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LONDON, THURSDAY, OCT. 31.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE GERMAN SCARE.

The British Foreign Secretary and the president of the British Board of Agriculture have rebuked Lord Roberts for his Germanophobic speech, which Canadian papers have been exploiting for party purposes. Lord Roberts is the most distinguished living British soldier, beloved by his fellow-countrymen, and justly so, but that he has shone on the field of war is no proof that he is an authority in the field of diplomacy and foreign relations.

Sir Edward Grey, when asked in the House whether the German Government had protested against Lord Roberts' speech, went to the heart of the matter when he said that he should "greatly deprecate any suggestion that either Government should make representations about unwise or provocative speeches either in Germany or here by persons who are not in a position to control the policy of the respective Governments."

Lord Roberts is qualified to pronounce on the condition of the British army, and even of the German army, but he knows no more about the designs of the German Government than the ordinary civilian, and not nearly so much about the possibilities of war as the civilians—the members of the British Government—who happen to hold the strings of foreign policy. The recent assurances of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey that the relations between Great Britain and Germany are excellent, outweigh all the pan-mongering in high and low quarters, on both sides of the Atlantic.

The professional soldier or sailor is habitually given to the expression of alarmist views. As a rule, he looks at the international horizon through army or navy spectacles, and it is naturally disposed to aggrandize the service with which he is connected. This helps to explain why the great war ministers are usually civilians: their point of view is detached from professional bias or preoccupation. This is illustrated by a naive confession made a fortnight ago by Viscount Haldane, minister of war in the present British Government until his recent promotion to the lord chancellorship. In a speech to the students of Bristol, he said:

"Seven years ago, when a new Ministry was being formed, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sent for me, and suggested one or two offices. I replied to him, 'There is another office I should like. I do not know much about it, but it is full of the most fascinating problems.' Sir Henry asked, 'What is that?' I answered, 'The war office—is it full?' Sir Henry exclaimed, 'Full! No one will touch it with a pole.' (Laughter.) 'Well, I went to the war office, and really had a very easy task. I found a number of young gentlemen, with their minds full of our shortcomings because they had come fresh from the South African war, with its evidence of unpreparedness. The army was not organized in peace, as it would require to be in war, so we all sat down. I was a layman, who scarcely knew the distinction between a battalion and a brigade. (Laughter.) We sat down to think together."

Lord Haldane was admittedly one of the ablest war ministers in many years. The greatest of all war ministers was also a civilian—the Earl of Chatham. The present First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill, who has reorganized and invigorated his department in an amazingly short time, had seen little more of battleships than Sir Joseph Porter, C. C. B. The point is that Lord Roberts' distinction as a soldier adds nothing to the weight of his opinion against the opinions of laymen who are in the secrets of the foreign office. The question of armaments is bound up with the question of foreign policy, a condition often overlooked by the professional militarist, who in all circumstances cries for the piling up of expenditure on navies and armies.

THE LITTLE CANADIANS.

In the current number of the University Magazine, Prof. Pelham Edgar discusses the causes of Canada's still wanting a first-rate literature. "Brave brains and busy pens we have amongst us, but we scatter our intellectual energies," he says. His main explanation of things is that this "fussy little people of eight millions, of Anglo-Saxon or Norman stock, with, presumably, the average brain power of those not unintelligent races, has not yet attained to national consciousness, is only a nation in the making," though, he adds, "that we will emerge from our years of tutelage and trial with rational ambitions and definite ideals, is the belief of every true Canadian."

Well, then, there are a good many false Canadians. The cry of the jingo abroad in the land, calling upon us to renounce a national ambition. We are told that to do anything or be anything for ourselves is "un-British." It is wrong to make a navy of our own, to make treaties on our own account, to make anything of our own except

money, which, indeed, might be made out of John Bull himself. We must not go the wicked way of Australia, building ships and adopting a distinctive Canadian flag—"un-British"! Thousands are glad to echo the un-Canadian roar and send it up all over Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia. As though it were ever British to depend and fawn.

