

THE COURIER

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Saturday September 13, 1913.

THE BORDEN DREADNOUGHTS BEING BUILT.

The guessing of the newspaper correspondents at Ottawa as to whether or not Mr. Borden will send up his naval bill again next year to be smothered in the still partisan Senate, fail to remind us that Mr. Borden's naval policy is being carried out at the present moment quite as rapidly as if the Senate had been patriotic and not partisan. Mr. Churchill, on the defeat of the Borden measure in an irresponsible Upper Chamber, chosen largely by a government which was overwhelmed at the polls two years ago, promptly accelerated three of the capital ships which his government had intended to lay down later. This brought the number of imperial warships, building for the Imperial navy, up to exactly the figure they would have reached if the Borden bill had been carried. And the understanding was that, if Canada succeeded in freeing herself from the shackles of the Senate before these warships were commissioned, she could pay for them and take them over as her own.

Thus the Borden policy is to-day being carried out, Senate or no Senate. Our three Dreadnoughts are on their way. Nothing but the defeat of the Borden government in the interim can prevent our paying for them. It may be objected that Mr. Churchill has not yet announced the laying down of three more British Dreadnoughts which are to take the places of these three that have been accelerated. That, however, is the business of the British government—not our business. Mr. Churchill has said very emphatically that our three ships are needed for the defence of the Empire; and has intimated in the plainest fashion that, if we do not come forward with some proposal before the laying down of these accelerated three ships would have otherwise fallen due, it will be necessary for his government to move in the matter.

Whether or not we shall have naval bill next session will depend, we imagine, upon the prospects then in sight. Have the Senators come to reason? Or does the Government intend to go to the people? A number of factors will enter into such a problem. But we should never forget that, bill or no bill, the Borden naval policy is in process of being put through. The Borden Dreadnoughts are being built. The fast-flying motor approaching a crowded street crossing with the warning horn to top note is a much too frequent occurrence in Brantford.

IT IS A BOGEY CRY.

The Hamilton Herald is not a believer in the bogey of imperial federation and imperial ties. In an interesting article this week the Herald likens the Bourassa-Laurier element in Canada to the anti British section in South Africa.

General Hertzog, says the Herald, is the typical "autonomist" of the South African Union. An influential member of the Botha government, he revolted against the premier, and either he or Botha had to quit. Hertzog quit. He is now conducting a bitter agitation against his recent colleagues. And, as he is a man of great personal force and with a large following among the old-fashioned Boers, he is causing much anxiety to friends of the government. General Botha, however, is a bonnie fighter in politics as in war, and he is well able to hold his own against his powerful opponent. A great meeting of the burghers held recently at Rustenburg was addressed by the rival leaders, and the vote showed that 1454 were in favor of the premier while 757 supported Hertzog. However, the disaffection caused by the latter would be serious enough to put the dominant party in jeopardy if the opposition desired to take advantage of the opportunity; but most of the opposition members prefer to strengthen Botha's hands.

Hertzog is an extreme nationalist and autonomist. He is at once the Bourassa and the Laurier of South Africa. The Dutch language, and Boer institutions, are his peculiar care; he looks with a jealous eye upon British innovations, especially the spread of the English language. Imperialism he hates and dreads. He is

an autonomist that would satisfy the most extreme of our Canadian votaries of national autonomy. At the Rustenburg meeting he denounced General Botha mainly because he might sometime commit himself to an imperialist policy which would weaken South African autonomy. One of the questions the people might have to decide, he said, was whether they would have a federal imperial parliament in which South Africa might have one representative for every sixty representatives of England. Would they allow their customs questions to be dealt with by a parliament in which they had a representation of one in 70? He accused Botha of being so much inclined to imperialism that he would favor such a policy.

This making a bogey of imperial federation is a favorite device of the extreme autonomists. It is, as we know, even more common here than it is in South Africa, for "centralization" is only another name for the bogey with whichertzog is trying to scare his Dutch compatriots. General Botha repels this sort of attack in a happy way, partly by direct appeal to the common sense of his countrymen, and partly by ironical banter. "I do not do go and say what I am going to do if the imperial government does anything in conflict with South African interests. I will not until something happens; there is no necessity to make threats in advance. The position taken up by General Hertzog is like that of a man on his honeymoon telling people what he is going to do if his wife becomes untrue to him."

