

London Advertiser

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London, Ont.

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Weekly Edition.....150

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The London Advertiser Printing Co.
Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, JULY 21.

AN OLD STORY.

The Stratford Herald thus chides this great home journal and the Toronto Globe for daring to protest against the centralizing influences behind the Borden policy and the attitude of the admiralty:

"Globe and Advertiser language is not justified by any abuses such as they picture, but it is part of a propaganda instigated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to breed dissatisfaction with British connection and gradually prepare Canadians for another move of which nothing is at present heard, and which would be denied if it were charged, as the (American) 'patriots' prior to 1776 denied desire for separation."

Leading British Liberal journals have used language as strong as any in the Canadian Liberal press in criticism of Churchill and Borden, but, of course, Liberalism, whether in Britain or Canada, is a synonym for disloyalty in the teaching of such papers as the Herald. Do they reflect that British connection is in imminent peril if what they say is true? Half the electors of Canada, probably more than half, would vote for the candidates of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a general election today. The Government knows this; that is why there is no election. On the Herald's silly assumption, they would be voting for the separation of Canada from the mother country. It is a monstrous fiction, but it is not new. The Heralds of sixty and seventy years ago raised the same miserable cry for partisan purposes against the Baldwins and Lafordes of that day. Happily for British connection it was not dependent then upon the tribe that claimed to be exclusively its champions. Nor is it today. If it were, it would not live long and would not be worth fighting for.

LOSSES BY FIRE.

Statistics published in insurance papers show a condition of affairs not very creditable to Canada. The losses by fire in the Dominion are not only enormous in themselves, but out of all proportion to other countries. The figures are worth considering. For the month of June last, the gross amount was \$3,069,446, or about 40 cents for each inhabitant—at the rate of \$4.80 per capita for the year. This may not, of course, keep up each succeeding month, but the records for last year show that the loss for the entire twelve months was \$2.88 per capita. The statement for 1912 is not in itself encouraging. Canada was second highest on the list, only Argentina's loss exceeding ours. The following comparison between different countries, showing the rate per capita for the year is instructive: Argentine Republic, \$3.53; Canada, \$2.88; United States, \$2.53; Italy, .90; France and Russia, .84; Belgium and Norway, .69; Ireland, .57; England, .54; Scotland, .49; Austria, .30; Germany, .20; Sweden, .13; the Netherlands, .12, and Switzerland, .04.

It is further to be noticed that the reports above summarized do not take into consideration the destruction of forests by fire. This cannot be very well estimated, but we know that these forest fires occur regularly each season, and that the loss to the country as well as to individuals must be great. This loss seems to be peculiar to this continent, for while in some European countries—Germany, for instance—there are extensive forests, we hear very little of fires there. Why is it that in Canada millions of feet of valuable timber are destroyed by fire every year, while in Europe a forest fire is practically unknown?

We have never had any explanation of this unenviable pre-eminence in disaster. We might be disposed to think the preponderance of fire loss in Canada was more apparent than real, that the statistics were imperfect, and that the losses simply represented those on insured property, and attribute the apparent condition of affairs to the fact that insurance was more general in the United States and Canada than in Europe. But this is not the case. The figures represent all losses reported, whether of property insured or not. So that while something may be due to our better facilities for obtaining reports in this continent than in Europe, and the actual figures for the latter may, therefore, be somewhat in excess of the reports, yet the disparity is still too great, making all allowances that we can.

Why should this be? All our cities and towns are well equipped with fire apparatus; they all have efficient fire brigades. Of course, this only applies to towns; in the country, where a fire takes place there is a total loss, because there seem to have no means of fighting the flames. But our own experience tells us that the burning of one city building sometimes means a greater loss than the burning of a large number of barns or farm houses. This matter is one that deserves

more consideration than it has received. Insurance companies, personally interested, make all sorts of regulations which they require municipalities to adopt. But they look on matters solely from their own point of view. There should be concerted action by the people themselves through their representatives, either municipal or parliamentary. Our governments, which are apparently very fond of appointing commissions, might find here a use for them. A commission of experts and experienced men could find very useful employment in inquiring into the cause of the excessive fire losses, and in devising some remedy.

A THEATRE OF HORRORS.

