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London, Ont., Tuesday, May 25.

UNDERESTIMATING ITALY.

DISPATCHES from Berlin say the German general staff, which no doubt will direct the campaign against the Italians, considers that 500,000 men will be sufficient to invade and whip Italy. Evidently they are inclined to think of the Italian army as contemptible. The Kaiser's friends should remember that in the first of a "contemptible" little army in the war, Britain's "contemptible" army upset his plans to summer in Calais and Italy's will use it that he never enters Rome.

As a matter of fact, Italy is well prepared for the strain of a prolonged and fierce struggle should it be necessary. She can put in the field almost at once a well equipped army of a little less than 3,000,000 men, while her navy numbers 77,000 fighters, and British naval experts, who helped in the training of the latter, say the Italian sailor is second to none. Besides Italy is not entering the conflict under the "dread" handicaps that her allies faced, the war breaking out with amazing suddenness and catching them unprepared at many points. Italy for many months has been constructing a smooth running war machine and she has profited by the errors and shortcomings of the other combatants. And back of the machine is the passionate desire of a united nation to wipe out the humiliation of 1866. Italy's heart is in this war. It is a popular war. Nothing that Austria or Germany would concede would cause the Italians to withdraw now. Victory means the restoration of the lost provinces and the taking of Austria's place as the dominating influence in the west. In the Balkans, and besides, and this is not the least of her motives in going to war, Italy knows that a Teutonic triumph means an end to the liberties she has won so hard. Italy may be depended upon to fight whole-heartedly against Kultur.

THE EGOTISM OF GERMANY.

TO ALL but the Germans themselves the atrocious conduct of that empire since the war broke out has been a matter of astonishment. Unparalleled in the history of modern diplomacy and of the modern warfare, persisted in despite the condemnation of all neutral countries, defended by religious and secular teachers, as well as by the war lords of the offending country, it presents a spectacle that may well justify the surprise and bewilderment of all other civilized people. The only cause behind the barbarism of Germany would seem to be its unbounded egotism. Before the war began this egotism was freely expressed in book by German authors, and in speeches to the people by their leaders. A certain self-sufficiency in the average Englishman has often been noticed and criticized by foreigners. But that was modesty itself compared with German egotism. This is an old Prussian characteristic. And ever since the German Empire was formed under a Prussian hegemony, it has permeated the soul and conscience of the entire confederation.

And outsiders have helped to strengthen it by their fulsome praise of German methods and German results. We have been telling the German people that they were the leaders in modern science, philosophy, art and industry. When they have had this drummed into their ears by both domestic and foreign authorities, it is no matter for surprise that they have come to believe in it most thoroughly. And the natural result follows. If German ideas and methods are the best, then it is a logical conclusion that they ought to be disseminated by all means. That would be the best thing, not for Germany alone, but for the whole world. German domination must be the best thing for humanity. And whatever means are necessary to effect this must be justifiable. If it can be done peaceably all right; but if not, then force must be applied, and applied in the way that promises to be most effective, no matter who suffers. That may not be a very moral conception. To a Christian or a philanthropist it may sound horrible. But to a people steeped in militarism, trained from childhood to worship the god Mars, it may not sound so very unreasonable after all. If the German realizes that the method of which he is so familiar, is the most potent argument with which to establish his superiority, and if he thinks that superiority is to the advantage of the human race, we can understand how he would be disposed to use it, and use it for all it is worth.

Today, the result of that policy is shown in the fact that Germany stands practically alone, for her allies—Austria and Turkey—are controlled and offered by her. All the great powers of the world are in arms against her, but one, and public sentiment of all neutral countries is against her. But her egotism still survives. There is still the same contempt for all who do not recognize the justice of her cause, or approve the righteousness of her methods. For a time, an effort was made to secure the sympathy of the

United States by special pleadings, and by special messengers. But German policy was not affected in the slightest by any consideration for the opinion of the people of the American Republic. Protestants might be received with courtesy, but otherwise disregarded. And now that public sentiment on this continent is speaking out in no unmeasured terms against outrage and murder, German contempt is also showing itself in such language as this by the Berlin Post—only a sample of what other German papers are saying: "We Germans have not the slightest intention of attaching any importance to the opinion of Americans, even the American ambassador." Of course German egotism considers the United States a negligible quantity. It thinks North America too far removed from the battlefield, and the United States army too small to be an important factor in an European war. Still, Langemarch might teach it a lesson. Canada is as far from Europe as is the United States; and the population of Canada is only a twelfth that of the Republic. Yet Canada counts for something in the war. Would the weight of the United States thrown into the balance be of no importance? It is about time for German egotism to be intimidated by German common sense.