When the jingo roars, "Be British," he means really something quite other than British in all the heroic notions of the word or in its present-day suggestions of progressive democracy. The typical Briton of 1912 is not the snob or the landed magnate battling for crumbling privilege, but the modern-minded Asquith, Birrell or Lloyd George, the deep-thoughted Haldane, the opportunistic F. E. Smith, the intellectual swordsmen such as Wells, Chesterton or Sir Oliver Lodge. Our would-be British jingo is no lover of British advance. He would be man-Friday to some absurd representative of mouldered antiquity. Cap and bells would suit, but wit would be called for in that case.

The truth is that in the recent, sudden, amazing natural growth of Canada, when Max Aitkens, touched by some magic wand, have started out of obscurity in a night into the companionship of dukes, these mushroom millionaires, with purses full, but brains often empty enough of higher ideas, fix their dazzled, hungry eyes upon the glitter of a social show which has almost ceased to interest modern England. A book like "Tono-Bungay" reveals what intelligent Englishmen think of the last pretensions of the old social regime. But our quick-rich group lives still in the nursery, so far as their view of British institutions is concerned. At the same time they exercise an influence in this country out of all proportion to their age and weight. The tone of reactionist Canada is caught in part from them. And one thing they are eager to forget is that they are Canadian, Canadian suggests the thought of the small beginnings from which their greatness grew.

Prof. Edgar calls for a national Canadianism if we are to have a literature worth the world's attention, or other worthy things. He has to reckon with the crowd that wants to slough off Canada and be a bogus imitation of antique British. As he says, however, "every true Canadian" believes that we shall yet emerge from the stale ideas of the nouveaux riches and their vassals, "from our years of tutelage and trial."

VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN'S DEATH.

The death of Vice-President Sherman of the United States is the more dramatic because it has taken place on the eve of an election in which he was a candidate for a second term of office. Mr. Sherman was the first Republican Vice-President to receive a renomination, and the only one to die in such circumstances.

When Vice-Presidents die in office they have no successors. The president pro tem. of the Senate continues to preside over that body, but he would not be eligible to succeed to the Presidency in case of a vacancy. If the Democrats were to win the Presidential election, Mr. Sherman's death would produce no complications; the new Vice-President, Governor Marshall, would assume the presidency of the Senate in March next. But if the Republicans won, the choice of a Vice-President to succeed Mr. Sherman would fall upon the members of the electoral colleges, known as the "electors," who nominally choose both President and Vice-President. In that case the "electors" would probably be guided by the advice of the Republican national committee in naming Mr. Sherman's successor.

The death of Mr. Sherman might result in an unparalleled situation, if the "electors" failed to give a clear majority to either Wilson, Taft, or Roosevelt. In that event the election of a President would be thrown into the House of Representatives. The members of that chamber would have to vote not individually, but by states—one vote to each state—and it might chance that there would not be a majority of all the states for any single candidate, as required by the constitution. In such a deadlock, Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt would be ruled out of the contest, as though they were dead, and the President would be chosen by the Senate from among the Vice-Presidential candidates, the one receiving the highest number of votes to be elected. The constitution never contemplated the death of a Vice-Presidential candidate on the eve of an election, but in the case we have supposed, a Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency would probably be named by the "electors" before the election was shifted to Congress.

The death of James Schoolcraft Sherman is a reminder that there is such an office as vice-president of the United States.

If Mr. Monk is leaving the cabinet because he is a man of honor, and will keep his pledge, what can be said of Messrs. Nantel and Pelletier?

The duty of 52 cents a barrel on cement—about 75 per cent—has been restored, the lower rate having failed to cement Saskatchewan to the Rogers machine.

Sixty women of Sydney, N. S. W., have gone to jail rather than pay fines for wearing long hats. Legislators should know that it is a dangerous thing to interfere with a woman's liberty in the matter of her personal

adornment. They can discriminate against the sex in other things with impunity, but not in that.

"Liberals divided on naval policy," says a headline. This is news to most of us, but, of course, the opponents of Laurier are as enthusiastically united on their own naval policy as they were in the last election.

The Dominion Government's request for a lower rate for Canadian grain on United States railways has been granted. Canadian wheat will now cross the line in great quantities, to the imminent peril of the wheat-growers' loyalty.