A pitiful havoc is going on in Thrace. Last week the Bulgarians were committing the most horrible outrages in Macedonia and doubling rumor has no doubt inflamed the Turkish soldiery marching to Adrianople. We may suppose the Turks to seek satisfaction for the massacre of Doiran. If the curtain could be lifted from the doings of the past few days in Thrace, what a horror would be revealed. It would beggar imagination to realize the plight of the peaceful non-combatants, the cry of the women and children, the devastation of crops, property, homes, life and honor, perhaps the utter ruin of all. Thrace like Macedonia has supplanted full of horrors.

The Bulgarian nation in Bulgaria itself faces destruction. One-tenth of its manhood was killed or disabled in the war against Turkey, probably another tenth will be taken in the present war. The saddest thing is that Bulgaria lost the sympathy of civilization when her army lost its head amidst defeat and ran amuck. The strongest and bravest perhaps had fallen, and the remainder were not only less able to fight but more easily demoralized. Beaten when they thought only to win, hearing that Turkey broke the peace and her faith to the powers by recrossing the Enos-Midia line, and that the homeland was beset by hyacinth Roumania, is it so strange that the retreating Bulgarian army in Macedonia went mad? The Japanese of South-eastern Europe, who had engaged the admiration of the world by their rapid political, social, economic and military progress, suddenly lost all control of themselves, reverting to barbarism. Of course, the whole story is not yet told of the Macedonian outrages and perhaps never will be. What was the composition of the forces under Ivanoff? What special provocation did they have? There may be partially extenuating circumstances. But the case looks black for Bulgaria. And the country is paying the last penalty of military annihilation for its premature attempt to play Prussia and cement a Balkan Empire. Frederick the Great is the only hero who ever fought off such a ring of enemies, and he had British gold.

This concert of Europe has broken down when it allows itself to be flouted by Turkey and quietly looks on at the actions of Roumania. Will it let the harpies dictate a peace at Sofia or quarrel in turn among themselves for the Bulgarian spoil? The only proper solution of the turmoil should be a second congress of Berlin or Vienna, when a fair distribution of territory might be made according to nationality and without the reactionary handiwork of pro-Turk Disraelis.

It is a grim tragedy that was enacted as bells knolled to church in this country and ministers talked to summer-decked audiences of fair ladies lulled in Christian security and a sprinkling of men that know not gunpowder. "The Turks re-enter Adrianople!" At that news one thinks of the blood that the Adrianople ground has drunk, and of the abominations that must accompany this return of the Turks. A Sabbath calm in this country, the nameless, unspeakable thing that occurs in the Balkan land. There is a man whose throne rocks under him at Sofia, a wise, strong ruler. The people that he has watched and tended for a quarter of a century suffers financial, military and perhaps political ruin. Ferdinand's tragedy is as worth considering as that of the little nation that staked its existence on the execution to the letter of the anti-bellum treaty with its allies and of its obligations to the brothers of the race in Macedonia.

Since the above was put into type it is announced that Bulgaria has agreed to the terms laid down by Serbia and Greece. There is hope that the butchery in the Balkans will soon cease.

The Liberal who can't follow Mr. Rowell is merely out of step with the regiment.

After all, the hunger strikers are the only ones who have got the better of the high cost of living.

Dr. Pyne advocates imperial reciprocity in teachers. There will be no objection in Ontario to trading ministers of education.

British army men are rebelling at the rule which compels them to wear moustaches. What is a moustache good for, anyway?

No election till 1918 is now the cry of the Borden Government chorus. How is the emergency to be kept alive and kicking all that time?

There are 27 different nationalities and 72 different religions in Alberta. This will give Albertans something to think about, besides the crops.

His appointment as poet laureate should be worth more than the salary to Dr. Robert Bridges. It may prompt people to read his poetry. In that case both writer and readers will profit, for Bridges is a real poet, though known chiefly to poets.

LESS FOLIAGE.

[Kansas City Journal.]
"This is a great age."
"What has struck you now?"
"The fact that so many doctors are successful without whiskers. It wasn't so 30 years ago."

WE SHOULD SMILE.

[Washington Star.]
"Has anything come along to take the place of the 'row' trot?" asked the man who doesn't keep up with the times.
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "I understand that the latest thing in laughs is the canary bird giggle."

IT'S ALL OFF.

[Tatler.]
Liza—When yer goin' ter get married, Polly, my dear.
Polly—Never.
Liza—Why?
Polly—Well, yer see, I won't marry Bill when 'e ain't sober, an' 'e won't marry me when 'e is.

COULDN'T DO IT.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"I wish nature could contrive some way to get all this heat out of her system."
"Well, she couldn't very well get it out of her solar system."

