

## London Advertiser

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LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 16.

## BERNSTORFF'S LATEST

IN THE STANG of the street, Count Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to the United States, has been "pulling a lot of raw stuff" on Uncle Sam ever since the war opened. While the attitude of the British, French and Russian ambassadors has been strictly correct and dignified, Bernstorff has repeatedly made himself obnoxious, and more than once his actions must have provoked President Wilson to the verge of fuming. He has been strictly correct and dignified, Bernstorff has repeatedly made himself obnoxious, and more than once his actions must have provoked President Wilson to the verge of fuming.

He has publicly told the American people the course he thinks they should take regarding the attitude of their Government towards Germany and the Allies. Last week, at the German embassy, Bernstorff received a delegation of dyestuff importers, and told them that if they could compel the United States Government to threaten Great Britain and France with an embargo on war supplies unless the interference with dyestuffs. Bernstorff deliberately attempted to start a political movement among the American people, so much pressure could be brought on their Government to play his game. It was a case of rank interference with the domestic policy of a neutral nation, as to place an embargo on war supplies could only be done through an act of Congress.

But it wouldn't be like this arrogant and dictatorial special agent of the Kaiser to stop at that, so he went himself one better by sending a note to the public at the same time that he sent one to the state department, declaring that the failure of the United States Government to stop the export of war supplies was a breach of neutrality, and that the American people had "accepted England's violation of neutrality."

But the matter becomes still more serious when it is remembered that Bernstorff is the mouthpiece in America of the German Emperor and his advisers. There is no question but that this attempt to launch a political movement against the American Government on its own soil has been directed from Berlin. Bernstorff is not talking at random, on his own responsibility. Slimmered down, it amounts to this that the German Government, counting, no doubt, on the power of the German-American vote, has started a popular campaign against the administration of President Wilson. Will the United States Government tell the German Government to mind its own business?

## JUST A PIN PRICK.

THE record of the converted German liner Kron Prinz Wilhelm in sinking fourteen merchant vessels of the Allies in her eight months' commerce-raiding cruises, is being loudly proclaimed a brilliant performance by the German press. When one considers, however, the possibilities faced by the swift and well-armed Wilhelm what she accomplished appears trivial. At sea for exactly 255 days, she was compelled to cruise in the most remote parts of the North Atlantic, where her fourteen slow-going victims had no chance of rescue. But the great sea routes of the North Atlantic, where she could have preyed on ships that were really worth while, she carefully avoided. To have caught a couple of great liners carrying war supplies to the Allies, had it brought her own destruction, would have been immeasurably more useful to the German cause than the dozen craft brought for remote parts of the world, so insignificant was the destruction wrought by the Wilhelm in her "wonderful" raid, that probably 50,000 tonnage covers the loss. That seems a mere pin prick when it is recalled that the combined tonnage of the merchant marine of Great Britain and France is 22,000,000. Such damage as the Wilhelm was able to do would not even wipe out the annual increase to the merchant marine of the Allies, while the moral effect is too trivial to be noted.

## THE PREMIER SPEAKS OUT.

CERTAIN Conservative newspapers which attempted to make their readers believe that Liberals were responsible for the graft which Conservatives obtained from army contracts must have been chagrined when Premier Borden rose in the Commons yesterday and severely censured A. Dewitt Foster, Conservative M. P. for Kings, N. S., and W. F. Garland, Conservative M. P. for Carlton, Ont.

Mr. Foster was the man who undertook to buy horses for the army and at whose doors was laid the blame for the purchase of worn-out nags at high prices. Regarding him the Premier said: "I am bound to say his explanation, if it could be called an explanation, of his failure to supervise the expendi-

ture of money must be regarded as far from satisfactory."

Garland is the man who was accused of arranging for his clerk to act as agent for an American firm in the sale of drugs to the Government when the firm wished to act direct and save the country the agent's profit. The clerk's profits in a few weeks amounted to \$9,000, and the Premier censured Garland, M.P., for not only permitting but encouraging his clerk to undertake the commission. "I cannot," says the Premier, "give my sanction to conduct of that character, because it is bound to arouse very grave suspicion, and any member of Parliament in connection with Government contracts should keep himself above suspicion."

In view of these statements it is difficult to believe that either Foster or Garland will care to retain his seat in Parliament. They have not been charged with making any personal gains out of the contracts, but they are held by the Premier responsible for the monetary loss which the country has sustained and for the reaction which has been cast on the Conservative party. The Premier has promised that and that the guilty will be punished. This is what the Liberals have asked in the name of good Government and honest patriotism.

