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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3.

## A NEW "EMDEN."

THE German grand admiral has made good his threat to attack the British merchant marine by a submarine raid in the Irish Sea. Three small coasting vessels have been torpedoed, the crews being permitted to escape, and for a few hours passenger and freight boats were held in port. Operating alone, it is not clear how submarines can succeed in blockading the British coast. They can bring down an occasional coastal or the slow-going tramp boat of small crews, but unless they choose to send many hundreds of passengers to the bottom they cannot torpedo the great trans-Atlantic liners and freight boats that are carrying a steady stream of supplies to the British Isles. Any German submarine operating at any point of the British coast these days has got to do its work rapidly and make a speedy getaway. It cannot be handicapped with the disposal of those aboard. There are too many of Fisher's destroyers and cruisers about, all spotting for a fight. Besides, the liners are much too speedy for the submarines, and the British navy will see to it that they are well looked after by escorts of destroyers. The best evidence that the submarine is greatly limited in its powers of offence is shown by the fact that not one of the scores of British transports has been caught, and it may be taken for granted that it hasn't been from not trying. Considerable damage can be done as the peril is a difficult one to meet, but that a really effective blockade can be made is not possible, and sooner or later the submarine "Emden" will go the way of the London.

## BILLY SUNDAY.

SPIRITUALLY and morally, the Rev. Billy Sunday is turning Philadelphia upside down, inside out, or as he would not doubt express it himself, "handing it to their good old plenty." He is the heart, the centre, of a stupendous revival, the biggest thing of its kind North America has ever witnessed. Sixty-five thousand persons heard Sunday preach at three consecutive meetings, while it is estimated that between twenty and twenty-five thousand were unable to receive admission. "To use another Sundayism, this is 'going some,'" and it is a wonderful tribute to the man's organizing ability as well as to the drawing power of his message. However opinion may differ as to his methods, everybody will agree that they are effective. Sunday has no platform manners in the usual sense of the term, and he frankly admits that his antics are a play to the bleachers rather than the grandstand, but aristocratic Philadelphia, the most conservative community in the United States, is "rooting" for Sunday, tooth and nail. He has the grandstand with him. Billy Sunday lacks the polish, but he has the punch.

Not so many years ago it would have been considered worldly, of the devil, for an evangelist to have applied such business principles to the work of a revival as Sunday employs. He insists upon the cash and plenty of it. The old-style evangelist left that to Providence. The old-time revival was a more or less happy-go-lucky affair, wonderfully effective at times, but lacking in systematic, organized assault on the world, the flesh, and the devil. Not so with Sunday, who is twentieth century or nothing. He believes in getting at the greatest number of souls in a community in the quickest and most direct manner. In Philadelphia he preaches in a specially-constructed tabernacle that seats 20,000. There are two immense choirs of two hundred voices each, one thousand doorknobs and cashiers, and one thousand personal workers. For weeks before he appeared, Sunday had paved the way with 5,000 weekly "neighborhood" prayer meetings with an estimated attendance of nearly 100,000 each night.

Philadelphia claims credit to a million inhabitants, and it won't be Billy Sunday's fault if everyone of them, directly or indirectly, falls to hear the gospel as he understands it. The magnetic Moody, the intellectual Mills, the intense Torrey, permanently converted thousands to higher spiritual ideas, but the crude, hard-hitting, almost grotesque Sunday gets his converts by the tens of thousands. In fact, the thing has become so big that some assert that it is not Sunday, but a movement. But it takes Billy Sunday to keep the movement moving. More power to him.

## A TIME TO ACT.

THE philosophy of some people runs about like this: "I cannot go to fight, but I am willing to do anything I can," and straightaway they go and do nothing. While the work of relieving distress is being faced with more resolution and kindness than ever before, while men and women in country and city are making real sacrifices, and while the army of organized charity is amply supplied with ammunition, many people are in distress. While many are doing everything in their power to care for needy families and giving many hours a day of their time laboring until their arms and back ache, these helpers are

a small proportion of the whole population. The average man and woman is doing next to nothing. That is the truth, no matter how it must hurt. Picture within a short distance of the city limits, a house in which are a man, his wife and five children. The windows are bare of curtains, there is no track from the roadway through the heavy snow. No one has been into or out from that house for several days; no one has been near it during the below-zero spell. There are five children in the house, and they have only the thinnest of garments. There is only one pair of coal left in the house, and the amount of food is negligible. What would have become of these people if one kind soul had not ACTED when she heard of their plight. A score of others, perhaps a hundred, have heard of the case, but have done nothing.