This witty gibe might be pointed at unreasonable anti-imperialists in Canada as well as those in South Africa. There is no sense in cultivating the habit of conjuring up imaginary dangers—unless indeed these imaginary dangers can be used for bogey purposes to produce certain political effects. There is no doubt the habit can be justified by the plea of political expediency.

A RULE OF THE ROAD

Remarks made by the city coroner of Manchester, England, at a recent inquest on the body of an old man knocked down and killed by a taxicab tend to show that the motor driver who thinks he owns the street can be found over the whole world. In the case in question the street was empty. The old man started to cross the street with his back to the taxicab. As the car approached him he got flurried and began to run. The car swerved to avoid him, but failed to do so. It was at the swerve, too late, that the driver put on his brake. The coroner remarked to the jury that there was a class of driver which seemed to think it had only to blow a horn and the people must get out of the way. The object of the horn, however, was to warn people. It was not the duty of the public to avoid taxicabs, but the duty of the taxicab drivers to avoid the public. This is a rule which motor drivers should be forced to recognize. The fast-flying motor approaching a crowded street crossing with the warning horn to top note is a much too frequent occurrence in Brantford.

VARIATIONS OF THE DRESS PROBLEM

It is possible that the question of official interference with fashions in dress will resolve itself into what the soldier-candidate called a local issue. Here and there properly constituted officers have used their power of the law to regulate dress. For the most part municipal authorities have refrained from interfering. In Minnesota a strong effort is being made to popularize a so-called common-sense skirt. The Cincinnati chief of police, under strong pressure, says he believes women should settle matters of dress among themselves. In Kansas City a judge of the criminal court, in passing judgement upon modern extremes in dress, uttered this owlish bit of wisdom: "The women of to-day have only one idea in view—to dress in a manner that appeals to men. Hasn't it always been such?"

Now comes another phase of the eternal problem. It concerns conditions that influence the judgement of the far east. An American dancer had planned to exhibit her skill and agility in Calcutta. Now it is stated that the engagement must be cancelled. The reason given is a peculiar one. The police, it is said, will prohibit the dancer's appearance on the ground that her lack of drapery would endanger the prestige of English women among the natives. Just how the advanced street costumes appeal to these susceptible East Indians can only be surmised. Or is it possible that Calcutta is free from them?

To know what not to say requires finer discretion than to know what to say.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The straw hat season is surely over.

There were no hold-ups or robberies on Dalhousie Street last night from George to Alfred. The Hydro system was given a try-out and citizens were delighted.

Mrs. Pankhurst may be considered an undesirable by the American Immigration authorities. In which case she will probably make a face at the Statue of Liberty in New York.

Another flag incident has occurred this time at Port Dalhousie. A number of Americans engaged in a fight. These things are bound to happen, but there is no serious import to be attached to them. Saturday Night aptly queries if the Americans who were told to get out of Mexico by their president feel so cocky about their flag.

There is still some of the financier about Harry Thaw. He complains that New York has more millions to spend in getting him back to the asylum than he has to keep out of it. He unveiled a subtle truth there. If the Thaw millions were greater than New York millions, Harry would be a free man. At that he has made some noise with his pile.

Brantford assessors are not sure that there will be any decided increase in the figures for Brantford's population, which will soon be issued. In this regard it is safe to say that the suburbs have been going ahead rapidly, owing largely to the high price of real estate in the city. There are many other evidences of progress, however, throughout the city, which are satisfactory to citizens in general.

To The Editor

A PROTEST.

