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THE AMERICAN NOTE.

The Government of the United States deems it reasonable to expect that the Imperial German Government will adopt the measures necessary to put these principles into practice in respect of the safeguarding of American lives and American ships, and asks for assurances that this will be done.

PRESIDENT WILSON does not belch threats of war in his second note to Germany, but there is a tone of calm decision that will reflect great credit upon his statesmanship.

Today sees the democratic ideal in the arena with the autocratic ideal. Not only is the United States the champion of the former ideal, but Britain has already asserted herself. It is a fight for existence between the two chief theories of national existence. The President is ruled by his people, and the Kaiser rules his people. How far an autocrat may force his doctrines is displayed in the present attitude of the German people, gone mad through evil teaching and the mistaken idea of force means justice. President Wilson has challenged this brutal force of Prussianism, following the murder of many of his people. Greater still, he is rising above the national appeal and above confined patriotism, just as Britain rose to the most supreme self-sacrifice in the history of the world. Like Premier Asquith and Lloyd George, he sees the bloodthirsty assassin springing upon his victim on the free highway of the world. He looks down upon the crime with a troubled mind. Then a deed that impresses him as the most cruel of cruelties occurs. One of his own is struck down. He poises himself upon the edge of the wall of neutrality and delivers his judgment.

The brute who has done so many evil deeds seeks to cloud the issue, but Wilson reasserts his intention of having protection for his people, whatever the cost. Aroused, he sees that his duty all along has been to face the brute, and to fight as Britain is fighting; that is the duty of all who love their fellow-men, to stand against the super-murderer.

And so the second note has gone forth. It is not belligerent in tone, but in intention it promises that the American people have taken up the cause of humanity. There must be no more foul fighting at the expense of innocent women and children, Germany's quibbles are given the lie by a self-respecting nation. The United States places itself on record against all the barbarities inflicted upon civilization. In one clear note it says:

"The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than the mere rights of property or the privileges of property. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity which every government honors itself in respecting, and which no government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority."

"The rights of humanity" have been violated on every hand by Germany. Seizure is still fighting, with Britain by her side, for the recovery of the sea. The United States has cast the die, and is with the allied cause. It is not in practical politics, Germany's only course is to withdraw her most precious atrocities, and next act in this new drama of the world at war? Who knows!

KITCHENER'S CRITICS.

THOUGH nothing can justify the motives, manner and animus of the Northcliffe attack on Lord Kitchener, it would appear that the British press is now pretty generally agreed that military conditions needed a shake-up.
For one thing, the hero of Khartoum was given too much to do, and some of the work not suited to him. An army had to be created and trained; for this Kitchener was the only man, and he has performed a miracle. But, as the Times says, it is a solid fact that there exists a "deplorable shortcoming in munitions of war, and especially in high explosive shells," and the new coalition Government has assigned to its most brilliant and powerful member, Mr. Lloyd George, the task of "so ordering matters at the war office that there shall be no question henceforth of engaging the most powerful enemy in the world with weapons less numerous and less effective than his own."
The Manchester Guardian agrees that the best man in the new government should "take full control of an undivided responsibility for the whole of the department of the war office which has to do with the production of war material, but not with the clothing or provisioning of the troops. It is a purely industrial business, and can only be effectively performed if placed under civilian control. Lord Kitchener failed to recognize its magnitude or the impossibility of carrying it out effectively on the old lines."
The New Statesman goes so far as to say:
"It is now apparent that the appointment of a professional soldier to a political office was a mistake, and that an experienced administrator like Lord Haldane had gone to the War

Office last August, our military forces would have been better equipped than they are to face their tremendous task."
When the Manchester Guardian speaks of Kitchener's managing the munition production "on the old lines," the allusion is probably to the Northcliffe charge that shrapnel was sent to the front when the instant call was for high explosive. Says the Observer: "To deal with the new system of German defences in Flanders—with barbed wire placed low, and with trenches and shelters reinforced by steel and concrete—we need far more high explosive. We need it in vast and ever-increasing and almost unimaginable quantities."

The New Statesman says:
"The message charging that the War Office disregarded Sir John French's appeals for a larger supply of high-explosive shells was Colonel Repington's military correspondent of the Times, but it appeared to have behind it the authority of Sir John French, with whom Colonel Repington was staying, and by whose censor it was passed. It seems to have been, in fact, true."
Apparently Lord Kitchener's idea was to kill Germans with shrapnel. Certainly German shrapnel has been effective enough against our troops in the trenches. But French's idea is to make a swift and irresistible advance by dynamiting a way through the German trenches and entanglements. It is to be a hundred Neuve Chapelle power rush, and Lloyd George is the man of the hour who is to make the dynamite forthcoming, while Kitchener will continue his herculean labors in the organization of more and more troops to follow up the dynamite with the bayonet and finish the last German reserves.