It is an easy thing to place a hand in pocket and pull out a banknote. It takes character to take charge of a charity situation and have the courage to handle it. The poor, even the "undeserving poor," should be dealt with very leniently in such a season as this. There are many of them who will not seek charity. They must be sought out, and helped in spite of themselves. Their homes are cheerless at best, but who would permit them to suffer. Does not the thought occur to all, how poorly clothed and blanketed the indigent poor must be? People who will not organize their lives against want, cannot be relied upon to have bed-clothing, and any but the merest covering. When the best-built houses and most efficient heating plants cannot keep the blood of the prosperous from chilling, what must be the fate of the child who shivers in a poorly-constructed house, without warm clothing? Children live through this; thanks to the big eyes of medical men, they are frequently nursed through the illnesses they contract through exposure and malnutrition.

If only we could be as generous and sacrificing as most of the members of the medical profession show themselves to be, we should leave this world with a record of some service. They visit rich and poor, and have the same treatment for both; it is said they are not businessmen. It is a fine thing for the rich and poor alike that professional ethics and not ordinary business ethics rule this profession, else there would be a sadder and a coarser world. Today there is a chance for almost everyone to emulate the best family doctor he knows and to help someone, deserving or undeserving (and who shall judge between the two classes?).

## TEUTON AND CELT.

FOR about twenty centuries it has been a commonplace that the Celt is an unstable character, lively and imaginative, brave after a fashion, but fickle, boastful, vain, lascivious, untruthful, unreliable. The Teuton, on the other hand, has been praised for all the solid virtues.

It so happened in ancient times that the Celts or Gauls were a constant terror to the Romans, once burning Rome, and long holding all Northern Italy. Naturally the Latin historians wrote none too kindly of them, and besides, the Gauls were at that time in a state of semi-barbarism, whose characteristics of bragging vainglory, love of tawdry finery and fighting, failure to discriminate between truth and fiction, are as richly exhibited in the primitive folk literature of Germany and Scandinavia as any other country. Then it also happened later that the Romans conquered most of the Celtic tribes in Italy, Spain, France and Britain, but were unable to spread their conquests permanently beyond the Rhine. The French plains were comparatively easy for the legions to traverse, while east of the Rhine were swamps and forests, and nothing particularly to invite conquest. Hence Tacitus wrote his "Germania," about 100 A.D., to praise the free, unsophisticated Teutons in sentimental and rhetorical contrast to the luxurious Romans of his day. It became a fixed idea that the unstable Celt, easily Romanized, must cut a poor figure beside the strong, free, manly Gots or Saxons. It was convenient, for the sake of a general theory, to ignore the case of the Celts in Britain, who throughout a Roman occupation of 350 years never gave the Romans peace, never were Romanized to any extent, and certainly were no more treacherous in their dealings than the Saxons, who next invaded their island.

In the Middle Ages the Germans succeeded the Romans as the ruling race for a time. Did their supposed solid political, social and domestic virtues, their physical and mental prowess, their blood and iron resolution, their mutual dependability and truth combine to render them a model of national cohesion and imperial force? Far from it. The German Empire of early modern times became a laughing stock of weak disintegration, unreality, inflated pretension and sham. On the other hand the Celtic people of France grew into the solidest, closest-knit nationality the world has ever seen on so large a scale. But resting on Tacitus' "Germania," some people continued to think of the Germans as possessing almost a monopoly of social and private virtues, except perhaps sobriety and temperance in meat and drink—no one ever could credit the German with that.

A Welshman, Taffy was a thief, gives at least the Saxon view of the Celt in a nutshell. But who robbed Taffy and Donald and Brian to begin with and right along? In the nineteenth century Germany took a leaf out of France's book, as far as she could. Not having been able to grow into a nation by inherent virtue, the Germans let Prussia whip them into a mechanical union. Not by the virtue of social cohesion, but rather by the vice of fear and subservience has Deutschland under Kaiser been evolved. These vices were assisted by that of systematic untruth and hypoc-