HAD IT LOCATED.

[Kansas City Journal.]
"Which tooth are you going to have pulled, Sam?"
"Upper six, sir," answered the Pullman porter.

THE "HEATHEN" CHINESE.

[London Chronicle.]
China led the world in the matter of canal making, and to this day stands first among the nations for the skilful utilization of her inland waterways. One great canal maintains communication between Peking and Canton, a distance of 1,200 miles, and the total extent of the canals of China is over 5,000 miles. Russia owns the longest canal in the world, extending from St. Petersburg to the Chinese frontier, a distance of 4,472 miles, and also the second longest, covering 1,434 miles, between Astrakhan and St. Petersburg. As regards numbers of separate canals, Holland claims precedence, but her total mileage of inland waterways is only 230 miles.

JOLLY OLD HAMLET.

[London Punch.]
The Daily Mail headed its paragraph describing Sir J. Forbes-Robertson's farewell "Our Only Hamlet," and wound up with the statement, "The audience sang 'He's a jolly good fellow.'" We believe that this is the first time the melancholy Dane has been so described.

WHY CUPID WEEPS.

[Morillon (Ark.) Headlight.]
Miss Willie Ayres put her name and address in a box of strawberries, and last week she received a letter from a man in South Dakota stating that the berries were fine, that they arrived in good condition and that he paid 15 cents per quart for them.

SELECTED SMILE-MAKERS.

[London Opinion.]
"Mummy, I'd like to be as fat as that woman when I grow up."
"Why so, dear?"
"Cos then I shouldn't hurt myself when I fell out of bed."

MUST BORROW SOMEWHERE.

The tightness of the London markets is diverting the floating of municipal loans to other financial centers. Saskatchewan recently placed \$500,000 city bonds with a Chicago firm, who also took an option on \$400,000 more.

THE MAGNANIMOUS SCHOOLBOY.

[Toronto Star.]
One of the duties of vacation, according to a small boy, is to meet one's teacher on the beach unprofessionally and show her that no hard feelings are entertained.

POETIC JUSTICE.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]
Why don't the British suffragettes demand a poetess-laureate?

THE GUARDIAN'S WORK.

[Stratford Beacon.]
The Christian Guardian should feel happy over the North Grey victory. Its knock at Rowell counted for as much as the liquor interests' boost for Whitney.

A PANG OF REGRET.

[Philadelphia Record.]
Always the United States is glad to help, but we pause when we think of the 200,000 good Americans going to Canada every year and taking with them over a hundred millions of American cash. They are building up Canada magnificently—but we wish they had been content to do the same work in their old homes. Opportunities in the United States are just as big as they ever were, and it is not necessary for anyone to emigrate to find profitable openings.

UNDESIRABLE.

[New York Telegraph.]
The chief thing that stands in the way of the annexation of Mexico is the fact that the Mexicans aren't worth it.

WILL WAKE ONTARIO'S CONSCIENCE.

[Montreal Telegraph.]
The people of Ontario are of too sturdy and uncompromising a stock to stand for such a combination between its government and the lowest type of political heeler. It has too great a record for public morality, for honesty, for clean living and for thrift, to allow such interests to become paramount in provincial government. We look for a great revulsion of feeling in Ontario when Mr. Rowell makes known the real facts of this North Grey contest.

SPEAKING FOR HIMSELF.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Rankin: "What do you think of the styles in women's dress these days?"
Fyle: "Oh, I rail at them—and admire them immensely, just as other men do, I suppose."

A DIFFERENT ENDING.

[Puck.]
"Had quite an adventure lately. Gave an old gentleman a seat in a street car and he insisted on taking my card."
"And now he wants to give you \$25,000, eh?"
"No; now he wants to sell me an encyclopedia on dollar payments."

A BAD HABIT.

