London Advertiser

FOUNDED IN 1863.
NOON AND EVENING DAILY.
WESTERN ADVERTISER WEEKLY.
THE LONDON ADVERTISER CO., Limited, Publishers,
191-193 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

PHONE NUMBERS.

Business Department 107
Editorial Rooms .....134 and 136
Job Printing Department 175

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Readers of The Advertiser are requested to favor the management by reporting any irregularities in delivery.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily delivered by Carrier in City:
One year $5.00
One week 10c
Daily, Delivered by Carrier outside City:
One year $3.00
One month 25c
Daily, by Mail, Outside City:
One year $2.00

The Advertiser is on sale regularly at the following news stands, where subscriptions may be left:

Buffalo, N. Y.—R. J. Seidenberg, Ellicott Square News Stand.
Chicago, Ill. — Chicago Newspaper Agency, Madison street.
Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky International News Company.
Toronto—Iroquois Hotel News Stand; Rossin House News Stand.
[Entered at the London (Canada) Postoffice as matter of the second class.]

LONDON, MONDAY, AUG. 14.

WHERE IS MR. BORDEN ON THE NAVY QUESTION?

The coming of Mr. Borden to London is awaited with great intrest by men of both parties. A question that arises in many minds is "How much has he improved?" and there will be disappointment if the improvement in platform style has not been at all noticeable.

Since his western expedition there has been no doubt anywhere as to his precise stand on the question of the reciprocity agreement. It is one of uncompromising opposition, as the Ottawa Citizen, Kingston Standard and some other Conservative papers lament But as his jingo supporters in Ontario and his anti-British allies in Quebec are generally using the navy issue against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, although it is not properly an element of this campaign at all, it will be interesting to hear what, if anything, Mr. Borden will himself have to say on that subject.

In Quebec the Nationalists are giving out that Mr. Borden has promised a referendum on the navy, in case he should be returned to power. Of course, the terms of such a referendum could be "fixed up," as easily as the composition and finding of a tariff commission, in a way to defeat the Nationalist hopes of repeal. But still they are hoping, and as King Lear thought that Regan might be gentler than Goneril, so they try to suppose and to make the habitant think that Borden will be kinder than Laurier to Quebec.

But what is Mr. Borden's policy respecting the navy? Has he any? In the west he said a good deal about railways and terminals, but not a word on the navy. Perhaps he would like to be a "roi faineant" on such subjects as tariff and marine, shuffling off all thought, decision and action upon commissions and plebiscites. But as to tariff he has shown such general consistency as a high protectionist, opposing even British preference with all his might (an exclusive loyalist indeed), that there can be little question of his close alliance with the would-be monopolists of Toronto and Montreal. On the navy, however, as he has taken two absolutely opposite and contradictory positions, there is much uncertainty as to his present views. To quote from the columns of this paper last November, a parallel then drawn:

[Mr. R. L. Borden in the House of Commons on March 29, 1909.]	[Mr. R. L. Borden in the House of Commons on Nov. 24, 1910.]
I am entirely of opinion in the first place that the proper line on which we should proceed in that regard is the line of having a Canadian naval force of our own. I entirely believe in that. The other experiment has been tried as between Australia and the mother country, and it has not worked satisfactorily in any respect. In Great Britain the contribution has perhaps been regarded as rather unsatisfactory. In Australia it failed in the end to meet with the approval of the people for the reason that Great Britain felt restrained to ask Australia that the field of operations of that squadron were so extended, the Australians felt that the contribution which they had been making for some years past was not really being used to give that protection to Australia that her interest demanded, so that the policy of Australia at the present time is to build up a flotilla of submarines and torpedo boats which in case of war would co-operate with the armed cruisers and battleships of the British navy. It was pointed out in discussing this question that Australia in providing a force of that kind would provide a force which it would be very difficult, if not impossible for Great Britain to send across the seas, and that in thus protecting themselves they were providing the best possible force for the protection of the Empire.	While I respect the opinions of able and intelligent men who disagree with me, I cannot see that it is the proper position to maintain the naval supremacy of this Empire by a series of disunited navies not under one central control. We may be of different minds as to whether Canada should contribute to the defence of the Empire outside of her own territory, but if we once make up our minds that Canada is to so contribute to the naval defence of this Empire, then it seems to me absolutely sure and beyond argument that the naval supremacy of the Empire can only be upheld by one great naval force under one great central control. That is my proposal, that is one reason why it seems to me the naval proposals of the Government are useless and could not be carried out effectually.

