

London Advertiser

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

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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London, Ont., Friday, June 25.

MR. BRYAN'S DREAM.

MR. BRYAN has announced his opinion that neutral governments should offer mediation, and keep on offering it. He suggests that each belligerent should be urged to state its aims, and that then a neutral mediator would be in a better position to study the whole situation and proffer terms of settlement that might be generally accepted. He thinks that the plan already embodied in his peace treaties will do for the embattled nations of Europe: investigate, report, confer and arbitrate.

There are, of course, some difficulties which the simple-minded enthusiasm of Mr. Bryan is apt to ignore, or even fail to see. He was once very sure about the 16-to-1 free silver, a joke to any serious economist. There are some things in the present situation that need to be considered more attentively than a simple peace gospel may be always willing to do.

In the first place it is hardly likely that at least some of the belligerents would be candid and confiding in letting Mr. Bryan know just what are their aims in the struggle. Secondly, France's aim to recover Strasbourg and Lorraine, which few would doubt, can never be accepted except by a beaten Germany. Finally, disarmament, or a reduction of armaments, which Great Britain has offered Germany, and which Germany has contemptuously refused, is almost a sine qua non of a settled peace after the war, and can be secured perhaps only by the overthrow of Germany or of the frankly militarist government at Potsdam. We want no truce which will simply give the Kaiser's bandits time to breathe and get ready for an attack on our next generation as they have attacked us.

If, of course, Germany is ready to satisfy France in regard to Alsace-Lorraine, if the Dardanelles can be internationalized to satisfy Russia, if Serbia gets her rights on the Adriatic, Italy can come to terms with Austria. If Belgium is properly indemnified, and if the Teutons will agree to a general plan of armaments reduction and arbitration, if all that can be arranged by a mediator, in the name of humanity let the war stop. But can these primary requisites of peace be effected except by the conquest of Germany?

CANADA'S TRADE.

GERMANY'S yearly exports amount to \$2,400,000,000. If Canada aims at getting her share of this, she will have to reach out into all corners of the world. But it is interesting to note that a large part of this trade has been going to the various countries comprising the British Empire, and to the countries allied with Britain in the war. In fact, one-sixth of Germany's exports went to the United Kingdom; France, Russia and Japan took another sixth, while almost one-tenth went to Italy and Belgium combined. This means that a billion dollars a year which Germany has been receiving for products is awaiting other takers. It is a prize which should stimulate Canadian manufacturers to their utmost endeavors. It is not to be expected, however, that Canada can win her share of this in a day, but sentiment will help to open the field, and after that, "Made-in-Canada" must prove itself a trade mark representing the highest degree of workmanship, or it will fail to hold that which sentiment has thrown her way.

THE FALL OF LEMBERG.

THE capture of Lemberg by the Teutons should not plunge us into gloom. Of course, there will be a feeling of disappointment that our brave Muscovite ally was unable to hold the Galician capital; on the other hand, it is heartening to know that the evacuation is due to the lack of munitions, not to panic or demoralization. From the very beginning of the German drive, the Grand Duke's armies have been retiring in perfect order, fighting rear-guard actions that for effectiveness and steadiness are unsurpassed in the history of warfare. It is a hollow triumph for the Kaiser, as the Austrians only get back what is theirs, and the enemy has withdrawn as full of fight as ever.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the Dardanelles, too, they are doing some excellent nibbling.

Belgians have taken a German colony in Africa. But there won't be any wholesale butchering of civilians.

Dandelions are a pest, says Luther Burbank. That's what the Germans say about the dandy lions in the British trenches.

Berlin is clamoring for the Kaiser to make another drive at Paris. But the War Lord will be shy of it, having been so badly burned last time he tried.

Marconi has invented an apparatus that permits one to see through brick walls. But as the majority of us live in "glass houses" it will be of little use.

During the last four months the sailings and arrivals at the ports of the United Kingdom numbered 26,000. The figures make Von Tirpitz's "blockade" look foolish.

The German submarines have sunk a fleet of seven drifters off the coast of Scotland. The drifter is a small fishing vessel not much larger than a good-sized rowboat. What a noble, splendid enemy is ours!

Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa can be depended upon for large subscriptions to the new British war loan. The overseas Dominions, besides sending men, are a financial support to the United Kingdom such as Germany does not enjoy.

TOO REALISTIC.

"That was a wonderful rain scene in the play last night."

"Realistic, eh?"

"I should say it was. Why, when the rainstorm came up my corn began to hurt me."

SATAN'S ADVANTAGE.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Satan never takes a vacation," thundered the evangelist.

"Well," retorted an unregenerate he-tener, "he's more used to heat than we are."

