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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

A MISREPRESENTATION NAILED.

Anyone who will take the trouble to consult Hansard for Feb. 13, 1913, will find that Hon. T. W. Crothers, at the Rodney meeting, quoted Sir Wilfrid Laurier as pretending that he admitted in the House of Commons on that date that the contribution policy had been accepted by the Canadian people at the last election. The London Free Press commits itself to the falsehood by indorsing it editorially. Anything connected with that election campaign of 1911 seems to start the Free Press off again on the old track. It must falsify, as a cold must run its course.

Verbally, Mr. Crothers quoted Sir Wilfrid exactly enough, except that the Liberal chief said: "I need not recall the fact that my right honorable friend triumphed on that occasion," instead of the stupid "I do not recall that, etc.," as the Free Press reports Mr. Crothers to have misquoted. But the connection and reference to the passage quoted were deliberately falsified by Mr. Crothers. Here is the rest of the passage, taken correctly enough, from Sir Wilfrid's speech of Feb. 13:

"It was his (Mr. Borden's) policy which was adopted by the Canadian people; it was not the policy which I had advocated, but it was the policy which he had later adopted and which was the last policy before the people and which was approved by the people."

But what did Sir Wilfrid here mean by "his (Mr. Borden's) policy"? The unquoted context shows clearly that he did not mean the policy, temporary or permanent, of contribution, as Mr. Crothers, if not the Free Press, should know very well. Far from it! Sir Wilfrid had just been showing that Mr. Borden had committed himself unreservedly to consultation of the people on the naval question in toto, both "naval policy and the general question of contribution to imperial armaments." He had proceeded: "My right honorable friend before the electors, pledged by his vote on the amendment of the member for Jacques Cartier (Mr. Monk, Nationalist), that we should consult the Canadian people not only upon the question of the navy but upon the question of contribution to armaments. I need not recall the fact that my right honorable friend triumphed on that occasion. It was his policy, etc.," as quoted by Mr. Crothers and misappplied by him.

Can any honest reader doubt that Sir Wilfrid meant by "his (Mr. Borden's) policy" not the contribution, but the promise of consulting the people regarding any contribution; not the policy cooked up since the election, but the policy of consultation on which, in concert with the Nationalists, Mr. Borden fought the election? It is simply more of the "gulling" which rejoices papers like the Toronto News. Of course, the Rodney people had no Hansard at hand, but really it requires a simple mind to swallow such an interpretation as Mr. Crothers'. It is prima facie absurd.

ART SALES.

Every few days comes news of great prices paid for pictures, carvings, art work and antiques in general. Money is said to be "tight," but a Rembrandt is sold at Paris for \$200,000 that 200 years ago was valued at \$106.53. The final returns last week in the auction of the Kraemer collection of pictures and furnishings, Paris, came to \$1,124,582. Sometimes the high-priced painting is ancient, sometimes modern.

It is not to be thought that the artistic merit of a work fixes its market price. Artistic merit is itself most difficult to determine, even relatively. The value set upon a picture is largely a matter of fashion or vogue, largely made up by various extraneous circumstances of time and place. If the "Mona Lisa" were recovered now it would probably be more wanted than ever, because of the mystery of its disappearance from the Louvre. Artists past and present have their ups and downs in favor, often without apparent causes. Even early Victorian art seems to be holding up its diminished head again in some quarters, fabulous sums are paid for funny old Chinese vases, and why should a Romney or a Lawrence fetch today as much as a Reynolds or a Gainsborough?

Living painters have always to contend against the advantages of history, tradition and literary or artistic association attaching to the works of old masters. A superiority of realism, imaginative force and sympathetic or dramatic sentiment sometimes does not avail the modern in his struggle against the dead. However, it is probable that in the long run real merit wins attention and indeed the living must always some day graduate, by starvation or otherwise, into the ranks

of the majority. His genius may gradually or suddenly become canonized, and wrong be righted. Millionaires may contend for possession of once slighted works when the worker is in his grave.

HOCH DER KAISER.

