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 LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5.

THE TELEGRAM.

THE Bishop of London spoke of what has been in the hearts of all when he recently said: "What about the women at home, who wait for the footfall of the telegraph boy, who may bring the dreaded telegram?" The local messenger boys are busy, and have been busy each night for many nights, with their sad mission. Each day London and other places in Western Ontario have had their share of yellow sheets, that read, "We regret to inform you," etc.

We asked one of the boys how the mothers and wives of men at the front took the sudden summons to the door, the ring or knock that causes a fluttering of hearts whenever it occurs. He was an English boy, and he replied: "They take it without making no scene, sir."

Yet these casualty lists are the most tragic news ever published. We must read them with solemn eyes and think that even though we have no personal interest in most of the names, somewhere there is a willing sorrow for each line of type.

The tribute of the bishop and his advice to those whose sons are fighting is as follows:

"I cannot tell you how I feel for these mothers and wives and sisters, I do what I can for them. They come to see me and I go to see them. What those women want is fortitude; nothing but that which will carry them through. And think of the mothers who have had the faithful telegram. In one day I saw six each of whom had lost a bright young son. Two women came to me one afternoon, each of whom had lost husband, brother and son. On my way to one of my Lent services I called on a lady who in twelve months had lost husband, daughter, and three sons."

IN 1852 AND 1915.

"These wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone around our necks."

GREAT as Disraeli may have been, his vision did not extend to the twentieth century. His shade may have blushed when it heard that the governor-general of each overseas dominion had received the following from Mr. Harcourt:

"Will you at the same time inform your prime minister that it is the intention of His Majesty's Government to consult him most fully when the time arrives, and, if possible, personally, when the time arrives to discuss the terms of peace."

Less than a century ago, Canada and the rest of the colonies were the "ugly ducklings" of the Empire; at least, in the eyes of Beaconsfield. A few months or a year or more, and Premier Borden, or whoever else may be premier, will be throwing the weight of Canadian opinion in the conference that proposes peace. Until this time, Canada's service to the empire has been a matter of course, though anything but unappreciated.

Tomorrow brings us a power into the European council of nations. We shall have something to say, much to say, for anything to say will be much, in the disposition of Germany and the future of the world. And whether it is Premier Borden or someone else, we feel that the message he carries to the most notable peace-making of the world will be a fearless and a frank statement, the strong conviction of a young nation that has poured its blood for humanity. We hope that it will be an influence for world peace, the voice that Canada is to have. It should be the prayer of this nation that a counsel of wisdom and humanity will be given the man who carries Canada's responsibility to that epoch-making event.

REPUDIATION.

IT is estimated that the cost of the first year of war to Great Britain will be about six billions of dollars, counting direct expenditure, loss of production and loss of human life. Lloyd George is now asking for further huge amounts which may last only six months. Germany's bill for the first year is placed at some 14 billions; France's at 8, Austria's at 7½, Russia's at 7, the Belgian loss at 2½ to 3 billions. The grand total for these powers comes to over 45 billions of dollars. If the war goes on for three years at this rate, the total cost to Europe will amount to about twice the total wealth of the British Isles.

An article in the New York Outlook suggests as a possibility that the European states will repudiate their debts. The load may be almost or quite beyond mortal endurance to carry. If Noah held a mortgage of one of his sons on a piece of Babylon business property whose value the flood had wiped out, he was not likely ever to realize on it. This war may turn out to be something like Noah's flood, or worse, wiping out many millions of earth's finest flower (where, we are

told, they were all scum and refuse in that earlier liquidation) and generally submerging values.

In the 1790's, the old French Republic of the revolution practically repudiated a debt of over a billion dollars. Before this war began, the French national debt was already 6½ billions of dollars, Russia's 4½ billions, Germany's 4, Austria's nearly 4, Great Britain's 3½ billions (since the large reductions effected by seven years of Lloyd George finance). When these debts have risen to 20, 25, 40, 35 and about 20 billions, respectively, after three years of colossal conflict, what is going to happen? Italy also will probably be in the same fix as the rest.

One thing is certain. When the Allies have put the Teuton plates finally down and out, if they haven't all poisoned themselves with their own gas by that time, they will be presented with a bill of damages that will make their own debt "look like thirty cents." Germany and Austria will have no chance to repudiate this bill. It will be collected year in and year out at the bayonet's point, until the whole monstrous crime is expiated, so far as money can do it. The chant of hate may go on, if it will lighten their labors, and total abstinence will help in all countries towards cleaning the national slates.

VOICE OF PROTEST.