The Toronto Mail and Empire says that "no other politician of modern times had 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 Mail's Toryism is played out in this country, excepting in Toronto.

An election of a Conservative by acclamation in Carleton has no significance, but why is it that the most backward counties in Ontario, like Carleton, Hastings, Frontenac and Leeds, have been always Conservative hives? Is their backwardness a cause or an effect of their Conservatism? Probably both.

In a summary of Mr. Rowell's Toronto speech reproduced in yesterday's edition, he was reported as saying that "as total prohibition was not possible under the Canadian constitution, and the importation and manufacture of liquor would continue in any event, Mr. Rowell thought it would be better to allow it to be sold in shops where the sale could be controlled." What Mr. Rowell did say was that many persons thought that as the importation could not be prohibited, it should be sold in shops, where it could be controlled; but that many favored the total prohibition of the sale of liquor in both bars and shops. If Mr. Rowell formed a Government he would wipe out all the barroom licenses at one stroke, and would leave it to the electors of each municipality to say whether they should abolish the shop licenses too. And they could bring about the abolition by a simple majority. Now a three-fifths majority is necessary.

A TIP.

[The Bailie, Glasgow.]
A tip is a small sum of money you give to somebody because you are afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

[Punch.]
Voice (from bed): "Isn't he asleep yet?"
Papa (hopefully): "No; but he yawned about a quarter of an hour ago!"

COWARD.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]
"Shine yer boots, cowards."
"No!" snapped the man.
"Shine 'em so's yer can see yer face in 'em," urged the bootblack.
"No, I tell you!"
"Coward!" hissed the bootblack.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[London Daily News and Leader.]
Settled issues like home rule and even the Balkan war itself—are today dominated by the amazing tempest of passion which swept over the House last night. Members in all parties agree that the scene—which has no parallel since Mr. Ure's famous defence of his veracity—marks a new era in domestic politics. It means nothing less than the opening of a land war in England. The anger of the Opposition was not carefully prepared beforehand, as on the occasion when the prime minister was howled down. It broke forth—a veritable flood of vituperation, front bench and back benches all united in an uncontrollable wave of bitter hatred, and still bitter dread of the rural campaign.

BETTER STILL.

[Punch.]
"He is in 'Who's Who,' I believe?"
"Yes, but he's much more prominent in 'Here's How!'"

HELPING IT ALONG.

[Life.]
"It's almost certain that she'll marry. That good-for-nothing chap."
"Has the engagement been announced?"
"Not yet. But they'll get married all right."
"What makes you think so?"
"Her mother and father have both started to knock him."

THE FARMER'S DAY.

[Life.]
Sing a song of farmers,
Up at early morn,
With four-and-twenty chores to do
Before the breakfast horn,
When the breakfast's over,
There's little to be done,
Except to plow the fodder
And let the harrows run,
And mow the sheep and press the beets
And curdy up the swine,
And shear the hens and dig the hay
And shoe the gentle kine,
And saw the wheat and rake the rye
And wash and dress the land,
And things like that which city folks
Can never understand.

PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
"Why is it that your son can't hold a job? Is he lazy?"
"Well, perhaps not exactly that, but I think it may be safe to say that he is a conservative in the matter of earning his living."

AFTER THAT.

[Philadelphia Record-Herald.]
"I despise factory work," she said.
"Of course you do," he replied. "So does every girl who is beautiful."
"I am glad you have the same feeling that I have about it. I have never met a handsome, sensible man who didn't feel that way."

ANOTHER PROGRESSIVE.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
"Why are you here again? I have told you that you cannot have my daughter. Isn't that sufficient?"
"No, sir. I am in favor of the recall of parental decisions."