In 1909, therefore, Mr. Borden believed "entirely" in "a Canadian navy of our own," and it may be added here that he spoke also against heavy expense, not going the enthusiastic lengths, which the Toronto News, etc., called for of "two Canadian Dreadnoughts." In 1909 Mr. Borden approved the Australian plan of protecting the Empire by simply protecting themselves. In 1910 he reversed his attitude, calling for much more than the defence of our coasts," and for "one great naval force under one great central control." He may have been studying the new Ontario readers, whose front page praches "One navy"; at any rate, no more Canadian navy for him.

Since the fall of 1910 the moon has changed several times more, and as London has never had the pleasure and profit of hearing the Opposition leader on the subject of the navy, perhaps he might incidentally state how he stands at present. Having faced first east and then west, is it now north or south?

MANUFACTURERS AND THE PACT.

The number of manufacturers coming out strongly and publicly in favor of the pact is a striking feature of the campaign. There were Messrs. MacLaren, Gill and Lyn, of Brockville, the last a prominent miller. Mr. D. B. Wood, of Hamilton, comes forward, a leader in the milling industry which some anti-reciprocity journals foolishly suppose will be injured. Mr. Wood cannot see it that way. Mr. H. T. Bush, head of Port Hope's largest industry, declares that what is good for the farmers is also for the manufacturers' interests. Mr. Maxwell, of St. Marys, an implement manufacturer, does not see how any manufacturer can oppose the agreement. Mr. John Muir, of Goold, Shapely & Muir, Brantford, is a strong reciprocity supporter. It is the same way with Mr. Gordon McGregor, manager of the Ford Motor Company at Walkerville; Dr. Sylvester, mayor of Preston; N. H. Stevens, president of the Canada Flour Mills Company; John Piggott, of Chatham, etc. Sir John Macdonald used to argue that protection for manufactures would create a home market for the farmers. Certainly the manufacturers can see that enlarged markets, enriching the farmers will make the home-market better for manufactures.

A MAD FEAR.

What a coward is this London Free Press. The articles of Saturday end respectively as follows:

(1) "At the mercy of a rival nation."

(2) "Are we, then, already owned by the United States?"

(3) "The newspaper (Toronto Globe) that is doing Taft's work in Canada."

(4) "As the real meaning of the Taft plans are exposed and understood."

(5) "Canadians who are being asked to share the great wealth of their country with the foreigner"—selling is sharing.

One yell of terror after another! At the British election a year ago last January the landlord-millionaire party tried to scare the people with the German bogey. So our out-of-office party runs a campaign with a cry of wolf directed in Quebec against the ridiculous bogey of conscriptionist imperialism, in Ontario against the equally absurd phantom of annexation. To shiver and cry out before one is hurt is a good way to invite attack. But Canada has no more reason to fear the United States than to fear naval conscription. Yet the Free Press is usually half mad with terror at election times, wholly possessed with one panic-stricken idea; in 1905 it was Laurier and the Pope, now it looks as though fickle Laurier had forgotten the Pope, and taken up altogether with a new siren in President Taft. Certainly the two bogies, government by Rome and government by Washington are not in least reconcilable. But what consistency is to be expected of a madman in a panic over airy nothings?

SOME LITERARY HUMOR.

