of an aerial somersault shows how the French birdman Pegoud, turned a complete somersault when 3,000 feet above the earth's surface—and lives to tell about it.

Pegoud gave this blood-chilling exhibition before the French army flying corps at Buc, near Versailles.

REAR LEVY'S NATIONAL

The LOVER

by Berton Braley

A foolish person is the Snob.

With silly notions in his knob.

To those who rightly rate him;

He goes and walls himself about

To keep all "common persons" out

Lest they contaminate him.

And on a high and lonesome shelf

He proudly immolates himself.

And so, because he will not meet

The common people in the street.

Like Tom and Dick and Harry,

He misses all the joy and fun

Of learning how the world is run

And how life's chances vary.

The folks whom he considers "low"

Could teach him much he needs to

know.

The common folk don't care at all

How much he hides behind his wall

Nor what retreat he chooses.

If he won't join their work and play

They go serenely on their way

And HE'S the one who loses.

The wise man mixes with the mob

It takes a fool to be a snob.

Modern Women's Fashions
Find a Defender

[Bartor in the Manchester Guardian.]

If one walked in Hyde Park in the height of this season one was struck by the number of beautiful women in the world. On all sides people were remarking that they had no idea that English girls could be so pretty and graceful. It was the same at the opera; framed in the boxes or strolling in the foyer or the stalls, everywhere one was impressed by the beauty of young girlhood. The reason is that gradually and by degrees, with no doubt many a shock and overcoming of obstacles, the human form has come into its own. Instead of inventing a new shape for our bodies we are now content to dress the figures nature has given us. Of course, Mrs. Grundy, the high priestess of all that is ugly in thought and form, says that it is disgusting. Frankness and beauty are anathema to her. In the old days of a fabulous multiplicity of garments the exposure of a "limb" was a matter of scandal and innuendo; a crinoline entering a hansom cab, a stile to climb, a wet day or a high wind—all these became subjects for music-hall songs and vulgar drawings. Nowadays, when everyone recognizes that the possession of neither limbs is not in itself anything to be ashamed of or scared about, all the silly talk, the nods and winks and vulgar suggestions are spared.

A little Japanese lady once complained that European women looked as if they had a piece bitten out on each side. And it was true at the time. The silhouette of the sixties shocks us now with its impropriety. The painful prominence given to some portions as a result of the still more painful compression of other parts merely makes the modern woman feel uncomfortable. The very origin of the crinoline is itself its condemnation. Every period has its own attractions, of course, but 1913 will be remembered as the time when beauty of form was recognized.

Hand in hand with the discovery of form has come the appreciation of materials. Milliners and dressmakers have learned from the post-impression-

fact, to be really well dressed you must be not only in the movement but a little before it. To do this you must either have a genius for dress yourself or employ a genius to dress you. The only way to dress well without spending a fortune on your clothes is to make your own. And certainly at no time could a woman have a greater opportunity for satisfying her need for aesthetic expression through the medium of dress than now. SARTOR.

Life Story of
Charlotte Bronte

Charlotte Bronte was the daughter of Patrick Prunty, of Anahaz, County Down. He changed his name to Bronte, and when a curate at Hartshead married Maria, daughter of Thos. Branwell, of Penzance. The father published two volumes of verse, "Cottage Poems" (1811) and "The Rural Minstrel" (1813). These were issued at Halifax. He became "perpetual curate" of Thornton, near Bradford. It was here that Charlotte was born, April 21, 1816. In 1829, the family moved to Haworth.

Charlotte Bronte wrote copiously, between April, 1829, and August, 1830, filling twenty-two volumes of sixty to a hundred pages of a small handwriting. These were childish tales and home-made magazines. In 1831 Charlotte was sent to school at Roehead, near Leeds. In 1835 she became a teacher at this school to provide money for her brother Branwell's education as a sculptor. In 1839 Charlotte refused two offers of marriage. Both Wordsworth and Southey advised her not to attempt a literary career. So she thought of starting a school. This idea was postponed until Charlotte should have learned something of foreign languages. And to this end she went to Brussels, to a school of eighty or a hundred pupils, kept by M. Heger and his wife.

From this period sprang the novel "The Professor"; and later in "Villette" came a fuller revelation. Turning to her literary work, it was in 1846 that the three sisters published a volume of poems at their own expense under the signatures of Acton, Ellis, and Currer Bell. Then all three offered novels to publishers, without success. The very day of "The Professor's" first rejection saw Charlotte begin "Jane Eyre." Her sisters' books were both accepted before hers, but on the completion of "Jane Eyre" Mr. W. S. Williams advised Messrs. Smith, El-

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you will find

Stephen's
Ink

In spite of high
freights and tariffs
DISCRIMINATING writers
insist on having STEPHENS'

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.

der & Co. to accept it. The result was a public success, and gradually the critics began to praise the new author. After the early death of Branwell and her two sisters, who died of consumption, Charlotte continued at Haworth, living alone with her father. Nursing and household cares, coupled with ill-health and worry, limited and colored her work. She seems to have lacked humor, but her personal attractions and fame brought her two more suitors, a businessman and her father's curate, Rev. A. B. Nicholls. In June, 1854, she married him, but in the following March died at Haworth.

LOOKED, BUT SAW NOT.

The magistrate had the misfortune to be cross-eyed, the result of which at times was rather amusing. One day he had three prisoners before him. "What's your name?" he inquired of one to the left.

"James Paterson," promptly replied the man on the right.

The man on the bench turned round quickly. "I was not addressing you, sir," he snapped.

At this the one in the centre, quaking and trembling with fear, stammered: "I—I—I never opened my mouth, sir!"

"Did they ask if you
had a mouth?"

"Oh, my yes!
They passed around
Wrigley's SPEARMINT

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