

FOUR

London Advertiser

Founded in 1863.

ADVERTISER BUILDING,
Dundas Street,
London, Ont.SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One week by carrier..... 10c
One year by carrier..... \$5.00
One year by mail, outside city..... \$2.00
One year, delivered, outside city..... \$2.00
Weekly Edition..... 15cTELEPHONE NUMBERS.
3670—Business Department.
3671—Editors.
3672—Reporters.
3673—Job Printing Department.
To call night numbers used the word
"ONLY" after giving the number.NIGHT CALLS:
6 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. and Holidays.
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"ONLY" after giving the number.[Entered at London Postoffice for
transmission through the mails as
second-class matter.]The London Advertiser Printing Co.,
Limited.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

AN IMPORTANT SPEECH.

Sir George Ross is the same lucid, logical and fervid speaker as of old, to read at least. There is also all the long-known shrewdness in the brilliant and perhaps epoch-making utterance which has apparently sounded the death knell of the contribution bill in the Senate.

Adroitly, Sir George made Mr. Borden his own guarantor, and then instantly and incisively put the Government on the defensive in respect of loyalty. He says I am a good imperialist, he stands convicted by his own mouth, he admits that his policy is going to cause at least friction between Canada and the Empire; he is the separatist. There is a trenchant and deadly vehemence in the whole manner of Sir George's attack in this part of his speech. Sitting there before a crowded, breathless house, crippled old and prophetic, he pointed the finger of accusing truth at the Premier, and seemed to say: "There is the traitor, the enemy of my country and motherland, the man who has clasped hands with a ring of self-seeking Nationalists and bargained for certain pieces of silver and engineered for himself this piece of party jobbery which he calls an emergency aid to Britain. He gives her, however, not one man for defence, so much for Quebec Nationalism."

Reading Sir George's speech one can have no doubt of the impassioned patriotism which prompted it, and of a something rotten somewhere else.

Another example of the debater's skill appears in the clearness with which Sir George brings out the fact of the bill's uselessness. "Under the Naval Service Act of 1910, still unrepented, the Government could do all and much more than it is now proposed to do under the present bill. If there really were an emergency now, this bill would not be necessary to meet it. All the Government would have to do would be to bring in an estimate for ten or fifteen millions of money to start immediately upon the construction of battleships wherever they could be best constructed, and make an annual vote until they were completed. If the Government wanted four or five battleships, it could build them all whenever it pleased by appropriating the proper amount under the Naval Service Act." Suppose, then, the British Empire were in the jaws of imminent destruction, our Naval Service Act would enable us to do all that we could. But, don't you see, that act calls for Canadian men, which the Nationalists in Mr. Borden's tent forbid.

It was quite obviously open to Sir George Ross to quote as precedent for his motion to refer the decision to the people the identical action of Senator Loughheed in 1910. Mr. Loughheed tried to have the Laurier Navy Act referred to the country, and was indorsed by Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster, who now affects to threaten the Senate. And there is an important difference between the Laurier and Borden measures. The former was based squarely upon a unanimous resolution of the House of Commons for a Canadian navy; the latter has engendered bitter party strife from Atlantic to Pacific, bids fair to make a cleavage in the Empire itself, and it is very doubtful whether it has the approval of a majority in Canada, no mandate having been given for it.

Again, Sir George takes up Mr. Borden's own challenge. He declared that he would appeal to the country if blocked by Parliament. Let him do it then, let him find out whether the country likes his trucking with the Nationalists, is Sir George's answer.

War clouds hang over South Bruce and South Macedonia.

The Toronto World argues well that the Royal Society of Canada does the right thing in admitting women to membership.

Mr. Roosevelt evidently drinks according to his tastes and not according to any principles. He likes mint julep, but eschews high balls, takes wine but not beer. Being a divinity he prefers the more ambrosial things.

The Star is a heroic defender of Toronto. Its defence is almost lengthy. Against that firmament of black night it shows nice and shining anyhow. But still we answer as before, the Toronto type is peculiar, and assimilative, too, as the city grows. As the World says, in damning Toronto with faint apology, while affecting to join the Star in damning The Advertiser: "Many Toronto residents have not yet gained a proper sense of social proportion; they have not grown up to the standard of a capital city." But the World and Star needn't try to blame things on the newcomers from the villages and side-lanes. It is the Toronto type that assimilates the newcomers, just as the Ulster air is famed to give everybody Ulsteria.