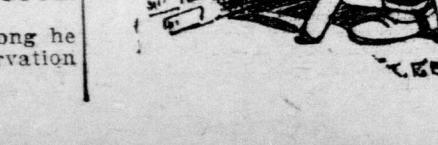
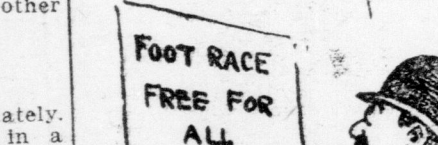
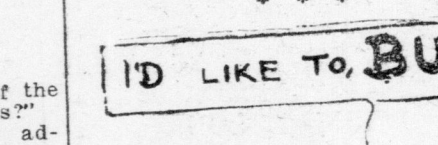
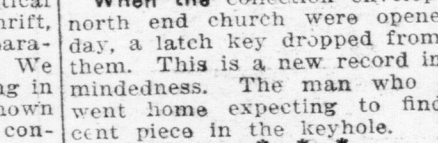
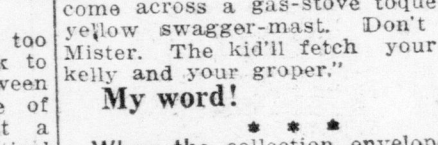
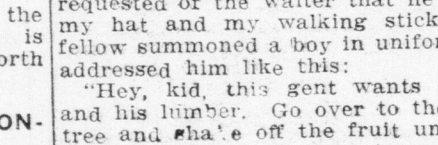
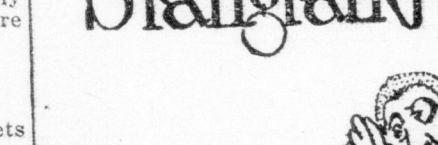
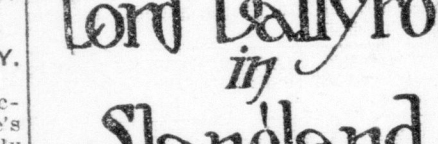
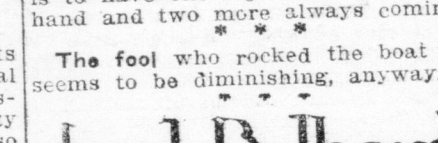
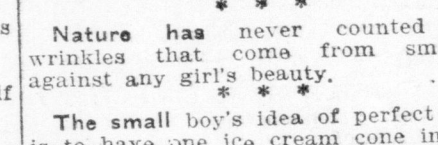
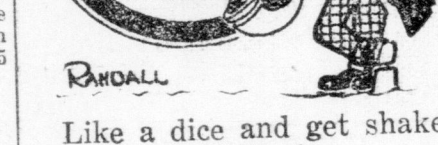
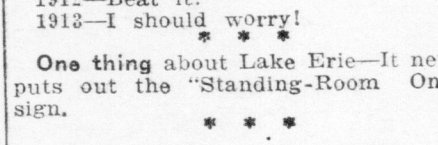
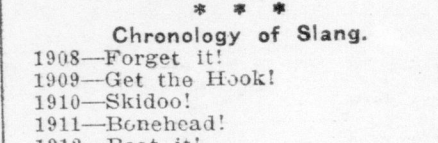
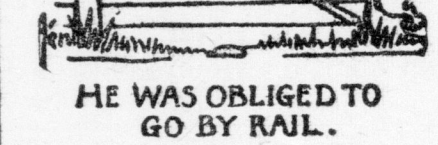
[Atchison Globe.]
Some men don't commence worrying about their career until after two o'clock in the morning.

THERE IS USUALLY AN EXCUSE.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]
When a man admits he is wrong he does so with a mental reservation that he isn't so awfully wrong.



Now that Ajax has returned it would be folly to think that there will be any further breakdowns in the hydro system.



81 YEARS AGO

Henry Stephens invented an ink with the colour-matter in perfect solution & therefore fluid and pleasant to write with.

TO DAY with numberless improvements—the result of experience—

Stephens' Ink

is by far the most fluid and reliable ink in the world.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.

Mrs. Pankhurst Is Again in Prison

Detectives Pounced Upon Leader of Militants at Big Meeting.

[Canadian Press.]

London, July 21.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette leader, who succeeded in outwitting the police on Saturday, was rearrested this afternoon when she was entering a public hall to attend the weekly convocation of the members of the Women's Social and Political Union. It was said she intended at the meeting to issue another defiant challenge to the Government.

Detectives pounced on Mrs. Pankhurst with dramatic suddenness, and before many of those surrounding her were aware that the suffragette leader had been seized, she had been whisked into Shaftesbury avenue and hustled into a taxicab.

A few women accompanying Mrs. Pankhurst, however, made an attempt to rescue her, and in doing so vigorously tumbled the detectives with their umbrellas. Half a dozen of them were arrested.

KOMOKA.

Komoka, July 19.—Misses Lizzie and Jessie Mowat, of London, have been spending their vacation with relatives here.

Mrs. Wm. Joyce is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McDougall, of London recently.