LORD WOLVERHAMPTON'S BRILLIANT DAUGHTER WRITES HIS LIFE

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

The world is such a big place nowadays and the current of events rushes along with such impetuosity and such a mighty sweep that even the important statesmen of one decade become scarcely more than names, even if they are not quite forgotten, in a short space of time. This statement is true of such a prominent politician as Henry Hartley Fowler, who was elevated to the House of Lords in 1908 as Viscount Wolverhampton. The late viscount narrowly escaped becoming leader of the Liberal party in 1898. It was felt, however, that he was too cautious a man to capture the popular imagination, that he lacked an enthusiasm for extremes, so he was passed over. Henry Fowler was in reality a gentleman of the old school, a mid-Victorian who believed in quiet, moderate statesmanship, and who had a great respect for dignity. It was probably because of this prudence and moderation that he was greatly liked by Queen Victoria, who often consulted him regarding her private affairs; and there can be little doubt that this same quiet temperament has caused the memory of him to fade rapidly from the mind of the present generation.

If anything can perpetuate his name, however, it will be his biography written by his clever daughter, Edith Henrietta, whose sister, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, has achieved fame as a novelist. A man who had two such clever daughters certainly should have found his home life congenial. Perhaps the fact that both of them became so witty was due to his own solitude that they should tell him every day that they had learned something new, and that they should amuse him at the table by the sparkle of their conversation. The picture of family life in the Fowler home is one of the most interesting features of this book. Concerning the home life in Wolverhampton his daughter writes:

"Father always let us have his own way, and gave us everything he wanted. When anything had disagreed with him we were expected to take invalid diet; and when he was tired after a hard week in the House of Commons we were begged to indulge in a quiet and restful week-end."

"You are one of the most inaccurate women the Almighty ever made," was one of his outbursts to his daughter, the novelist. "Well," she wittily answered, "I am glad to be a masterpiece in any department of creation."

"We were trained to talk to him," says the other daughter, the biographer, "and early learned that the only two things of importance in this life were salvation and education; likewise that the verb 'to be' is of infinite moment; the verb 'to do' of great weight; and the verb 'to have' of no significance at all. . . . When as quite little children we went down to dessert before going to bed, we always were expected to tell him something we had learned that day which we never knew before. I can remember my childish satisfaction at the mirth it excited, when I produced the remarkable piece of information that in India children could be widows at four! As we grew older, when he returned tired from London for a week-end at home, he would sit down to dinner with the request, 'Amuse me!' which we were always expected to do; and I can remember, when driving up with him to Wolverhampton, if we were silent for a few minutes, he would say reproachfully, 'You are not very brilliant this morning.'"

The father of these brilliant daughters met with a fair measure of success as a parliamentarian. He became secretary for India in the Rosebery administration and later on chancellor of the exchequer. He was not a favorite with Gladstone. His daughter biographer says that this lack of sympathy had its roots in the condemning fact to Mr. Gladstone that Fowler was not a churchman, and that he was a leading member of a non-conforming church. One of the most interesting things that history has to record of this old-fashioned English gentleman is that he was the first Methodist to take his seat in the House of Lords.

Many things obstruct her biography from the fact that the brother of the Viscount Wolverhampton was a well-known Methodist minister in Ontario. The Rev. Dr. Fowler lived for some years in London, Ontario, where his widow and daughter still reside.

HER CAREFARE.
(Philadelphia Telegraph.)
Opens her bag and takes a lock. And fishing out her pocketbook. Many things obstruct her. Purse in the pocketbook she lands. Then yet another ere she hands. Fare to poor conductor.

GOOD ADVICE.
(Philadelphia Telegraph.)
Not long ago Lord Kinnaird, who is always actively interested in religious work, paid a surprise visit to a mission school in the east end of London and told a class of boys the story of Samson. In concluding his narrative his lordship added:
"He was strong, became weak, and then regained his strength, enabling him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy what would you advise me to do?"
A little boy, after meditating on the secret of that great man's strength shot up his hand and exclaimed, "Get a bottle of 'air restorer'!"