Professor Stephen Leacock wins praises in the field of literary humor. His "Literary Lapses" had a good reception among those who like fun for its own sake, and his "Nonsense Novels" follows it up in that mad vein which everybody expects of Mr. Leacock.

His humor is not exactly the common American type of wild exaggeration, such as Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," rather it belongs in the sheer topsy-turvydom of Lewis Carroll and Lear. It abounds in a crazy strangeness, sometimes a little less crazy and even Dickensian in its queer originality, sometimes clean crazy, There is, of course, a pervading literary flavor in these burlesques of popular fiction, which is occasionally even piquant or subtle. But oftener the tone is boisterous, with two or three cases of what borders on the coarse. There is no question but Mr. Leacock ranks as the chief of Canadian humorists, and that his humor bears a marked individual stamp, yet it has to be admitted that the substance is all froth, nothing more.

"Nonsense Novels" is as good a book as any to take away to a summer island, as a summer savory to weightier things like "Captain Kettle" or the "Lunatic at Large." It consists of capital take-offs, most of them, on the people's, especially the women's reading. "Maddened by Mystery" is a travesty of detective stories like "Sherlock Holmes." Here is a sample of the style:

"She was the most beautiful woman in England. She strode imperiously into the room. She seized a chair imperiously and seated herself on it imperial side up."

"Guido the Gimlet of Ghent: A Romance of Chivalry," is better. There are some very funny things in this take-off of the "When Knighthood Was in Flower" sort of stories. "It was in the flood-tide of chivalry. Knighthood was in the pod," it begins. "In the pod," sure enough. "His heart had spoken. The eye of love cannot be deceived." Is this not like the Mary Johnson school? Guido does some marvellous things for love, like Ivanhoe in Thackeray's sequel to Scott's tale. Extracts will convey no idea of the absurd humor and cleverness.

"Gertrude, the Governess" is a good thing on the banal novel of high life and mystery. "Hezekiah Hayloft" is a poor piece of business, with some good touches. "The Sorrows of a Super-Soul or Memoirs of Marie Mushenough" is one of the best things in the book, the popular novelist ridiculed being apparent from the title. Sea stories are delightfully burlesqued in "Soaked in Seaweed, which ends very tragically as follows, just to give away the ending in this one case:

"The island became my home.

"There I eked out a miserable existence, feeding on sand and gravel, and dressing myself in cactus plants. Years passed. Eating sand and mud slowly undermined my robust constitution. I fell ill I died. I buried myself.

"Would that others who write sea stories would do as much."

Several other stories, including a parody of the prophetic romance like "Looking Backward," go to make up a very readable book of 230 pages. Appropriately it is made light in weight like a well-known edition of Jacob's "Light Freights."

Borden and annexation Buncombe.

Conservative journals tell of hard times in the United States. Crowds of men they say are out of employment in the great cities along the lakes. Why don't they come here where labor is scarce?

"The crop shortage has a manifest bearing on the question of Canadian reciprocity. It should make the Canadians more eager to ratify it and to secure the untaxed admission to the American market of surplus agricultural products, for which there will be a good demand here." —Chicago Tribune.

Here is a good reason why the pact should be pushed through at once. A great opportunity lies at hand.

After a tirade against Laurier's imperial policy, the Hamilton Spectator concludes with the following:

We have no doubt that if the occasion should at some future time arise when in justification of their loyalty it was necessary for British-Canadians to assert their dominance, Sir Wilfrid would again bow to the inevitable, just as he did on the occasion of the South African trouble. If Sir Wilfrid, whom the Spectator contemplates as still in power in the distant future, acts as handsomely as Britain thought he did in 1899, he may meet with some grumbling again in Quebec, but the Empire will not suffer through him.

The reciprocity proposition may have good points as regards Canadian access to United States markets. But these points will undoubtedly be mostly gained in any case. By the reciprocity proposition, Canada would simply throw away concessions which do not need to be thrown away.—Ottawa Journal (Con.)

