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THE ALLIANCE.

HANNA is very indignant at the thought of any alliance between the Government and the liquor When a member suggested it in the Legislature, he insisted on the foul, scandalous slander being withdrawn. And, of course, the member had to withdraw it, after a fashion that indicated he had not changed

There is a little juggling with words in this matter. In the sense that and a written or verbal arrangement quor trade and the Government, Mr. Hanna may be quite right. He is too s such a thing as an alliance in fact. even if not in name, an alliance that may be very effective, even though under no distinct terms of agreement. see two men fighting, and join in to nelp one of them belabor the other, you are certainly in alliance with the one you help, even though he be a any consultation with France or Britain, jump into the European war, and York Globe says: attack Austria. It is not probable, but it could be done. There would be no formal alliance, but it would be a very practical form of alliance not-

Two people engaged in the same work e in alliance. If the Conservative utual transactions. No alliance in ne sense, possibly; but a most effective

AUSTRIA'S KINDLIER

Turk long since left that the Berlin bully. It is certain that the in it, right or wrong, however, they have shown to much better advantage claimed and advertised a special partnership with the Almighty, and except in isolated instances, have obof modern warfare. They have fought valiantly, but without the sickening was able to force Austria into the struggle, but Austria has refused to

accept the "kultur" with its ruthlessness and arrogance. One of the best evidences of this trians is their denunciation of the noted Austrian author, issued a book itish. The attempt to ridicule Britculture and the preaching of hate stupid and absurd, and British Sovernmental institutions are especially mental Europe. True, Austria has reason to think well of Engand, as that Government for many years has been on unusually good erms with Vienna, but aside from that ments and fair minded. To them there no appeal in the insane vowlings of vate the venomous doctrine of the "Chant of Hate", and because of it ing humiliation.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

submitting the Government's new be justified. The Liberal policy of the this released a Russian army that can bolition of the bar was apparently ondemned: and if Mr. Hanna chooses to ecept that as the declaration of the cople of Ontario that they do not want

exceptions they have given a promise.

najority for it. True, they have not always had the two-thirds majority with which the Conservative Government has hampered the enforcement of the people's will; but the vote has usually been sufficiently pronounced to ndicate what the people wanted. Because they did not vote to abolish the bar at the last provincial election, we

still believe that they want it abolished. Then how account for the result of the election? We will give the Conervative temperance voters the benefit Advertiser believes that it is one of the sea-toes, when a lurch of the ship had of the doubt, and assume that they sidelights of the great war which lifts sent him slithering all across the deck were sincere. In that case we take were sincere. In that case we take death at sea and on land. The perky pair of skates—he always hated parquet terrier symbolized all that home and floors—and Big Master had laughed. the open bar, but for the closing of the wife and son meant to this bravest of Bruce looked on all sides, his forehead bar by the present Government. They the brave as he stood upon his bridge puckered with anxiety to appreciate the and went down. It is one of the most joke, but saw nothing funny anywhere government because it did not move ast enough to keep pace with the tem- fast asleep on a rug in Big Master's erance sentiment of the country. We cabin. out in power a Conservative Government because we expected it to go faster. Now, get a move on. We put you in office to do a certain work;

low do it. If that is not what the voice of the people indicated at the last election, then the Conservative temperance voters are insincere. They prefer a on the pier and Capt. Loxley had carried Conservative Government with an open him off to the Formidable, so that he bar rather than a Conservative defeat, and the bar closed.

We believe that the people o Ontario are prepared for the most advanced temperance legislation pos sible. We believe they want the bar closed, not against soldiers alone, but against civilians of all classes as well. We doubt not that the Government is aware of this fact. And they will try between the representatives of the They decline to take the responsibility of definite action. But, they say, we will transfer the whole business to commission which we will appoint. If they close the bars, the liquor dealers can blame them. If they fail to do so, the temperance people can blame the same scapegoat. Whatever is done, we did not do it.

GOING THE RIGHT WAY.

