

London Advertiser

Morning Edition. Outside City. 10c per week. \$2.00 per year. By Mail. \$2.00 per year. Noon Edition. Outside City. 10c per week. \$2.00 per year. By Mail. \$2.00 per year. Evening Edition. Outside City. 10c per week. \$2.00 per year. By Mail. \$2.00 per year.

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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London, Ont., Tuesday, June 15.

BRYAN BLUNDERS.

I publicly calling on 20,000,000 German-Americans to use their influence with the Fatherland to prevent a clash between Germany and the United States. Mr. Bryan has blundered. With intentions quite otherwise he has done something that will tend to widen the breach between the two nations. Dernberg and Bernstorff boldly appealed to the German-Americans to stand together and compel President Wilson to drop the exportation of munitions of war to the Allies. Much as the hyperbated friends of the Kaiser in the United States may have desired this, they dared not follow the official pleaders of Germany's case. American opinion as a whole was favorable to the Allies, and the Administration had promptly rapped Bernstorff and Dernberg over the knuckles for their amazing impudence. To have lined up openly with the pair would have looked reasonable. But Bryan giving them a lead puts a new factor on the situation. When the Kaiser's man in the Democratic party, outside of Wilson, appeals to them directly as Germans to take a hand in straightening out the differences between Washington and Berlin, German-Americans will feel they are safe in getting together to put the screws on President Wilson.

If the matter rested with an appeal to friends and relatives in the Fatherland to use their influence to prevent war, there would be nothing to complain of, but it is not to be supposed that the large rabidly pro-German element amongst German-Americans will stop at that. Presently they will be demanding that the United States shut off war material for the Allies. With Mr. Bryan to lead them with his peace-at-any-price ideas there is nothing they will not ask.

And such action, while it will not bridge President Wilson's determination to bring Germany to an account, for her atrocities, will assuredly stiffen the Kaiser's refusal to meet the American demands. Herein lies the danger point. All Germany, rejoiced when he (Bryan) resigned. They called it a cabinet split. And when at that of that he puts himself, leader of a great political party, at the head of the German-Americans in opposing the act of his own Government, it is natural that the German Government should count on this influence to back them up. It will tend to make them much less willing to grant any of the demands of the United States Government and will widen the breach that is already gulflike. Bryan has made a mistake in going over President Wilson's head. His appeal was a tactless one, and will, we think, work directly against the end he is so anxious to secure.

OLD STORIES RETOLD.

WHEN the Solicitor-General of Canada speaks to a Canadian Club he can rise to lofty heights of patriotic eloquence; when he talks to a Conservative Association he can indulge in the usual political twaddle. And though he may couch it in better language than some of his colleagues, that does not alter its character in the slightest.

Addressing the Conservatives of East Middlesex Mr. Meighen might have been expected to say something new. But he simply revamped some of the oft-repeated ideas of his party leaders. Possibly, however, nothing better should have been expected; for it may be he had nothing better to say. We have repeatedly heard that those wicked Grits would not support the Government, though they had promised to do so. We know that the Liberals promised their support to all measures proposed in aid of the Empire. And they have given it. But that did not mean they should refrain from criticizing imperfect plans, and defective schemes. While they approved of all appropriations for military purposes, they were not called on to condone graft, nor endorse cheating by political middlemen. They voted with the Government to appropriate \$200,000,000 during the last two sessions of parliament for war purposes, but that did not require them to abstain from questioning the wisdom as well as the imperialism of the methods to be employed in raising that amount. Nor should it have prevented them from pointing out the patent fact, which even Mr. Meighen was not prepared to deny, that the ostensible war tax was not to raise money for the war alone, but to meet the extravagance and deficits of the Government before the war commenced.

As to the naval question, one would think that the less said about it the better for the Conservatives. Had the Liberal Government remained in power there would have been a navy ready for active operations when the war broke out. As the Conservative Government prevented that, and could only offer in lieu a money contribution towards Dreadnoughts, which would not have been built by this

time, they have a record of which they cannot be very proud.

