

London Advertiser

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TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.
F. W. Thompson, 56 Mail Building.
The London Advertiser Company, Limited.
LONDON, FRIDAY, JULY 24.

ONIO FINANCES.

THE city auditor has prepared some figures relating to our debtors' indebtedness which supply rather interesting reading. It appears that the total now amounts to \$4,268,286.60. Deducting sinking fund on hand to meet this to the extent of \$427,031.85, we have a net debt of \$3,841,254.75. Under the act there is a limit to the borrowing power of any municipality. That is 14 per cent of its total assessment. In our case that would be \$4,572,700.50. So that we have actually exceeded what is considered the safe limit by more than a million and a quarter.

Actually, but not legally. By special legislation two large sums—\$700,000 for the electrification scheme, and about \$550,000 for the waterworks—are not included in the city's indebtedness, being charged against the railway and the waterworks. But as the city owns these two enterprises, and is financially responsible for them, it does not alter the situation. The city owes the money all the same. The only deduction that can be properly made is the property-holders' share of the local improvement debentures, amounting to \$335,439.35. And the only difference in this case is that the sum will have to be collected in taxes from a part of the citizens, instead of being a charge against all of them. In brief, London's indebtedness amounts to something over \$300 for every man, woman and child comprising our population.

That this heavy debt involves increasing taxation is something unavoidable. The city clerk's list manual of information for 1914 shows us that the tax rate for this year is greater than ever. And it would have been much higher if provision had been made for all our expenditure. Instead of doing that nothing was provided for electrification. And now the city council will have to borrow some \$800,000 from the bank. And it is safe to assume that it will have to pay a higher rate of interest than if the debentures had been sold. Next year we will have to commence paying for the entire \$700,000. And there will be no decrease in our expenditures to offset this. In some items we may expect a decided increase.

It has been intimated that some parties around the city hall who are financial authorities consider the city's position highly satisfactory. We are glad to hear it. The figures have not a very cheerful appearance. There are not many municipalities with a per capita indebtedness higher than ours. Toronto is probably the worst, and Toronto has been doing for several years just as we have done this year—postponed paying, and borrowed money to float itself. However, if the authorities tell us it is all right, we suppose it is. Or, if it is not, we will find out in the future—probably next year.

CANDY EATING.

TWO SCORE years ago candy was a luxury of the rich and an extravagance for everybody else. The man of limited means who went in heavily for candy was looked at askance. He was placed in the spendthrift class and was generally supposed to be treating the primrose path. At Christmas it was considered allowable and poor folk turned that day into a sort of candy debauch, but at other times money put into gum drops and chocolates was considered a wicked waste.

Today the candy-eating habit is so widespread that Dr. Cook, when after the pole, took a barrel of gumdrops to sweeten Eskimo tempers. Explorer Landor tells of Tibetan priests who would sell their souls for a caramel and wild men of Australia clamored for "all day suckers."

Some day some probing scientist may discover that the modern popularity of candy is due to the development of a new sense, a species of super-taste, the "sweet tooth." Doubtless advertising has helped a lot. Is there anything more alluring than the candy advertisements? Anyway, account for it as we may, candy has come to stay, and, should it be suddenly taken from our midst, what a catastrophe would follow. The entire social system would suffer, if it didn't go to smash, should taffy and toffee be removed. How many romances have been launched, abetted and consummated by sundry boxes of chocolates, and to smooth out the rough spots of courtship, is there anything more effective than two pounds of mixed creams?—If that is her capacity.

Not so long ago candy eating was considered childish and effeminate. The habit was associated with little ones and boarding school girls. Today, however, the masculine, youthful and mature worship at the shrine of the confectioner. Even governments have recognized the value of candy. It will be recalled that the Japs were fed chocolates in the trenches before Port Arthur, and charged against bullet-swept spaces fortified with candy instead of cognac. And to make the illustration up-to-date, let it be known that Monsieur Georges Carpentier, who, next to Jack Johnson, is perhaps the world's greatest boxer, devours

candies in quantities that would stump a small boy, and, as the sporting editor would say, Mr. Carpentier is some fighter. The medical profession, too, has declared in favor of candy, providing it is clean and pure. And because candy eating has become so general it is well that the government officials should be thorough and frequent in their inspections, and the regulations provide severe punishment where impurity and adulterations are discovered. Sanitary methods of manufacture should also be insisted upon in order to insure the greatest purity possible.

ABOLISH CROCKERY?

A CRY goes up among sanitarians for paper plates, cups and tumblers. Use them once and burn or place in the garbage tin. This cry may find an echo from the women.

