

# A Magazine Page For Readers of The Evening Advertiser

## MERCHANTS HERE DON'T PRACTICE "HOLD-UP" GAME TO ANY EXTENT

Detroit Businessmen Sell To London Buyers "Dying Out" Fashions Cheap.

SHOULD BUY IN LONDON

Letter To Advertiser Calls Forth Same Comment From Local Retailers.

[BY MARGARET WALKER.]

What is the opinion of local merchants regarding the prevailing tendency of London women to shop in American cities rather than at home? The widespread interest created by the various articles and letters on this subject, led The Advertiser today to send a word from the city merchants themselves. The following letter received by The Advertiser was shown to the heads of several of London's leading firms, eliciting some comment, and not a little amusement on their part.

"To the Editor of The Advertiser: "I, too, would like to express an opinion in regard to the pernicious habit of the ladies of London who shop in American cities, and I speak with considerable knowledge of the subject, for I am a frequent visitor to New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, and I quite agree with 'Reader's' remarks, only he does not make them strong enough.

"The fact of the matter is that the merchants of London are too independent for their own good. If they would cater to the wants of the ladies, and meet them half way in regard to style and price, there would be no necessity of going to the border cities to buy.

Why should novelties, shoes, linens, when it does reach here, be so much more expensive than it is across the line. I am willing to admit that you can pay fancy prices even in the states, but the lines of goods shown are for millionaires exclusively. It really pays better to go and get your things and pay duty on them rather than submit to the hold-up the merchants impose on their victims here.

Another thing which is most aggravating if you purchase an article, and wish to duplicate it, or a piece of trimming and have occasion to use more, and go back for same and find that they are sold out, all the satisfaction you get is to be told that they will not have it in stock for six months as they have to send across the ocean for it. Why then wonder that people go to Detroit? They not only have a better choice, but things are infinitely cheaper.

Now the writer's money in London, and it is too bad that our merchants do not make it possible. True there is a great improvement in the last ten years, and we may give credit to the new Jewish stores that have sprung up recently in our city.

On one occasion a lady who came here to reside from an American city visited a local store in search of some chiffon-cloth. The saleslady tried to persuade her to purchase some very thin veiling, entirely unsuitable for the purpose required, the proprietor on seeing the clerk's failure to make a sale came forward to the counter and picked up a piece of beige veiling, the kind they were two centuries ago, and turning to the customer, exclaimed, "Why, woman, dear, you don't know what you want, this is what you want," and tried to force her to buy his antiquated material. In the language of Ruggles of Red Gap she remarked, "That would never do with us."

Very sincerely,  
LILLIAN POMEROY.  
Mr. Gray Disagree.

After reading the communication, Mr. Gray, of Gray's, Limited, stated frankly that he did not agree with its contents.

"I do not believe from my own observation here and in American cities, that London merchants practice the 'hold-up' game at all. It is well known to us that in Chicago, Detroit on days when Canadian excursions are run there, the merchants arrange for special bargain sales to tempt Canadian buyers. Very often it is some article for which the sale is already dying out in Detroit, and the American merchant does a good stroke of business by cutting the price, and offering it to women excursionists from over the border. At home, they would not buy such stuff, but they

talk about how cheap things are in Detroit.

"The letter states that one can get ready-to-wear garments cheaper there than they may be with cotton articles, for the price of cotton is higher in Canada on account of the very high duty, but as for woolen goods, the pure article, in practically every case, is much cheaper. It is a fact that many of the American shops get wool-semble the real dyed in the wool article, and make them into smart costumes. Many women do not stop to think that there is not this durability about these that there is in real woolen fabrics.

Run Out in Any Store.

"As to running out of trimmings, or goods of any kind, is that not likely to happen with any store, no matter how large? In regard to novelty costumes, if we stock a 35 size, and a woman wants 40, she will complain that we do not have variety. But if we had the dress in all sizes, she will not have it, because it is not exclusive enough. It is scarcely fair to expect a merchant in a city of 50,000 to carry the large stock a store in a small town in a city of half a million or more."

Mr. Draper, acting manager of Smallman & Ingram, expressed somewhat similar views. In regard to higher prices in London stores, Mr. Draper protested against such a statement.