THE action of the London Presbytery in expressing its opposition to a general election while Canada and the Empire are at war with Germany, is just another instance of the demand from all parts of the Dominion that the country shall not be plunged into a political strife while the Empire is battling for its life. Commercial and financial life, the professions, labor, in fact, all sections of the community, setting aside their political leanings, are opposed to the outrage of an election at this time. Just so long as this country is head and heels in an election fight, it will be a handicap to Asquith, Kitchener, Lloyd George and French. Every bit of the national energy should be concentrated on helping and upholding those who are conducting the war. We cannot afford to waste any of it on a side issue.

SMASHING THROUGH THE STRAITS.

FIGHTING has not, the Allies are making excellent progress by land and water in the subjugation of the Dardanelles, and the clearing of the way to Constantinople. On the peninsula side of the straits are the British forces, and on the Asiatic side the French, both armies endeavoring to keep abreast of one another. Between them the allied fleets are battering away at the fortifications. About midway between the mouth of the straits and the outlet to the Sea of Marmara are the Narrows, and the news that both the allied fleets and land batteries are shelling the fortifications at this point show how rapid has been the advance since the landing of troops last week. Beginning at the tip of the peninsula, the British have carried one defence after another, and appear to have worsted the Turk at every encounter. This is no small achievement, as the Turks, under the expert guidance of German officers, have for months been preparing the most elaborate defences. Barbed wire entanglements, masked pits, trenches filled with machine guns, have been unable to halt the British. The Australian and New Zealand divisions, especially, have shown dash and determination, and have won their way to a dominating position in the mountains above Port Nagara, which has been the hardest nut the Allies have had to crack.

Once more the Queen Elizabeth, mightiest of the battleships, is hurling her devastating shells at the fortifications, well up the Dardanelles. This means that the waters have been swept clear of the mines that proved so disastrous to the allied fleet in its first attempt to get through, permitting a co-operation between the land and sea forces that will in time batter down all the defences.

However they may have blundered in the first attack, that stern lesson seems to have been well learned. There is no longer any under-estimation of the enemy's strength and resources, but a powerful force is converging steadily from three directions on the most strongly fortified points between the Allies and the Sultan's capital. Once these fall, it would not be surprising were Turkey to throw up the sponge. That would be an excellent thing for the Allies, as it would at once steady down the Balkans to undoubted neutrality, or bring them actively into the field against the Teutonic alliance. Also, with Turkey out of the reckoning, Russia could greatly add to the strength of her armies combatting the Germans. Without doubt the Allies will push the Dardanelles campaign with all the vigor they possess.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Maeterlinck says the flower has vanished from Flanders. Also the flour.

Rogers, if he has his way, will subordinate the good ship, National Unity.

The press of Berlin has turned on Dr. Dernburg, and before long he will be turned out by the United States.

Whilst we are awaiting the first flies of the summer season, let us not forget to swat the first rock-the-boat idiots.

There are indications that the German defeat of the Russians in West Galicia is another made-to-order triumph.

Hon. Robert Rogers is doing the "hesitation." Meanwhile the country is saying "No election" in tones of thunder.

"Housecleaning Made Easy" is the title of a new publication. But where is the woman who would consider her house clean if the job was an easy one?

Although he was far from beautiful,

Proud of Her Neighbors

[Rochester Post-Express.]

As even combatants may pay tribute to the bravery of their opponents, it can be no breach of neutrality to notice the magnificent conduct of the Canadian contingent of the field of battle. The official records have it that "their gallantry and determination undoubtedly saved the situation," and "their conduct was magnificent throughout." These men who are giving their lives to the mother country are our neighbors, more like us than any other soldiers in the war, and it is natural that we should take pride in them.

the late John Bunney's face was his fortune, as much as any of the stage or professional beauties of history, ancient or modern.

The Toronto World says that an election is necessary so that the Canadian people can decide whether to send more contingents or not. This is an insult to the Canadian people.

Again, Doc Cook breaks into print, this time by declaring that he is going to startle the world once more by doing something quite unexpected. Must intend to admit he didn't reach the Pole.

Both the Eltel Friedrich and the Kron Prinz took on large cargoes of coal just before internecine. The world would not be surprised any morning to hear that they had decamped, "Germany's necessity" would be sufficient excuse. If Uncle Sam is wise he will dismantle them completely and at once.

SELFISH AS A GOVERNMENT.

[Exchange.]

"The naive, frank selfishness of various nations makes me think of the beggar," said Andrew Carnegie at a luncheon in New York.

"A beggar, muscular and well-fed, asked a lady for a nickel."

"I'm afraid you are not overfond of work," the lady said.

"No, ma'am, I ain't," the beggar answered. "How could I be? Work's what killed my wife."

THE BELLE ISLE BRIDGE.

[Exchange.]

The path that led to play is gone.

The bridge 'twixt care and rest is down.

No more shall toilers travel on its planks to shun the busy town.

Still is the tramp of eager feet.

The march to happiness is o'er.

How distant now the garden sweet.

That yesterday was at our door!

But yesterday the children ran.

Across its kindly boards in droves.

And many a tired, soul-weary man.