Of course, Mr. Meighen had to rehearse the criticisms of the National Transcontinental Railway which have been doing duty since Sir Robert Borden became premier. The country approved of the building of this road as a most important factor in settling the northern portion of the Dominion, and as a necessary addition to the transportation facilities for the Northwest. Fortunately it was too far advanced for the Conservative Government to block it when the Liberals went out of office. But it was not too late for them to try all they could to damage its prospects of usefulness. A partisan commission issued a lot of misleading statements, many of which were untrue, but which, even if they were true, could only do harm to the enterprise. And while they tried to injure it by constructed, and thus providing the Grand Trunk Pacific with an excuse for not taking over the unprofitable sections. We can say sincerely, as Mr. Meighen said sneeringly, that the Transcontinental Railway is a monument to the Laurier Administration, even though their successors have done what they could to deface it.

Finally, the Solicitor-General's threats of a general election if the Liberals do not behave themselves are stale and unprofitable. We have heard them before. They never had any weight in the past, and they have none now. In the interests of the country the Liberals have protested against an election at a time of stress like the present. We think that to bring it on now would be an unpatriotic movement. And we leave it at that. Politically the Liberals, being in Opposition, have nothing to lose by it. They stand to gain, and if the Conservatives think they want it, they are welcome to try it, so far as our political prospects are concerned. It may be their funeral. It cannot be ours.

THE HIDDEN DREAD. NOUGETS.

THE EMPIRE knows well that somewhere, safely hidden from the sub, steam up and decks cleared for action, are the mighty super-dreadnoughts, waiting for that hour when the Kaiser will bring his ships from the Kiel Canal to fight it out. Sometimes we hear they are gathered in the harbors along the east coast of the British Isles, again that they are as distant as the west coast of Ireland, but there can be no doubt but they are distributed at points where they can furnish the greatest service at a moment's notice. To those who were made anxious by the losses in the Dardanelles it will be encouraging to learn that since the opening of the war nine super-dreadnoughts have been added to the list. This includes the Barham, Ramillies, Resolution, Royal Oak, Revenge, Royal Sovereign, Respite and Valiant, all displacing 25,500 tons, and carrying as their main batteries eight 15-inch guns. The Queen Elizabeth is one of this group, and has been used at the Dardanelles in order that any defects could be remedied in sister ships that have left the stocks later.

Since the war began not one of these monsters has been in action with the exception of the Queen Elizabeth. The North Sea blocks are being kept by the fast battle cruisers of the Lion and Tiger type, submarines and destroyers. Of the latter, however, a large number are with the super-dreadnoughts and dreadnoughts, for when the fight for the mastery of the sea comes it will be the little destroyers that will keep the German submarines away from the big ships. Perhaps it is this that accounts for the exasperating regularity with which the German submarines secure victims at all parts of the coast, as the policy of the Admiralty is to keep the destroyers safe from risk. They are the only craft that can cope with the submarines, and when the Germans come out it is certain that they will have with them a powerful fleet of the undersea terrors.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

What so rare as a day in June?

The British will soon bag Bagdad.

Enter the season for picnics, pickles and pargoric.

Mr. Bryan now complains that the cabinet modified the note after he had resigned. Looks as if Woodrow had put one over on William.

Dr. Dernberg has sailed for home and oblivion. The best we can say for him is that in pleading for the Kaiser and his atrocities he had a rotten case.

The Hearst papers howling for peace in Europe and war in Mexico may be partly explained by the fact that the Hearst estate has no oil properties in Europe.

It is said German syndicates are forming with the object of buying out the American war munitions plants. But here, too, they will be blocked, and Great Britain can outbid them two to one.

The Manitoba looters had a breezy, bold, Wild West way of operating. They just bludgeoned their way to the treasury and grabbed what they wanted. None of the finesse of the effete east for them.

The Germans say Britain must no longer rule the seas. But when has Britain's rule of the seas been anything but equitable? If there had been anything tyrannical about it the rest of the world would have formed a league against her long ago.

A disgusting thing about the Bryan resignation is that the Hearst press, which formerly abused him, has now become his rabid champion. These intensely pro-German sheets will do everything to hamper Wilson's attempt to halt the Kaiser's submarine illegalities.

WHAT THEY THINK OF MANITOBA

THE MANITOBA SCANDAL.

[Kington Standard, Conservative.] The further the investigation into the Manitoba political scandal is conducted the more amazing and shocking do the revelations become. The testimony of V. H. Horwood, former provincial architect of Manitoba, and of William Self discloses so shameful a condition that it is impossible to see how certain men in high places—several of them Conservatives, we regret to say—can be kept out of prison if full justice is done to them, as we confidently hope it will be. This country has no use or room for political crooks.

THE WORST YET.

