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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7.

EXPOSED AGAIN.

STRIKING testimony that Germany planned the war and was determined to have it at the present time has been given in the first of a number of suits that are being heard in the Boston courts. At the opening of the war the German liner Kronzprinzessin Cecile was interned. Since then the owners have been sued because of failure to deliver portions of the cargo, and a few days ago Capt. Pollack, in explaining the delay to the court, uncovered a glaring example of Prussian duplicity.

Capt. Pollack said that when he took over the command of the Cecile in 1912 he received a sealed letter from the North German Lloyd Company, which he was told was not to be opened until he received a message signed Seigfried, reporting that somebody was sick. When he got this message he was to open the secret instructions.

On July 31 last, while Russia, Great Britain and France were still striving for and hoping for peace—four days before war was declared—and when the world generally did not believe there would be war, Capt. Pollack received the message signed Seigfried. The message was as follows: "Eberhard has suffered an attack of catarrh of the bladder." The code, which was, of course, in the sealed order, translated the message to read: "War has broken out with England, Russia and France. Turn back."

As a matter of fact, war did not break out with England until five days later, and Germany attempted to make it appear in all the usual diplomatic channels that she did not expect war with England. It will be remembered how tremendously surprised Berlin pretended to be when England declared war. "Perfidious Albion" was cursed loud and long by "poor, innocent, deluded" Berlin. Yet on the sworn testimony of Capt. Pollack, as early as July 31, the German naval authorities were aware that there was going to be war, and that Great Britain, Russia and France would all be in it. It shows clearly enough that so far as Germany was concerned the interchange of notes between London and Berlin during the days immediately preceding the declaration of war, was just an effort to mislead the world. The Kaiser and his war lords had planned the war, were ready for it, and had not the slightest intention of being sidetracked.

HYDRO-RADIALS.

THE amendments to the hydro-electric bill offered in the Legislature ten days ago, reported by committee, and received in the House, without more than passing comment, are important enough to attract the attention of everyone interested in radial development in Ontario. They are of special interest in Western Ontario, where the greatest radial development is certain to come, and where every municipality is looking forward to securing the benefits of electric cars.

When the hydro-radial project was advanced two years ago it was stated that it would involve no burden on the municipalities or the province in general. All that was necessary was the guaranteeing of bonds. The province and the municipalities were to become responsible for the payment of the cost of installation only as a matter of form, then the rails would be laid, the cars placed in operation, and the public would reap both direct and indirect benefit. The proposition looked enticing, at least.

No one in Western Ontario will dispute the advantages of a network of electric car lines built through the most thickly-populated districts, and no one has questioned the right of the hydro-electric commission to build the lines.

The public has the right to assume, however, that if the hydro-electric commission goes into the radial business, it shall do so on strictly business principles. Recent developments have already caused a question or two to arise, not in the Legislature, its proper place, but among thinking people on the outside. The large deputation which went to Toronto two weeks ago to ask the Government for a bonus of $3,500 a mile was reminded by Premier Hearst that two years ago all that was asked of the Government was the guaranteeing of bonds; now the Government was asked to contribute to the cost of the radial system in a way which was impossible at present, and which would prove a constantly increasing burden on the people as the system is extended. The Government is asked, in fact, to place itself in the same position as the city of London, which two years ago indorsed the electrification of the London and Port Stanley on the understanding that the work would cost nothing except the bond guarantee, and which has recently been obliged to make an initial payment of $60,000 in cash toward the cost of construction.

Now comes the amended bill, which is most radical. This bill divides the province into zones for the purpose of radial development, eliminates the power of any county or any other municipality to act independently, and prevents any uninterested municipality from exercising an adverse influence on the general scheme. Probably no one will quarrel with this. The zone system for such a large undertaking will provide for a systematizing of the work in a way that should be advantageous, if properly handled.

To the public one vital question in the amended bill is the power given the hydro-radial commission to take over any existing radial or any part of such radial it may desire to use in its general plan. This means the elimination of all radial railways in the province except those operated by the hydro, for private capital will not risk an investment which is liable to be lost to them when it begins to reach a paying basis. Experience has shown that radial railways frequently do not pay dividends until years of operation have created sufficient business, and many radials have never become profitable ventures. So private capital cannot be expected to enlist in an enterprise that promises no future.

