

London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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with justification that the cars were used for any other than purposes of convenience. People did not ride for the pleasure of it yesterday, and the largest crowds were just before the church services. For one thing the cars make the churches more accessible. A man in East London who had wanted to hear a preacher in North London, had no trouble in making the journey both ways. With those who opposed the inauguration of a Sabbath service it may be a case of pity, endurance and embrace.

THE MURDER OF BENTON.

VILLA seems to repay high-mindedness with high-handedness. A few days ago the rebel commander lauded President Wilson for declining to intervene; today our newspapers tell how the Britisher, Benton, was "murdered like a dog," probably by Villa's own hand. Villa should have been same enough to act carefully toward Britisher or American. The Anglo-Saxon race will have none of his treachery or brutality, and he should pay dearly for the slaughter of representatives of either race. When such a man has the temerity to slay British or American subjects just across the Texas line, what outrages may not have happened among his own people? What atrocities may not have been perpetrated upon women and children? In the name of humanity, why permit these half-caste madmen to continue fighting? Is there any relief for the common people of Mexico no matter who wins?

If President Wilson were dealing with a superior race of people, it would perhaps be well to withhold armed interference. But he is confronted with the problem of an inferior race, the grossest savages, led by dangerous, selfish and treacherous men, intent on plunder. A superior character is yet to stand out on either side.

The murder of Benton cries out for immediate action. He may have been blameable to some extent, but it was Villa's place to complain to Wilson, not to slay the Englishman ruthlessly. A strong man would take action at once. Perhaps if 100 English or Americans had been murdered, the President would move. The slaughter of one involves the same principle.

LADIES' RIGHTS.

IT strikes Mayor Catick, of San Bernardino, Cal., that "Votes for Women" means "Washtubs for Men." Perhaps the reason why most women seem indifferent to the franchise is that they simply could not trust men to do the family wash or sweep behind things, or certainly to perform all the little unnecessary but time-killing operations of housewifery.

Chivalry has nothing to do with the question of washing and ironing. Chivalry is or was a code between ladies and gentlemen with nothing to do with fight and adorn themselves. When the designations of "lady" and "gentleman" were, rather naturally, adopted by the working classes, from commercial magnates to charwomen, some of the chivalric nations went along with those titles, but not of course, the idea that the lady should not be called upon to labor. Oh my, no!

In a recent issue of Punch, a bridegroom fresh from the altar is represented as politely asking the officiating minister whether he couldn't help his wife to some charring engagements. Charring is English for doing "chores," "going out by the day," hard work in other words. The gentleman would have been chivalrous enough to resent his wife's not being entitled "a lady," but he had no notion of denying her the washtub and the mop.

Is it to be surmised that the gentry who say a woman cannot vote and also look after her children really mean that if she votes she will not long have all the heavier and more tedious occupations of life thrust upon her? Mopping and scrubbing are all very well—fine, healthy exercises and so on, but sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The "tired business man," coming home from brainwork in the office, soon gets to be an expert at the vacuum cleaner or the hardwood floor polishing and forgets his worries in the joy of artistic work.

THE BURDEN AND THE BACK.

IT was a serious warning uttered by the British Foreign Secretary the other day, when he acknowledged "a foreboding that the competition in armaments will eventually lead to disaster, and sink the ship of European prosperity and civilization." The demand for increased and increasing armaments is based on the assumption that without them disaster is liable to occur. But Sir Edward Grey thinks, and many sober-minded and intelligent people think with him, that disaster will come if the nations follow their present course. If it is to be a choice between disaster with armaments, and disaster without, common sense would seem to suggest that the wise course would be to run the risk of the disaster which will prove least burdensome.

As a matter of fact there is no certainty that without the building of dreadnaughts and the expenditure of vast sums in preparing for war, disaster will come. But there is a certainty that if the nations go on competing with each other in extravagant expenditures, disaster will be unavoidable. It may not come to the degers in arms and armaments, for the more they can make and sell, the better for themselves. It may not come to Government officials, whose salaries will be paid as usual. It may not come to the very wealthy; for even if they lose some of their wealth, they will still have enough to supply them with all

the necessities they want, and many luxuries as well. But it will come with its full weight on the artisan and laborer who now bears the heaviest burden of taxation.