Sought comfort in the shady groves.

That waited, scarce a mile away.

And gloried in the charms of spring.

But now the bridge 'twixt care and play.

Appears a charred and twisted thing.

In vain the tulips come to bloom.

But few the blossoming trees shall see.

Or sense the May flowers' sweet perfume.

Beneath the elm and maple tree.

Where groups of happy children played.

Unbroken solitude must reign.

Elsewhere must lover woo his maid.

Until the bridge shall rise again.

The thousands owned the joys of life.

By reason of each span of steel.

There was a breathing spell from strife.

An ownership that they could feel.

By virtue of the bridge they knew.

The squirrel tenant of each tree.

The bird whose nest the violets grew.

And always was their title free.

But now the all-consuming flames.

Have robbed them of their garden sweet.

The children may not play their games.

Away from dangers of the street.

Now distant is the spot so favored.

That yesterday was close to town.

The bridge from weariness and care.

To rest and happiness is down.

A FACTOR IN POLITICS.

[Ottawa Citizen's (Conservative) Comment on Change in New Liquor License Act.]

Already there has been a serious alteration in the original act which called into being the new Ontario liquor license commission. According to dispatches, the daily press, clause 12 of the new act, which invested the commission with the powers previously exercised by the Provincial Secretary has been deleted from the proclamation and will not, therefore, be effective. Under this change the commission will have no control over the granting of licenses to breweries, distillers or wholesalers, or over the 5 per cent bar proceeds.

These changes will be viewed with misgiving. If there is any concentrated power of a political sort in the hands of the liquor interests it surely will be most evident in the case of the wealthy and influential body of men who constitute the distillers and brewers of the province. The change puts this group of men in a particularly strong position as a factor in provincial elections.

The system may, of course, work out for the benefit of the people, and the interests of honest and upright government. Nevertheless, it possesses now immense potentialities for evil and must be regarded as a dangerous tool in the hands of unskilled or unprincipled workmen on the legislative staff.

THE LITTLE CARPET TACK.

[Exchange.]

A little tack was in the way.

Oh, and and sorry juncture.

I did not see it where it lay.

And so I got a puncture.

The language that I thought of then.

Was harsh; I don't defend it.

I faced my task, as other men.

And undertook to mend it.

I labored in the burning sun.

With iron rods and wrenches.

I toiled as Britisher or Hun.

In Europe's cruel trenches.

"It is an easy thing to do."

I read that in the folder.

I shortly wore the grimy hue.

That typifies a molder.

I broke two finger nails and tore.

Much pigment from my knuckles;

I'd never fixed a tire before.

It was no time for chuckles.

To get the tire back on again.

I had to pound and thump it.

Nor was my work completed then.

"I was still my chore to pump it.

"Twas just one little carpet tack.

But, oh, the time it lost me.

And, oh, the weary aching back.

And, oh, the pain it cost me!

Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

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THEY SELDOM RETURN

By Charles E. Van Loan.

A man sat on the porch of a summer hotel in Connecticut, endeavoring to hypnotize himself into the belief that he enjoyed the stiff, hobby-horse motion of a rocking-chair. The man's age might have been forty-five, and that was exactly his waist measure—a fact which a competent tailor had been at some pains to conceal.

While this lone sojourner was solemnly examining the landscape and wondering what was happening in his office, a second victim of judicious advertising emerged from the interior of the hotel. The second man was in his thirties, nervous, sandy, and forty, and he was puffing a goodly cloud of smoke from a cigarette.

You may have noticed that a nervous, sandy man who smokes black cigars cannot keep still very long.

"What's the matter with you?" said the man with the cigars, looking at the other.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said the man with the cigars, "it's a queer feeling, it's a lot warmer in town."

At the sound of the voice the thin man started slightly, and turned in his chair until he could see the other's face. His eyes narrowed a little and took on the faraway look of one who tries hard to remember.

"You're a long time forgetting that he was a brother with an office on Broad street, and a side-whiskered broad." He stepped back fifteen years in the twinkling of an eye, at the same time stepping forward with a pile-driving right-hander, which crashed under the third button of the man's white shirt.

The man made a clicking noise with his tongue.

"It's been—let me see—fifteen years this summer—yes, it's been fifteen years—but you're Marty Finn, for a thousand dollars!"

The fat man fairly bounced in his chair. It was now his turn to study features.

"You don't remember me," said the sandy man. "Well, I don't blame you. I joined the team only a few weeks before you quit."

The dignified Mr. Finn smote the arm of his rocking-chair with a sudden ejaculation.

"You must be the kid from Eau Claire—that shortstop. I remember you now. You went to Boston afterward."

"Yes," said the thin man, offering his hand, "you've got me now. I'm Jimmy Powers."

And then, of course, both said it was wonderful, and did not know how they had thought it—two members of the old Chicago baseball team meeting on the porch of a summer hotel in Connecticut after fifteen years.