On Sunday morning Mr. Caverhill's house was damaged by fire. The neighbors formed a bucket brigade and extinguished the blaze before it had gained much headway.

Mrs. Hall, of Westminster, is spending a short time with relatives here.

Mrs. Kells has returned from a visit to friends in Watford.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McIntyre have returned from a visit to friends in Sarnia.

Miss Pearl Foster is home from a visit to friends in Evelyn.

The W. F. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Franks recently and prepared a bala for the Northwest missions.

FLORENCE.

Florence, July 21.—Thomas Coleman was here recently.

Mr. A. Peters visited in Thamesville recently.

Mrs. Stonehouse and Miss Stonehouse were recent guests of Mrs. H. H. Scarlett.

Mrs. Budd and Mrs. Williams are in Nova Scotia visiting the former's son, Mr. J. A. Budd.

Miss J. Butler is spending the holidays with her aunt, Miss Conyne.

Mrs. Clarke Phillips, of Port Elgin, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Ernie Webster visited at John B. Webster's, recently.

Among those successful from Florence in passing the entrance examinations were: Eunice Moorhouse, Nettie Whaley, Janet Lindsay, Olive Peters and Lou Ralph, and junior public school graduation were Grace Craig, Stenia Lelton, Norine Calderwood and Willard Forshee.

DRESDEN.

Dresden, July 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Sandy McVean have returned from a trip up the lakes.

Miss Eva Baker is visiting Miss Gladys Eide at Dawn Mills.

Mr. Harold Watson visited his parents here recently.

Mr. A. N. Pike is in Chatham today. Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Kaake, of Lethbridge, Sask., are visiting Mr. Kaake's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Presley are paying a visit to relatives at Kingston.

Mrs. (Dr.) Jelfs and Miss Eliza Rudd are holidaying at Huron Beach.

James Dryden Was Caught While Making Sausages.

[Canadian Press.]
Montreal, July 21.—His right arm held by a sausage machine after he had seen it ground and chopped from the ends of his fingers almost to the elbow, James Dryden took chloroform where he stood at his regular work-spot and submitted to the surgeon's knife in order that he might be released.

The accident took place at the works of the William Davies Packing Company.

The chopping knives had crushed and gouged almost to the man's elbow before his fellow workers had turned the power off.

They improvised a tourniquet with a stick and a piece of rope, and kept the mangled, agonized man conscious until a doctor arrived.

DROPPED DEAD.
[Canadian Press.]
Kingston, July 21.—Henry L. Etch, a section foreman on the Bay of Quinte Railway, dropped dead today at Sydney, of heart failure, after giving his men orders for the day.



PORCHES

Next to the ice box, the porch is the pleasantest room in the house is summer!

A porch is shielded from the sun and the rain by vines and a roof. Yet it is open to every breath of cooling breeze, as well as an occasional breath of neighborhood gossip.

In eastern cities the porch is often called the stoop.

In elegant suburbs they stoop to nothing less than "veranda."

But in congested tenement districts it is most often pronounced "fire escape."

Porches are largely patronized by young lovers, grandmothers, mandolin-fleets, neighborhood gossips and hammock acrobats.

Ye who gasp at the feats of the aerial families in the circus, consider the young lady who can balance herself in a nervous porch hammock while cooling a fluffy dog, a fan, a pound of chocolates and a pound and a half of "A Beauty's Scorn, or Vivian Vividlocks, the Lady Prune-Hater."

Two of the most popular pastimes for porch parties are telling anecdotes and burning punk. The anecdotes are punnier, but don't keep off mosquitoes as well.

Sleeping porches are popular throughout the length and breadth of the land. It's a grand thing to escape from confining brick walls and snooze in the open air, wrapping oneself in a blanket and an Arctic sleeping bag. At 2 a.m. you wake up with a stiff neck, a sore chest and a cough like a motor-beat. You feel your way into the house, attempting to do so quietly. Instead, two barks ring out. One is the bark of a dog, the other bark is on your shin. It has attempted to bat a piano over the foul line.

The porch is one of the greatest accomplishments of Dan Cupid. Some of this country's most successful and lasting betrothals have been sealed in the shady nook of a nice, broad porch. This applies to summer resorts, where, however, the percentage of broken engagements pulls down the average like a cake of ice on the toes of a thermometer. Here also navigates the Rocking Chair squadron, under command of the flagship Gossip.

Apartment house rear porches may be meant for the drying of clothes and for rug beating, but they beat the world for solid comfort, buh-lieve us!