But those mechanics who are employed in the work of constructing naval and military equipments, are benefited by having employment, is true; though the advantages they secure in obtaining employment are offset to some extent by the increased taxation, and the rapidly rising cost of living. But when the day of bankruptcy, of commercial and political crises dawns; when the relations between labor and capital, strained to their utmost by increasing wealth on one side and poverty on the other, are suddenly ruptured in some social catastrophe, then any personal benefit to a few will be lost in the ruin of the many. The back of the masses is broad and strong, but there is a limit to the burdens it can bear.

A CALL FOR HELP.

THE Toronto News issues "an urgent call" to the charitable people of Toronto to come to the relief of the unemployed and poverty-stricken of that city. It says that "Men, women and children are without food, fire or adequate clothing. With the temperature below zero their suffering is intense." We are sorry to hear this sad tale from Toronto; and we trust the call for help will be responded to promptly. We have no doubt that relief will be given speedily, because there is not only the wealth, but the generosity necessary for the purpose in our metropolitan city. And the need for public and private charity there will be recognized now, seeing that the call is made by a good Conservative paper. When Liberal papers have said that people were out of work, and that distress and suffering were prevalent, papers of the News stripe declared that it was only a political fabrication of the mean Grits; there was no lack of employment; no dislack of food and fuel; at least, hardly any." It looks as though there might have been something in what the Grits said, after all.

WORSE.

[Houston Post.]
"Why do they hate each other so?"
"They are rivals."
"Oh, both are trying to marry the same girl, eh? That sort of thing certainly does arouse man's primal passions."
"In this case it is worse than that. They are both trying to marry the same fortune."

PRIVATION.

[Puck.]
Mrs. Newrich—I believe our next door neighbors on the right are as poor as church mice, Hiram.
Mr. Newrich—What makes you think so?
Mrs. Newrich—Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players, the daughter is taking lessons by hand.

AMONG NEIGHBORS.

[Yonkers Statesman.]
"I see the telephone of Canada number 370,884, one for every 20 persons," said Uncle Jeff, next door, calling.
"Oh, is that all, one for every 20?" replied the other. "I'm sure that more than twenty neighbors use ours."

BEWARE!

[Detroit News.]
Apropos of his policy of silence, Mayor Mitchell, of New York, said at a dinner:
"In silence there is safety. They who want opinions often get opinions they don't want. Take the young planter's case.
"A young Mississippi planter had a servant, Uncle Jeff, who had cared for him as a child, and who was very devoted to him. The young man became engaged to a neighboring beauty who was credited with a very bad temper. Noticing that Uncle Jeff never mentioned his approaching marriage, the young planter said one day:
"Jeff, you know I'm going to marry Miss Lamar?"
"Yes," was the reply. "I know it."
"I haven't heard you say anything about it," persisted the planter.
"No," Jeff acknowledged, "I ain't got no nuffin' to say."
"But what's your opinion about it?"
"Well, massa," said Jeff with some hesitation, "you knows one thing—the most pisenest snakes has got the most prettiest skins."

AN EASY WINNER.

[Detroit Free Press.]
"Will be in 1952."
"Really," she said, with an embarrassed laugh, "I don't know which one of you two boys to marry. You're both lovely and you've certainly treated me well, but you know when it comes to marriage and all that a girl has to think of her future and all that."
Hannibal Skinkins leaned tenderly towards her as she sat there between them on the sofa.
"Fear not about the future," he exclaimed, "I will buy you seven automobiles and let you keep a chauffeur for each one."
Mercury Whichway leaned towards her just as tenderly on the other side.
"Fear not about the future," he whispered, "I will get you a department store of your own and you can take charge of the check book yourself."
And again Mercury Whichway, the light of pure love shooting from his eyes and making the powder on her little nose gleam like moonlight, leaned towards her.
"Fear not about the future," he breathed, "Come what may, you shall have two fresh eggs for breakfast every morning."
With a gurgle, she put her head on his shoulder.

From Western Ontario Press.