CHAPMAN'S

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY BARGAINS

STIRRING VALUES IN BOTH STORES (239 AND 243 DUNDAS STREET) FOR OUR TWO BARGAIN DAYS—FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

Equestrienne Tights for Women 10 dozen only Women's Long Black Knit Drawers, heavy weight, fast black saffron band, ankle length. Special, a pair, 49c LONG-SLEEVED CORSET COVERS , fleece finish, white only. Women's sizes at .25c FLANNELETTE NIGHT GOWNS , ordinary and extra large sizes, made of heavy weight flannelette, high neck and long sleeves, some are trimmed with embroidery. \$1.00 value for .85c	Eiderdown Wool German Eiderdown Wools, heavy weight for making aviation caps, babies' buggy rugs, etc.; colors are fawn, cardinal, white, gray, maroon, navy, pink, blue and black. Regular 12 1/2c a skein. On sale Friday and Saturday at a skein .10c	Kid Gloves 1 1/2 dozen Women's Fine Luxemburg Kid Gloves, gusseted fingers and French seamed, soles of quality for present wearing; in black, tan, gray and brown. A broken line of regular \$1.25 values, but nearly all sizes are represented. Every pair fitted and guaranteed at a pair .98c
Linen Collars Women's Embroidered and Figue Linen Collars, handsome designs, buttonholes in pin. Regular 25c. Friday and Saturday choice .19c	Children's Caps Knitted Wool Caps for children and misses, boys' hockey toques and girls' aviation wool caps. Special .50c	

(IN OUR 239 DUNDAS STREET STORE—WEST DOOR.)

Women's Long Winter Coats \$5.95

The greatest coat bargain offered thus far this season. Women's Long Winter Coats, of plain black beaver or heavy English tweed, new style, different sizes. \$8.50 values. Friday and Saturday, for choice . . .

18 only Girls' Reester Coats, in navy and red. Worth \$4.75. On sale Friday and Saturday at . . . \$2.95

10 DOZEN HEATHERBLOOM PETTICOATS, 11 DOZEN WOMEN'S BLACK SATEN WAISTS. Worth \$6c to \$1.00. On sale Friday and Saturday . . . 69c

(GARMENT SECTION IN OUR 243 DUNDAS STREET STORE—EAST DOOR.)

Wrapperettes 500 yards Wrapperettes, in garnet and white, garnet and black, navy and white and black and white. Friday and Saturday 7 1/2c yard; 14 yards . . . \$1.00 Flannelettes 32-inch Flannelette, in light and dark stripes and plain white or pink; perfectly fast colors. At a yard 10c; 11 yards . . . \$1.00	Work Shirts Men's Work Shirts, black and white, stripes, full sleeves. Regular 50c value. On sale Friday and Saturday at . . . 39c Overalls Men's Overalls, of black or striped blue drill, with or without bibs; all sizes. Special Friday and Saturday . . . 75c A full stock of Blankets now ready.	Tabling Half-bleached Tabling, loom dice, every thread pure linen, 66 inches wide. Regular 65c quality Friday and Saturday, a yard . . . 56c 68-inch Bleached Table Linen, very fine satin damask, select patterns, usual 75c value at a yard . . . 65c
Towelling Heavy Scotch Crash Towelling, pure linen, red borders. Regular 12 1/2c a yard. Friday and Saturday, a yard 11c; or 10 yards . . . \$1.00	10 Yards, \$1.00	

(THE ABOVE GOODS ARE IN OUR 243 DUNDAS STREET STORE—EAST DOOR.)

J. H. Chapman & Co., 239 and 243 Dundas Street

POWERS WILL STOP ALLIES' ARMIES AT CAPITAL'S GATES

Christian Forces Will Never Be Permitted to Enter Constantinople.

EUROPEAN GOVTS. REACH AGREEMENT

Conclusion of Big Battle at Present in Progress May Bring on Intervention.

[Canadian Press.]

London, Oct. 31.—Whatever the result of the great battle now being fought between the Turkish and Bulgarian armies in the eastern part of the Balkan peninsula, its conclusion will probably give occasion for the intervention of the European powers.

In dispatches from Vienna it is asserted that the foreign ministers of the European governments have reached a tentative agreement in this matter, and in any event the entry of Bulgarian troops into Constantinople will not be tolerated by the powers. Even Russia is disinclined to permit such an occurrence.

It is also understood in diplomatic quarters in the Austrian capital that the Balkan nations have already made known in an unofficial manner that they are prepared to accept intervention by the powers at any moment now.

Syrians Reach Front.