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE MACLENNAN.

THE death of Mr. Justice MacleNNAN will be sincerely regretted by the bench and bar of the Province of Ontario. He was, when in practice, a member of the firm of Mowat, MacleNNAN, Downey & Ewart, one of the leading firms in Toronto. He was one of the best equity lawyers in the province and took that advantage with him to the bench. He was a member of the court of appeal for Ontario for some years, and afterwards until his retirement, in 1909, a member of the supreme court at Ottawa.

The respect which the people of Canada have for the administration of justice is due to such men as the late Mr. Justice MacleNNAN. Always courteous as a lawyer and as a judge, and with the knowledge gained by long and active experience and a mind continually improving by the conscientious exercise of the principles of equity, he was one of the most satisfactory judges in Canada.

There are few equity lawyers remaining on the bench. The chancellor, Sir John Boyd, is the most prominent. The administration of justice suffers a distinct loss each time one of them retires, and it is doubtful if his place is ever filled quite so well.

AN UNFAIR CHARGE.

THE Dayton News accuses Italy of deliberately waiting until she thought she saw a positive result of the war before deciding to get into the game, and declares that in the event of Germany dictating the terms, it will mean an awful blow to Italy. The facts are that when Italy handed the Austrian minister his passports, the great Teutonic drive was sweeping everything before it in Germany. At no stage of the conflict were the signs so favorable for the enemy as when Italy definitely joined up with the Allies. If Rome's motives were entirely selfish, it seems as if her cue would have been to remain inactive, if not to link up with the Teutons. The charge that Italy cold-bloodedly bargained for the best terms before plunging into the war is unfair. Until the historians give us the details of the great conflict the world will probably not know just what was offered Italy by the Allies and the Teutons, but it is clear that nothing however big that Germany or Austria could have offered would have brought Italy into the struggle against the Allies. The temper of the Italian people was against active participation with the Huns. The concession of everything demanded might have kept Italy on the fence, but even that would not have been a popular solution. The blinding enthusiasm of the Italian people just before and when war was declared, was not due solely to the prospects of regaining the lost provinces. Italy had been deeply impressed by the Belgian outrage, and the many forms of the "frightfulness" that the Huns brought into the war. With Great Britain and France, Italy realized the necessity of democratic Europe presenting a united front to the Kultur.

It would be foolish to pretend that Italy is not making her sunnier path by grasping the opportunity made by Austria's adversity, to take back that of which she was brutally looted, but she would never have gone to war against Great Britain and France to secure it. However selfish Italy's motives may have been when the war opened, she has since learned that the vital thing for the world in general and Europe in particular is to ward off the Kaiser's savage stroke at freedom. That is the main reason why Italy cast in her lot with the Allies.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

NOT infrequently we refer to the dead in the words of the caption to this article. "A good man gone" makes a fine epitaph—none finer, and never has it been more accurately applied than in reference to the late Edward G. Cissold, for many years a member of The Advertiser editorial staff. Edward Cissold was a good man in the large sense that includes citizenship, workmanship and all the other sides of the daily life. He was "clean." That is the impression he made the moment one came in contact with him. It was impossible to associate with him anything mean or underhanded. In his every relationship he was straightforward, sincere, sensible. It is in his daily occupation that the weakness and strength in a man crops out, and the stress of "getting out the paper" is one of the acid tests. Mr. Cissold passed with flying colors. He was patient, thorough, wonderfully ac-

curate under the most trying conditions. But he never made it objectionable. Edward Cissold took his religion seriously. He carried it into his daily work, but there was nothing "preachy" about it. He lived his religion, and he had the broadest sympathy and respect for the beliefs of others. Widely read and travelled, and possessed of an exceptionally retentive mind, to be intimate with him was a great mental pleasure. Unselfishness, gentleness, intellectuality, a wholesome humor, were outstanding characteristics of Edward Cissold. He was truly a gentleman. With his death a good man has gone.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Russians are winning in the Baltic district. Once more it looks as if the grand duke would come up smiling.

Ten thousand employees of moving picture houses have gone to the front. Evidently tired of the faked battle pictures.

When Berlin refers to a success of the enemy as a "minor," just look up the Paris dispatches and get the major facts.

Mrs. Pankhurst might help Lloyd George by surrendering that store of bombs and explosives that Scotland Yard could never locate.

A member of the first contingent writes that he has just been through a "sweet bit of fighting." Must have been the battle around the La Souchez sugar refinery.

Not the least important part of Great Britain's "blitz" is her supplying of the "sinews of war." British gold will be found to have played a mighty part in the triumph of freedom when the facts of this war are made public.

If Bryan carries out his intention of taking the lecture platform to prevent war with Germany, he had better confine his circuit to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Milwaukee, where his hyperbated friends of the Kaiser.