The question then sums itself up: Private capital is driven from the radial field in Ontario. Public capital cannot enter the field, because, as Premier Hearst says, it is not available, and it will not be available until some further means of taxing the public is found.

The Advertiser has been the foremost champion of radials in Western Ontario, and believes that hydro-radials are preferable to private-owned roads, if they are built and operated on a sound business basis. It believes that the Government should extend a bonus to hydro-radials, if possible. Whether it is good business to impose an additional tax on the people to raise the amount of the bonus, and possibly tax them also to pay the interest on the bonds, is a question which the Government should consider seriously.

As a matter of fact wouldn't it be a wise thing for the Government to take up the whole hydro-radial question in a businesslike way? Premier Hearst says the problem has changed entirely in two years; the Government is asked to do what it did not expect when the question was first introduced. The Government should be as certain as possible of what may be expected in the future. It should appoint a commission of experts, experienced radial men and financiers, to estimate the cost and earning power of any radial which it proposes to assist and then assist it to the limit of its ability. It should not obligate the people blindly to assume a burden of uncertain and ever-growing proportions.

OLD TRICKS.

A GLANCE through that portion of Plutarch's lines dealing with Caesar makes one wonder how far back the original Hohenzollerns or others of their kind must have held sway over the German people. For instance, the first significant passage reads:

> His (Caesar's) second war was in defence of the Gauls against the Germans, though some time before he had made Ariovistus, their king, recognized at Rome as an ally. But THEY WERE VERY INSUFFERABLE NEIGHBORS to those under his government; and it was probable, when occasion offered, THEY WOULD RENOUNCE THE PRESENT ARRANGEMENTS AND MARCH ON TO OCCUPY GAUL.

And a few pages further on in the same book, this early history is revealed:

> Of the war with this people (the Germans), Caesar himself has given this account in his commentaries, that the barbarians, having sent ambassadors to treat with him, DID, DURING THE TREATY, SET UPON HIM IN HIS MARCH, by which means, with eight hundred men, they routed five thousand of his horse, who did not suspect their coming; that afterwards they sent other ambassadors to renew the same fraudulent practices, whom he kept in custody, and led on his army against the barbarians, as judging it were simplicity TO KEEP FAITH WITH THOSE WHO HAD SO FAITHLESSLY BROKEN THE TERMS THEY HAD AGREED TO.

Even history reveals the stigma of treaty-breaking on the part of German rulers. There must have been a few Hohenzollerns, Bernhardis, Bethman-Hollweggs and Bernstorffs, even in Caesar's day. And who knows but these passages will yet be quoted in apology of hereditary characteristics. It is to be regretted that the other nations could not have read up on Caesar before signing "the scrap of paper" with the Prussians.

VON KLUCK TURNS UP.

THE report that Gen. Von Kluck has been wounded while directing operations in Northern France effectively answers the many rumors that he had been retired because of errors that halted and turned back the plunge towards Paris. It is now generally recognized that a grave strategic blunder gave Joffre and French the chance to block the invaders' first tremendous rush, but it is clear that some person other than Von Kluck was the blunderer.

In October, the name of Von Kluck was one to conjure with. For a time his name overshadowed all other commanders. His huge army, the right of the Huns, was sweeping on to Paris at top speed, carrying everything before it by sheer weight. It seemed as if all that was necessary was to keep straight on until the gates of the French capital were reached. But midway in his drive Von Kluck suddenly swung his army to the east in order apparently to make conjunction with the German centre, under command of the Crown Prince. We know now what happened. French, who with a handful of men had been fighting superbly, struck at once, and hard, at Von Kluck's exposed right flank, and the masterly Joffre, turning at exactly the right moment, started the German retreat that just missed being a debacle.

Probably until long after the war is over the world will not know who amongst the Germans was responsible for the blunder, but there is a strong suspicion that the Kaiser, anxious to have his "Unlicked Cub" lead the triumphal entry into Paris, ordered Von Kluck to swing in alongside the Crown Prince. As it turned out, the Crown Prince was not quick enough, and in the slight delay and confusion that followed, the alert enemy drove in, and the hope of reaching Paris vanished. Apparently Hohenzollern pride "spilled the beans." This seems to be the most rational explanation.. At any rate, it is worth noting Von Kluck was not made the scapegoat, and that the Crown Prince long ago gave way to the real fighters.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The whole world seems bent on flagging the flagon.