WO matters of great importance are being discussed on the other perfect stranger. Italy might, without side of the line. One is to have judges appointed instead of elected. The New

The better part of the bar wishes appointed judges. But they fear they cannot get them-that the cry will be raised that it is proposed to attack the power of the For one, The Globo has such confidence in the intelligence of the people as to believe that no small majority realize that the present system is essentially antidemocratic, and that far greater popular control would be secured if judges were named by a governor responsible to the people instead of by a Charles F. Murphy, or a Joseph Cassidy, responsible to no

But if there are to be appointive judges, and the substance of legitimate popular control secured, easier method of getting rid of bad judges must be provided than is furnished by the right to impeach. Impeachment is cumbrous and unable If then there is worked out a practicable plan for the placement of judges found to be unfit, it is probable that the people will vote to ratify a constitution that provides for the appointment of judges by the governor. The power recall must be lodged somewhere: perhaps not in the mass of the electorate, because of the size of our electorate, but with the governor or a special body of judicial ceive and consider complaints. Irresponsibility does not work better with judges than with other public

The Globe's fears are not well founded, at least so far as Canada's advantage and strength in the administration of justice to substitute an-

called "Trying a case in the newspapers." One judge declared a mistrial regarding it. The bar association rules that would effectually prevent

Appointed judges and fair newspaper reports would both aid the administration of justice in the United States.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Try to pronounce Przansnysz and you will find it as bad as it looks.

hrough polishing up for the big fight-

onion is a near relative of the lily. But

they will have the respect of Great dren is simply another instance of Britain and their friends in the com- Berlin's "higher policy" of the war which began with the invasion of neu-

license law, the Provincial Secre- part of a general plan of the Allies ary boasted that he had the indorse- and was nicely timed. It has released people expressed approval of the Gov- Also it ended the Turkish campaign in nment policy. And, from a super- the Caucasus, as the troops were hurficial point of view, he might seem to ried to the defence of Anatolia, and

be used in Poland.

Unless it was the intention of the abolished throughout the cal measures for dealing with the we can hardly blame him, drink evil it is hardly likely that Chancellor Lloyd George would have made people? We doubt it. Whenever liquor was a greater enemy than Geronle have had a chance to vote many and Austria Perhans the threat phibition, whether in a munici- of a complete prohibition during the pality, or for the whole province, with war was made as the basis of a com-

CAPTAIN LOXLEY'S LITTLE DOG.

[By the author of "Where's Master."]

"Captain Loxley's terrier, Bruce, was standing on duty by his side on the forebridge at the last."-One of the survivors of the Formidable.

touching stories of the war. Little Master's little dog Bruce was would wag.

It was 2 o'clock on New Year's morn-

Bruce had had a glorious day As, beside Big Master, he had trotted rubbing, faster than ever. to and fro, up and down the big battle. ship, inspecting everything, he had been delightfully conscious of a general air great big coat appeared, and from of expectancy.

nething was going to happen. For months past, ever since Bruce had said good-bye to Little Master's Mother ne, with all Big Master's merry sailor- present.' men, had been waiting for a chance to get at the enemy. "If only he would come out and meet



"BIG MASTER."

is in a square fight instead of skulking in harbor, just darting out occasionally cover of fog," he had heard his friends in the hall at home, "what a lot of work

And Bruce muttered under his breath er and patted him, and said, "I believe you are longing for a scrap your-

mind me of that wretched bully of a dog that lives close to us at home. He always lies in wait behind the garden gate till something smaller than himself strolls by, some poor fluffy thing with long hair that has to be combed every morning-my coat, thank goodness, is short and smooth-and then he hops through the gate between the bars, in a patent way of his own, and scares the poor little chap to death.

veight appears on the scene, the monent even a toy dog shows fight, back skips, and grins and snarls in safety chind the bars. He knows quite well hat by the time the other dog manages get through, even if he has learned painful experience the trick of how o avoid the spikes on the gate, he can e sure of making a bolt for home. oully into the open. I've even persuaded see the New Year in together.' with fear, in front of the gate while I

was no good. The bully is most awally spry and takes no risks. I never Someday, someday when I get back to ittle Master and home, I'll manage it don't fancy he'll terrorize the dog little dog. eighborhood again in a hurry.-Just

on wait and see. "I really believe they are coming out and then broke into his big last," Bruce heard Capt. Loxley say the Formidable steamed down the nannel on New Year's Eve.

voice-the steps and looks of all board-thrilled to the air of ex-And Bruce, like all good dogs, and his share in the joyful mood of the sion. I suppose

And then-oh! the tempting and altoether tantalizing smells that met him and were so eagerly snuffed and sniffed as they passed the companion way. Bruce paused to greet, with a long and appreciative indrawn breath, a warm and odorous puff that for an instant conquered the cold wind on the

deck. Capt. Loxley, who always seemed to snow what man or dog was thinking even without looking at them-and always understood-paused in his search

of the sea and smiled. "New Year's Eve dinner, old man," said he. "It'll taste even better than it smells, and that's saying a lot. They re evidently doing a bit of their best down below to celebrate."