It took a lot of whipping on President Taft's part, as it was, to get the agreement through the Senate. The insurgent Republicans were half-maddened by it, representing the farmers of the Western States. What sort of chance would a bill removing unconditionally the duties on Canadian produce have had in either Senate or House at Washington? The duties on some Canadian raw materials may very likely be unconditionally removed, though perhaps not at present, but not on Canadian grain, hay, dairy products, etc. The Journal's idea is ridiculous.

The agreement is not a treaty.—Advertiser.

"This is the merest play upon words. Our contemporary knows that the reciprocity agreement is a treaty in effect. It was not known as a treaty for the one purpose of getting it past the United States Senate, where it would have had to show a majority of two-thirds, instead of a bare majority."—Free Press.

Precisely; the Americans themselves would not have passed a treaty, and what is not a treaty to them is not a treaty to us. It is our contemporary which plays with words and confuses things radically distinct. To speak plainly, it is an untruth to describe the agreement as a treaty; but upon this untruth the whole annexation clap-trap is based. Will the Free Press show how it will be more "dangerous" for Canada to denounce this agreement five years hence than to refuse it now? Probably it will quote some insignificant American sheet given to wild talk, and not a journal like the Chicago Tribune, which speaks for serious Americans as follows:

"There is no sentiment for annexation in the United States, and the Conservative chauvinist outcry is nothing but a campaign bugaboo which, it is to be hoped, the Canadian people are level-headed and broad-minded enough to repudiate at the polls.

"Canada and the United States both will profit by a freer exchange of commodities. Political union is another story, and neither country wants it."

A GOOD ARGUMENT.

[Toronto News.]

Tariff wall or no tariff wall it is an universally conceded law of trade that the nearer the consumer is to the producer of food stuffs, the greater the producer's profits.

CONSOLATION.

[Montreal Gazette.]

One commentator on the United States crop situation remarks that, according to the forecasts, the railways will find it easy to move the stuff and there will be less strain on the banks than has been noted some years. The tribe of Mark Tapley still flourishes for the comforting of the uncomfortable.

WISTER HAD HOPES.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Owen Wister, in addition to being an author, has acquired some celebrity as a wit. He was being shaved in a St. Louis hotel, while returning from a trip to the west some time ago, and the barber who was attending to his needs apparently had been out the night before. His hand was very shaky, and several times the author winced.

"Will you have anything on your face when I get through?" the barbar inquired when the ordeal was almost over.

"I can't tell you," mumbled Wister, "but I hope to have part of my nose."

NEW LIGHT.

[M. A. P.]

Justice Sir Henry Hawkins, coming out of the Athenaeum Club in London, told the driver of a hansom to take him to the courts of justice. The cabman, who no doubt knew Hawkins perfectly well, said: "Courts of justice, sir? Don't know them."

"Don't know the law courts?" said Hawkins.

"Oh, the law court!" said the cabman. "I know them; but you said courts of justice. That's a different thing altogether."

UNNECESSARY.

[Baltimore American.]

"Are you going to join the new Progressive party?"

"I don't have to. I belong to the winners."

TRY IT.

[Judge's Library.]

"I wonder how Cholly manages to keep that wide-brimmed straw hat on in a wind like this."

Fay—"Vacuum pressure."

A WOMAN'S WAY.

[Life.]

Crabshaw—If you insist on this new gown, I'll have to get it on credit."

Mrs. Crabshaw—As long as it's going to be charged, dear, I may as well get a more expensive one.

EVEN.

[Sacred Heart Review.]

Mr. Millyuns (engaging valet)—I warn you that frequently I am exceedingly ill-tempered and gruff.

Valet (cheerfully)—That's all right, sir; so am I.

REQUISITE.

[St. Louis Courier-Journal.]

"How'd you like to sign with me for life's game?" inquired the young man.

"I'm agreeable," replied the girl. "Where's your diamond?"

MODERN FINANCE.

[Life.]

Miss Rocksey—But, papa, George is a hard-working young man.

