

THE DAILY NEWS

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DAILY EDITION

Saturday, March 29, 1913.

AUSTRALIA'S NAVY TO
COME INTO BEING

Under the heading "Australia's Navy's Birth," we find this
interesting statement in the current issue of the United
Empire:

"The present year will see momentous naval changes in
the Commonwealth. On Jan. 1 the imperial flagship Drake
left for England. The Commonwealth first class dread-
nought cruiser Australia will replace her as soon as possible.
The Sydney station will not be transferred by the Admiralty
to the Commonwealth authorities till July 1 next, but in the
meantime important preliminary changes will be made.
Admiral Sir George King-Hall will remain in charge of the
station till the end of June, when his successor will assume
control of what will be the basis of a purely Australian fleet
unit. In addition to the Australia, the Commonwealth fleet
will include the second class cruisers Sydney and Melbourne.
Until the third Australian second class cruiser Brisbane is
built the Commonwealth will have the use of H. M. S.
Encounter, which is to be lent by the Admiralty. In addition
to these four cruisers, three destroyers of the same type are
to be built. Then there are a number of submarines due from
England. The whole will form the nucleus of the Australian
fleet of the future. It is hoped that by July the Australian
station may be complete, with the exception of the destroyer
section."

Some of these vessels have been built in Great Britain,
some in Australia; but they are being assembled in Australian
waters to form the basis of a "purely Australian fleet unit."
On July 1st the Australian fleet, under the direction of an
admiral who in turn will be subject to the control of the
Commonwealth Government, will come into being.

That is to say, Australia has actually done what Canada
is told by its public men that it cannot do; or can only do
at the cost of embarking upon a separatist policy which will
take Canada out of the Empire. The situation is humiliating
beyond expression to Canadians.

ONE GET-RICH-QUICK
SCHEME THAT FAILED

The sentence of imprisonment pronounced upon Julian
Hawthorne and two others on the charge, of which they have

been convicted, of using the United States mails to defraud,
will arouse interest chiefly because Hawthorne is the son of
one of America's best writers of fiction, and perhaps her
most graceful and cultured employer of English prose.
The name of Nathaniel Hawthorne is a household word
wherever the English language is spoken, and his son, who
has just been committed to jail, is himself a man of more
than ordinary ability as a writer. The crime of which the
court declared Hawthorne and his partners guilty was that
of promoting mining properties in the Cobalt district of
Ontario which they knew to be worthless.

It was a get-rich-quick scheme in which Hawthorne is
said to have been engaged, and the wealth, to be shared by
the partners in the project, was to come not out of the Cobalt
mines but out of the public of the United States. It is possible
that Julian Hawthorne lent himself to such a design. In an
age when the world honors success without scrutinizing
the methods by which that success is achieved, it requires
strong character to resist the temptation to engage in
practices which are every day making one or more leaders
of the financial world.

If the convicted men were really guilty, for, of course,
the verdict of an ordinary jury is not regarded with much
respect, Hawthorne deserves his sentence, and he deserves it
the more because he had a revered name to protect from
stain. But, after all, the prison stripes he will wear during his
enforced retirement from good society might more fittingly
become many of the Napoleons of finance whose success has
given them title to be called empire builders.

Survivor of Crimea Buried.

Prince Albert, Sask., March 26.—Mr. William Ware, one of the
last few survivors of the Crimean war, was buried yesterday
with military honors. Mr. Ware was a gunner of the Fifth
battery Royal Artillery. He was laid to rest at his homestead
at Spruce Holme, near here.

New World's Balloon Record

Paris, March 26th—A new world's record for height in a
balloon was made by Rene Rumpelmayr, who has just completed
a successful flight from Paris to a point near Kharkov, European
Russia. The distance travelled was 2400 kilometres, approximately
1492 miles.

EASTER PARADE OF FASHION IN
NEW YORK CITY LAST SUNDAY

CHROMATIC BLOUSES OF THE BULGARIANS MAKE THE GO-
THAMITES SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE

New York, March 24—There is still some bickering down
Tchatalja way, they say, and Adrianople is stubborn, but the
Bulgarians have captured New York. The Easter parade on
Fifth Avenue revealed to dazzled eyes the gorgeousness of the
Bulgarian blouse, the Bulgarian girdle and the Bulgarian ribbon,
which is not a ribbon—it's a riot.

On the word of a lady who
knows, a girl might just as well
have stayed at home and minded
the parrot, unless she could display,
between Madison Square and the
Plaza, one of those Bulgarian
effects, which look like a Post
impressionist's sketch of the solar
spectrum. A ray of sunlight had
no chance whatever with these
Bulgarian wrappings. It broke into
a million pieces before it fairly lit.

Shades of Tolstoy!

You have seen pictures of Tol-
stoy pottering about his estate in a
loose blouse, and maybe you have
watched Russian peasants enter
America through the gates of
Castle garden wearing things that
looked like skirts which had not
been properly tucked in very well.
That gives you a sort of ground
plan of the Bulgarian blouse that
all the girls are crazy about this
year, but unless you are elbowed
in the Easter parade you missed
the high lights of the thing.