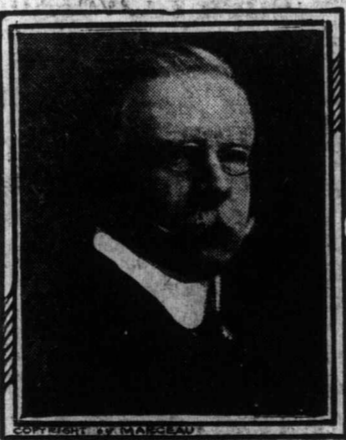
Editor of the Courier:

Sir: A man may be a decent minded citizen of this county, may loathe an atrocious crime, and yet have no desire to see Jim Taylor lynched in front of the Court House, two churches, and a Free Library, in a large British city. Please let the accused person have a fair trial for his life. It does not add to the dignity of a newspaper to press this case unfairly against a man who is well known to have been born and brought up under vicious conditions, to have had no education and to have always been below par in intellect. It seems to me creditable to Mr. Woodruff that he, in face of all the outraged feeling of the community volunteered to stand for the British precedent of giving the accused person legal assistance in his extreme need. I think it is a more Christian act than that of his spiritual adviser reporting scraps of evidence obtained from him in confidence to be used in inflaming public opinion still further against him. If we had had his history, ancestry and training what would we have been ourselves? As we have been more fortunate let us at least let him get British fair play for his life in Brantford.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know—Horace Walpole.

MEXICO MISREPRESENTED.
SAYS MR. DE LA BARRA



SENOR DON FRANCISCO DE LA BARRA

Senor Don Francisco de la Barra, Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, has published a statement to the effect that American newspapers have published statements concerning conditions in Mexico which are erroneous and that he expected to draw attention to facts in connection with the situation which are not known and which will greatly change certain opinions on certain subjects. In connection with this he says:

"The false impressions prevailing abroad, even in the popular view of the Mexican people, mostly wound a nation which merits better treatment because of its very misfortunes. The fact that the greater part of Mexican territory is unacquainted with the convulsions of war is not considered abroad. It is believed abroad that the Zapatista hordes dominate the entire country and that the insurrection is general. No one consults the statistics of production in Mexico. Few recognize the solidity of the business element, which for two and one-half years has successfully resisted all commo-

With Edged Tools

By Henry Seton Merriman.
Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Bros.

Durnovo had the air of a whipped dog. His mind was a blank. He simply had nothing to say. The humiliation of utter self contempt was his.

"You need not be afraid to come back now," Jack Meredith went on with a strange refinement of cruelty. And that was all he ever said about it.

"Will it be convenient for you to meet me on the beach at 4 o'clock this afternoon?" he asked when Durnovo was in the saddle.

"All right, 4 o'clock."

He turned and deliberately went back to the bungalow.

There are some friendships where the intercourse is only the seed which absease duly germinates. Jocelyn Gordon and Jack had parted as acquaintances. They were friends, there is no denying the depths of the human mind. There is no getting down to the little bond that lies at the bottom of the well—the bond of sympathy. There is no knowing what it is that prompts us to say, "This man or this woman of all the millions shall be my friend."

"I am sorry," he said, "that he should have had a chance of causing you uneasiness again."

Jocelyn remembered that all her life, she remembered still, and Africa has slipped away from her existence forever. It is one of the mental photographs of her memory, standing out clear and strong amid a host of minor recollections.

"I do not believe," she said, "that you know the risks you are running into. Even in the short time that Maurice and I have been here we have learned to treat the climate of western Africa with a proper respect. We have known too many people who have succumbed."

"Yes, but I do not mean to do that. In a way Durnovo's—what shall we call it?—lack of nerve is a great safeguard. He will not run into any danger."

"No, but he might run you into it."

"Not a second time, Miss Gordon. Not if we know it. Oscar mentioned a desire to wring Durnovo's neck. I am afraid he will do it one of these days."

"The mistake that most people make," the girl went on more lightly, "is a want of care. You cannot be too careful, you know, in Africa."

"I am careful, I have reason to be."

"She was looking at him steadily, her blue eyes searching his."

"Yes?" she said, slowly, and there were a thousand questions in the word.

"It would be very foolish for me to be otherwise," he said, "I am engaged to be married, and I came out here to make the wilderness tamed. This expedition is an expedition to seek the where-withal."

"Yes," she said, "and therefore you must be more careful than any one else, because, you see, your life is something which does not belong to you, but with which you are bound. I mean if there is anything dangerous to be done let some one else do it. What is she like? What is her name?"