New York man stood idly by watching a boy beaten to death by thugs, believing the scene was posed for the movies. Had he not been accustomed to that sort of film, he might have saved the boy's life. Here is work for the censor.

If Mr. Bryan "threw down" President Wilson as the first move in a campaign to secure the presidential nomination, he used poor judgment. Never were the people of the United States more united behind a President than they are behind Dr. Wilson. His later attitude towards both Germany and Mexico is approved.

A GREAT SEND-OFF.

[Exchange.]
"I understood you gave the bride and groom a great send off."
"Great! We almost blinded the bride with rice, and one of the old shoes and threw his the groom back of the ear and knocked him cold for about ten minutes."

LITTLE SISTER.

[New York Times.]
The advance maiden was out rowing with a possible suitor, and had taken her little sister along, who was exhibiting much fear at the waves.
"Why, Martha, if you are so nervous now, what will you be at my age?"
"Thirty-nine, I suppose," meekly replied little sister.

DECLARING HIMSELF.

[Exchange.]
"When you asked her father for permission to marry his daughter, what did he say?"
"He said he supposed it would be all right, but he wanted me to distinctly understand that if any trouble arose after we were married he intended to remain strictly neutral."

ENGLISH PRESS ON THE WAR

WHAT LIES AHEAD.
[London Times.]
Germany is fighting now with every ounce of strength she possesses, but the Allies have large reserves of strength. They can only bring their reserves of strength into operation by degrees, because they will have to be less prepared to meet the Russian withdrawal in Galicia, a serious check, but it has happened once before, and it means no permanent impairment of the fighting resources of our ally. Both France and Great Britain have enormous reserves of men who have never yet been near the firing line, but await the chosen moment.

THE SECOND CALL.

[Belfast Weekly News.]
We say advisedly that the responsibility for recruiting just now lies solely upon the Government, and that that responsibility must be borne by it in full. If compulsion, direct or indirect, has to come, it should come from it alone, for with the Government alone lies the power of instituting system and discrimination. Lord Haldane said last week that the Government was ready to consider the whole question of recruiting. The country, he believes, is in advance of the Government; it wants a better organization of our resources, so that every man fit to serve just now may be put to the best possible use according to his qualifications.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]
In the landing of the Italian troops at Rhodes and in the co-operation of Italy in the Dardanelles movement, however, another kind of an "On-to-Vienna" campaign is also entered upon. But even with the aid of Italy the Constantinople campaign, it is clear, will eat into time, and at heavy losses, though, in the opinion of many strategists, the capture of the Balkan states into the mesh of this great historic and spectacular event will be the first big decisive thing in the war, to hasten which Italy will give, and is already giving, as much thought and aid as to the supposed shorter advance throughout Istria and Croatia, or to its counter-aggressions in the Trentino.

TEN MINUTES With the Short-Story Writers

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.]
CUPID & CO.

[By Thomas L. Mason.]
When Springton sauntered out of the breakfast room with his morning cigar in his mouth, there was a man waiting for him in the hall.

Although he was late, Springton was in good humor. On the evening before he had made the somewhat intimate acquaintance of one of earth's fairest—a lovely girl whom he had met only a few weeks before, and on whom he had called for the first time, in response to an invitation. A rather unusual thing, this; for to this well-known and well-to-do bachelor love had hitherto been unattractive. He was too much absorbed in his business affairs.

The man bowed.
"I beg pardon, sir, but I represent the Globe Tourist Agency. Should be glad to go over with you some of our most popular honeymoon routes."

"Yes, sir. Even if you don't buy your tickets through us, it will be all right. It's a matter of business with us to furnish information. None of these have one or two specialties—out-of-the-way jaunts, never before put on the market, and—"

Springton stared, at him in astonishment.
"What made you think," he asked, "that I was interested in honeymoon?"

The man smiled.
"It's our business to know," he said, significantly. "Quite an easy matter, I assure you. We have our lists of eligibles, and know pretty well what they are doing. Hope I haven't intruded. Here's my card. You can reach me over the telephone at any time. Pray don't make any arrangement without consulting me. I assure you I can make it worth your while."

Springton marvelled as he made his way down to his office. It was, however, rather flattering.
He entered his office at 11 o'clock. His chief clerk, with unusually solemn face, approached him.
"There's quite a mob outside to see you, sir."

"What do they want?"
"Personal business," they say.
"Well, show the first one in. May as well get them off my mind."

In a moment a dapper young man entered the office.
"Mr. Springton? Ah, good-morning, sir! Are you interested in building lots in the suburbs? During the first year of married life, you know, you will want to be quiet. Now, here's a choice bit of land—a wonder. Why, sir, in a year it will triple in value. Three minutes from station. Or, if you want to remain in town, I have some really choice locations. Here's my card. Any time—"

He was ushered out, and the next man was shown in. He was a trifle coarser in structure.
"I came to solicit your market-bill, sir. We take the place of the house-keeper, you know. I have a list of all responsibility. Guarantee choice cuts all year around. Don't have to call and select anything. We do it all. Takes away natural embarrassment."