ARCHANGEL'S NEW ROLE.

THE sending of a Canadian ice-breaker to help clear the harbor of Archangel brings to our notice a city that is usually given little thought. We have grown accustomed to thinking of Archangel, if we give it a thought at all, as an icebound port of the Russian Arctic, a harbor of refuge for spent explorers or seal hunters, kept remote from the rest of the civilized world by eternal snows and terrible cold. But during three months of the year, June, July and August, the harbor is open, and never entirely free of ice, and this summer the Russian Government intends to take every advantage of the fleeting weeks when shipping can get in and out. Before September rolls around millions of tons of war material will reach Archangel under the escort of British warships, and will be hurried overland to the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas, while Russian foodstuffs will be sent to the British Isles and France through Archangel in vast quantities.

Until the Dardanelles are taken Russia for nine months of the year is limited to getting her war machinery and ammunition over the Trans-Siberian Railway from Japan. She is shut out of both the Mediterranean and North Seas except for the brief Arctic summer, when her White Sea ports are open. It is nearly three thousand miles to the North Sea, so there is no danger of attack from German warships. The already strong Archangel is already thick with the merchantmen of many nations ready to take instant advantage of King Frost's respite. May the Canadian ice crusher do grand work to keep clear the channels so the hand of our Muscovite ally may be strengthened.

NORTHOLIFFE'S SPITE.

IT IS scarcely to be expected that Kitchener will reply to the bitter attacks directed against him by the Northcliffe papers. At least he will not make it a matter of warring with words, but one of these days an armed guard may pay a call at the office of the London Times and the Daily Mail and deliver the war lord's reply in the form of an order for commitment. The Advertiser has read many opinions of the attack made by Northcliffe and the consensus of judgment among the correspondents of the big American papers is that the secret of it lies in Kitchener's refusal to permit Northcliffe to conduct the present war. The consequence is that the publisher has conducted a systematic campaign against the war secretary, and has published articles that would have meant his downfall in any other country. At the commencement of the war Northcliffe expected that he would be able to send scores of his staff men to the front, that his reporters would be given easy access to the war office, and that he would be able to reveal all that was going on. Judging from his first acts the publisher would have considered any news printable and the fact was that during the British retreat he did print an article which caused consternation in London. It was to the effect that the British army was hopelessly broken and in full flight, with Paris at the mercy of the Germans. At this time just the reverse was the fact. Sir John French having brought his men to a stand, refitted them and made them ready to attack the foe, which they did the day after Northcliffe published the "sensational."

The famous publisher was publicly rebuked for this. He was told in so many words that the war was not made for a newspaper sensation, and warned not to repeat the offence. The stock of The Times and other papers in the syndicate began to drop and Northcliffe opened a campaign for censorship, asserting that it would be impossible for Kitchener to raise the two million men he had called to service. But the men responded despite the discouragements of the publisher. "Kitchener's army" became the greatest volunteer force that has ever been called together in all history.

But the grievance of the publisher against the responsible head continued and he continued to insist that the famous fighting man was to be put out. And to a certain extent an opinion has been created against Kitchener. The charge that he sent the wrong kind of ammunition to the fighting front was made. No reply to this charge has been forthcoming, but it is doubtful if the fault, if fault there was, was as much Kitchener's as it was the fault of those upon whom the war leader was depending. Certainly it is unthinkable that Britain had big guns and did not have ammunition for them. A steady drain on one kind may have left too much of the other. At any rate Northcliffe's attacks are

contemptible. He is proved to be the wrong kind of man to conduct a newspaper syndicate, for such newspapers as he possesses are tremendous weapons, and that they should have been trained upon the man in whom the empire has placed its full confidence and who has done the work of twenty Napoleons is at least a mistake that is as much a crime as treason.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Viva Salandra!

Italy having mastered the Hesitation is now taking the Dip.

What a fine thought that the fortifications on this continent face only two ways!

The will of an unjust ruler counts for little in a country determined to be self-governing.

The Italians are the kings of grand opera. They may be counted on in the grand drama also.