[St. John Globe.] Evidence given in the Manitoba Parliament buildings probe reveals a condition of affairs worse than disclosed by the royal commission investigation in New Brunswick. The grafter has been given a too free hand in Canadian politics, and enormous sums of money have been diverted from public channels to enrich private parties. Bad as have been conditions in the East, those in the West are infinitely worse. How is this grafting, which New Brunswick well knows is not confined to one party or one set of politicians, to be checked?

WHAT A MESS.

[Kington Whig.] What a mess! What a chapter of rascality! The ex-Premier ran away from it in disgust. His first conclusion was that Manitoba suffered from the riot of officialdom. His second conclusion must be that in his Cabinet he had some terrible sinners.

ROBIN'S WAY.

[Regina Leader.] Ex-Premier Roblin's statement to the royal commission at Winnipeg that he had been up to order-in-council and destroyed documents relating to the construction of the Manitoba Parliament buildings throws further light on Conservative methods in administration, or rather mal-administration.

THE RESIGNATION.

[Detroit Free Press.] (A stirring drama of official life in one act.) Scene: the cabinet. Time: today. Table, centre; with door at right; Back: four windows where sunbeams play. Books and papers must be in eight. Cabinet members with faces grave. Seated at table on work intent; Some of them haven't had time to shave. Enter calmly: The President.

President: "I am about to send to the German Kaiser a second note. All night long at the text I've penned. Here I answer the bunk he wrote." Chorus (after the letter's read): "Fine and dandy! That's bully stuff. Just the way that should be said. Couched politely, but strong enough."

President (frown on his troubled face): Sees at the table a vacant chair: "Why is Bryan not in his place?" Doesn't he know we've no time to spare? Send for him now. I must have him here. Tell him the order to come is mine. It is urgent business; just make that clear. The letter is ready for him to sign."

Enter Bryan: "You sent for me?" President: "Yes, why stay away? You know that waiting for you I'd be. You know this letter must go today. Sign those papers the scene is tense. The President offers a well-inked pen.) Sign those papers! Don't spar or fence. I shall not make the request again."

Bryan: "May I withdraw this hand of mine, if ever I sign such a note as that. My place in this cabinet I resign!" (He reaches here for his old silk hat.) President: "What? Do you quit your job?" Bryan: "I do; it is honor calls. There is no other way!" (With a knocking sob He quits the stage and the curtain falls.)

THE RIGHT MAN.

[Exchange.] "So plain, outspoken, domineering Kate is married at last. Well, well!" "Yes, she married a drummer."

"A man used to taking orders. Ah, that's very fortunate."

THE SUBMARINE.

[Boston Transcript.] The submarine game is one which two or more can play. This is not a novel proposition, but it is one whose truth is in danger of being overlooked. The performance of the German submarines which have culminated in the Lusitania massacre may have caused many to forget that the British under-water craft have a record of brilliant achievement unsullied by atrocity of any kind. Two of them have recently been working havoc among the Turkish gunboats and transports in the Sea of Marmora.

JUNE.

[New York World.] Through Europe's war-swept spaces, Walking with tarnished shaven O'er silent, upturned faces, There comes a saddened June. No little white flowers meet her; Only the vivid red. And scarlet blossoms greet her. That rosy where men have bled.

The lips that whispered trifles To welcome her are dumb; She hears the voice of rifles, The rattle of the drum. From where the sweet wild grasses Once grew, there comes the smell Of heavy, acid gases. Like fumes escaped from hell.

She sees the ocean folding 'Upon its bosom deep. Many a mother holding A child in endless sleep; And women who fell screaming Before the blood-mad clams To find, in their long dreaming, Earth's heart more soft than man's.

She hears the cannon's thunder; She hears the labored breath Of boys who gaze in wonder Upon the face of death. She sees the torn oblations That human folly flings On altars of its nations To feed the pride of Kings.

Through Europe's war-swept spaces, Walking with tarnished shaven O'er silent, upturned faces, There comes a saddened June. No little white flowers meet her; Only the vivid red. And scarlet blossoms greet her. That rosy where men have bled.

REASONABLE EXPECTATION.

[Baltimore American.] "Before the war broke out I expected to do well in Mexico with a typewriter agency."

"You ought to do well with typewriters down there; it is a nation of natural-born dictators."

PERENNIAL SEEDS.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Have you any perennials in your garden?"

"I don't think so. Are the seeds very expensive?"