"If our prices are higher, why do so many Americans come here, right to our store, and buy their outfits? And take for instance, a great deal of the patronage in the stores there comes from the American side. I can give you an absolute proof in respect to one article at least, where American-made goods are sold cheaper by us than in the States. We have a line of good-class corsets, made on the other side, imported by us, duty being paid yet we daily sell that line of corsets for less than they are sold in Detroit, Buffalo or any of the American cities.

May Cut Prices Quicker.

"American merchants may be quicker to cut prices as fashions move more quickly there. If we stocked up a lot of novelties of every variety, like you might find in the big stores of New York, Chicago, or even Detroit, we could not sell them here. The town is not large enough."

A third merchant, after reading the letter from "Lillian Pomeroiy," stated that he believed women of this type should be sent to the United States and let them earn their living where they desired to spend their money.

"It seems to be the nature of some individuals to knock home trade," he stated. "People living in Toronto want to shop in New York, the New Yorkers go to Paris, and the Parisians go to Old London. Here they want to go to Toronto or to Detroit. I certainly do not think it fair for a citizen, man or woman, to go elsewhere to spend it. What chance does it give the home merchant? If this woman is not satisfied with what she finds in London stores, she should reside where she can get pleased, and where probably that place would be hard to find."

Ridiculous Assertion.

"What are the Jewish stores to which the lady refers?" asked another of London's tradesmen. "I do not know of any here that handle general drygoods. There is much more to a store than the ready-to-wear department, important though this is. As to having to wait six months to match a bit of material, that is ridiculous. In rare cases we have to send to England for some thing, but six weeks is the outside time for the most part. Besides, when women like this go to Detroit and buy a dress length, or material for a suit, they come home to London and find that they have to wait six weeks to match. If they do not, they are greatly aggrieved and blame the local stores for being back-numbers."

## SPRING TIME AT THE FRONT

"I have just been watching a couple of Zeppelins flying around here," writes Pte. G. B. Clark, now with the Q. O. R. in France.

"I guess they are trying to find out where our guns are, so that they may give their gunners the range. One of our aeroplanes flew over the German trenches when we were there. It flew quite low, and they opened rapid fire upon it with their rifles. We could hear the bullets rattle on the steel of the wings, but they did not harm him. Rifle bullets don't seem to make much impression on an aeroplane.

"I have just learned that a friend of mine has got his. He was in the last Battalion, and was shot through the heart while relieving us in the trenches. The weather has turned cold again, with a few snow flurries. We have just turned in our fur coats. I am glad to get out of them, anyway; they were so heavy and took up a lot of room.

"You can buy cocoa or materials here very handy. Jim Fenton and I take tea and sugar into the trenches with us. Sometimes the Germans send us a few shells, and send the dirt into our boiling water. Old Fritz should hear the blessings showered upon him when this happens. It gets a little dull when the trenches all the time. I would like to have a little fun in the open with them now and again.

"I think the Germans are getting all

## "Me For the Farm and My Wife Is Boss of the House!"

New Champ, Willard, Tells Nixola Greeley Smith His Ideas on Life.



BY NIXOLA GREELEY SMITH.

(Copyright, 1915, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

New York, April 19.—"Sure, I take orders!" said Big Jess Willard, the human dreadnought who struck the blow heard round the world.

"I take them from my big boss, Hattie Willard. She's a little woman alongside of me," but she's a BIG BOSS. And my wife gets HER orders from little Jess. It seems funny that a baby 16 months old should run a great big fellow like me. But it's the truth!

This was after time had been called in Jess Willard's "star" dressing-room for his first conversational bout with a woman.

"Miss Greeley-Smith, Jess Willard," said Loney Haskell, manager of Hammerstein's Victoria theatre, introducing us, and, according to the rules, we shook hands, made for our respective corners and the bout was on.

Big Jess is so VERY BIG that it takes TWO LOOKS to get to the top of him, just as it does to see Kansas corn or the Iowa wheat or California redwoods. But he is so heat, and when he is in motion, so graceful, that you do not realize that he is six and a half feet high when you are talking to him, even if you are quite a little woman like me!

"How big is your BIG BOSS?" I asked the champion.

"She's about five-foot seven, but she weighs only 120 pounds," he answered. "I'll never forget the first time I ever saw her. It was my first knockout. I was driving on a narrow road when a runaway team came along."