The British Conservatives take varied grounds of opposition to the Aqueduct Government's bill to abolish plural voting. One, no doubt a large boroughholder, maintains that men should vote just as in a stock company, according to their shares—as though financial shares were all that a citizen has in his country. Another, Lord Hugh Cecil, holds that votes should be apportioned to the degree of a man's education. It was something like this against which Belgium rose

these claims have been ignored. Why? Is it because they consider London such a safe seat that it does not matter how the London Conservatives are treated? It looks like it. But possibly when an opening occurs, the seat may not be safe.

Then what about Hamilton? No one from that city has a place in the Upper Chamber, and the Spectator has been urging the name of Mr. Barker, an old member of the Commons, and one of the able men of the party. Is Hamilton safe enough to be ignored? Then there is that old imperial warhorse, Col. McNeil, of Warton. His friends have been pressing his claims. And he certainly had far better claims than Mr. Donnelly, who is not known outside of his own riding.

And our journalistic brethren, where are they? Bro. Dingman, of Stratford, and the editor of the St. Thomas Times, to say nothing of others. It had been suggested that in filling the vacancies an editor should be appointed. And it would have been all right if the suggestion had been acted on. The Conservative party owes a great deal to its editors. They could always be depended on. And if the editor of the Toronto News was deserving of a knighthood, why not a representative of the rural press for the Senate? Possibly it was thought that if a city editor was made a knight that ought to satisfy all the journalistic friends of the Government. Or, possibly, it was thought that the heavy bills for advertising that had to be paid by the country made a sufficient reward. Perhaps cash receipts are better than honors; we don't know.

Well, it is none of our business if better men have failed to get the senatorial plum. If the Government is satisfied, and if the rejected applicants are satisfied, we are content.

OPINION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The Toronto News assures its readers that official Liberal opinion in England is favorable to the Conservative-Nationalist contribution plan. It deprecates quoting the London Daily News and Leader as hostile, on the ground that that paper is "one of the least important and least influential of extreme Radical journals in England."

This might barely have been said of the old Daily News before its reconstruction, but the News and Leader cannot fairly be so denominated. The Toronto News does not instance any Liberal papers of Great Britain as favoring Mr. Borden's measure. It might have had the honesty to confess that the Nation, the first Liberal weekly of the United Kingdom, and the Manchester Guardian, the foremost Liberal daily, are neither of them friends of Mr. Borden's ideas.

The News goes on to say: "We know that Mr. Borden's policy has the enthusiastic approval of all the British ministers." This assurance almost takes one's breath away. Mr. Asquith certainly did not at the Imperial Conference of 1911 favor Mr. Borden's idea of an Imperial Council over and above the Parliaments of the Empire, managing the foreign and defence policy. Mr. Harcourt gave a straight negative to Mr. Borden's proposals in this direction last December. Mr. Churchill has pronounced himself unreservedly in favor of local dominion navies, of the Laurier plan, and shows favor to the present proposal of our Premier only out of ordinary tact. It is preposterous to try to make anyone believe that Liberal opinion in Great Britain is with Mr. Borden rather than with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir George Ross.

Even British Conservative opinion wavers. The London Times has assumed a doubtful air regarding the discussions precipitated by the Borden policy, where once was a united national front in 1909, and deplores explicitly the tactics of Conservatives in Great Britain and in Canada which seek to impugn the loyalty of their political opponents. As Sir George Ross says, Mr. Borden is the separatist, and they are getting to know it in Great Britain.

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in inspection and put it down. Imagine Lord Hugh Cecil and such people 'setting examinations' and giving say 60 votes for 60 per cent, and so on. Democrats in this country must laugh at the arguments over their against progress.

PLEADING A TECHNICALITY.
[Chicago Tribune.]
Indulgent Uncle—The trouble with you, Horace, is that you have not struck your proper vocation. You haven't found yourself yet.

Suspenseful Neighbor—Huh! You want me to be a self-seeker, do you, uncle?

EDUCATED.
[Judge.]
Mrs. Gramercy—I notice you always go south for the winter.

Mrs. Park—I've found it's safer to depend on the temperature than to trust to the janitor for steam heat.

SUCH A MAD WAG.
[Boston Transcript.]
He—Ever notice what a heavy face Mrs. Strongmind has?

She—Yes, what a thump there'd be if her countenance fell.

ANXIOUS TO BE FIRM.
[Washington Star.]
"Now, Rufus, I hope I have convinced you that there are no such things as ghosts."

"Yassuh. You has convinced me."

"You are absolutely sure?"

"Yassuh, an' all I hopes is dat no ghos' am ginter come along an' force me to change my mind."

JUST BETWEEN GIRLS.
[Boston Transcript.]
Nell—Jack told me last night he had given me his heart.