They would abolish dish-washing almost sooner than the bar. Either they have to get maids for the work or do it themselves. A good maid would give up hiring maids, if cardboard pots and pans were added to paper-machos on the table. There's the rub for the housekeeper, those pots and pans. And the bickerings over broken crockery are the bitterness-in-chief in the life of mistress and maid.

But, alas, the sanitarians will not gain the day, even with the women to help them. There will always be sufficient non-union women to spoil even a concerted effort to relegate china and glass to the purely ornamental. They will be rich enough, energetic enough and long-suffering enough to keep these things in style, and other women will have to obey the fashion, however onerous. We shall go on using breakable cups and plates, in spite of germs, inconvenience and cost.

LEGALITY.

WHEN Mayor Graham was asked as to the feasibility of securing a permanent life-guard for the summer season at Port Stanley, either by petition to Ottawa or by co-operation of the municipalities, he replied that it was not possible to secure a grant from the Government, and that it would not be legal for the city to make any appropriation for such a purpose. While it is inconceivable that the mayor is not in sympathy with any proposal to safeguard the lines of his fellow-citizens, it is rather thick for his worship to talk of legality. Blameless though his administration may have been, he has never shown any fear of legalities, when necessity was to be confronted. Was it "legal," for instance, to let the contract for the present incinerator without the calling of tenders? Is it "legal" to make certain disguised grants each year? There are any number of illegalities, if the mayor is anxious for a precedent. And under the circumstances, it would be well to bring up such a matter as saving life under the heading of emergencies, and charge it to the contingency fund.

It is nothing short of criminal to have the beaches and piers at Port Stanley unprotected by competent guards. There is no other resort at which so many people congregate, where the public is left to "sink or swim." There are, or quite recently were, dangerous spots on the bathing beaches. Children are in constant danger, and many grown folk have been very close to death at one time or another. Especially when the lake is rough should there be an organized vigilance. Those who would venture out in small craft, while a heavy sea is rolling, should be prohibited by some vested right. And the mayor can, if he will, add the movement very materially.

A monkey has qualified as an able seaman. But they can't refer to him as a sea dog.

Getting pinned under a motor car has come to be one of Ontario's favorite summer pastimes.

London wants a Sunday car service to Springbank. It is up to the proper authorities to provide it.

The race is not always to the swift and strong. Sometimes the serene and smiling grab the blue ribbons.

Chicago will send a large contingent of old boys to the Forest City reunion. The lachey will be hanging out.

The women of Persia have formed a suffrage association. Now watch unkind paragraphs refer to Persian cats.

It is difficult to execute a woman for murder in France, but a few years' imprisonment there may be worse than death.

Recently the Kaiser, after making a purchase, found that he had no money on his person. Many of us are in exalted company.

The 16-year-old shah of Persia is now a full-fledged monarch. The pictures show him to be a sturdy looking chap who would have made a good catcher. Too bad.

FASHION NEWS.

[New York World.]
Fall fashions for my dress clothes folded to the form, and "shapely" trousers. The tailor's art will still be to provide the shape to go with the style.

SUMMER FICTION.

[St. Joseph Gazette.]
"Just as soon as the weather gets good and hot I am going to invite you and your family down to the beach to spend a week at our cottage."

"I am not going to spend a cent for vegetables this summer. I am going to raise them all in my back yard."

"No, I never feel the heat a bit. I just think cool thoughts all summer."

"I just love to get out in the heat of the day, when the sun is beating down good and hot, and work on my lawn."

NO ORDER TO STOP.

[Youth's Companion.]
A certain czar once posted a sentinel where no sentinel was needed; for two centuries thereafter the spot was guarded because no order came to stop guarding it. Apparently our own Government can do things quite as foolish. On the Maine coast is an island that used to have a summer hotel and a summer post-office. The

---and the Worst Is Yet to Come



hotel was burned a year ago; but although not a single person lives on the island, the post-office still survives. The steamer stops at the deserted wharf every day, and the summer postmaster rows over from his home to meet it; then the postmaster and a man from the steamer gravely hand each other to the other an empty mail sack!

A HINT.

[New York Weekly.]
Mother—I can't have that young man staying here so late at night. You must give him a hint of some kind.

Daughter (in the evening)—I am very much afraid something will happen to you on the streets at night. You must be out so late. If anything should happen to you I'd—die!

They are engaged now.

PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

[Washington Star.]
The man who simply plods along with moderate ambition, and never makes an effort strong to help the world's condition. A very restful life may lead. Quite free from all contention; And of him frequently you'll read Some complimentary mention.

But he who keeps his mind astray With projects great and striking, Who calls his captains to confer, And holds them to his liking, Though great results he may secure, He may be freely stated That sometime he is almost sure To get investigated.