And Bruce gave a snap of delight at the napping trousers of a passing A. B. and then curied back, body hollowed and then straightened, legs stretched It couldn't possibly have tasted better. No need tonight to nose carefully over the plate to pick and choose, no

eed to push uninteresting bits on one be considered later. The last mouthful tasted as good as the firstand that's not always the way you And to crown all-a bone, a particular-

juicy and luscious bone. 'As a special treat, Brucie, dear, as New Year in with."

A bone with meat on; not one of those glazed, white bones with the goodness boiled out for the soup. Of course, even these are not altogether to be despised, but they are a little try-less night.

Wonder, Too bad if it did—ne's had little enough sleep lately—always less than the place of the soup. Of was well lost for a pat from Big Mascal was well lost for a pat ing for the teeth when you are getting last night. n in years and need much mellowing at the bottom of the garden

A very blissful meal it had been for Bruce, as he sat pressed close to Capt. Loxley's chair on New Year's Eve, istening all ears, waiting all eagerness for the hand that now and then stole down quite unexpectedly-and altogether by mistake, of course-with a special

Big Master's laugh had rung out time and again. All the officers had joined n-it was such a catching laugh that hey could not have done otherwise if they had tried. And as they laughed Little Master's little dog wagged his tail till it ached. It just wagged itself

The following story is published by even when the laugh was against Bruce Hodder & Stoughton, London, New and he didn't want it to. He remem-York and Toronto, in book form. The bered a time, before he had quite got his one from the commonplace of constant to the scuppers, like a man on his first

Steady!

nost awfully funny.

Rats! Sic 'em. boy!

LITTLE MOSTER" AND "LITTLE

MASTER'S" DOG.

climb. "After it, Bruce!" Little Master

yet." And somehow or other I'd scram-

le over and then clamber back again.

ing new tricks to play on me. Once

Big Master shut himself in the ward-

"Out pinnaces and the launch!" "Heave ho, my hearties!

dress party and a rat hunt all rolled

into one. I'm not sure I altogether like

Something's gone wrong somewhere,

"Keep cool, boys! Keep cool! Be

"Steady, Bruce . . . steady, little man, It's all right. There's life in the

As Bruce gazed up at Big Master's

irvy world Capt Loxley turned

his little dog. No one else saw the look

'There's trouble aboard," said Bruce

And suddenly the wind was very cold

Another crash-louder than the one

hat woke him. The splintering of

the cries of the men, the shouts of

nose first days on the Formidable,

him at daybreak and he howled until

owl now, but he feared to add to the

he grey dawn he could see them below

He wanted to howl more than ever.

An officer, one of Bruce's special

Capt. Loxley answered briskly, giv-

The officer saluted him, and as h

dog crouching at Big Master's feet

"Sorry, old chap," he said,

urned nearly stumbled over the little

careless of me! I apologize Ought to

have known you'd never leave the cap-

Bruce heard Big Master's voice reply,

his tail in approval and understanding

"Sinking fast . . . torpedoed

oats against the side of the ship

then the unaccustomed noises

rouble on Master's face.

saluted

bridge.

ing more orders.

calm. so unhurried.

ce, seeking explanation of a topsy-

believe it was his danger bark.

d ship yet. Don't be afraid!

and the darkness very dark.

Tonight, however, he shared the fun to the full. "It will positively break off in a minute if I don't stop," he thought and tried to sit on it tight, but—there it

-and yet in spite of himself his tail

At regular intervals throughout that jolly evening the door opened and a muffled head, eyes blinking at the cosy, bright, light room, came the report: "All's well, sir." And Big Master's voice would reply

'We can't keep too sharp a look out. If only we catch sight of ther night have with him on the ship a little, we'll see if we can't give old England a iving bit of home-ever since that day bit of a surprise for a New Year's

> "Bed-time Bruce." said Capt. Loxley am going to the bridge for a bit. Want to come for a breath of fresh air

pefore you turn in, old chap?" Of course-but there's that bone to onsider. Now isn't it one of the mos utterly vexatious things about a ship nat there's no place where you can bury a bone and very few places where ou can hide one?