HELP THE MAN.

[Boston Transcript.]

Ethel—Man proposes—

Marie—Yes, but he needs encouragement.

ALL KINDS OF IT.

[New State Froth.]

He—Sam is going to marry the rich Widow Brown.

She—Whaddya mean "rich"? Why, she was married to that poor numskull.

He—Sure, I know. And when he died he left her all kinds of money.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Wait," he suggested mildly, "I want three eggs, and boil them four minutes."

But the cook, having only one in the place, boiled it twelve minutes.

Which proves the value of higher mathematics.

West Indies, which can supply us with tropical products and whose people require what this country can produce. But our trade with Australia, New Zealand, British South Africa and India can also be developed.

In the six or seven years preceding the war, German exports to Australia and New Zealand increased over fifty per cent. The increase to British South Africa was greater than this, until in 1913 they were receiving as much money from that part of the British Empire as from Canada, and were exporting to that country four times as much as Canada was. As usual, however, these exports were such as Canada has not sought to advance to any great extent, machinery, textile goods, musical instruments, fancy articles, earthenware, leather goods, paper, rubber goods, drugs, chemicals, toys.

To the three countries mentioned, Germany exported cotton goods valued at two and three quarters million dollars in 1912, woollen goods worth \$850,000 and silks worth nearly \$400,000. Australia bought iron and steel goods worth \$4,500,000 and South Africa almost half as much. Australia purchased German machinery worth nearly one million dollars; South Africa three-quarters as much. Both Australia and South Africa bought vehicles of various kinds valued at one-quarter of a million.

All around the world Tipperary is being played on German musical instruments. In 1912 the three southernmost British countries spent over two million dollars for German pianos, cornets and other kinds of melody producers. Three-quarters of a million dollars was paid to the German Santa Claus; over one million dollars for earthenware and glassware, just about twice as much for rubber and leather goods and almost \$700,000 for paper goods. In the same year, it may be noted, Canada sold these countries, chiefly New Zealand, \$2,000,000 worth of paper and paper products. In drugs, dyes, chemicals, oils and hops imports from Germany were extensive.

India imported from Germany, in 1912, about \$25,000,000 worth of goods similar to those going to other British countries, the chief item being iron and alloys. There were important imports of cotton, woollen and silk goods, and of machinery, paper, wine and spirits, for which India will be inclined to look elsewhere for some years.

WILL HOLLAND FIGHT?

THERE is a feeling abroad that Holland may soon be a participant in the war as a supporter of the Allies. Already she has 300,000 men preparing to take the field at a moment's notice, and 800,000 others are being drilled and trained for service. Besides, as was the case with Italy, Holland ever since the war commenced has been piling up vast stores of war material and equipping her troops with the latest thing in every branch of the army.

With war on all sides of them it may be that these preparations are merely in the nature of precaution. On the other hand there has been no love lost between the Germans and the Dutch for many decades. Stout little nation as they are, the Dutch have always been in great fear of their mighty and ruthless neighbor. Germany has long wanted Holland, because of her coast line.

With Holland added to the empire, the Kaiser would have an ideal base for an attack on the hated English. And Holland knows well that she long ago would have been treated with the same mercenary as was Belgium, had Germany dared to plunge Europe in war. Nobody misunderstands why Germany at present is handling Holland with gloves. Holland acts as a block against a British invasion on Germany's flank, and is a source of supplies; but once let Germany triumph and Holland would be quickly ordered into the German Empire or crushed. Always before the Dutch is the experience of Belgium. That she should be thinking of joining with the Allies is not surprising.

THE DOMINANT SEX.

By Edward Bottwood.

The girl shook her pretty head with marked vigor.

"That's no' again, is it?" observed the young man. "All right! I don't care."

"Well, of all the silly ways to take life!" she cried, raising contemptuous eyebrows.

"How would you take it yourself?" he retorted indignantly. "How would you take it if you were a man?"

"For the seventh time, had refused to marry you? You'd jump off this pier among the jellyfish, I suppose, or do some other inspired thing."

"Anyhow, I wouldn't say that I didn't care!"

"My reason for saying that is childish simplicity," he explained. "You see, I'm so positive that I'll be firing the same question at you tomorrow, or next week, or next year—whenever I get the chance—that just refusing to bother me. I'm looking forward, not backward. That's the sort of progressive your Uncle Dudley is!"

She peered a large silver from the string-piece of the Cape Cod wharf, which they were sitting, and dropped it toward the sunlit water. It fell, however, on the top of her dainty nose. He watched with deep interest her vain efforts to dislodge it, and finally poked it off with his cane.

"Why, no, by George!"