On June 15, 1888, William II, became Emperor of Germany; and this week his people are celebrating with enthusiasm the twenty-fifth anniversary of his sovereignty. Judged superficially a person would be inclined to say that the Germans who are a liberty-loving people, would not take kindly to a ruler who is thoroughly saturated with the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and who never hesitates to act on that doctrine. And yet there is no reason to doubt that the loyal expressions of the great mass of his subjects are perfectly sincere. And there is reason for it. The Germans love freedom; but they also love Germany. And under the rule of the Hohenzollerns the fatherland has been consolidated, united and developed. They like a man who does things; even though they may not like all the things he does. And they pardon many errors on the part of the man whose life and whose energy is given to his country.

A picturesque character is the Kaiser; and a most versatile one. He puts his hand to everything; and with some success. He writes poetry, paints pictures, composes operas, preaches sermons, gives lectures on domestic science to women, instructs the tailor how to dress up his soldiers, sails his yachts, organizes and drills his army, constructs Dreadnoughts. It may be quite true that he does none of these things perfectly, but he does them better than the average man.

A somewhat conceited person is William, with unbounded confidence in himself, and a happy facility for getting into the limelight. But there is some excuse. He was trained from infancy in the idea that God and the Kaiser are supreme, and that they work together for the glory of Germany. As a self-conscious and self-dependent man who has had a good measure of success, he will occasionally over-estimate his own importance. For he has been successful to a great extent. When he came to the throne, a comparatively young man, it was supposed that he would necessarily be subordinate to Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," who had created and cemented the empire. But he calmly turned Bismarck out of the ship of state, and took the helm into his own hands. And his own hands have been there ever since. He has had his minister but they have been his subordinates; he has not been their puppet.

He has paid so much attention to his army that among other nations he is known as the "War Lord." But in reality he knows nothing about war. He has never seen a battle. During his twenty-five years Germany has had practically unbroken peace. Excitable people in England have for years been alarmed over the "German peril." Yet the German Emperor kept the peace with England even when the British Empire was more isolated than it is today. Is it not possible that the great German gunmakers have had more to do with the frightening of timid little Englishmen than have the supposed designs of the Kaiser?

At all events for twenty-five years William II. has been the leader as well as the ruler of Germany. He has worked for his own people, and he has not done any harm to ours. Germany has grown greater, but Britain is no weaker. In fact, Britain gains by Germany's growth. Most of the great civilized powers of the world, including England and the United States, have had their wars; but Germany has gone on its way peacefully, despite all the money it has expended on armaments. It is the greatest military power today, and yet it does no fighting. In this case, at all events, militarism has not been inconsistent with peace. Despite the jingoism of England and Canada the "German peril" seems so far away that we may be permitted, without any disparagement of our loyalty, to join in Germany's acclaim: "Hoch der Kaiser."

Merger imperialism is a doctrine expounded in Britain chiefly by lords, landlords and dukes, who object to paying their fair share of taxation. They have their toadies in this country.

"Mr. Borden will probably accept the challenge" (of the Senate)—London (May 24).

The Nation will have to revise its prognosis. They don't know Bordenism over there.

"The outlook for home rule is not more roseate as one scans the English by-election returns."—Free Press (London).

But that Irish by-election at Derry was shamrockade.

It is really encouraging to hear of army riots in Eastern France against the three years' service. Apparently the majority of the French peasants and workmen are opposed to the revived militarist agitation. What sense is there, then, in the German army increase? France itching for revenge seems to be largely a theatrical idea.

"The sentiment of the people of New Zealand is matched by the sentiment of the great majority of the people of Canada who believe also in 'One Empire, One Flag, One Fleet.'" New Zealand recognizes that of herself she might not repel the foreign invader, but that as a member of the Empire she possesses a fleet which is not equalled by that of any foreigner.—Free Press (London).

But New Zealand has gone back on the merger policy and follows Aus-

tralia. Mr. Borden's place is with the Malays and Quebec Nationalists.

A very striking article has appeared in the May Forum, by Dr. F. B. R. Hellens, a distinguished graduate of Toronto University, a former Welland boy, and now professor in the University of Colorado. "The Serene Evangel of Science" is a warm reassertion, in those gray days, of optimistic faith in science as the redeemer of the world. The article is couched in that broad Platonic manner that Professor Hellens partly caught from the lips of Principal Hutton years ago. To an abstract of this thoughtful and prophetic essay, Public Opinion devotes the two front pages of its edition of May 30.

NO PLACE TO BUILD TUNNELS.

[Youth's Companion.]
A Scotsman who had worked for many years on the railroad among the Highlands of Scotland went to the United States in his later years, and settled on a section of homestead land on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival there was a project for a railway through the district. The Scotsman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters. "Hoot, mon," he said to the spokesman of the delegation, "ye canna build a railway across this country."