And not a blade of grass you ca chew. Thinking of grass reminds me. remember, I once spent a holiday at place where there was a field positively rowded with rabbits. I chased them all day long until I dropped-it makes me pant now to think of it-but I never managed to catch one-Oh! Yes, I did though, a baby thing that could hardly oddle and felt rather ashamed of my self, too. But here

These sailors are so painfully tidy they are for ever poking into every orner. They don't seem to understan a little bit that bones improve ever is much with keeping, and that no dog is quite so happy as when he looks down his nose and sees a cake of dried earth on the tip-that delightful meme to of a hidden store. Why, there's no even enough dust on the Formidab to bury a fly, and you cant' sit down o the deck and enjoy a good scratch with out some sailor running up with a mo to see if you've dropped a stray hair anywhere.

The last time I went ashore I made point of paddling and caddling in every puddle I could find; I just rolled myself in the mud and splashed myself all over with the stickiest dirt. Big Master laughed and so did I. I was so pleased to think of the dirty pad marks I'd make on the deck, just for once, when we got back. "Oh! Bruce," Little Master's mother used to say, as she went for a damp cloth to wipe away my footprints you do make to be sure."

But just think of it! Before I could

And Bruce muttered under his breath as he listened until Big Master leant over and patted him and said "I be gest of the sailormen clutched hold of me and ducked me into a tub full of soapsuds. And I was scrubbed all over. self, you old warrior . . . always game, you fighting-bred Yorkshire-frishman, you, and christened a Scotchman, too!—well, just you wait and see.

These Germans, said Bruce to himself, laughed again, and, in spite of it all, laughed again, and, in spite of it all, my tail splashed plop, plop, in the lathery water.

"What are you grousing about, Bruce?" asked Big Master as he heard the little dog rumbling to himself memory of the great indignity. "You always were a terrible talker. Do you remember how you jabbered away to Little Master that day when they took you to meet him at the hotel, after he had been abroad to see me, and how he laughed and said: 'Brucie, dear, you are funny. I know you've got lots to tell me, but I do wish you wouldn't talk so fast-and I can't understand a word Well, perhaps it's as you say. . . . If you could talk, Bruce, shouldn't any of us have a look in, you old gossip. But I am afraid your conversation at times would hardly Now then, come for a stretch and let's

But that bone? Well, it was certainly little Pom I know to stop, shuddering a bit of a risk, but worth it. Bruce taking particular pains to look very waited close by, hidden by a fence. But innocent and dignified, tucked the bo at the back of his mouth, covered it as much as possible with puffed-out

lips, and followed Capt. Loxley to the So they paced up and down the mehow, and after I've dealt with him bridge, Big Master and Little Master's

> As they turned Capt. Loxley caught sight of Bruce's strangely distorted muzzle, hesitated a moment, puzzled, Bruce dropped the bone on the bridge, for no one can laugh properly or jump high up in the air with a big bone in his mouth.

"Serious breach of discipline! Bruce. at the foot of his bed. He wanted to old chap. But, well, it's a special occa-"Sixteen Bells and All's Well."

"A happy New Year," called Capt. Loxley to the officer on watch. "A victorious, happy and glorious New Year to you and your ship, sir.' "Please God," said Capt. Loxley. to another Someone was singing.

Little Master's little dog woke with iump. bone on which his cheek rested, twisting his face into the broadest

of smiles, shot into a corner of the That was a crash! At last! At last! He's come out at last! Now for the bully! Hair on end, his brown eyes glinting, nostrils opened round, quiver-

ing lips lifted-but first a yawn and a stretch. Jaws forced to their utmost limit. back teeth bared, tongue curled out out, slowly, separately, one after the other, first hind, then fore, every

muscle taut, toes divided and then tain. mly closed. One more false alarm after all? Yes -that's it! Poor old Cookie! I believe he's gone and broken all the dishes.

Lucky mine's a tin one.

What's that noise of hurrying feet? How the cabin slants. Time the ship Little Master would say, just to see the came up again on the wave, isn't it?