"Didn't I subscribe to that Swedish woman's what's-its-name league last winter, when you asked me? Didn't I go with you to her mop-haired lecture at Cooper Union? Fine business, if I don't get credit for that!"

"But you never really do anything!" she emphasized. "Oh, you needn't tell me about your tiresome law-office! You may know a lot of law, but you don't know the real things, or do them."

"I don't know how to propose, for instance."

"Decidedly not," she asserted.

"I thought I did, this time," he said in a humble voice. "I rehearsed this proposal all last night in the sleeping car. A drummer in the next bunk was quite peevish about it. But I'm wise to what the trouble is. You're having magazine illustrations for another novel by that Chicago chap!"

"No, I'm painting a picture. It's called 'Sunset from the Mill.' Voids."

With her crimson lips she pointed at the grey tower of an ancient and solitary windmill across the broad harbor.

"For another novel by the Chicago chap," he reiterated firmly. "You're daffy about the masterful type of man, with the salient jaw that sticks out over the building-line, and hands that need a shave—the general character of a gets a wife any old way, so that he gets her. Lugs her to church in spite of herself, like a con!"

The young lady smiled, with the faintest suspicion of an alluring blush.

"But a man's got to be stronger than a girl," she said; "stronger and more clever. If she—if they—if she is going to be happy, a man's got to be able to dominate and outwit her, by fair means—"

"Or foul?" he interrupted.

"Perhaps she wouldn't mind."

"And if she outwits him?"

"Then she proves she belongs to the dominant sex. What nonsense we're talking!"

A motor-launch rounded the wharf, and she waved her parasol. The signal was answered by a flanneled youth at the wheel, and the boat floated toward the landing-steps. The girl on the wharf jumped up.

"Jack Rogers will ferry me over to the cottage," said she. "No, I can't ask you to luncheon, for I have to work all the afternoon. Besides, Mrs. Rogers has invited you to dine with us tonight, hasn't she? Good-bye! I hope you will like the hotel."

He did not take refuge immediately in the hotel. He stood still and glared mournfully at the gay evening of the departing launch. Then his despondent eyes shifted themselves to the green water beneath him.

"I'm a jellyfish!" he sighed.

His despondency was not unenlivened by the midday dinner at the seaside inn. A haughty waitress, painfully compressed to the requirements of a cut-paper-pattern waist, offered him sugar for his salad. She wore an aerial pompadour; he found a portion of it in his coffee, and thought of other curries, and lamented loudly.

In a comfortable rocking-chair on the hotel piazza he smoked a distasteful pipe with grim and reflective industry, and when he observed certain symptoms of change in the western sky he descended the steps and accosted a hackdriver.

"I wish to walk to the old windmill; how should I go?"

"Walk," replied the driver promptly. The young man walked around the head of the harbor. It was three miles to the mill, and no habitation relieved the desert of sand on either side of the shell road. But the solitude did not seem to depress him. He trotted his cane against his leg as he turned into the fenced inclosure.

The old mill was a high tower, without a window, excepting one at the top. Behind this aperture he saw a dash of color. Was it a ray of the setting sun, or a crimson parasol?

A placard on the door informed him that the mill was owned by the local historical society, and that the custodian was Jason Nickerson, corner of Sperm and Blacker streets, where the key was kept. But the keyless door at present was ajar. It was a stout, modern door, equipped with a modern spring-lock.

The young man pushed the lock attentively. On the inner side there was no latch or lever to open it. He crossed the threshold and shut the door noiselessly and securely behind him. The lock held; he was imprisoned. Then he tiptoed up the winding and shadowy stairs.

"Hello!" he said, poking his head gently through the scuttle in the top floor.

"Hello!" said the girl. "For goodness' sake! I wish now that I hadn't found the door open an hour ago, and climbed up here to read."

"But this is your paint-shop, isn't it?"

"Not up here, stupid! Down on the ground, under the pine-tree about."

"Have seen my easel there if you had looked for it. Come on out and inspect the picture."

She laid aside her book and the young man grinned.

"Come on!" she urged impatiently. "The picture, you know, will give us something worth while to talk about."

"Oh, don't worry," said he. "We'll have plenty to talk about right here. Will you marry me?"

"Please don't begin that so soon after this morning. You usually let me have more of an intermission."

"But what do you say?"

"I say no!"

"Then," he announced, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for quite a bit."

"My shoes?" said she blankly. "If you ever touch my shoes, I'll—"

"Listen to me," he intruded. "Are you aware that Mrs. Rogers, your gabby hostess, runs the biggest gossip-delivery company on the Riverside Drive?"

"Of course, I am. Well?"

TEN MINUTES

With the Short-Story Writers

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