Italy's navy is nearly twice as strong as Austria's, which means that she will control the Adriatic.

In England the London Times is after Kitchener. In Canada the Toronto Telegram is after Hughes.

Among Italy's strongest weapons are macaroni, garlic and Caruso records. Not to mention the hurdy-gurdy.

Italy will no doubt achieve a larger place in the Sun and meantime she is monopolizing most of the limelight.

Italians the world over are showing a blinding enthusiasm for the war, and that is a mood that goes with victory.

Well, if Germany is determined to fight this war by chemistry, we reckon there are Britishers who can meet them half-way.

Thomas Edison is strong for the Allies. Think of the special shocks he might prepare if Uncle Sam really begins to unite sam.

Raph Connor (Rev. Dr. Gordon) is off to the war. As the author of "The Sky Pilot," or course, he will attack himself to the Aviation Corps.

It is reported that Winston Churchill will step out of office and go to the front as a major of Territorials. Which is very much like Churchill.

American scientists are about to reopen the question as to whether Peary reached the Pole. Sooner or later war was sure to spread to the New World.

The feat of a British submarine in the Sea of Marmora proves they can be just as effective as the Germans. All they require is the material to work on.

The American diplomats and consuls are certainly earning their salaries. Uncle Sam is the agent of almost all countries at war in the countries of their enemies.

Germany is now almost completely surrounded by enemies. Excepting on the Holland and South Austrian frontiers, the Kaiser is a segregated animal.

Bad news for the Kaiser from Rome; and Bucharest and Athens are still to be heard from. Also President Wilson's little demand must be attended to at once, its clouting up for the War Lord.

One man has a grudge against another. He goes after his enemy with a gun, and finding the enemy in the centre of a crowd of women and children, he fires a shot at the crowd. This was the spirit German displayed in the sinking of the Lusitania.

The New York Herald does not wish Dr. Dernburg any hard luck. As proof of this we quote: "And yet it will be impossible for any American to avoid a feeling of intense satisfaction if (Dernburg) should slip on a banana-peel on the steamship dock."

The Detroit Free Press says that Italy's going to war was prompted by greed. This is wrong. Italy wants her own, of which she was robbed, and as well she realized what Prussian domination would mean. Italy has joined the crusade to see that freedom and liberty are not destroyed as much as for any other reason.

ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN.

[British Weekly.]
O, show me the road to Laughtertown.
For I have lost the way!
I wandered out of the path one day.
When my heart was broken, my hair
turned grey.

And I can't remember how to play!
I've quite forgotten how to be gay.
It's all through sighing and weeping.
Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown.
For I have lost the way!

Would you learn the road to Laughtertown.
Oh, ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have a young heart though
your hair be grey?

Go learn from a little child each day.
Go serve his wants and play each day.
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay.
And follow his dancing feet as they stray:
For he knows the road to Laughtertown.
Oh, ye who have lost the way!

NEUTRAL.

[New York Press.]
First Girl—"So you have decided to take French instead of German?"
Is that an account of war prejudice?"

Second Girl—"Oh, no; our French professor is much handsomer than our German professor."

TOURIST TRADE.

[Kansas City Journal.]
The Swiss have peaks and greenery.
Of each the best there is.
Their stock in trade is scenery.
And they do quite a biz.

A SPRINGTIME JINGLE.

[Exchange.]
I kind of like the springtime.
When all the world's in tune—
The love and wedding-ring time—
When shines the honeymoon.
I like it for its roses,
Its violets and flowers—
And for its common posies,
I like its gentle showers.

I like its dance and sing time—
The time for youth to wed;
Ah, yes, I like the springtime,
For we've an onion bed.

Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

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THE SEAT BEHIND THE POST

BY BURKE JENKINS.

Some people take love-quarrels seriously. Other do not. Tom Hendricks, aspiring young lawyer, had just disconsolately kicked a log into place when he heard the little alarm to a vicious shout. Looking up, he saw Dick Wheeler standing over him.

"What's the trouble, Dick? You're in the dumps, too?"

"Oh, nothing particular. Just wish I was dead, that's all."

"Funda?"

"Grip?"

Just how Tom had guessed this so readily, Dick couldn't see; but the confessed openly enough:

"Yes, Jess Copley."

Certainly haven't had a fight, have you? Tom said, as the most probable thing in the world.

"Well, you might word it another way," said Dick, "but that's really about the size of it."