New battle cry of the Russians—"Budapest or Bust."

Are the things we wouldn't do during Lent worth doing now?

Black Hopes will soon commence to cloud up the pugilistic horizon.

Marsh, moor and mountain look much alike to that Russian steamroller.

Like Mr. Johnson, Germany was overtrained, and the strain is beginning to tell.

Hist! There is a printer on a Conservative paper who calls the head of the Government "Premier Porden." A clue for the spy-hunters!

A few newspapers write headlines as they would like the news to be. For instance, there was the case of the Dardanelles being forced (in type) the day after the bombardment began.

A Chicago girl wants a man who doesn't swear, smoke, chew, play cards, dance or stay out nights. She's too late. That man died years ago—of ennui.

The Advertiser has had a number of compliments written by those who were touched by "Captain Loxley's Little Dog," which was printed on this page recently. One good subscriber incloses a picture of her little dog. She feels that he would have been true as "Bruce" if he had stood on the bridge of the Formidable.

The East Middlesex Liberal convention for the choosing of a candidate for the House of Commons at 1 o'clock on Saturday will attract the best men of the party to the Liberal Club. A feature will be the welcoming of the Biddulph delegation for the first time. Every section should be well represented as Mr. F. F. Pardee, chief Liberal whip, will be present to give an address. He is recognized as one of the finest speakers in the house, and his many other good qualities have already assured him of an important place in Canada's next cabinet.

A certain citizen has a fondness for British jam, and he has been able to secure ample pots of it for fifteen cents until a few weeks ago, when the price soared to forty cents. The increase in the British tariff—a twenty per cent increase—had something to do with this. And so the person in question will breakfast on an inferior article of Canadian jam and the manufacturer will make the quality as good as he cares and the price as high as he likes. But he will never make the jam as good. And in a few short weeks the trade of the English jam-maker will have been almost entirely destroyed. His shipments will necessarily cease and the Canadian jam-maker will benefit. But the country will lose a round sum in revenue. That is, if the average consumer takes the same attitude as the consumer whose case is here related.

JUNKSHOP.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

The floor of the sea must be getting all cluttered up with battleship remnants and such junk.

ENDEAVOR.

[Washington Star.]

When you're feelin' rather gloomy
An' the world looks sort o' blue,
And as if, although it's roomy,
There ain't room enought fupr you,
Get outdoors an' take your station
Where the spring comes driftin' in,
An' observe how all creation
Braces up an' tries ag'in.

Last year's leaves have dropped an' faded;
Last year's blossoms smile no more,
An' the birds that serenaded—
All their tunefulness is o'er.
But the birds will soon be singin',
An' the yaller flowers will grin,
As the world, new beauties bringin',
Braces up an' tries ag'in.

ANYTHING BUT THAT.

[Houston Post.]

"Do you think that if I refuse him he will do something desperate?"

"Nope; he'll probably live to be glad of it."

"Then I shall marry him, the brute!"

Voice of the People

The Boys Are Grateful.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Dear Sir,—We would be greatly obliged if you will permit us, through the medium of your paper, to thank the ladies of the Southern Congregational Church for the two splendid boxes of eatables sent along for Nos. 3 and 4 Sections, D Company.

We had a most agreeable surprise when the parcels arrived and we opened them up, for they contained one of the finest assortments of good things that it has been our good fortune to participate in since we came to this city. The ladies must have gone to a lot of trouble and expense, and have sacrificed a great deal of their time to provide this treat for us, and the boys all feel a deep debt of gratitude to them for their great kindness. The boys were all loud in their praise and expressions of appreciation of the goodness of these ladies in thinking of us so, and we shall all carry away with us the most pleasant memories of our associations with them. We all join together in a deep expression of thanks, and our very best wishes for their prosperity and success in the good work they are doing, and may we all meet again after this war ends, and spend many more happy times together.

Trusting this will not be trespassing too much on your valuable space, and thanking you in anticipation,

Nos. 3 and 4 Sections, D Coy.,
18th Battalion.

London, April 6, 1915.

"Marching Through Germany"

The following poem is sent to The Advertiser by Pte. W. Garlick, one of the London boys with the C.A.S.C., at Toronto. It is one of the marching songs of the C.A.S.C.