BLOWS HIS HORN.

[King's Review.]
"Why do half-headed men make the best husbands?" asked the Bald-headed Clerk of America. We do not know why we do.

ODE TO THE MOSQUITO.

[Hamilton Spectator.]
Mosquito! thou the greatest pest that ever flitted forth, When night-fall comes you never rest, but sing and sing—and sting.

THE SAME OLD LESSON.

Whether the whole world shrinks in horror from an Empress of Ireland disaster or a lone mother stands screaming at the shore, the lesson is the same. Learn how to swim.

SUMMER SONG.

[Adelaide Sherman, in Springfield Republican.]
Oh, I love, I love the summer, with her glow of gold and purple, With her radiant glory shining everywhere on land and sea; When her airs, an ampler vintage, tempt me forth to slip their sweetness; And the woodland arches echo with her joyous minstrelsy.

Palpitate her mother bosom with its love for all her children; Gentle June, the queen of roses, ruby-crowned and coy July, August languid and voluptuous, sleeping through long days of Wreathed with drowsy-breathing poppies—while the south wind wanders by.

Oh, I love, I love the summer: she is coming; she is with us. We may drink her wine of gladness all the shimmering, golden day. Life is life, and at its fullest, as we listen to her music. Just the little while she lingers, for alas, she may not stay.

HIS SHARE.

[Sydney Post.]
"Great Scott! Maud, what do you mean by keeping me waiting here so long looking like a fool?"

"Well, Harry, I know I kept you waiting, but you did the rest yourself."

SONG AND DANCE.

[Judge.]
I cannot sing the old songs, But that don't hurt my chances For social prestige; since I'm great At all the modern dances.

WITH HIS WHOLE SOUL.

[Boston Transcript.]
"If my hens get into your garden, why don't you shoot them out?"

"I'll do more than shoot them out, I'll boot their owner."

THE JULY CROP.

[Kansas City Journal.]
"See here, Wombat."

"Yes."

"You promised me some stuff out of your garden."

"All right. What will you have, Jimson weed, thistle or burdock?"

THE USUAL WAY.

[Baltimore American.]
"My son, be careful to find out the inward depths of a woman's character value, before you make a friend of her."

"That's all right, but if she's pretty why not take her at her face value?"

TELLS STORY OF TRAGIC DEATH TO REPORTER

Mme. Caillaux Writes Her Confession of Why She Killed Calmette.

DID NOT WANT MURDER

Merely Wanted to Wound Him, Says Beautiful Woman in French Tragedy.

PRACTICED IN GALLERY

Tried Out Pistol There, Then Went to Find Her De-famer.

BY MADAME CAILLAUX.
(In an interview with Mary Boyle O'Reilly for The Advertiser.)

Paris, France, July 23.—"You are aware of the campaign which Monsieur Gaston Calmette was waging against my husband. A letter was published, I knew that other letters would be published, too. I went to the editor of the *Moniteur*, president of the civil courts, for advice how to put an end to this campaign. He told me that it could not be stopped. Driving home with my husband from the ministry of finance, I told him of my friend's decision. He said: 'Then I will go and smash Calmette's face.'"

"At half past two I felt ill, lay down, and saw, as in a vision, my husband killing his enemy. I knew my husband was a good swordsman and a good shot. I saw him killing Monsieur Calmette. I saw his arrest. I saw him in the assize court, standing in the dock. All the terrible consequences of the ghastly drama which I foresaw passed before my eyes."

"Little by little I made up my mind to take my husband's place. I decided to go and see Monsieur Calmette the same evening. To my husband I wrote a note: 'I will do this for you. France and the republic need you.'"

"An hour later I had bought a Browning. At half past four I was in the shooting gallery firing at mannikin. I had no intention of killing and I did not kill. But I intended to demand attention of his campaign against my husband, to extract his promise not to publish the letters which I knew he intended to publish, and in the event of his refusal, to show him what I was capable of. I fired not to kill, but to wound. I had no intention of killing Monsieur Calmette. This I affirm and I regret my act deeply."

"At 5:15 I reached Pigaro and waited until six. He came to my mind was that if Calmette refused to stop his campaign I would injure him. I heard the editor say, 'Let Mrs. Caillaux come in.' Many deny this was said, but I heard."

"The man opened the door to usher me into Mons. Calmette's office. As I walked into the room from the ante-chamber I slipped the revolver, which lay in my muff, from its case. I held the weapon in my right hand, inside the muff, and I entered the private office Mons. Calmette put his hat on a chair, saying: 'Bon jour, Madame.'"