Hendricks knew that to unobscure such a foe was conducive to relief, even though he would eat his heart out rather than let his own troubles. He remarked quietly:

"Far be it from me, Dick, to butt in, but if—"

Tom's legal training made him subtle as well as secretive.

"Certainly," answered the more open Dick. "That's just what I came over for. Perhaps you suggest a school fight?"

"Well, of course, he said, of course, you know enough of the tender passion!"

Engaged in the newly-acquired accomplishment of rolling his own cigarette, Dick lost the effect his speech made.

"Well," asked Tom in an indifferent manner.

"Well," continued Dick, "it's simple enough. Jess and I are on the outs, and I'm hanged if I'll admit I'm in the wrong."

"But you do want to make up without loss of dignity?"

"Well, that's one way to put it."

"Tom had risen from his leather armchair's padded embrace, and now strolled over to a desk in a corner.

"Fanny thing," he said, "just thought this might be used some way, after all."

"What's that?"

"Why, someone sent me a single ticket to the opera this afternoon. You know, I'd rather take a licking than sit through one of those affairs myself."

He handed a little envelope to Dick, who promptly poked up his nose. The lawyers sometimes veil the truth. Tom had bought that ticket himself, but a certain thing had happened to render the bit of cardboard useless for its purpose, for which he had intended it.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were going to let this ticket go to waste?"

"A ticket to the opera?"

"That's the one, absolutely, none of those when Barbanti sings the 'Toreador'!"

"Don't know a thing about opera, Dick," returned Tom, "and I don't care. I just thought that maybe you might use it in connection with your girl affair."

"Might use it? Why, Jess is just crazy on music—real music!"

"She likes opera?"

"Does she? Well, if that miserly old man of hers would give her enough of an allowance, she'd have a season ticket."

"Hold on, Dick," broke in Hendricks with a laugh. "Remember, he's a client of mine. But, here, it's 1 o'clock already. Dick started. "Going to take it to her yourself?"

"Not much," he said, "ring for a messenger, will you, old man? I don't eat that much humble pie in this reconciliation game."

Tom nodded in emphatic agreement with Dick's spirit, but the young lover failed to reveal personal note in his friend's approval.

Twenty minutes after the dispatching of the messenger-boy with the ticket—which interval the two young men had consumed in nicotine reflection—the desk telephone rang sharply. Tom answered it.

"Hello! Yes, this is Hendricks. Tell you, Marsh? Couldn't you let a fellow have one afternoon off who gets blue, I'm tired out. What? Caldwell? What? Spell it. Oh, Copley? Dead? Well, sure; you'll find him dead."

Tom nodded in emphatic agreement with Dick's spirit, but the young lover failed to reveal personal note in his friend's approval.

Further interruption came to that row. Another user politely requested that the note be passed to the lady in No. 17. In the dim light she finally deciphered it:

Please call immediately at 27 Scribner Place.

T. H. HENDRICKS, ATTY.

She was puzzled, and her hand trembled a little, but she controlled herself and hastily quitted the building.

IV.

It was an exclamation of surprise that whirled Dick toward the door of Tom's room, where both he and Tom were awaiting the arrival of Jess Copley.

"My, but she's spry!" cried Dick to the knock as he went to open the door. He did open it—and fell back. It was not Jess. The woman who stood there looked past him.

"Tom!" she cried, and the tone carried its own meaning.

English Press on the War.

[London Daily Chronicle.]

At the present moment the most formidable force which we have to face in determining the duration of the war is not the military or mechanical organization of the enemy, their numbers, or their diabolical inventions but the confidence and unity of the German people.

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TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Paralyzed Bowels and Digestion.

St. Boniface de Shawinigan, Que. Feb. 3rd, 1914.

"It is a pleasure to me to inform you that after suffering from Chronic Constipation for 2½ years, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives.' While I was a student at Barter College, I became so ill I was forced to leave the college. Severe pains across the intestines continually tortured me and it came to a point when I could not stoop down at all, and my Digestion became paralyzed. Some one advised me to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and at once I felt a great improvement. After I had taken four or five boxes, I realized that I was completely cured, and what made me glad also was that they were acting gently, causing no pain what, or to the bowels. All those who suffer with Chronic Constipation should follow my example and take 'Fruit-a-tives,' for they are the medicine that cures."

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box for \$2.50, trial size, 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

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