"Yes," I interrupted, "and your future wife and her father and mother were in the ring I've NEVER HAD A FIGHT IN MY LIFE!"

(WILLARD'S ROUND.)

"Like farming better than fighting!" the champion countered. "That's what I want like to be when he grows up, a farmer. It's the cleanest life and the freest life. And there's a lot of money in it."

"Well, she saved my life lots of times

since then just by BEING ALIVE!" he said.

Then he leaned forward, his long arms resting on the muscular thighs which wore the very same trunks he donned to wear into the ring at Havana.

"Say," he said earnestly, "don't make me out to have a swell head. I haven't a big fellow can afford to do that. It's only the bantams that do the crowing. I want to tell you this. I wish I had the fixing of a few wife-beaters. Willard's brows drew together and the jaw, resting on his knee, doubled up ominously. "Oh, don't I wish I had the handling of a few of 'em for one minute or two!"

"When I say a man ought to let his wife be the boss of the house, I mean it! He ought never to interfere with the way she raises the children. You want to know if I believe in physical punishment. To tell you the truth, I don't believe a little switching does any harm. But the mother should hold the reins with my wife. As I said before, I am a man of peace!"

"Next!" called the boy in the wings at Hammerstein's.

And in a minute Big Jess was out on the stage. Howls whistles, hysterical cheers and feet pounding followed for a good five minutes. New York was welcoming the champion of the world!

## BRITISH DISSOLVING THE TRENCH MUD

Tommies Having a Wash in a Handy But Very Tiny Stream Back of the firing line.



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Advertiser Illustrations.

they want now. The artillery duels shake the ground for miles around.

"The Bishop of London gave a short address yesterday. He praised us, and

said that our services were appreciated by the people at home.

"Though it is still cold, the ground has dried, and the grass is beginning to show above the ground. Signs of spring are everywhere. Just in front of the trenches are a number of trees, bullet-scarred, but with birds singing in the branches. It is a peaceful scene."

SHELL THROUGH HIS HAT

Private C. Chaplin Had a Narrow Escape.

"Things look very favorable for the Allies, and you can expect something new by the time you get this letter," writes Private A. Chaplin from somewhere in France to his wife in the city.

"I am sending you a piece of shell that hit my hat as it fell. The very first night we were in the trenches the German put over about a dozen shells, but little harm was done. A little piece of a shell hit my hat. We heard the Germans singing, and when they had finished we gave them a shout, and they asked us to sing 'Rule, Britannia.' We did, and when we finished there was a great silence for about an hour. We live very comfortably, considering the circumstances we are under.

"I left the trench the other day and went to a farm house. I bought five loaves of bread. You may doubt my word, but it is the truth that there are people living within a half-mile of the firing line, and they seem to have no fear of the guns.

"The Germans might easily smash down to a farm house. We are not up in the front all the time. I walked about three miles today to buy some smokes, but there was none to be had."

## DECISION RESERVED ON THAW'S APPLICATION

[Canadian Press.]

New York, April 19.—Supreme Court Justice Hendrick reserved decision today on the application of counsel for Harry K. Thaw for a jury trial to determine Thaw's sanity. He requested counsel to submit briefs and announced that he would return his decision before Thursday.

## ACTRESS WIFE OF NOTED U. S. EDITOR

MA PAU

Theatregoers know her as Ida Pau, but in private life the leading woman at the new "Bandbox" Theatre, New York, is the wife of Max Eastman, editor and poet.

DIED AT STRATFORD

Dr. George Ford Formerly Practiced at Shakespeare.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Stratford, April 19.—Dr. George Ford, first silver medalist of Toronto College, and graduate of the Royal College of Physicians, London, Eng., died here this morning after a two-months' illness. He was born at Listowel, and practiced at Shakespeare before coming to Stratford.

MA PAU

## WHO'LL BE WINNERS ABSORBS ALL MINDS

Candidates, Relatives and Supporters Are Greatly Excited These Days.

ONE MORE DAY, THEN—

Advertiser's Panama-Pacific Trip Contest Arouses Highest Enthusiasm in City.

"Who's going to win The Advertiser's Panama-Pacific trip?" It's the all-absorbing question of the hour to candidates in the contest, to their relatives and the army of supporters for each, mobilized as if by magic.