Swing along together lads, we'll have a little song,
Kits won't be so heavy and the way won't be so long,
We're goin' to cook "the sossiges," to cook 'em hot and strong,
While we go marching to Germany.

CHORUS—

Hurrah, hurrah, for Berlin on the Spree,
Hurrah, hurrah, there's "Sossiges" for tea,
We're out to catch the Kaiser and to bring him to his knee,
While we go maching to Germany.

How the girls all love us as they see us marching by;
Some of them are saucy ones, and some of them are shy;
Guess they know we're cold and wet to keep them warm and dry,
While we go marching through Germany.

What about the slacker chaps, who look before they leap?
Lads who like to save their skins and have their proper sleep!
Let them put on petticoats and feel a little cheap,
While we go marching to Germany.

"Britain's little army can be swept aside like fluff,"
That's the Kaiser's fairy-tale; we'll give the beggars snuff;
Rattle 'em and bustle 'em, and make 'em shout "enough,"
While we go marching to Germany.

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia.")

Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.)

MR. McGRAW, OF THE GIANTS

[By Charles E. Van Loan.]

There never was a great baseball leader without a distinct personality; there never will be one. No colorless, dead-and-alive party ever led a ball club to fame, no matter how brilliant were its performers.

Anson, Selee, Hanlon—call the roll of the eighties and nineties, and these names stand out. They were "characters"; they had individuality. Jennings, Mack, McGraw, Stallings—these are the great leaders of the present day, and each name suggests a distinct type—a personality.

John J. McGraw stepped lightly into baseball several years ago by way of Baltimore. The game seemed built for him and he for the game. Short of stature, weighing less than we now believe the ideal infielder should weigh, active and alert to the tips of his fingers and toes, scrappy, argumentative, cocky as a foxterrier pup, a human torpedo if ever there was one, Johnny McGraw came blazing into the baseball firmament in the early nineties along with Joe Kelley, Hughey Jennings, Ed. Delehanty, Stenzel, George Davis, and other great names of baseball history.

John McGraw was a natural ball player, and "the difficult corner", which is the way they used to designate the third-base station, fitted him like an old glove. A third-baseman's job gives a man a fine chance to think in a hurry, and quick thinking was McGraw's specialty. Furthermore, it was his fortune to find himself listed on a pay-roll which was destined to make baseball history, and John decided to make history with them.

As a matter of fact, the Baltimore club rebuilt the name of baseball. They took the old army game—soak one on the nose and run as fast as you can—and introduced new features. They demonstrated that brains were better than brute strength, and cunning more effective than manual dexterity.

They invented new plays then undreamed of by the other clubs. They pulled the playing rules to pieces and found ways to drive umpires to distraction. They were the "lawyers" of the diamond, and no matter what they did they had a rule at tongue's end. They "pulled stuff" which the oldest inhabitant had never seen.

They feathered "inside baseball", and when the national pastime was thus being rejuvenated with a dose of brain as against brawn, John J. McGraw was one of the most industrious little fathers on the team. He originated about fifty per cent of the new stuff.

He did other things, too; some of them not quite so commendable. In those days there was but one umpire, and what he didn't see could hurt nobody. In those days the main idea was to win games, no matter how. (Even Connie Mack, then a catcher, was not above "tipping the bat" upon occasions; in fact, they do say that Connie invented that scandalous trick.) In the early nineties everything went, provided a team could get away with it; it was a case of "do or be done", and the Orioles were always on hand with the first jump on the opposition.

Wilbert Robinson, the old-time Baltimore catcher, swears that McGraw invented the trick of cutting second base. Suppose that the nervous little flea happened to be on first base when Willie Keeler or Hugh Jennings poked a slow roller down the infield. There wasn't the slightest use in trying to catch McGraw at second, and the single umpire, knowing that the play must be made at first base, would be looking in that direction. When he turned around, John McGraw would be dancing on third and the second baseman and the shortstop would be screaming murder.

"Hey! He cut second base a mile!"

But the umpire, not having seen it with his own eyes, could not make a ruling on the play. The double-umpire system ended this particular bit of "strategy."

When conditions were reversed and the Orioles were in the field, a base-runner had his troubles. With Doyle to bump him at first, Heinie Reitz and Hughey Jennings to get in his way at second, and McGraw to pluck him by the belt rounding third, the base-runner who made the circuit was entitled to a run. He had earned it.