Special dispatches from Constantinople say that the eastern wing of the Turkish army, which is now bearing the brunt of the battle with the Bulgarians, has been reinforced by four Syrian army corps. The centre of the Turkish army is composed of picked troops chiefly regulars, as the reserves have been responsible in the opinion of the Turkish war office, for

most of the defeats suffered so far by the Turkish troops owing to their inability to panic.

It is also reported in Constantinople that a Turkish force has crossed the River Maritza in the direction of Demotica, in order to cover the approach of further troops from the west down the Arda Valley.

To Send Out Fleet.

It is stated that the Turkish Government has decided to send out the Ottoman fleet with orders to open a passage for Turkish transports through the Aegean Sea to Saloniki and Dedeagatch.

Steps are being taken by the Turkish war office to improve the supply service of the army at the front.

The first air victim of the war, the Russian aviator Popoff, was shot down by the Bulgarian army. While flying with his machine over Adrianople he was brought down by Turkish sharpshooters. Special reports say he was killed.

MILK ADVANCES

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Woodstock, Oct. 31.—Local milk dealers have adopted the following schedule: quarts for a dollar to those who buy tickets in advance, and fourteen to those who do not, and want credit. By the single quart, milk will be sold at seven cents a quart and four cents a pint.

Shall Boy Who "Hates" Study Be Forced to Attend School?

Letter to The Advertiser From Parent Indicates That Youth Is Wasting Time and Making Family Work Harder.

What to do with a boy, 13 years of age, who is idling away his time at school, and who is desirous of going to work, is a problem that is causing at least one family in London much anxiety. The parents have a family to provide for and the money this lad could earn would be of great assistance to them. The reader wrote The Advertiser the following note:

To the Editor of The Advertiser:
If a boy is idling and wasting his time at school, but who does well at work, of which he can get plenty if allowed to do so, will he be permitted to seek employment, and then be more than 13 years of age? His parents would gladly let him work, as they need the money. School is not always best, as it is ruining this boy, making him despondent, and antagonistic and deceptive to his parents. When he is working he is all that could be desired, contented and happy, bringing his wages home to his mother, who needs them badly. Please answer, and oblige.
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Mr. Strong's Opinion.

The letter was shown to Mr. W. T. Strong, chairman of No. 1 committee of the board of education, and other members and their advice asked. "The boy is compelled by law to go to school until he is fourteen years of age," explained Mr. Strong. "We cannot make any change in the law. That is final. If this lad is, as I take, under 14 years of age, there is no alternative but send him to school. This youngster's case is typical of

GET A TEN CENT BOX OF CASCARETS

Keep Your Liver and Bowels Active and You Feel Bulky for Months.

Put aside—just once—the Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oils, or purgative waters which merely force a passage through the bowels, but do not thoroughly cleanse, freshen and purify these drainage or alimentary organs, and have no effect whatever upon the liver and stomach. Keep your inside organs pure and fresh with Cascarets, which thoroughly cleanse the stomach, remove the undigested, sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the intestines and bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken and cost only 10 cents a box from your druggist. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Bloating, coated tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipated bowels. Cascarets belong in every household. Children just love to take them.

many, and I think the industrial school will solve the problem. The ordinary abstract studies weary this boy, and I have no doubt that he becomes despondent and idle. If he were sent to the industrial school he would be taught practical things, and some latent talent might be developed. I was talking to a man the other day, who told me that his boy was making wonderful progress since going to the industrial school.

Takes to Woodworking.
"He had taken a notion for woodworking, and instead of idling his time away, he had taken a deep interest in his work, and was growing in every way. The same might easily happen in this case. I would advise the parents of the boy in question to be patient, send him to the industrial school, and I may not be afraid to venture that he would become a useful mechanic."

ORDERED TO SYRIA.

Paris, Oct. 31.—In view of the danger threatening foreigners in Turkey, the second division of the flying squadron of the French fleet has been ordered to sail from Toulon this evening at full speed to the Syrian coast. It consists of the armored cruisers, Leon Gambetta, Victor Hugo and Jules Ferry. The French armored cruiser Brulay, which is now at Samos, has been ordered to Saloniki.