Old Rocksey—That's it, exactly. The man I wish you to marry must be able to make money without working.

EASIER.

[Judge.]

Mr. Crawford—The only way for me to avoid these payments is to put everything in your name.

Mrs. Crawford—Won't it be just lovely for me to have all that money to spend?

WHEN THE SUFFRAGETTES RULE.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"I see that Green has another tailor-made suit. That makes four this year."

"Yes, indeed. He spends a lot of money for his suits, but he doesn't know how to wear them."

GATES, A TYPE.

[Windsor Record.]

Even Chicago became too small for Gates, and he invaded Wall street, where he became a sensational operator. He never lost his uncouth and insultingly familiar manners. He still continued to murder the English language, he performed like a steam calliope at a circus, and yet he was a man of boundless nerve, of unconquerable energy, a tireless worker at times, as shown by the fact that he once went three months with only three hours' sleep a night when perfecting a financial deal; he asked for no favors and granted none, ran corners with a ruthless selfishness, was a big eater, a big drinker, a big enjoyer of all the material pleasures of life, and a big Gambler to the last. Such was this man of wealth who sipped the sap of life—and he dies unmourned except by his near relatives.

OTHERWISE PERFECT.

[Life.]

Randall—My wife plays and sings and recites.

Rogers—Has she any other defects?

OPTIMISM.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Two men sat on the Thames Embankment an hour or two before daybreak not long ago. An elderly man, ity, had been wearing out the night on a bench, and a young man came and sat next to him, dejectedly.

He had had a lot of trouble, said the young man. He was without work. He had not had any food the day before. He did not know where to get any. He was "tired," he said. He would not put up with it any longer. He would make a "clean job of it."

The old man told him "not to talk nonsense," but to brace up and act like a man. The old man had not eaten for four days, he said. He didn't know where he would eat when the sun was up, but he didn't want to hear such nonsense about suicide from the young man.

The two hungry discards of London sat on the bench and talked it out. The young man then arose and walked away. The old man saw him jump head first into the river.

The old man told the coroner how he endeavored to pursuade the young one not "to talk nonsense."

"Do you mean to say," the coroner asked, "that you were without food for four days?" Yes, that's what the old man meant to say. It frequently happened that way. He had to "trust to providence." If he could not get food he went without it, and he lived on the embankment because he had no lodgings, but he could not tolerate this nonsense of "making a clean job of it" because you were hungry and could find nothing to eat—no, not even at 2 o'clock in the morning, at the river's edge.

There was always another day.

MISSING WORD PROBLEMS.

[New York Evening Sun.]

"Here is some money, my love," said the husband.

"I don't want any," replied the wife.

"Come, now, darling, take this $50 note and go shopping."

"Thank you, dearest, but I really don't care to. I would rather stay at home and do the housework."

Then the husband——

GERMANY'S NEW STRONG MAN

Rise of Von Kiderlin, Who Can Make Peace of War.

COMPARED TO BISMARCK

Is Personal Favorite of Kaiser, Accompanying Him on Many Trips.

London, Aug. 13.—Almost exactly a year ago Alfred von Kiderlen-Waechter—he likes the accent laid on the second syllable of the Kiderlen—took the post of state secretary at the German foreign office in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin in succession to the "dear old gentleman," Herr von Schoen, transferred as ambassador to Paris. Von Kiderlen himself demanded the post as the price of his remaining in the diplomatic service. Oddly enough, a year before that, during the "Kaiser crisis," arising from the famous interview in the Daily Telegraph, Von Kiderlen was laughed down in the Reichstag when he strutted up and down the government bench in a wondrous waistcoat of canary color and made a stuttering defense of the foreign office. His subsequent history in office proves that a man may be a statesman without being an orator.