THIS IS TERRIBUL!
[Durham Chronicle.]
Toronto's mayor allowed the coal dealers to deliver coal last Sunday. Dear, dear! Toronto the Good is surely hitting the wide and wobbly path. They'll be letting people stay home from church next.

MR. ROWELL'S WAY.
[Guelph Mercury.]
Mr. Rowell is somewhat of an iconoclast.

ABE MARTIN



His feller who's prominent enough 't be criticized is pretty well fixed. A failure must have a hard time trac'n' his downfall in a dry town.

Instead of spending his time at the opening of the Legislature, in empty and meaningless platitudes, he immediately played into a discussion of live questions, such as unemployment. That's the kind of leader Canadian democracy wants.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

[St. Thomas Journal.]
The technical school in Canada is long overdue and it is fortunate that no definite step forward had followed the action of the Laurier Government which appointed a Royal Commission to gather first hand knowledge of what was being done in Germany and elsewhere where technical training has long been a feature of the national educational system. The commission's report is yet to be acted upon.



THE CONVERSION OF SILAS.

Of all the fossils in our town, Sil Haskins was the boss. He said the automobile never Would replace the horse. He always used to sneer and snort Whenever one went by. And when he'd seen one busted down, He'd laugh until he'd cry. He said the owners all were fools To go and spend their dough For them gold digging contrivances That never seemed to go. Them devil wagons got his goat, He'd never fall for one. Of all the hob-dum foolishness, Gas wagons took the bun.

One day a nephew died and left An old one-lung machine A-standing out in old Sil's barn, He said the machine was a darn. And poured it in the gash durned thing To see if it would start. He cranked her up and thought he'd try To drive the old gas cart. He drove it down the road all right. He said the machine was a darn. And rode around till almost night And visited everywhere. Next morning bright and early he Was poundin' down the street. He scared the horses right and left And knocked folks off their feet.

A week from then he bought a car. It was of high horse power. He didn't take time off to eat, But drove it every hour. He got some gasoline. He showed up within a mile. He said you might as well be dead As not to be in style. His whiskers blew out in the breeze, As down the road he flew. He said the machine was a darn. A fancy trick or two, He spent all of his waking hours In showing them new tricks. Four cylinders became too tame, And so he bought a six.

He's been arrested nineteen times For speedin', so they say. He got his whiskers all shaved off. For they got in his way. He talks of touring cars all day And dreams of them at night.

BRALEY'S POEM TO-DAY

THE FEATHER NUISANCE.

Lady, I like and admire you,
Think you a regular peach,
Yet I would ask and desire you—
Beg you to hark to my speech,
You who are sweet as the heather,
Fair as a rose—and all that—
Why do you carry that feather
Stuck in your hat?

Think, you, perchance, it is natty?
Nay, it is fearfully plain,
Stiff in the sunshine—and ratty
When it commences to rain,
Yet in all places and weather,
Everywhere any man goes,
Some woman's hat has a feather
Tickling his nose!

Lady, I hate to be kicking,
Yet I protest to you, why—
Why must that feather be sticking
Constantly into my eye?
Some day I'll lose altogether
Patience and calmness, I swear;
Then I will bite off that feather—
Lady, beware!

—BERTON BRALEY.



THEY teller who's prominent enough 't be criticized is pretty well fixed. A failure must have a hard time trac'n' his downfall in a dry town.

Instead of spending his time at the opening of the Legislature, in empty and meaningless platitudes, he immediately played into a discussion of live questions, such as unemployment. That's the kind of leader Canadian democracy wants.

SEX HYGIENE IN SCHOOLS.

[Windsor Record.]
Parental neglect in teaching sex hygiene is forcing this big problem on the educational authorities. It is being discussed from all possible viewpoints and some steps have been taken to teach sex hygiene in the schools. Dr. Struthers, the chief medical inspector of schools in Toronto, declares the conviction is growing that boys and girls should be given a true and accurate knowledge on this subject.

LEGAL QUERIES

London, Ont., Feb. 21, 1914.
Subscriber: Having noticed that you sometimes answer legal questions in your columns I would like to see the following answered in the morning Advertiser.