"Monsieur. Doubtless you realize the object of my visit."

"Please sit down," he said. But seeing my husband's bitter enemy, I did not think of asking him anything. I fired and fired again. The mouth of the revolver pointed downward."

"The first doctor to come in is an editor on Figaro. He found Calmette standing by the desk, feeling himself as one wounded."

"Calmette sat down. 'I don't feel well,' he said. And he went on saying that he could have been promptly operated. But instead the doctors took him all those miles to Neuilly."

"I meant to wound, not to kill. I deeply regret what I have done."

FROM WESTERN ONTARIO PAPERS

A HANDY WAY.

[St. Thomas Journal.]
An underground passage from the City of Mexico to the coast would prove a mighty handy thing for deposed presidents.

MILITARY BUG.

[Guelph Herald.]
With army worms active it seems as if the military bug is bound to creep in in some form or other and disturb the peace.

CHAMPION FASTER.

[Guelph Mercury.]
In the old times the Jews were great on observing fasts and such things. We're inclined to think, though, when it comes to observing

SUMMER.

Summer roses,
Summer curls,
Summer poses,
Summer girls,
Summer bleaches,
Summer's hat,
Summer peaches,
Summer's hat,
—Philadelphia Record.

Summer catches,
Summer looks,
Summer matches,
Summer looks,
Summer wishes,
Summer winks,
Summer fishes,
Summer ginks,
—Detroit News.

Summer breezes,
Summer balm,
Summer teasas,
Summer calm,
Summer trunks,
Summer scenes,
Summer dresses,
Summer screens,
—Grand Rapids Press.

Summer stories,
Summer glories,
Summer shirts,
Summer canning,
Summer fanning,
Summer fanning,
Summer fanning,
Summer fanning,

RED TAG SALE

Bargain Prices Are of No Interest Unless the Goods Are Attractive!

The goods now piled up on our counters are a happy combination of new, attractive goods at undoubted bargain prices. THIS IS THE MONTH FOR CUT PRICES; TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR OPPORTUNITY. We have customers who are already purchasing their Christmas presents from our SPECIAL PRICE COUNTERS.

Frilling Bargains

On Friday and Saturday we put on sale 50 pieces New Lace and Net Frillings and Ruchings in white, cream, ecru and black, 1½ to 2½ inches wide. Some of the hand-somest designs we have ever shown. They are sold regularly 18c, 20c, 25c per yard, Red Tag price 15c per yard

Children's Parasols

4 dozen Children's Small Parasols, Japanese style, also spots and dainty printed patterns. Regular 25c and 35c. Red Tag price 19c each
WOMEN'S BATHING SUITS.—Women's Navy Blue Lustre Bathing Suits, 2-piece, neatly trimmed, with cream lustre or stripes, etc., large sizes, and extra quality cloth. Special at \$2.75, \$3 and \$3.50

Large Purchase Plain Sateens

We made a special clearance of these Fine Mercerized Sateens, 30 to 33 inches wide, in all the wanted shades of gray, green, purple, sky, yellow, reds, browns, champagne, mauve, etc. These are mill lengths of 2 to 10 yards, but we will cut you any lengths required. Especially suitable for comforters, undershirts, linings, cushion backs, etc. The 25c a yard quality, for half-price 12½c per yard

We have these also in Black, in fine or heavy weight. Regular 20c and 25c per yard, for 12½c per yard

10 Pieces Dress Goods Half Price

In Colored Whipcords and Serges, 36 to 42 inches wide, plain shades of navy, black, copen-hagen, white and champagne; also black and white check. Regular 50c per yard. Red Tag price 25c per yard

Children's Dresses

Print and Gingham Dresses for the children of 6 to 14 years, in stripes, checks, etc., pretty and serviceable. Worth up to \$1.50 each. Red Tag price 79c

More Hosiery Specials

Women's Italian Silk Hose, black only. Sizes 8½ to 10. Usual 25c, for 14c pair
Women's Plain Black Cotton Stockings, seamless, fast color. Regular 15c, for 11c pair

Children's Colored Socks, plaid tops, usual 12½c and 15c, for 10c pair

10 dozen Men's Socks, gray cotton. Regular 10c pair, for 5c pair

Children's Odd Pairs Silk Lisle Hose, lace styles, colors and black, to clear, 15c pair

Another 50 Dozen Lace Collars Go On Sale Saturday Morning at Each 15c and 25c

Plauen Lace, Net and Guipure Lace Collars, immense variety of shapes and most handsome designs we have ever shown. Sold regularly up to 75c each, for 25c each

One table containing 35 Dozen Lace Collars, sold regularly at 25c, 30c and 35c each. Remarkable values, all new, handsome designs. White or ecru, for 15c each

CHAPMAN'S

239, 241, 243 Dundas Street

fasts, Emmeline Pankhurst has a shade the best of it.