"Why not, Mr. Ferguson?"
"Why not?" repeated Ferguson with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. "Why not? Dinna ye see the country's as flat as a floor, and ye hae nae place whatever to run your tunnels through?"

PRETTY CLOSE.

[Widow.]
First Stude—"How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?"
Second Stude—"Two seats away."

MANIPULATORS, ANYWAY.

[Baltimore American.]

"Those fakirs can't make spirits appear." "Maybe not, but you ought to see how they can make spirits disappear."

"DIXIE" FAR FROM HOME.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Way up in the Northland, under skies of gray,
Heard the band a-playin' 'Dixie,' and they all cried 'Hooray!'
I seemed to hear the kiddies—saw the larks fly o'er the loam,
And the heart in me was singin' the song of love and home."

Old times in Georgia—they came back again—
Meadows of the Maytime—roses in the rain;
O'er the dreary distance far I seemed to roam,
I heard in dreamy twilight the songs of love and home.

"Way up in the Northland, but 'Dixie' sent a thrill,
And one said, as it echoed: 'we're friends and brothers still!'
And my heart went back to Georgia as the bee flies to the comb,
And all the world was singin' the songs of love and home."

A GOOD ARGUMENT.

[Hamilton Herald.]

Back in England from his visit to this country, Sir Robert Perks tells the interviewers that the Canadian tariff does not increase the cost of living, although it does increase wages. If it increases wages, it must increase the cost of production; and if it increases the cost of production it must increase prices; and if it increases prices, it must increase the cost of living.

CAUTION.

[Le Devoir.]
Not to be confused, Mr. Pelletier, who accompanies Mr. Bourassa in the west, is not Mr. L. P. Pelletier, minister of the postoffice.

GOOD OLD ECONOMICAL WAYS.

[Brampton Gazette.]

A fellow cannot economize in the good old ways in which our fathers used or he is ridiculed for using fish that is out for food. Why, bless you, in the good old days the fathers of some of our powerful preachers, leading financiers, railway magnates, college professors, etc., used to go to the "chirk" in the North Sea and get a wagon load of suckers and have them salted before the spring work began. I'll venture to say that Sir William Mackenzie often splashed up and down the creek, driving suckers into the net held by his big brothers, and now look at the catches he gets! Of course they are full of bones, but they chew up easily and swallow fairly well.

THOROUGHLY ORGANIZED.

[Boston Transcript.]

"They say that unions raise the price of labor." "Quite right! Two of my clerks got married last week, and struck me for more salary."

A HUSKY VOICED BIRD.

[Punch.]

Lady—"You told me I need not take out a license for the dog till the end of the year, and now they've sent me a summons." Fancier—"Then revenue people will do anything, lady. I sold a gentleman a parrot last week, and the summoned 'im for keeping a dog without a license, just because the bird appeared to 'ave a 'usky voice."

EXPENSIVE PERSIAN HATS.

[Christian Herald.]

In the Shah-in-Shah's country, far away across the seas in Southern Persia, the astrachan trade has its origin. Before the little lambskins became valuable in the eyes of the fashionable world, all Persians wore hats of red astrachan, but nowadays the genuine skins have become so expensive that only the wealthiest of the people can afford to use them. The poor classes wear either caps or felt, or imitation lambskins, made of cotton.

It is said that a real lambskin kolah, like the genuine Panama, lasts more than a lifetime, and descends from father to son, or is the subject of social bequest to some valued relative. The finest lambskins were formerly obtained from the nomadic nomads, by sacrificing both mother and young, for by this cruel and extravagant method the fine curls of the jet-black were preserved unopened, and the beautiful glossy sheen on the wool was preserved intact.

BOYS' PLEASURE CLUB WINS.

[The B. C. Baseball team of Waterloo street won its first game of the season this morning on the Collegiate Institute grounds by defeating the Rangers by a score of 8 to 7. Batteries for the B. C. C. were: Fitzpatrick, Bryan and Dennis, and for the Rangers, Anderson and Brown.]



Large Demand.
When Eve, in Eden, saw the snake, She chased around to get some clothes. Considering the latest styles. We need some snakes now, goodness knows.