risy. God being represented as the ally, a tribal Woden with a Christian veneer, inferior to none except to Deutschland herself, hating things French and British, and anxious to put them down by German might. German historians systematically rewrote history for German imperialism and systematically belied the French. The prestige of the German achievement in philosophy, music and education put weight behind the lies. Englishmen made haste to proclaim their German origin and the essentially German character of British institutions. Freeman and Green begin the history of the English people in Germany. Carlyle out-Heroded the German Heroes, his teachers, in his burlesque history of the French Revolution and held up everlastingly the German character to the disadvantage of the French. Tennyson wrote of "the blind hysterics of the Celt," "the brainless mobs" of Latin revolutions (too much brain was usually their trouble perhaps), "the red fool fury of the Seine," and stood aghast at the shocking deeds of Irish peasants, as though the Saxon hand was clean. It was really most unbecomingly to be a Celt of any description, especially in the hour of France's overthrow, in 1870.

For years after Sedan, superficial essayists attributed the Prussian victory to superior morale, to greater virility, to the moral and religious decline of the French people. Eyre, however, in his history of Modern Europe, considers that it would take a specialist in morals to discriminate between the life of Berlin and that of Paris. Certainly divorce and illegitimacy are more frequent in Germany than in France, if that means anything.

In Britain, though uneasiness began to grow at the advance of German power, nevertheless the cry was strong against things French or Celtic, as in favor of things Teutonic, until the opening of this present century, when a turn in the tide appeared. Already some of the more inquiring minds had begun to make hesitating little pleas for the Celt. The Scotch Highlanders and the fighting powers of Gaelic and Irish soldiery had always been applauded away as due to Saxon oversight or Anglicization. But Matthew Arnold put forward a thesis, superficial enough, that the Celt is responsible for the imagination in British poetry. Then came the Irish and Welsh national movements, the evidence of concentration of purpose and political ability in their organizations, the Celtic revival in literature and language, the growing stability of the French Republic falsifying so many prophecies, the Entente Cordiale, the Anglo-French Exhibition, and the iconoclastic attack all along the line by free lances like Chesterton, Wells, Shaw and the rest upon the "fine old maxims" and smug prejudices of the mid-Victorian age.

Bernard Shaw assured us in "John Bull's Other Island" (1894), that it is not the Irishman who is "sentimental," romantic, theatrical, capricious, "fact-proof"; not the Englishman, who is "fact-facing," practical, tactful, long-enduring, of sustained and concentrated purpose, lacking in humor. Chesterton, agreed with this view, but argued still that the sentimental, random, casual character is a better one than its opposite. What has happened in this war? Which side of the Vosges has shown itself braggart, ostentatious, noisy, at times rather uncertain of movement, untruthful, lustful, cruel, treacherous, hypocritical and slandering? Which side has shown itself enduring in reverse of retreat, cool and collected, silent and absolutely resolved, contrary to all old preconceptions? Circumstances made the German once stoic and domestic; a different set of circumstances made him yesterday insolent, false and impious. One set of circumstances made the Celt go wild in 1793, another makes him strong today.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

In Poland the crowning atrocity of the war is Prayasnysz.

Driving Austria is hard work for the Kaiser, as Austria wants to lie down.

Great Britain, having loaned Roumania \$25,000,000, it's an easy guess which side Roumania will be fighting for in the spring.

The German Crown Prince accuses the Allies of "dirty work." Of course, it's dirty work cleaning up such a soiled lot as those Huns.

The head of the Krupp works now has an iron cross. According to the Prussian standard, it would seem that he is entitled to at least a million of them.

Perhaps when the Kaiser learns of the presence in Europe of H. P. H. Evans, wrecker-in-chief of the Union Life, he will hasten to confer another iron cross.

And after hearing and reading all about the Zeppelins, Secretary of State Bryan has had the temerity to tell Germany that he does not consider aircraft vessels of war.

The United States shipping bill is having as hard a time running the Republican blockade in the Senate as the ships will in running the British blockade if the bill goes through.

Gen. Alderson has put the ban on the "Camp Kiss," between Canadian soldiers and English girls at Salisbury until the place has been disinfected. Then it will be known as the "Camphor Kiss."

Lloyd George, in the background financing the war for the British, has a task quite as heroic as that of Kitchener, French and Fisher. The Little Welshman is going to see that England has that "last guinea she is going to win the war."

After getting as far in and as Min-

# DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Mud huts for winter quarters in France. Find two hidden French soldiers. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Left side down in soldier's body. Upper left corner down in front of soldier.

## OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

### THE CENSOR.

An' who th' devil's the censor we're hearin' so much about, An' why don't he like a good tale he lettin' th' good news out? We're not like a lot of babies, fearin' a lickin' an' that— Come! lissen up on y'r comoderin' an' tell it out straight to Pat. Sure haven't we whaled th' divil out av all th' lumberjags in slat? An' haven't we fought an' palavered th' welmerwurst in slat? They're growin' a-sort o' to like us, an' we—why, we'll be friends. When we've licked aich other a-plenty, an' when th' danged war inds. There's no heart in fightin' a-battle, wid no one to cheer ye out. Sure a yell from a Tip in Tipperary 'd be joy to the boy that's gone; 'Tis a long way true to be hearin' a cheer from th' ones at home, But would heartin' th' lads in th' trenches, feelin' they fight fr' their own.

Ingersoll, Ont. DR. JAMES HENDERSON.

## PRESS COMMENT ON THE WAR

LET NEUTRALS PROTEST. (Philadelphia Public Ledger.) If the neutral nations wish to do something that is indubitably neutral and humane, let them unite to protest against the employment of aircraft for any purpose other than scouting. Undoubtedly, when the war is closed, such a delimitation will be made a matter of international law.

BRITAIN'S FINANCIAL READINESS (London Times.) Great Britain's financial preparation for war was not, like Germany's, a matter of organization, but of the possession of a widespread trade-power and money-power, which remains as real and as potent as ever. Money is plentiful; it is pouring through Government disbursements on account of the war, into the pockets of various sections of the community; and it must seek sound securities for investment.

CONDEMNED IN ADVANCE. (Boston Transcript.) If the Dacian status as an American vessel is precisely similar to that of a vessel under our flag before the war, why does the Government ask, and ask in vain, for a British license for her to carry freight which is admitted not to be contraband? If the Government is not condemning the Dacia in advance, what is it doing?

THE SHIRKER. (London Express.) The man of servicable age and with-out the who remembers that he turned

## WARFARE REPEATS ITSELF

Manchester Guardian.

A passage in the dispatch from "Eye-Witness," published yesterday, referred to some attempts recently made by the Germans to pump water out of the trenches into ours. It is a strange method of warfare, and one for which we cannot remember any precise precedent, though the fabulous Capt. Kettle had, if one remembers his adventure correctly, once quelled a mutiny of rebellious blacks in the Red Sea by turning the nozzle of a steam pipe from the ship's boiler on to their naked bodies. But for many of the unusual weapons and methods which have been adopted in the trenches during the past two months there are very well-established precedents which, curiously enough, were worked out by their perfection, at the earliest days of civilized warfare—if such a contradiction may be allowed to stand. For not only were shields been experimented with in this war—which takes one back to the earliest warfare of all—but "Eye-Witness" has also reported the German use of a silent bomb-thrower, the principle of which must surely be that of the Roman catapult. But, after all, the tactical use of the pump, however slightly and unsuccessfully it may have been attempted, is still the strangest method of all. A struggle in the hope of the hosepipe of the 42-centimetre Krupp has surely offered the strangest contrast that the history of warfare will ever produce.

names have been so important in the present struggle. It was then, as the words of the "British Grenadiers" have it, that "the men who wear the caps and pouches" came into prominence, and it is, in fact, well as the mitre-like, full-dress headgear was evolved because the three-cornered hat was too cumbersome for the aid of modern science. For the origin of some of the other methods now employed one would have to go back even further, to the earliest days of civilized warfare—if such a contradiction may be allowed to stand. For not only were shields been experimented with in this war—which takes one back to the earliest warfare of all—but "Eye-Witness" has also reported the German use of a silent bomb-thrower, the principle of which must surely be that of the Roman catapult. But, after all, the tactical use of the pump, however slightly and unsuccessfully it may have been attempted, is still the strangest method of all. A struggle in the hope of the hosepipe of the 42-centimetre Krupp has surely offered the strangest contrast that the history of warfare will ever produce.

extreme in artistic and practical typographical display. COSTLY BLUFF. (Judge.) Crawford—Is he sorry he boasted so much to his wife about his income? Crabshaw—I should say he was! She is using it as evidence against him in her suit for alimony.

QUERY DISCOURTEOUS. (Philadelphia Ledger.) First Tragedian—I began my starring tour two weeks ago. Second Ditto—And what are you doing now?