Today it may almost be said that, like the Roman senator of old, he carries peace and war in the folds of his toga. He is permanent foreign secretary and Germany's responsible agent in the negotiations going on between Germany and France on which the fate of Morocco and perhaps the issue of European peace or war depend. The Kaiser, though on his northehrn trip far up the coast of Norway, is kept in touch with events in Berlin by wireless, and no doubt exerts an important influence on the negotiations, but it is Von Kiderlen who is general on the diplomatic field of battle.

A Friend of Eulenberg.

The son of a Stuttgart banker, who married a Baroness von Waechter, a lady of the Wurtemberg aristocracy, and who in his pride and satisfaction added her name to his own, young Von Kiderlen entered the diplomatic service and was employed at St. Petersburg, Paris and Constantinople. He was always in touch with Herr von Holstein, the mysterious under secretary of the foreign department, who never left his office except to go to his house, and never left his house except to go to his office. Holstein, the recluse, for thirty years exercised an almost uncanny influence on German foreign policy, and it was through Holstein that young Von Kiderlen became acquainted with the high official world of his day.

He became an intimate friend of Prince Eulenberg, the notorious "Phili" of the camarilla called after the prince's ancestral home, the "Liebenberg Round Table" but was not involved in the scandal in which the prince was the central figure.

In those early days of the young diplomat's career the three associates, Kiderlen were mercilessly lampooned in the comic paper Kladderadatsch, which nicknamed them the "Troubadour" (Prince Eulenberg), the "Oyster Lover" (Van Holstein), and the "Dumpling" (Von Kiderlen-Waechter.) The nicknames hit off the weaknesses of each of the trio. The Wurtemberg diplomat's fondness for the "spatzle" (dumplings) of his native kingdom was satirized by the title, which he bears among his intimates to the present time. The lampooning became so gross that Von Kiderlen lost his temper and sent a challenge to Dr. Polsdorff, editor of the Kladderadatsch. The challenge was accepted, pistols were the weapons chosen, and Von Kiderlen's opponent fell with a bullet in his right shoulder.

A rising dimplomat, Von Kiderlen had already attracted the Kaiser's notice. The Kaiser found in him a kindred social spirit, a man of humor not too refined, who could laugh long and heartily, could crack and take a joke, and the coarseness of whose fun was redeemed by wit. He accompanied his royal master on several of his summer trips to the Norwegian fjords and elsewhere until the two had a falling out, and Von Kiderlen reverted once more to the role of a diligent if comparatively obscure servant of the foreign office. The obscurity was only nominal, for though for many years he was relegated to Bucharest as a mere minister, it fell to him to pull the threads of German foreign policy both in the Balkans and at Constantinople. It was these employments which supplied Von Kiderlen with the two great opportunities of his diplomatic career.

He was recalled to Berlin to conduct the negotiations for the settlement of the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis, and it was he who, having unbounded confidence in the military superiority of Germany, forced Russia to sheathe her half-drawn sword. For work if this kind the foreign minister, then Baron von Schoen, was known to be wanting in the necessary strength of character; a man of energy and courage was required, and the result justified the selection of Von Kiderlen.

His second coup was the negotiation of the agreement of 1909 with France about Morocco, when he showed that on occasion, while unflinching in his purposes, he could roar as mildly as any sucking dove. He was again successful; the Morocco spectre was laid for two years, and if it has now risen again, Van Kiderlen, in the opinion of his countrymen, has the resolution and the skill to exorcise it forever.

Von Kinderlen will be 60 next year. He is a confirmed bachelor, and lives in the pretty little villa which is a perquisite of his office, and stands in a corner of the fine park stretching behind the foreign departmental buildings. Opinions differ as to the real character of the foreign secretary. By his male cronies he is praised as a loyal and genial companion, while on others, mostly diplomatic colleagues, he has made the impression of being hard and domineering. One of the latter represents him as using the rough and bluff mannerisms of Bismarck, not forgetting the big cigar, in his dealings with the courtly and cunning French ambassador to Berlin, M. Jules Cambon.

Face or Feet, Which?