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.

[Listowel Banner.]
The happiest man in the land today is the successful farmer. He sits under his own vine and fig tree undisturbed by the maddening noise of the great city. Banks fail, railways go into the hands of receivers, booming towns collapse, business stagnates, but the wise farmer can snap his fingers at these things. He is the monarch of all he surveys on his broad acres.

APPIN.

[Special to The Advertiser.]
APPIN, July 23.—The monthly meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church was held at the home of Mrs. D. McIntyre. The afternoon was spent in sewing. Tea was served by the hostess.

Mrs. W. Stevenson is visiting her parents in Woodstock.

Miss McGowan is visiting in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McArthur were recent visitors in Kerwood.

Miss Mary Johnson has had a little London girl for two weeks, bringing her the benefits of the country.

Mr. J. W. Noble, of the department of agriculture, is in Appin, inspecting the various garden plots under the care of the school children.

He also visited the field infested by the army worm and is in communication with the department concerning it.

PARKHILL.

[Special to The Advertiser.]
PARKHILL, July 23.—J. McDonald, C. S. C., theological student at Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., was raised to the deaconship at the end of the scholastic year just terminated.

Next June, 1915, he will be ordained at Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind., where he took a brilliant course in classics and philosophy a few years ago.

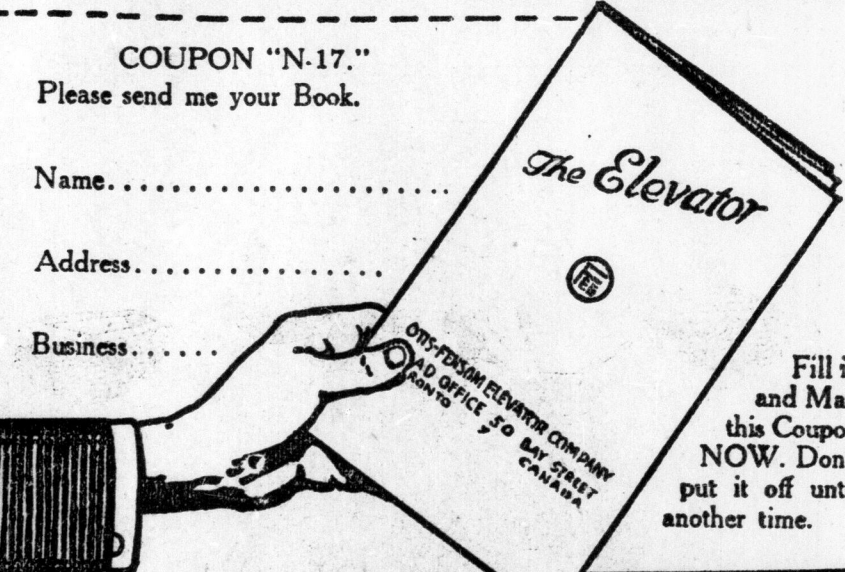
The funeral of the late Mrs. L. C. McIntyre to the Borneo Cemetery on Tuesday last was largely attended. Rev. Mr. D. O'Neil, rector of St. Columba's Church, preached an appropriate sermon.

James McIntyre, of Toronto; Patrick and Mrs. Peacock, of London; Rev. Bro. Reginald, of Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind., attended the funeral of the late Mrs. McIntyre.

Mrs. Kate Morrison, a student at the Stratford Academy, is spending her vacation with her father and mother, Centre road.

Mrs. Patrick Ferguson, of Borneo, is visiting her daughters in Detroit for a couple of months.

Mr. J. B. McDonald attended the



Are YOU Getting a Profit From Every Square Inch of Floor Space?

THIS Book will tell you how you can double your available floor space without adding to your present building. It will show you how to make every square inch of floor space pay a profit. It contains a wealth of valuable information for the retailer, wholesale merchant and manufacturer. It may prove worth hundreds of dollars to YOU. It is brimful of suggestions for the wideawake business man who desires to increase his efficiency. We'll gladly send it free upon request.

OTIS-FENSOM ELEVATOR COMPANY LIMITED
60 BAY ST., TORONTO

Funeral of the late Bartley Hickey, of Adelaide, who died suddenly in Stratford.

Mr. Willie Cavanaugh, teacher in St. Thomas, is undergoing cadet training in the Military School, London.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with the CHILD, SOOTHES THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Eat More Bread
It is the most nutritious and most economical of all foods. The best bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast

DRINK FRY CO.