Springton waved them all off.
"Leave your cards, gentlemen," he said. "Leave your cards, and I will communicate with you later."

A distressing thought had struck him. In thirty minutes more he was ringing the bell of the mansion which he had visited the evening before. He noticed several men waiting in the hall, and on the table was piled the morning's mail, together with a goodly lot of samples.

After some difficulty he was passed through the line and shown upstairs.

young wife feels during the first year. Will furnish bond, if necessary. Bills weekly. Pay when you please. Won't you give us a trial order?"
Springton promised to put his name on file, and the third man was ushered in.

"I want to call your attention to our banking facilities," he said. "I represent the Sixteenth National. We make a specialty of young married ladies. It's the only way to do, you know, to let them have a separate account. We keep you posted just how the account stands. You'll find this indispensable. Just put the name of your business down and give you details at any time."

He was succeeded by an interior decorator.

"We make a specialty of young married ladies," he said. "I represent a hundred different layouts, all calculated to give the right atmosphere. You know, sir, we have made a study of young married couples. I got married myself a couple of years ago, just to get the feel of the business down fine. It's a fact that during the first year there is always a process of readjustment going on. Your surroundings are everything. They have a subtle and powerful influence. Why, sir, we can guarantee that, with our number forty-seven, your wife won't have a particle of homesickness."

Springton was mechanically opening his mail, in which he had already found the cards of three ministers. He then he rang his bell for his clerk.

"Jasper," he said, "how many of these men still remain?"
"All of them, sir," replied the clerk.
"Well, show them all in."
"The whole lot, sir?"
"Yes—all!"

The door opened, and eleven spruce men solemnly marched forward in single file. Each man, true to his instincts, had his hand in his breast-pocket, prepared to snatch out a card and leave it on the table in case anything happened.

"Gentlemen," said Springton, "I thank you, one and all, for your attentions, but there is one thing that I don't understand. How in the world did you know that—"

A quiet, refined man, who had evidently been chosen the spokesman, now stepped forward.

"Quite simply, sir," he said. "We belong to the Young Married Man's Trade Combination. We employ a detective bureau and a medical staff, to say nothing of a trained psychologist. Last night, at midnight, all the members of our organization were notified that you had spent three hours with a young lady who was your physical opposite, and therefore likely to inspire your love. All the circumstances of your meeting here were known; and the probabilities having been calculated by our statistical department, the chances of your being a good business customer were calculated to be about seventy-five out of a possible hundred. Word was sent around, and here we are, the servants' agency ever incorporated. We guarantee every cook sent out, and—"

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He awaited in trepidation. At last she came. She was pale and nervous.
"Did you think this was my fault?" she asked hastily.
"I didn't know," she replied. "It seemed so strange. You didn't do it, did you?" she asked anxiously.

"I assure you, on my word of honor as a gentleman, that I knew no more about it than you. The moment that I found out what it meant—that it was only a matter of business—I assumed that you would also be importuned in the same way, and I hurried to protect you, if necessary, and also to declare my innocence."

"Won't your visit make matters worse?" she asked.
"Yes, I suppose so. The truth is, that this morning the question of marriage had never entered my head; but now that my attention has been called to the subject, and the entire business world apparently seems to think a wedding is going to take place, and is spending capital in soliciting our trade, why wouldn't it be better to get the matter settled at once?"

She looked at him with a tired, sweet smile. She was too worn to resist him. "I am ready," she whispered, as she dropped into his arms.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. The happy couple stood apart as the maid entered.

"Well, Marie?"
"I thought you might like to know, miss, that three new men have just asked to see you on important business."

"And who are they?"
"A diamond-merchant, a bishop, and a Farisian baby-carriage maker."

FROM SONGS OF THE NORTH.
[Florence Stollard Brown.]
Comrade—the Summer calls—
Her charm is flung
O'er all—the orchard rears her purple spire;
Ere yet the bitter sweet has kindled fire,
While o'er the fields the early freshness falls.

Come—while the 'year is young!
Come—while the days are long—
Upon the beach
The white sand shimmers in the glow of June,
The waves entire with rippling, silvery tune,
And summer waits us here—her claim is strong,
Her joys within our reach.

HER OWN IDEA.

[Tit-Bits.]
A certain little girl was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited counter with her small friend who had got considerably worse in the engagement.

"Don't you know, dear," said the mother, "that it is very wicked to be having so? It was Satan that put it into your head to put Elsie's hair."

"Well, perhaps it was," the child admitted, "but kicking her shins was entirely my own idea."

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