Take a Mujik's baggy blouse,
color in Pompeian red, drape a
yellow sash loosely around the
hips, add a shirt so narrow at the
bottom that no lady can step more
than twelve or fourteen inches at
a time, and slit at one or both
sides so as to show at least \$1.50
worth of a \$3 pair of silk stockings,
and you have some idea of the
show that crowded spectators four
deep against the house walls of
Fifth Avenue side walks and
convinced old gentlemen in club
windows that life was worth living
after all.

Proletariat Has Inning

There was a time, generations
ago, when the best people stalked
solemnly to and from church while
the dubs watched reverently
from the side lines. Nowadays

the best people week-end in Tux-
edo or Lenox or somewhere else,
and the proletariat whose only
social register is the city directory
own the Easter parade and
possess the avenue utterly from
Dr. Pankhurst's church to the
Vanderbilt mansion. Today's
parade proved once more that
there is no show like it any-
where.

About 1 o'clock, when the
parade was in full swing, you can
get some notion of the practical
value and commercial side of the
annual show. From one hundred
small towns near and far, milliners,
shopkeepers, hat designers,
dressmakers, buyers and manufac-
turers who were keen for the first
glimpse of the new styles and the
latest color effects had come to
make notes.

Dressmakers on Watch

Sharp-eyed milliners and dress
makers were on the watch for
fashion's new freaks, and they
made hasty notes of every effective
and striking gown or hat that
passed before their eyes. It might
as well be said right here and now
that the Bulgarian blouse and the
sash that went with it were not the
whole show by any means. Take
hats: Lids are little this season,
only blots of color, enough to roof
the head. There was the canoe,
which is all that its name implies,
a boat-shaped hat with a shaded
feather jutting out like a mast. The
canoe is about the newest hat that
is.

But even the canoe was lost
sight of when you caught the
slashes. The slashes are not a
hat; they are a misdemeanor—a
slit running northward from the
hem of the skirt to somewhere
south of the knee and displaying
considerable hose. It is popular
because it looked like the very
thing—black.

Oh, Yes, the Shoes

All the girls are crazy about
shoes with colored tops. When
you were not busy wondering
how far a girl could go with the
slash and still be a lady you were
watching the blue-topped and
white-topped and green-topped
and gray-topped shoes.

Men Ginger Up! Listen



While you're not fool enough to snatch
at every "cure" bubble
that is flaunted before
you—you know a
business talk to business
men when you see
it—eh?

Now this is a business
proposal—one that
relates to your
health. Look here. If
because of excesses or
for other reasons your
health is impaired—
your youth seems to
have slipped away
from you—you're not
the man God first made
you—then here's
your hope. DR. METZGER'S BODY
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THE SONG OF SONGS.

Over the roar of the cities,
Over the hush of the hills,
Is heard a song that never stops,
A voice that never stills.
Epic loud as the sea is,
Lyric low as the dew,
It sings and sings a soul into
things,
And builds the world anew.
Dauntless, deathless, stern but
kind,
Bold and free and strong,
It sweeps with masterly touch
man's mind,
And rolls the world along.
From soul to soul it wings its
work,
And to the darkness flies;
And all who heed that song of
songs
View earth with other eyes.
New eyes, new thoughts, that
shall go on,
Seeing as beauty sings,
Until the light of the farthest
dawn
Shall fold its rainbow wings.

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C.H.I.C. DAILY MEMORANDUM. OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK. Table Showing the Wonderful Growth of the C-H-I-C in Less Than Twenty Months. All Loans Made Bear Rate of 5% Interest at the Rate of 5% Per Annum. First Loan made April 22, 1911.....\$ 500.00. Loans made during month of Dec., 1911..... 4,000.00. Loans made during month of June, 1912..... 17,000.00. Loans made during month of August, 1912..... 22,000.00. Loans made during month of Nov., 1912..... 34,300.00. Loans made during month of Dec., 1912..... 35,100.00. Loans pending and in process of being made at December 31, 1912..... 68,000.00. Loans made and pending December, 1912..... 103,100.00. December 31, 1912—Loans made and in process to date.....263,100.00. See our Representative. The Canadian Home Investment Company, Ltd. Local Office, Federal Bldg., Prince Rupert.

The Daily News has the largest circulation in Northern B.C. The paper that prints the facts—the Daily News.

Evidently the Boss Isn't as Lucky as Scoop

Drawn for The Daily News by "Scoop"

Comic strip panels. Panel 1: Boss: "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY DIAMOND, BOSS? BOUGHT IT WITH THE MONEY I WON IN THAT POKER GAME YOUR FRIEND RUNS—OVER, MIKE'S PLACE!" Scoop: "I'LL BE BACK AFTER A BIT!" Panel 2: Scoop: "YA AS THIS IS SCOOP—MEET YOU OVER IN THE ALLEY BACK OF MIKE'S PLACE?—AND HURRY UP—I GOTCHA—" Panel 3: Scoop: "WHAT IN SAM HILL DOES THE BOSS WANT?" Panel 4: Scoop: "CUT OUT THE HA HA BIZNESS AN' LET ME BORROW THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS TO GO BACK AND SIT IN WITH."