New Year in with."

A bone with meat on; not one of wonder. Too bad if it did—he's had

> Hullo: Who's that calling from the bridge? That's not his voice. Yet it is, though-it's Big Master's danger bark Who has dared to shut me in? Open the door! Let me out! I'll tear it to pieces, if you don't. I'll tear this whole ship to shavings! I know Master wants me. I can hear it in his voice. I never leave him by day and I guard him all night! That's why I'm here. That's why Little Master gave me to him . . . be with him always. Let me out!"

after rushing between the legs of the when Big Master laughed his big laugh, Loxley on that New Year's morning.

'I must have been dreaming after all when I thought I heard that danger "You have done well, Simmons. voice. What a gorgeous spree!"

It was a little difficult to keep one

It was the Duty voice.
Bruce had heard it before. heard it in varying tones . . . heard it as a puppy when he had footing on the bridge, for the ship had listed heavily, but practice in rough rightened Little Master at their first weather had taught him to dig his toeneeting by bouncing against him . nails well in-they were worn now, and blunted at the tips—and by wedging . "Little dogs must behave!" . . . himself against the rail he found a heard it later when Big Master and Little Master played cricket together safe place close to Big Master's feet.

Big Master was very busy; he had a and he had run off with the ball "Play the game, Bruce!" trumpet in his hand and was shouting heard it when that orange envelope had orders through it, but as Bruce bounced at him he found time to say, in his arrived at home and Little Master had quiet, steadying voice: "Is that you, old asked so sadly: "And must you really man? I'm cled you really man? I'm cled you really man? I'm cled you really man." nan? I'm glad you are here. I wanted go away when you've only just got you. I sent for you. Down, boy! Quiet! home," and Big Master had just answered in the Duty voice: "I'm off!"

But Bruce couldn't prevent an occa sional little yelp of glee as he recog-nized some of his friends from the Little Master? What was Little Maslower deck running to and fro beneath him. They wore such strange clothes; they looked so comically disordered, these spick-and-span tyrants of the He loved his little dog so . . . his these spick-and-span tyrants of the mop and scrubbing-brush. Some had very precious little dog. only their night-things on, one wore his

"Tell him to rip up part of the deck and break up anything he can find for rafts."

—down, down.

It was then that Peter lifted him in one flag, to fight for the same cause. It he necessities of life they would will-ingly surrender. Why, there are two mallions of them at this hour who have away his fear. It was on that day that O joy! A rat hunt! There's the carpenter tearing up the deck for all he is Bruce "Little Master's little dog."

away his lear, it was on that day that gether? The love of their native land? Willingly tendered their lives for their country. What more could they do? If worth, the precious old deck that I am ot allowed to put a paw upon, Rats! again. He felt—and knew—that beneath than that. What brought them together resources is demanded, no British cit-

throw the woodwork overboard. What would take him in his arms again, are they up to now? Must be some new The water reached his feet. Wild blood in order to rescue humanity work? Here I am approaching somegame of hide-and-seek.

The water reached his feet. Who does not the bridge from the grip of some strangling thing which is very difficult to talk again and again, but this was differdespotism. (Cheers.) They have done about—I mean the employers and the fun we used to have at home while ent. He lifted his nose, and took in Big Master came back from his long great, deep, sobbing breaths. Air, air! brought them together. But we want plainly—nothing else is of the slightest voyages. Big Master would throw a He must have air. He remembered how stick over the wall and dare me to the first time he went in a car he had we will get more. (Hear, hear.) If this are not getting all the assistance we

hen, and made him understand there was no danger of his being suffocated.

Bruce was watching Big Master's field barely half that number.

Little Master! Little Master!'

It was very tired, very set. Not stern, not unhappy, only tired. And his voice. Yes, there was Trouhe Duty voice drowned all else as he equipment than we do of men. This is 'Now, boys. No panic. Faeryone for

and swim for one of the boats. . .