"I never realized I had so many friends. People of whom I hadn't even heard before I entered the contest have been at the door and call me up to offer support in any way they can give it," says one fair candidate who practically all the others have the same story of good-will on the part of the public.

Surely never before was there such an inquiring into the dates when subscriptions will be up, such a genuine cheerfulness over renewals. Ballot clipping has become the vogue of the hour, and none are more absorbed in the task than the little people.

"My little boys are having the time of their life cutting out the ballots, and they are so particular to clip them neatly along the edges," said a mother on Saturday as she handed a small parcel over the counter to a smiling young woman who is putting forth well-directed efforts towards the making of her travel dreams come true.

Working enthusiastically for Miss So-and-So of "Mrs." as the case may be, is heard from all directions. Enthusiasm, indeed, seems to be the genius of this contest.

"When will the standing of candidates be published again?" is the anxious to see it, though it makes me quake," comes from one contestant after another.

The answer to this is Wednesday afternoon, April 21. All votes, in order to be included in this record MUST be in the Advertiser office not later than 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, April 20.

Secondly, in order to have the votes represented included in this contest, subscribers must be up, and must be in to The Advertiser office, in total-ling up the votes, the numbers on the blue coupons are counted and the subscription votes are added to the vote-coupons. If these blue coupons are withheld through carelessness or indifference, the candidate is at a disadvantage, for them, it is not the fault of The Advertiser if the candidate's status until the final count is not as high as anticipated.

Turn Over Coupons.

Those who are assisting candidates by paying in subscriptions for them are urged to pay attention to this point and either turn over the subscription coupons to the candidate themselves or to The Advertiser. Moreover, everyone is urged to watch carefully the expiring dates on both voting ballots and subscription coupons. In spite of the many warnings issued in conspicuous many weeks, on Saturday ballots were brought into the office that were void on April 20. These, of course, were lost to the candidate.

In the last place, nominations for the Panama-Pacific trip contest close on Tuesday, the 20th. Tomorrow is the last chance for an ambitious girl to take advantage of The Advertiser's take advantage of a life-time and well worth taking. Others have had an advantage in getting early into the race, but no handicap to date is too difficult to be overcome. Where there's a will, there's a way. The nomination blank on page 11 of this edition and those which will appear tomorrow afford the last opportunity for having a place in this contest.

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trial Mail and the Winnipeg Telegram, both Conservative papers who think with The Advertiser, that the trip should be continued to a successful issue. And speaking for The Advertiser, the indications are that the present contest will eclipse in success the famous trip-to-Europe contest. The people of London have appreciated the enterprise shown and the spirit which animates it. The Advertiser is taking the trenches in public favor every day, thank you!

## GABBAGE PATCH SNIPERS HIT BY THE CANADIANS

Trenches Filled With Water, But Canucks Have Rubber Boots.

"We are going into the trenches tonight, so I thought I would write you before I go in," writes Pte. William Finlay, with the first Canadian contingent. "We arrived in France at a seaport on the southwest coast on the 11th of February, and were in the trenches at Armentieres on the 18th and 20th of February.

"We were only there for instruction with the Sherwood Foresters, but now our division is holding a line of trenches of our own. The trenches our brigade is holding are only 75 yards from the German line in some parts. We are four days in the trenches and four days out. Our company has been reserve company and our duties are to take rations and supplies up to the firing line. The men who were in these trenches before us must have been all sniped men, because when we came in we had to build the parapet higher.

Birthday in Trenches.

"When we first came the water was six to eight inches deep in some parts of the trench. Tonight we are going into the firing trench, so we may expect some fun. I guess my last birthday was the most extraordinary I have ever spent. I never thought I should ever spend a birthday in the trenches.

"Well, Sammy, I am still alive and kicking," writes Pte. Finlay in the same letter three days later. The trenches were a few German snipers in it, because at night and through the day, shots would come pretty close to the sentry stand, and sometimes right through the loopholes. One of our majors and one man went out there night before last and I think they put an end to two or three snipers. Anyhow there hasn't been so much shooting today.

"It is a very funny war. Sometimes for days no shot is fired, except an occasional one by a sniper, and sometimes there is an artillery duel, but the birds sing just the same. In fact, some birds are building their nests in trees close by. Just now a lark is singing away to beat the band."