If people would devote half the attention to their feet that they do to their faces, tender feet would be unknown.

Foot Elm in your shoes occasionally will keep your feet healthy and sound.

Eighteen powders for 25 cents and a package of Foot Bath Tablets free, at Taylor's Market Drug Store, Talbot street.

In your FOUNTAIN PEN use

Stephens' Ink

The Pen starts instantly, & never clogs, because the colour-matter is in perfect solution.

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

ADMIRAL TOGO ILL HAS HIS OWN MENU

Frills of Philadelphia Chef Put Famous Sailor's Stomach "To the Bad."

Chicago, Aug. 13.—Here is a translation of the menu received at the Japanese consulate in Chicago from Admiral Togo, who was ill in Philadelphia from "American eating." If he visits Chicago, which he now hopes he will be able to do, he wants Consul Yaoichi Shimidzu to have the following articles prepared for his daily dietary:

Breakfast.
Rice. Bean Soup.
Boiled Fish. Pickles.

Luncheon.
Rice. Soup.
Raw Fish, with Sauce
Boiled Fish, with Vegetables.
Pickles. Japanese Rice Wine.

Dinner.
Rice. Raw Fish.
Roast Chicken.
Boiled Fish, with Vegetables.
Fish Salad. Soup.
Dessert, Sweet Beans, Sweet Cakes.
Sweet Mashed Fish.
Vegetables Boiled in Sugar. Pickles.
Japanese Rice Wine. Cigarettes.

Since Admiral Togo arrived in this country he has been wined and dined until at Philadelphia, it was feared that he would have to delay his trip west on account of illness brought on by eating American food.

If the present plans of Chicago Japanese are successful, it is hoped to have the great warrior here for a day, at least, after he leaves Montreal on his way to Vancouver and home.

It is said that he has missed his "simple" meals since he came to the United States, and Consul Shimidzu and his secretary, K. Kawaguchi, are scouring Chicago's fashionable cuisines to arrange for real Japanese cooking.

"Too much meat," is the way Admiral Togo is said to have complained about the American banquet boards. He also does not have much of a tooth for sweets, especially the rich pastries. He likes sweet things to eat, but he wants pure sugar. He can't stand ice cream. The tutti-frutti variety which he was coaxed to eat in New York is what is said to have hurried on his indisposition and a threatened attack of indigestion. He also made a brave attempt to eat some of the Philadelphia "scrapple," but could not. After one taste he had to leave the rest.

He looks forward to his visit to Boston with considerable misgivings on account of the beans and brown bread. While he knows that Chicago does not specialize on scrapple, beans or oysters, he hopes that he can get some of the good old-fashioned Japanese dishes prepared for him if he comes here, instead of being compelled to "take what is set before him and say nothing."

SEAFORTH.

Seaforth, Aug. 12.—The funeral of the late Dennis Blake, jeweler, of Walton, took place Friday morning from the home of his mother, Mrs. William Blake, concession 14, McKillop, to the Roman Catholic Church, Brussels, where services were conducted by Rev. Father Blair, after which interment was made in St. James Cemetery here. Deceased was the eldest son of the late Wm. Blake, and was well and favorably known in this vicinity, being engaged in the Watchmaking business at Walton for the past five years. So successful had he been that his new store was almost completed when he was taken ill on July 29th with typhoid fever from the effects of which he never recovered but passed away on Wednesday morning. He had many friends who extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Geo. McEwen, of Hensall, was in town on Thursday.

Mr. Merner, the Conservative candidate for the Commons, was in town on Wednesday attending a meeting of the executive of the town association.

Miss Emma Dickson is in Toronto attending the millinery openings.

Mr. Charles Oakley, who recently underwent an operation for an affection of the throat, returned to his home in Brussels on Saturday.

Mr. A. D. Sutherland has some fine Black Orpington chickens hatched from eggs he received by mail from Manchester, Eng.

Miss Bertha Hart, of Toronto, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Hart, and other friends in town.