And Bruce you, too!' Bruce was not afraid of the water. It wasn't that. He hated a bath, but rould cry, "You've never been beaten he loved a swim. Every summer that Big Master had spent at the seaonly to find they had taken the chance him every day. He played a hundred to hide when my back was turned. Up games of his own with the waves, he and down the garden, sniffing, scenting loved being tossed about in the water. them, Sometimes I'd find them in the Little Master had to produce many bisotting shed, laughing together, plan- cuits on the shore before he would con-

robe and pretended not to be there. gh I smelled him through a crack Bruce was hard pressed against ought to possess (hear, hear). Because n the door, and Little Master cried Capt. Loxley's legs, trying to comfort, "Bruce has fairly caught you this for he still heard the trouble note in their co-operation; the nation that canime, Daddy." and once he hid at the Big Master's voice; trying to find combottom of the bath, knowing how I fort himself, for there was something ated that room. Nothing would induce terrible here, close to him, closing round teered, and the unflinching pride of man," says Christian Miller, F. C. I. ated that room. Nothing would induce ter me to risk going in, but I barked and him screamed outside till he just had to And little dogs, you know, are always their deed of sacrifice ought to satisfy adds that our climate "so exhibarate

sent to come out.

aughed Bruce, watching them haul at ing the great rope, hoisting the launch, the little cold shiver of a dog's fear, ceased for a moment in his orders to hat's wrong—has the steam failed? the signaller beside him and bent down "Way barges one and two!"

I say, I never noticed it before, but the signature of the co-operation wax, of employers, workmen, and the genality of the signature of the signatur there are no lights. It's quite dark. The light of the signal flare fell on What's happened to the electric? Hullo Bruce's face as Big Master looked -that's better! Colored flares and fire- straight into his eyes. There he saw rorks, rockets and swinging lanterns.

Look at the stools and chairs and his King, his country, saw all a saflor oxes they are bringing up from below. lives—and will die—for; saw love— It must be jolly dark down there. I'm home, Little Master's mother. And then, as he felt the collar round Bruce's glad I'm with Big Master on the ridge. He keeps on flashing lights. neck and touched the brass plate where This is really a very strange muddleike a Fifth of November and a fancy

"You can swim, old chap. One of the boats will pick you up. No little dog can jump like you-you can clear it But Bruce gazed back at Big Mas-

ter's eyes. . . . He saw wonderful The flare died out. They were in "It's the end. Brucie boy.

All right, old man, you shan't leave me. I won't leave you." Big Master, with Bruce's head still his hands, bent still lower, till his

ear face was quite close to his little And they both understood and neither

"Stand clear! Flash them to keep off; submarines about!" Keep off! The last signal. last signal. . . . Keep The other ships shall not ing torpedoed while they stand by pick us up.

Great seas broke over them The fore part of the Formidable was deep under water The water reached the bridge.

"Better dive now," said Capt. Loxley very quietly to the officer beside him. match spluttered He watched the glow No trouble in Big Master's voice

of a lighted cigarette passed from one now. "I go down with my ship," Others joined in: "It's a long way to lovingly, at the row of his men below, up to their knees in water, who llowed his, whose hands followed his, friends, stepped to the bridge and as, facing the Union Jack still waving at the masthead, he saluted the flag

"Sinking fast . . . torpedoed on the starboard . . . boiler-rooms little dog, his eyes dropped to Bruce -right at his feet. "You and I, Bruce: We go down with

Bruce knew that voice, so clear, so Resorts-Atlantic City, N.J.

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Atlantic City, N. J.

Always open. Always ready. Alway. busy. Cannot be excelled for comfort or table and service. A delightful place for spring. Tonic and curative baths, with trained attendants. F. L. YOUNG, tended the launching of the boats was reporting to Capt. Loxley on the

and then saw in Lieut. Simmons' face, as he saluted and stepped back, such a in rooms; elev.; excellent table; white service look of happiness, heard in his step such a note of pride, that he wagged

HOTEL LORAINE

THE ST. CHARLES Most Select Location Fronting the Beach ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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NEWLIN HAINES CO.