A distinct compliment is paid the firm of McConnell & Ferguson, of this city, in the award of the preparation of copy for a Government campaign for increased farm production. The Canadian Government appears to understand the value of newspaper advertising, and it has chosen an agency which will give full value and the ex-

# WHAT THE WAR MEANS

(London Times.)

When the war began, M. Jean Verber, a leading French cartoonist, sent us a drawing of Napoleon rising from his tomb in the Invalides and crying, "Vive l'Angleterre." That drawing expressed the true feeling of France. The two ancient enemies, whose chivalrous wars had never left a blood feud behind them, were now friends once and for all, fighting together for Europe and civilization, and victory was assured by their union. One might well believe that the mighty ghosts of both nations clasped each other's hand over this more glorious ending of so many glorious conflicts. And now the war had lasted for five months, and the new year finds the German armies still on the soil of France, and still spread over Belgium; and there is the whole massed of France arrayed against it and painfully gaining inches day by day. They have lost nothing of their confidence, and their courage is higher than it ever was before, but, if the progress seems slow to use who watch it from the security of our island, think what it must be to them with a great part of their country still lying waste, with German shells still falling into Rheims, and with all their youth still toiling and suffering and dying for those inches gained day by day. It is natural that we should be more cheerful than they are, but it is also natural that they should sometimes think our cheerfulness a little easily won.

Now there is only one antidote to those comparisons, which, sooner or later, always arise among allies, and that is that each nation shall think rather of its duties than of its achievements. Our business, therefore, now is to mortify our own national pride by thinking of what France has done and is doing for the common cause, rather than of what we ourselves have done and are doing. And truly she gives us enough to think of. But we have to realize that it is indeed a common cause before we can understand her services to it.

It is only their misfortune, and our good luck, that the war is being fought upon the soil of Belgium and France; it remains our war as well as theirs; in which our future no less than theirs is at stake. We are not merely out of goodwill sending our armies to help a friend in misfortune against her insolent enemy; we are not merely paying a debt of honor to Belgium when her neutrality is violated. On this foreign soil we are fighting for the soil of England, for our own future as well as for the future of the world. And so this long line of Frenchmen from the sea to Switzerland is fighting and suffering and dying for England no less than for France. Every life of theirs that is lost, every home of theirs that is ruined, is lost and ruined for us as well as for them.

If Germany conquered France and Belgium and made the one her subject and the other her vassal, what would be our future in Europe? At the best, a future life-and-death struggle; at the worst, vassalage and subjugation for ourselves. It is true that France is forced to fight, and would have had to fight just the same if we had accepted a disgraceful neutrality; but we must make it impossible for it to be said in the future that the victory, so dear to her, was cheaply won for us.

If that could be said when the war was over there would remain no real friendship between us, and we should know that the shattering of our dream of friendship was our fault. But we are all resolved that it shall not be so, and to confirm our resolve it is necessary that we should think now of all that France is doing and suffering for the common cause, of that steadfast endurance with which she has surprised the world, of all those feats of self-sacrifice by women and children no less than men, about which she herself is so proudly silent. She does not speak of them, but it is well that we, her friend and ally, should speak of them. So will she realize that we do not ignore them, any more than she herself fails to value our help in maintaining the mastery of the seas, in sending far more men to fight by her side than any expectations in time of peace could have anticipated.

## GET BUSY!

(Cleveland Leader.)

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 Mar. 24-25

ing a home for his family now has ample reason for advancing beyond the thinking stage right away.

## A SALISBURY PLAINT.

(Canadian Soldier.)

When your shirt begins to walk, And your socks begin to talk, And you've grown a beard on which you use a comb; When the cold rain gives you shivers, Makes your trenches blooming rivers 'Tis then the time you long for "Home, Sweet Home!"

But you hear the cannon's call, And see chums beside you fall, And the shrapnel shells around you start to roam; Then you know your work's begun, And there's much more to be done. Before you start again for "Home, Sweet Home!"

Though some things I wouldn't mention, Yet, when socks stand to attention, And of ever washing shirts, you've given up hope, To make matters slightly better, When writing your next letter, Enclose a great big bar of washing soap.

AND TO FOOT THE BILL. (Pittsburg Dispatch.)

The report that every German regiment is served by a corn doctress permits the conclusion that in Germany as elsewhere in the world the feet are obliged to conform their shape to the shoes.

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