Just think of it—a woman killed her husband in the United States and was severely scolded by the judge. Such cruelty demands a recall, indeed.

A man can never see how hard his wife has to work when he's away fishing.

There's a gravedigger in London who has dug over 800 graves. Yet he's one of the cheeriest fellows you could meet.

Have you ever seen a woman "crowned with a flaming aureole of gold," as one writer has? Neither have we.

But we have admired plenty of the plain, red-headed kind.

The only thing that makes war possible is the International Society of Grouches.

Speaking of art perverted, there's the lunch counter strawberry shortcake.

Why Englishmen Will Never Take to Baseball.
Voice (in the grandstand)—I say, old chap, knock a roller. Don't knock it into the wind.

We have yet to hear of any young man who spends all his time in pool-rooms laying any corner-stones.

The box-score should have another column with the letters "B. H. P." above it. Meaning, as you have already divined, "bone head play."

June.
"The Baron will not see him!" hissed the other.
"Ah, you have four future, but I—she gulped—"what of me?"

How could the ladies ever flee if a mad dog should run amuck?

Yes, thank you, we enjoyed The Whistling. Now, Row, Row, Row.

Hamilton continues to bat about .216 in the joy of living leave.

Someone should hang that Goderich crowd that asks, "Who got the \$500?" within earshot of Queen's Park, Toronto.

One of our fairest acquaintances whose name is Lillian Eleanor is considering an action against Barnum's, for it appears they chose her name for the rhinoceros.

Especially was her decision strengthened when her companion suggested that "Mr. Barnum had the right idea."

Some of these North Ontario towns must be wiped off the map before we came to know their names.

Some salesmen are equal to almost any emergency and do not spare the "other car" when occasion requires. "But the Blank car is guaranteed for life," protested a prospective purchaser to a salesman of the sort. "Yes, I know it is," retorted the quick-witted salesman, "but our car is guaranteed for a whole year." It required several moments for the prospective purchaser to see the point.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

Name, Route, at, From.

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More than ever before a proper corset is necessary. The great success of the D. & A. and the La Diva styles has kept the great Dominion Corset Co's model factory in Quebec, with its thousands and thousands of busy early and late producing the corsets which will bring style, comfort and support to many women in Canada.

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CARLING'S SPECIAL SELECT ALE

EXPECT TARIFF TO PASS HOUSE WITHOUT FIGHT

Democratic Leaders Think All Trouble Has Been Satisfactorily Arranged.

Leader Says Country Wants Quick Action on Important Measures.

Washington, D. C., June 14. — Administration leaders in the Senate were in a jubilant mood today over the prospects for the tariff bill. They unhesitatingly asserted that the party was ready for harmonious action and predicted that a clear Democratic majority for the measure as it comes from the caucus will not be endangered.

Admitting that the situation in the Senate was anything but satisfactory when the bill passed the House, the leaders now contend that, prolonged preliminary consideration of the measure has brought about "an ironing out of the rough places" in the party alignment, and that every development has been in favor of the administrative policies.

Today the Democratic majority resumed consideration of sub-committee reports, and Senator Simmons, the chairman, asserted that he intended to push the bill as rapidly as possible.

There is evidence everywhere that the country wants quick action on this tariff measure," said Senator Simmons. "I have realized it from the beginning, but it has been impossible to move faster and wisely up to this time. Now there is nothing to prevent rapid progress and the bill will be pushed. It has been received by the country with less apprehension than we had expected. It is a fact that fewer protests have been made than any tariff bill with which I had ever anything to do."

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CURTAIN

by Derton Draley

And so we part in friendship, yes,
With neither pain or bitterness,
And, unbewitched, we plainly see
The meaning of our comedy;
Yet this we know—and, knowing, smile,
At least we loved a little while!

The vows we made, the faith we swore
To love—and love forevermore,
Are quite forgot; we turn and go
Certain that it is better so,
Yet, though romance cannot be guile,
At least we loved a little while.

Because you loved me, I have known
A world I could not find alone.
And from my love did you not gain
A glimpse of palaces in Spain?
What if we missed the Blissful Isle,
At least we loved a little while.

Good-bye—upon your brow I press
The kiss of faithful friendliness,
For, though we part from sorrow free,
We lived a space in Arcady,
And we can whisper, with a smile,
"At least we loved a little while!"

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

USE 3-IN-ONE OIL ON YOUR SEWING MACHINE