Miss Clara Davidson, of Leadbury, is the guest of her friends, Miss Etta Crich.

Miss Madge Stewart and Miss Modeland are in Toronto for the millinery openings.

Mr. Chas. Soole has returned from a trip to the west, where he had been visiting his sons and daughters. Miss Florence Soole, who accompanied her father on the trip out, will remain with her sister for a time.

ATWOOD STARTS ON LONG FLIGHT

Expects To Go From St. Louis to Boston in Ten Days.

St. Louis, Aug. 14.—Amid the cheers of the huge crowd that had gathered on Art Hill in Forest Park to witness the event, and under a sky obscured by clouds, Harry N. Atwood, of Boston, this morning shortly after 8 o'clock began his record-breaking flight of 1,460 miles across the continent from St. Louis to New York and Boston by way of Chicago and other cities.

Atwood said this morning he expected to complete the long aerial voyage in about ten days. He expected to reach Springfield, Ill., at about noon today, where he plans to make a short stop to replenish his gasoline and also for refreshments. He will continue on to Chicago, passing over Bloomington, and will land on the outskirts of the city. He expects to arrive in Chicago this evening.

DORCHESTER HORSE MADE A RECORD RUN

Galloped Into London Pursued By an Automobile.

A horse belonging to a liverykeeper in Dorchester set a new record for the distance between London and Dorchester Saturday morning when it broke away in the latter town and travelled along the Hamilton road into London. The animal succeeded in breaking away from the buggy after it had gone a few miles, and the remainder of the distance was covered with only the shafts dragging behind it. The owner set out after it in an automobile, but was unable to overtake the frightened animal until it had nearly reached the city. Several people along the road made an effort to stop it, but none succeeded until it had reached the vicinity of the Hamilton road schoolhouse, where the horse steadied down to an easy trot and was easily captured.

MEAT IS GOING UP

Cattle Countries Seriously Affected by Long Period of Drouth.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—That Chicago and the country at large are already beginning to feel the effects of the drouth in the cattle-raising countries, and that a big advance in the price of meats is under way, is admitted by leading wholesalers. Not only will last year's high prices in meat products be equalled, but it is predicted that new records will be made.

Already pork loins are selling wholesale at the highest price for the year, around 16 cents.

John Irwin, of Irwin Bros., wholesale meat dealers, said that not in many years has the public faced such a condition of affairs.

"There are practically no grass-fed cattle being shipped into Chicago," he said. "The continuous heated spell has dried up the grazing, and the animals received in Chicago have been in terrible condition, with practically no meat on them. As a result, beef is going up and will reach new high prices this year. A feature of the coming high prices will be the fact that instead of the choicest cuts being affected, the cheaper beef will feel the advance quickest and will suffer the greatest increase.

LONDON TENNIS TOURNEY

Draw for Mixed Doubles and Open Singles.

The draw for the mixed doubles and open singles in the London tennis tourney, which was announced today, is as follows:

Mixed Doubles.

Boucher and Miss —— vs. Hulvenney and Miss Fox.
Fetherston and Miss Saunders vs Skinner and Miss Craig.
Saunders and Miss Spence vs. Judd and Miss Munro.
Bailey and Miss Love vs. Wright and Miss Weld.

Open Singles.

Bayly vs. Saunders.
Fetherston vs. Beltz.
Cunningham vs. Manning.
Puddicombe vs. Mulvenney.
Skinner vs. Wright.
Judd vs. Boucher.
Handicap singles and doubles will be played next week.

BATHERS DROWNED.

Cologne, Germany, Aug. 14.—Twelve persons were drowned while bathing in the Rhine at Boden-Kirchen yesterday. It is thought that the victims suffered from sunstroke.

TROUBLES IN SPAIN.

Paris, Aug. 14.—Vague rumors of political troubles in Spain are afloat here. They cannot be confirmed, however. The censorship of press dispatches is particularly strict.