Baseball has changed since those days. The Orioles were not entirely to blame in the matter. They were fighting fire with fire, and if their fire happened to be the hottest, who could blame them for that?

This was the school which gave John McGraw to New York and Hugh Jennings to Detroit. After 1901, John McGraw, having accumulated a little weight, began to lace his spiked shoes with silken ties, thus marking his finish as a performer.

He is still the brilliant, resourceful strategist of the nineties. He has forgotten more about baseball warfare than most men ever learned, and when he is squatting in the coacher's box off third base, nothing escapes him. He directs every movement of his players and orders the attack. All a man has to do, when playing baseball for McGraw, is to obey.

On the ball field McGraw is a busy man. He devotes every energy to the business in hand. For three hours he thinks baseball, talks baseball, breathes baseball but when he strips off his uniform, he is another man. He is ready to talk about any subject in the world, and he prefers to forget the diamond.

This is why Charles Victory Faust became the mascot of the Giants one season. In his way, Charles was an entertainer; he took the minds of the men off their pennant battle. He made them laugh, and, according to McGraw's idea, it is a good thing for a ball player to forget business out of business hours.

"They get enough of it on the field," says McGraw. "Let 'em forget it for a while. It will do 'em good."

This explains why Arlie Latham drew salary as a member of the Giants for three seasons. Arlie was once a great ball player; he is still a wit and a comedian second to none who wear spiked shoes. Arlie was McGraw's court jester; he was always able to make the boys forget about baseball when the game was over, and in this capacity he was worth all he cost, and more.

It was McGraw's theory that after a hard day on the diamond, a player's nerves are all the better for relaxation. He believes that a continuous diet of baseball, day and night, destroys a player's balance and makes him a prey to nervousness. This is why, when on the road, McGraw seeks to entertain his men and divert them in a thousand different ways. This is why he is always ready to hire a string band or organize a double quartet.

"Play ball when you're out there on the field," says McGraw, "and think of nothing else. After that—forget it."

This is in direct contradiction to Connie Mack's theory of a baseball school. Connie takes country boys and teaches them; McGraw prefers natural talent to adaptability.

At the present time, McGraw builds his future hope upon speed. He refused many a promising hitter this spring because the man was not fast enough on his feet. Last year McGraw's men stole enough bases to steal a pennant.

Unless all signs fail, we may expect to see McGraw's men out for a new base-stealing record this season, and driving them every minute, there in the coacher's box, will be John J. McGraw, the strategist of the National League. They may beat him this year—there are no sure things in baseball—but one thing is certain, they will not cause him to change his plan of campaign.

That is a thing which is already worked out inside his own head. It is one thing to have confidence in your own judgment, but it is another thing to stick it out from April to October, and McGraw is a sticker. He always was. a

SCIENTIFIC.

[Cleveland Leader.]

If it were a German, instead of a French scientist, who ascertained that the sun is never where it seems to be, probably he wouldn't have said anything about it just now.

HOME BEAUTIFUL.

[Exchange.]

I have a wife whose fad is art
And she applies it in our home;
It quite upsets my apple cart
And I a hopeless nomad roam!

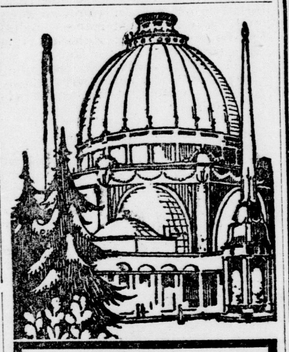
Comfort has fled. My morris chair
Is relegated to the attic.
A bench replaces it ; I swear
Its very look makes me rheumatic.

Within my room she's placed a bed
Some ancient pirate may have slept on.
She wept about the things I said—
And antique rug is what she wept on!

She wheedles me; she smiles and begs
Another check to buy a highboy,
Then gets some trap with spindle legs;
Ah! I will stop it! I'm a sly boy!

I'll clear the house of things antique,
Uneasy chairs, that bed infernal,
While she's away from home this week
And list them in her favorite journal.

I'll show her that the worm will turn;
With her I shall be most emphatic.
My morris chair, as she shall learn,
Has got to come down from the attic!