Lloyd George's Great Speech Warning the English Peop'e

Our Unparalleled Army. We have raised the largest voluntary army that has been enrolledd in any country or in any century-the largest voluntary army and it is going to be arger. (Cheers.) I saw a very fine sample of that army this morning at Llandudno. I attended a service there, and I think it was about the most thrilling religious service I have ever been privileged to attend. There were there men of every class, every profession, every calling, every condition of life. The peasant had left his plow, the workman had left his lathe and his loom, the clerk had left his desk, the trader and the businessman had left their "He's a funny little chap, Peter," said counting-houses. The shepherd had

ung his head as far out as he could would equal, in proportion to its popumerely, it is the fight of humanity. (Cheers.) The allied countries between "Steady, Bruce, old boy! Don't be them could raise armies of over 20,000,-

The Need for Equipment, be won or lost owing to the efforts or nimself now. Jump clear of the ship shortcomings of engineers. something to say abo t that, for it involves sacrifices for of us. Unless we are able to equi, our armies our predominancy ir men will avail us nothmore than men, and delay in producing them is full of peril for this country You may say that I am saying things Austria," accuses an authority in a that ought to be & t from the enemy. formation which is useful to him, may depend on it. He knows this, but do not believe in withholding fro our own public information which they

unless you tell them you cannot that he could not understand. those they have left behind them in very afraid of things they don't under-stand.

the most apprehensive that we are not a timid race who cannot face unpleas-grow old before you know it. And so it was that Capt. Loxley, feel- ant facts. The last thing in the world The skin that lacks moisture grow (laughter and cheers). The people wrinkles must be told exactly what the position of employers, workmen, and the general public. The three must act and endure together or we delay, and maybe imperil the victory. We ought to requisition the aid of every man who can handle metal. It means that the ing. needs of the community in many re-

tion if thereby their country marches triumphantly out of this great struggle (cheers). We have every reason fo placency. Hope is the mainspring of efficiency; complacency is its rust.

The Potato-Bread Spirit.

We laugh at things in Germany that

ought to terrify us. We say, "Look

at the way they are making their bread

potato-bread spirit is something which

is more to dread than to mock at.

fear that more than I do even von Hin-

denburg's strategy, efficient as it may

be. That is the spirit in which a coun-

out of potatoes. Ha, ha!'

try should meet a great emergency and, instead of mocking at it, we ought to only their night-things on, one wore his coat inside out, many were dressed only in pants and vest or trousers and a year-old puppy on his sixth birthday, a muffler.

"Shockingly untidy—ought to know better," he said to himself.
"Out boom boats!" came the strong voice from the bridge.

That officer down there, wrapped in a blanket like a red Indian, is really blanket like a red Indian, is really cried, because he was afraid of falling months ago in bitter conflict, and I cried, because he was afraid of falling months ago in bitter conflict, and I of freedom—indulgences, comforts, even saw them march with one step, under Bruce "Little Master's little dog."

Resentment for a cruel wrong inflicted the absorption of all our engineering him the ship was sinking—down, down.

Why, the sailors are beginning to how the woodwork overheard. What then? If only Little Master manity at critical times, when the ence. But what about those more important to the sailors are beginning to him the ship was sinking—down, down.

And what then? If only Little Master manity at critical times, when the ence. But what about those more important to the sailors are beginning moment has arrived to cross rivers of mediately concerned in that kind of een so afraid of stifling that he had country had produced an army which have the right to expect from our works. Disputes, industrial disputes, stretch, to catch the air as they motored along — until a holly bush had in France and in Germany, at the prespricked his nose and taught him to be ent moment there would be 3,500,000 in nerves are not at their best. I think this country and 1,200,000 in the col- I can say I always preserve my temonies. (Cheers.) That is what I mean per in these days. I hope my wife won't when I say our resources are quite give me away. (Laughter.) And I have adequate to the task. It is not our fight no doubt that the spirit creeps into the relations between employer and workmen. Some differences of opinion men-our enemies can put into the afford them now. (Hear, hear.) And, aboove all, we cannot resort to the usual method of settling them. I sup-But much as I should like to talk about the need for more men, that is putes than any man in this hall, and not the point of my special appeal although those who only know me slightole still in his voice, and Sorrow, but today. We stand more in need of the thirty that the thing that you need most an engineers' war (cheers), and it will patience. (Laughter and cheers.) If I were to give a motto to a man who is I have going to a conference between employers and workmen, I would say: your time. Don't hurry, It will come

> [To Be Continued Tomorrow.] RESTAURANT MUSIC.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.] "Music in restaurants originated in popular weekly. It was probably some esthete who thought to drown the sound of the eating

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is, and then we can ask them to help.
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needs of the community in many respects will suffer acutely vexatious, and perhaps injurious, delay, but I feel sure that the public are prepared to put up with all this discomfort, loss, and privative facial rejuvenators.

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