"Her name is Millicent—Millicent Chynne."

"And—what is she like?"

He leaned back and, interlocking his fingers, stretched his arms out with the palms of his hands outward, a habit of his when asked a question needing consideration.

"She is of medium height. Her hair is brown. Her eyes are grey. I believe, that she is pretty. Of course I am convinced of it."

"Of course," replied Jocelyn steadily. "That is as it should be. And I have no doubt that you and her worst enemy are both quite right."

CHAPTER XIII

RUMOR met Maurice Gordon almost at the outset of his journey northward. "Smallpox is raging on the Ogowe river," they told him. "The English expedition is stricken down with it. The three leaders are dead."

Maurice Gordon had not lived four years on the west African coast in vain. He took this for what it was worth. But if he had acquired skepticism he had lost his nerve. He put about and sailed back to Loango.

"I wonder," he muttered as he walked up from the beach to the office that same afternoon—"I wonder if Durnovo is among them."

And he was conscious of a ray of hope in his mind. He was a kind hearted man in his way, this Maurice Gordon of Loango, but he could not disguise from himself the simple fact that the death of Victor Durnovo would be a distinct convenience and a most desirable relief.

Thinking these thoughts, Maurice Gordon arrived at the factory and went straight to his own office, where he found the object of them, Victor Durnovo, sitting in consumption of the office sherry.

Gordon saw at once that the rumor was true. There was a hunted, unwholesome look in Durnovo's eyes. He looked shaken and failed to convey a suggestion of personal dignity.

"Hello!" exclaimed the proprietor of the decanter. "You look a bit chippy. I've heard you've got smallpox up at Masia."

"So have I. I've just heard it from Meredith."

"Just heard it? Is Meredith down here too?"

"Yes, and the fool wants to go back tonight. I have to meet him on the beach at 4 o'clock."

Maurice Gordon sat down, poured out for himself a glass of sherry and drank it thoughtfully.

"Do you know, Durnovo," he said emphatically, "I have my doubts about Meredith being a fool."

"Indeed?" with a derisive laugh.

"Yes," Maurice Gordon looked over his shoulder to see that the door was shut. "You'll have to be very careful," he said. "The least slip might let all out. Meredith has a great war of wits going on with me. He might at one which disconcert me. He might find out."

"No he," replied Durnovo confidently, "especially if we succeed, and we shall succeed; we shall."

Maurice Gordon made a little move. He was nothing to say. The atmosphere of Jack Meredith's presence was preferable to that diffused by Victor Durnovo. There was a feeling of personal safety and dignity in the very sound of his voice which set a weak and easily led man upon his feet.

But Victor Durnovo had something to say to Gordon which circumstances had brought to a crisis.

"Look here," he said, leaning forward and throwing away the cigarette he had been smoking, "this scheme is going to be the biggest thing that has ever been run on this coast."

"Yes," said Gordon, with the indifference that comes from nonparticipation.

"And, I'm the only business man in it," significantly.

Gordon nodded his head, awaiting further developments.

"Which means that I could work another man into it. I might find out that we could not get on without him."

The black eyes seemed to probe the good natured, sensual face of Maurice Gordon, so keen, so searching was their glance.

"And I would be willing to do it, to make that man's fortune, provided that he was my brother-in-law."

"What the devil do you mean, asked Gordon, setting down the glass that was half raised to his lips.

(To be continued.)

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"But we will not trouble about that. Meredith won't find out."

"Where is he now?"

"With your sister at the bungalow. A lady's man—that is what he is."

On hearing that Jack was at the bungalow with Jocelyn, Maurice Gordon glanced at the clock and wondered how he could get away from his present visitor. The atmosphere of Jack Meredith's presence was preferable to that diffused by Victor Durnovo. There was a feeling of personal safety and dignity in the very sound of his voice which set a weak and easily led man upon his feet.

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Is A Constitutional Disease.

It manifests itself in local aches and pains,—inflamed joints and stiff muscles,—but it cannot be cured by local applications.

It requires constitutional treatment, and the best is a course of the great blood-purifying and tonic medicine

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which corrects the acid condition of the blood and builds up the system.