At nine o'clock that evening, after a generous meal, the reunion continued in Finn's room, and a cadaverous waiter responded to the electric signal of distress. He was laboring under some severe mental strain, and several times he opened his mouth as if about to speak, but what he said was:

"Is that all, sir?"

"For the present," said Finn. The waiter backed toward the door, where he paused and took his courage in both hands.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I believe you mentioned Mike Parson—used to play centre field for New York, sir?"

"Did you know he was here, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Here?" ejaculated Powers. "Mike Parson here?"

"Yes, sir. He's the barber at this hotel, sir."

"The barber?" said Finn. "Yes, sir. I took the liberty of mentioning to him that Mr. Finn and Mr. Powers were in the house, sir, and he's been all upset ever since, sir."

"Old Mike Parson!" said Powers. "Finn, do you remember how you used to talk to him when he came to bat, and let's go so mad that he couldn't see the ball? Say? We ought to have Mike up here tonight!"

"You see, sir," said the waiter, "a little delicate about intruding himself."

"Pshaw," said Powers heartily. "No need for that at all—oh, Finn? Ask him to come right up!"

By eleven o'clock the reunion had warmed up to such an extent that they had found three additional players, including Cullen, the proprietor, and the waiter, Shannon; this latter it seems having been a semi-professional pitcher.

It was quite a respectable gathering. Messrs. Finn, Parson, Powers, Tanner, Cullen and Shannon.

"If you really wanted a game, gentlemen," said the cadaverous waiter eagerly, "there's a fine chance to-morrow afternoon. The local club—but I'm afraid you wouldn't consider it."

"Consider what?" demanded Powers. "The local club had a game scheduled to-morrow afternoon," said Shadow Shannon, "but it has been called off by the visitors. That makes an open date. Now, if it could be arranged."

"Of course it can be arranged," cried Tanner. "Just the thing! We'll challenge the town team."

"With six players?" asked Finn. "Impossible!"

"I beg pardon, sir," said the cadaverous waiter. "But the hostler used to be a semi-professional, sir. He could do it. He could take second, and then all we should need, sir, would be an outfielder. I think I may say, sir, that we could call out the team very easily without going outside of the hotel."

"Why not?" urged Tanner. "Just for the fun of the thing! It would be a good sport! What do you say?"

It was a motley aggregation which took the field against the town team—an aggregation clad, for the most part, in borrowed sweaters and flannel, with only one pair of spiked shoes in the entire gathering.

After a very short preliminary practice the teams took the field with the Miffits, as they were at once christened, first at bat.

For six innings the Miffits held a killing pace; and when the seventh inning opened the score was nine to three in favor of the veterans, Finn, Parson and Powers were drenched with perspiration, and even the cadaverous Shannon was showing signs of the unaccustomed exercise.

"All we got to do is to hold 'em, fellows!" panted Tanner. "Tired, are you?"

Up came the heaviest hitter of the town team, laughing scornfully at Finn, who was blowing upon his

thumb and profanely urging Shannon to get 'em over with something on 'em beside the cover.

"Right here goes your old ball game!" taunted the heaviest hitter.

He swung on a weak offering with fell intent and a mushroom bat. Out over centre field he went the ball, mounting higher and higher, Mike Parson, gasping like a fish, in vain pursuit.

His short, fat legs were stumbling under him, and with the ball struck the ground ten feet in front, and mercifully sprung into the long grass.

The last expiring effort of the greatest "wing" of the old New York outfield, Parson threw toward the diamond. Jimmy Powers ran forward, made the catch, and whirled to throw to Finn at the plate.

The hitter was between third and home, and the umpire was racing forward to judge the play.

Finn, standing well down the baseline and blocking the plate with both legs, took the throw perfectly. At the same instant the heaviest hitter launched himself at the human obstacle, feet foremost. Down went Finn with a crash, making a blind stab attempt to tag the spikes.

Thunderbolt as he fell. From the cloud of dust which hung over the plate came the umpire with both palms spread downward.

"Foul!" he shouted.

Finn rose from the ground with the sort of an enraged rhinoceros. He seized the umpire by the coat-collar and flung him to the ground.

"He's out!" bellowed Finn hoarsely. "I got him a city block!"

"Halt!" sneered the heaviest hitter, crawling away from the plate. "You missed me a mile, you big stiff!"

"Yes," said the umpire eagerly. "You missed him. Leggo my coat, or—woor!"

Marty Finn of the old days, Scrappy Mart, whose very name was a terror to umpires, fighting Finn of the Chicago—this man forgot that he was a brother with an office on Broad street, and a side-whiskered broad.

He stepped back fifteen years in the twinkling of an eye, at the same time stepping forward with a pile-driving right-hander, which crashed under the third button of the man's white shirt.

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