TEN MINUTES With the Short-Story Writers

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.] A COMMUTED HONEYMOON.

[BY R. O'GRADY.] Young Mrs. Rosemary carefully

poached three eggs—one for herself, two for her husband. She deftly slid them from her spoon upon a small, hand-painted plate. They were as white and smooth as carved alabaster, with just a suggestion—a tiny hint—of sunset pink at the apex.

Mrs. Rosemary seasoned each egg with a flit of salt and dropped a knife-end of golden butter at the summit of each. Pepper her mother had taught her never to use with poached eggs; the black, dusty particles on a pure white substance being too suggestive of uncleanness.

Soon her husband's fork would go diving into the delicious morsels, and faces, literally "making a guess" of them; but no matter—they were perfect now. Her tea table was also perfect, decked in spotless damask and shining dishes, with here and there sparsely intruding, a dainty portion of some article of food.

Bread there stood in golden bread, cut in thin slices—a small cube of golden butter; a mound of jelly, quivering in a cut glass dish; and cream puffs of a particularly airy and delicate texture.

Young Mrs. Rosemary was radiant. She couldn't have forgiven herself if she had spoiled those eggs. Gloom would have been cast upon the tea table just as that morning a cup of muddy coffee had almost plunged her to despair.

John had said nothing—oh, dear, no! But her mother had always told her that muddy coffee was a crime. If John only would speak out—

Having lived with a young life with a widowed, precise and finical mother had not fitted her, perhaps, to be the wife of a man of busy affairs. Still, she loved John, she was determined to keep as much of his love as she might.

She would prove to him straightaway her competence. A salad—a salmon salad he should have!

Young Mrs. Rosemary chose tinned salmon as a hearty food, well suited for a man of outdoor pursuits. She worked three hours at the salad making.

It was beautifully concocted of potato and egg and a small salad of the fish, and not good, followed. John would surely have foundered that evening at tea, but he failed to eat more than half the dainty portion she gave him.

"Isn't it right?" burst lugubriously from Ethel.

"Yes, sure! Have some more, deary. You're not eating enough yourself."

"I—why, I never eat more than a teaspoonful of anything so rich as salmon. But you—I thought you'd been out in the cold. It isn't nice enough for you—I—"

"Nice enough!" John's baffled look wandered over the exquisite appointments of the tea table; the shining silver, the sparkling glass—Ethel's wedding presents. He seemed to find small inspiration.

"Now, don't you worry any more, Ethel," he exhorted. "It's perfectly elegant. But I wish you'd eat something yourself. Little sweetheart—you're getting peaked-looking."

He had drawn his chair closer—closer even than was his wont. For the first time in their married life she edged away from him.

The die was cast. Tragedy brooded with dark wings over the Rosemary family. The very next day Ethel wrote to her mother and confessed that she had lost her husband's confidence—that they were incompatible.

Three more torturing days went lingering by. The last of the last baking of snowy bread had been made into thin toast for breakfast, and the last tablespoonful of cornstarch utilised in a pudding for tea that night.

Young Mrs. Rosemary placed on the table two hand-painted pudding dishes, with a small, fancy mold of cornstarch pudding in the centre of each. Then she dipped carefully upon each one three teaspoonfuls of lemon sauce. It was the smoothest, most exquisitely flavored sauce that had ever stirred under the spoon of a well-trained cook, and so rich that one must be sparing in its use. Her mother had always said: "There's nothing so fatal to digestion as rich pudding sauce."

Having thus disposed the main dish of the meal, she suddenly remembered, with a pang of self-reproach, that there was no bread for tea.

Only fleetingly she considered crackers; for in this last meal she was to provide him with bread for at least a week.

Hastily pulling on her jacket, she grabbed her purse and started to the baker's for a portion of the staff of life. It lacked ten minutes of six.

She hurried through the business part of the bustling little city—past two restaurants—or past one at least, for in front of the second eating establishment she paused for an instant, helplessly staring, then staggered forward as one who had received a physical shock.

When she reached home, breathless, pink-checked, and panting, she dumped her load on the sideboard, all in a cascading heap, as though she were emptying a scoop of coal, and proceeded to clear the tea table of all superfluous adornment.

The centre-piece was sacrificed; the finger bowl, bread and butter plates, and the cut glass vase holding a solitary pink carnation. In place of these accessories she piled food—common food—hastily torn from bundles she had bought. Where the mirrored centre-piece had been there loomed a bottle of lurid red catchup and close by its green twin—ketchup sauce.