Belle—Well, it's damaged goods. He told me last week I had broken it.

SOCIOLOGY.
[Chicago Times.]
Social Agitator—Isn't it a shame the way they work in this store?

Fifteen hours a day, and wages almost nothing.

Companion—Why do you trade here?

S. A.—Oh, they sell things so much cheaper.

FIRST COUSINS.
[Washington Herald.]
"I suppose I might claim 'relationship with you,'" said the doctor to the stork.

"Yes, I'll admit you are a bird," responded the stork. "I just saw your bill."

HARMONIOUS.
[Baltimore American.]
"Why do you invite that silly fellow to your afternoon functions?"

"On account of his color harmony with it. He always looks so blue at a pink tea."

CORNERED.
[Washington Herald.]
"You look like a tramp."

"I might as well admit, mumm, that I am. I don't see no chance of passing myself off as a hinking snuffgette or a boy scout."

SUSPICION.
[The Sketch.]
The Hotel Clerk (suspiciously, to prospective guest, whose bag has come apart, thereby disclosing a strange contrivance): May I ask what that queer thing is?

The Prospective Guest—This is a new patent fire escape. If your hotel caught fire I could let myself down the window so easily—see?

The Hotel Clerk—Exactly: our terms for guests with fire escapes are invariably cash in advance.

CONFORTING.
[Judge.]
Hospital Patient—That nurse I have is cross, incompetent and homesick.

House Physician—Yes, she's no earthly use. We'll discharge her as soon as you're gone.

FEELING OF OTHERS.
[Washington Herald.]
"When I sing it shows that I am happy," said the scene egotist.

"Yes, but what's the use of bragging of a hard, unsympathetic disposition?"

GOOD FOR BUSINESS.
[Kansas City Journal.]
"Every man in your office is in love with the stenographer."

"What of it?"

"I wouldn't have that sort of thing going on."

"Why should I object? Not a man has lost a day this year. Not even football attracts them."

TOUGH, INDEED.
[Detroit Free Press.]
"More tough luck," whispered his wife.

"Well, what now?" he muttered.

"You know Miss Green never sings without her music?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's brought her music."

HIKING HOME.
[Pittsburgh Post.]
He had telegraphed his wife for money.

"I shall count the hours until I see you," he wound up, with a touch of pathos.

"Also the ties," she briefly wired back.

AND HIGH COST OF LIVING.
[Detroit Free Press.]
A St. Louis paying teller, who has a salary of \$2,400, a wife, three children and an automobile, is said to be \$15,000 short in his accounts. He'll probably blame it on the wife and children.

BAMBOOZLING.
[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"Now we yield the bamboo with a free hand," says an exchange. So do we. But what are you doing with your bamboo—fishing or beating carpets?

HIS WASTEFUL CHOICE.
[Puck.]
Mr. Snapperly (reading)—Man commits suicide by jumping off ferryboat.

Mrs. Snapperly—Just like a man! Why didn't he jump off the dock and save two cents?

IF LISTER HAD BEEN COMMERICAL.
[Toronto Globe.]
If Lister had his discovery of antiseptic dressing of wounds would his name stand where it does among the immortals?

THAT'S THE QUESTION.
[Detroit Free Press.]
A Los Angeles woman thinks a divorce should be had for the asking and a two-dollar fee. What would the state do with all the money?

BENEDICT'S MARK.
[London Mail.]
He—But how did you guess I was married?

She—Why, you've been wearing the same tie for nearly a week.

OLD-FASHIONED YOUNG PEOPLE.
[From the Emancipator.]
Some old-fashioned people still cling to the theory that there is fun in a picnic in the woods.

A FEW LINES MOST ANYTHING

Yes, some of the meanest men have commenced to call them the "tuffettes."

Edison says that many people become intoxicated through too much food. Personally we'd hate to meet a man carrying a boiled beef and cabbage jag.

OUR EXACT ARTIST

Look out for a fly in the butter!

To L. Burbank.
Oh, Burbank, if
But given us
A boneless shad!
—Baltimore Sun.

And while for bone.
Less shad you're yellin',
Give us a seed.
Less watermelon.
—Los Angeles Express.

Blackberries wa-
Would like, forsooth,
With no seeds for
Our hollow tooth.

One thing we hope
That you'll do soon
Is, change the flavor
Of the prune.

Wonder if this natural gas we hear
so much about is the kind that doesn't
need piping.

Nat Goodwin has acquired another
wife. (We hesitate to write this para-
graph, fearing that before it reaches
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