Have You a Good Screwdriver?

Right Kind Rarely Found in Boy's Tool Kit, Yet It Is Important.

Fig 2

Fig 1

Fig 3

Fig 4

Fig 5

Fig 6

Fig 7

Fig 8

Fig 9

Fig 10

Fig 11

Fig 12

Fig 13

Fig 14

Fig 15

Fig 16

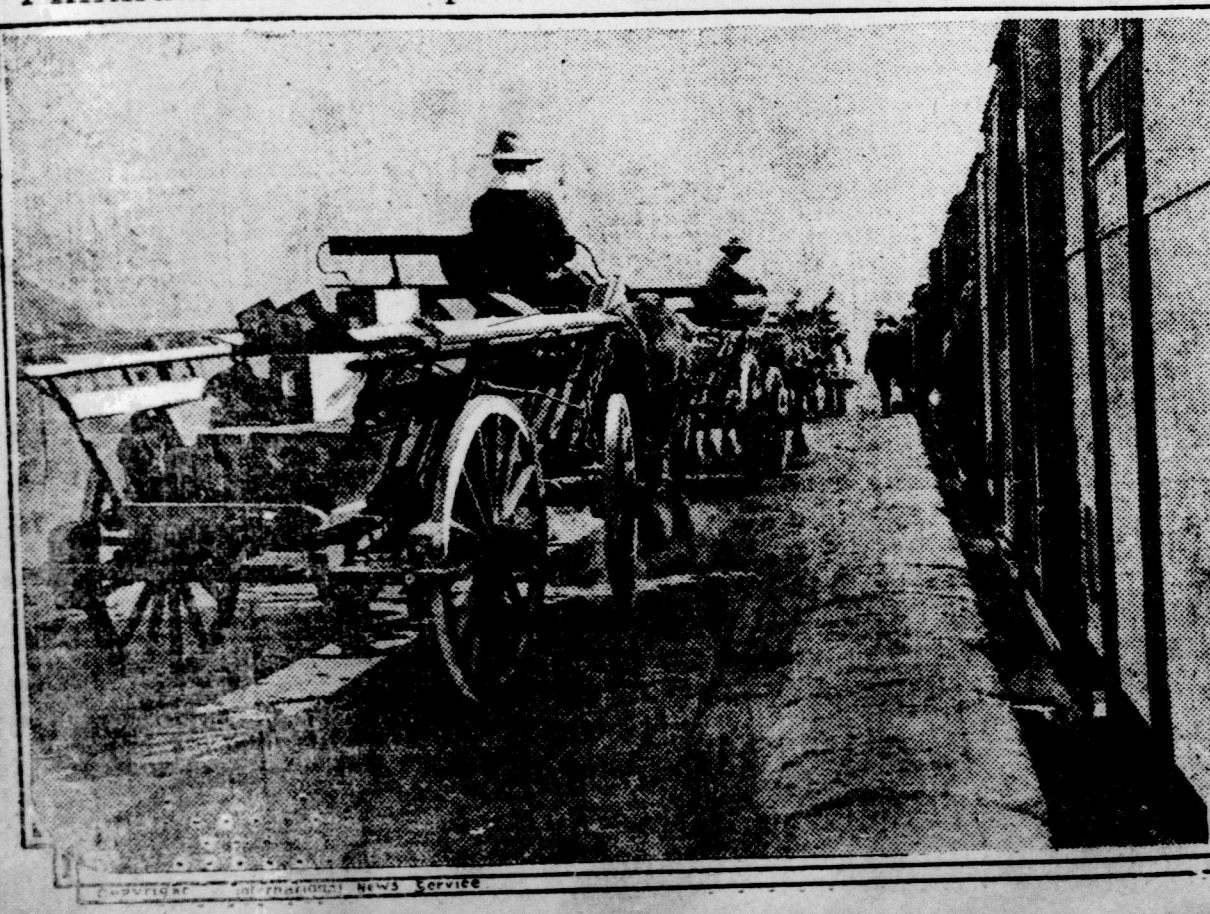
Fig 17

Fig 18

Fig 19

Fig 20

## Ammunition Transport Wagons Going to the Front



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Advertiser Illustrations.

Candidates drawing the "dewy of war" to the boys who are driving back the Hun.