And backed closely along the pair wooden boats of pickles, salads, and olives, and an opened tin of sardines. Then, insidiously close to John's plate a great, mussy section of cold-baked ham, with a savage looking knife across it.

Barely had she completed these extraordinary preparations when John's step was heard without. John entered, threw back his greatcoat, and took her gently but passionately in his arms.

Without noticing the table, he went to make himself tidy for his evening meal.

In answer to his look of blank, almost paralyzed amazement as he drew up his chair, Ethel made an off-hand explanation:

"I didn't have time to cook supper tonight, so I just gathered up a few things—"

"Oh, yes, to be sure," John was hastily recovering himself. "I wish you'd do it often—That is, I mean, we might as well take a lunch now and then—There's no sense in your wearing yourself out cooking all the time."

Then followed the most amazing little game that had ever been played in the Rosemary nest. From the bounteous supply before him John

proudly filled his wife's plate and then his own.

By very clever vanishing tricks of prestidigitation Ethel got rid of her supply, and in a more direct and open way, he of his.

When they had finished the first round she had fresh buzz in her apron pockets, olives and pickles up her sleeves, and great slabs of cold ham placed in the carving cloth; and he had corresponding bits of food in a place which rendered his long-drawn sigh equivocal.

For it was hard to tell whether it were a fulness of contentment or of some part of his material being that made him sigh.

Howbeit he continued to sigh, and paradoxically to cast encouraging looks at his wife, whose cherry lips were drawing ever more and more sharply at the corners in little sarcastic triangles.

"Well," she observed at last—and the sudden blaze of triumph in her face showed that the instant for her coup d'état had arrived—"Well, John, I should think you would sigh and groan, too, after devouring pan-cakes and beefsteak like a hungry lion at the Bon-Ton, and then coming home and—"

She, watching him, was silenced by the reaction of her thrust, for it took him like a slap in the face.

But John, always game, pulled himself together.

"By George, deary—do you know, I was so tickled to see you eat something once I forgot all about that snack up-town! A fellow collared me—an old friend. Well, you know, I just had to go in and have a bite with—"

"John Rosemary!" she lifted an ob-juratory palm. "Do you mean to deny that you have been eating your fill since the first week we were married—and that you have a pocketful of commutation tickets—this minute—on your person? Do you mean to deny that?"

John Rosemary's time had come; he knew it, and rose valiantly to the test. He looked at his wife and at the flaming blue eyes of his bride and said: "I deny nothing at all."

Then he reached calmly into his pocket and drew out a handful of tickets, flitting them like blue snow upon the tablecloth.

"Ethel darling," he continued, with almost paternal severity, "I did it for your sake as well as mine. Why, look here! If I had come home every night and eaten the tenth of what a man needs there wouldn't have been enough left to stuff in 'em to disguise a pill!"

The domestic squall which followed Miss Beatrice Loughheed, Staples, Ont., writes: "I feel it my duty to tell you that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I had heart trouble for quite a few years. I doctored for it, and altogether my bill amounted to \$400, and still no cure. One day when very sick I was lying on a couch close to where some almanacs were hanging. I took one down, and was reading about what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured, and thought I would try them. I got six boxes to start with; have only taken three boxes and I never felt so well in my life as I do now. I only weighed 87 pounds when I started to take them, and now I weigh 137 pounds. I hope all poor sufferers will be benefited by them as I have been."

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this heroic confession was sudden, violent, torrential and brief, clearing the atmosphere for a long duration of marital bliss for the Rosemarys.

BEGGARMAN BLIND.

[Edith Sitwell.] As sorrow lay a-sleeping Before the dawn of day, His brother, Love, came weeping: "Lend me your cloak of grey."

"And wherefore would you borrow My cloak of ashen grey?" "A cruel maid, O sorrow, Hath stol'n my garment gay."

My coat of cloth o' roses She stole to make her fair, So now poor Love reposes Quid in the winter air."

Gold Sorrow: "If I lend ye My cloak of ashen grey, O Love, what will you give me, To turn my night to day?"

"My bright eyes you may borrow, If such is to your mind." He lent his eyes to Sorrow— So now poor Love is blind.

ITALY BELIED THE CYNICS.

[Montreal Star.] Italy must ever have to her credit the fact that she entered the war in the face of a series of formidable German successes. The prediction that

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