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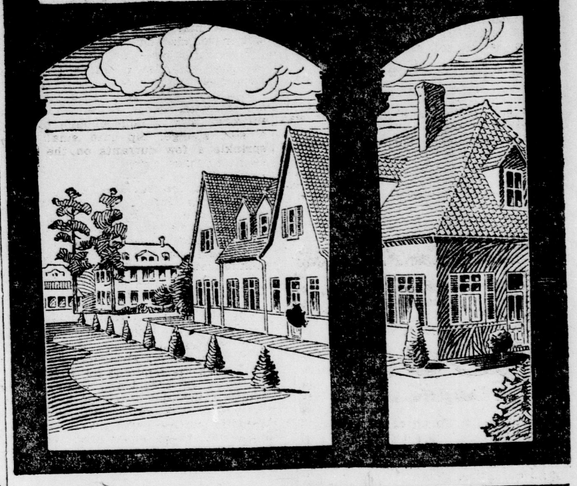

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So thin his Mother Shuddered to undress him.

Never believed he could live.

But now bright and well — Cured absolutely by
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Here is matter to interest every mother throughout this great Dominion; the frank, grateful testimony of other mothers who have proved Dr. Cassell's Tablets a real help in winning back health for their suffering little ones. And the cases are not in any way exceptional; they show just such splendid results as any mother may expect from systematic use of this valuable medicine. Dr. Cassell's Tablets have proved their worth in Great Britain, where their sale is the largest of its class, and in the Britains beyond the seas their reputation is advancing rapidly.

Now read what a happy mother has to say of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. She is Mrs. Fern, of 82 Desborough road, Eastleigh, Hants, England, and her story is as given to an interviewer. She said:

"When I think of all that Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done for my little baby I bless the day I heard of them. I am convinced they saved my child's life.

"My little Harold was a fine baby when born, but soon he began to fail, and when a few weeks old I had to have advice. For four months baby was under treatment, but no good came of it; the child only got worse. It was pitiful to see him, he was so appallingly thin. His little bones stood out all over his body. We could easily count the joints in his backbone, his shoulders were hollowed in like pits, and his cheek-bones stood up like ridges. It made me shudder to undress him, he was such a frail little skeleton of a baby. He could not keep anything on his stomach, not even the breast—and I'm sure I am healthy enough. We had ever so much medicine, but baby seemed doomed. Once I really thought he was gone, he lay so still and his jaw had dropped. The anxiety was terrible. Often and often I have sat up with my poor little Harold waiting for the end. But, thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets it was not to be.

"Harold was 5 months old, and weighed only 7 pounds, when we first got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Actually in two days there was improvement, and now, two months later, he weighs over 12 pounds, and is ever so bright and well."

Baby Fern.

LOST USE OF HER LIMBS
Now Strong and Well.

Every day proof is added to proof that Dr. Cassell's Tablets possess striking power to renew healthy nerve action and thus to restore activity where even the power to move has been lost. Particularly is this so in the case of children; and numberless cures have been effected, and are constantly being effected, both here in Canada as well as other parts of the Empire. Mrs. Parsley, of Chapel Hill, Braintree, Essex, England, said: "Baby was only about a year old when she began to lose the use of her limbs, and soon became quite helpless. Of course, we were very much alarmed, and when we were told the child would not be able to walk for years, we almost lost hope. We had the best treatment we could find for her, but nothing seemed to help the child at all. Indeed, instead of getting better, she just wasted away till she was a mere frame. She hardly ate anything, and was so weak and ill that it could not seem possible she could recover.

"Then we gave her Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The first effect of the Tablets was that the baby got sound, natural sleep. Then she improved in general health, and gradually power returned to her, until baby got stronger and stronger, more plump, till now she is quite cured."

Baby Parsley.

Britain's Greatest Remedy.
Popularity now world-wide.

It is cures like the above, the genuineness of which has been thoroughly investigated, that have made Dr. Cassell's Tablets one of the most-talked-of remedies of modern times. Their entire safety and purity, their suitability for young and old alike, and their peculiar efficacy have insured a high reputation throughout the world. Test their reliability as a remedy if you suffer from Nervous Breakdown, Nerve Failure, Infantile Weakness, Neurasthenia, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Kidney Trouble, Dyspepsia, Stomach Disorder, Wasting, Palpitation, and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency. A Free Sample will be sent on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing, by the Sole Agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul street, Toronto, Ont.