## GERMAN PROFESSORS

THERE has been some amazement over the work of misinformation and narrow partisanship of German professors and scholars in this war. If Great Britain had had a cause like Germany's there would have been objectors enough among her thinking men; the Chinese wars may be mentioned as examples. There were free speakers and writers against the Boer war, e.g., Lloyd George.

One reason, of course, for professional frenzy at present is the virus of ultra-nationalism that has been instilled into German schools for the last 40 years. Another reason is the tendency to the military powers which rule Germany. Dernburg no doubt has drawn profit from the spiked heads whom he serves. The military training itself has tended to warp the judgment of the scholars in matters concerning the national interest.

May it perhaps be suggested, in addition, that the extreme specialization in the higher education has made great chemists, theologians or experimental psychologists childishly incapable of judgment on political questions in comparison with the more liberally educated Briton? Ignorance of all but the research specialty rushes into absurdities of opinions, when the Government suppresses information, e.g., the British and French statements of the causes of the war, and the German press publishes just what the Government enjoins.

## TEUTONIC WAVES.

CAESAR wrote 2,000 years ago of the German tendency to cross the Rhine as raiders or as settlers. The reason was that Gaul was a rich country, while Germany was poor by nature. Increasing in population, the Germanic tribes had to migrate. Today the German soil, stimulated to the last degree by science, and supplemented by a successful industrialism, supports an indefinitely increasing population, but can not contain a vaulting ambition that grasps at the riches of the world.

Centuries after Caesar, the Teutons spread over the Roman Empire in conquering hordes and established the modern kingdoms of Europe. In the Middle Ages occurred a third wave of Teutonic conquest. Charlemagne, the Saxon Otto and the brilliant Hohenstaufen made their great effort to reverse the Roman Empire in a German guise, an Empire which should embrace at least both Germany and Italy, Eastern France and Hungary and Poland. It was this medieval empire to which the German Nationalists of the earlier nineteenth century and the Pan-Germans of recent days have pointed as an inspiration and model.

That Empire broke on the rock of Italian resistance. The Italian cities opposed their culture against the Kultur that came avalanching down from the Alps. Is Italy going to repeat the knockout and give the coup-de-grace to the fourth wave of Teutonic conquest now being stormed and turned back? Italy has old wrongs to avenge. So it is with the lesser Slav states of Southwestern Europe, which will quickly join the hounds when once the bear is fairly brought to bay. Between the Danube and the Elbe. All will combine to finish off the old enemy and aggressor.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada treated Tom Riley royally. Austria is almost out of potatoes. Anyway that starch food makes one disgracedfully fat.

With the King and Lord Kitchener on the water wagon everybody who wants to be "in the swim" will have to climb up.

French believes that he can drive the Germans from Belgium when the time comes, and those at home share his confidence.

"Germany must be humiliated into the dust," says a high authority. One way to do that will be to roll her in the mud of Flanders.

The Germans want the Kron Prinz Wilhelm examined and made seaworthy. That suits us fine, as she will be in all the better shape for service when grabbed by the Allies' warships off Virginia Capes.

## SOLDIERS AND DRINK.

[London Daily Chronicle.] Restrictions are especially needed in two sorts of places—first, in towns where great numbers of the new army are stationed, away from their homes and under conditions which may rather too easily conduce to over-drinking; and, secondly, in towns where production of munitions and supplies is of national importance. In both instances there is a special case for imposing restrictions which does not exist elsewhere. It would be better, instead of ordering a general restriction, to

schedule such places separately, when a more effective restriction could be imposed on them than it is reasonable to impose on a great area indiscriminately.

WHAT THE ROSES DON'T KNOW. [Detroit Free Press.] The little rose will never know Just what it took to make it grow.

The white Cochet with petals fair Won't know what suffering placed it there.

The phlox will nod its clustered head Nor ask who labored o'er its bed. No blossom in the yard will guess Its price in physical distress.

No flower will see my limping form When skies are fair and days are warm.

No bud into a bloom will break And know it signifies an ache.

The bleeding hearts their charms will spread Not knowing that for them I bled.

And yet I'm glad that it is so, My pain I would not have them know.

'Tis better they should gaily nod In ignorance of the stubborn nod.

It would not help them to reveal Their charms to know the way I feel.

No rose could look in manner gay Upon my limping form today, But when on me the blossoms smile I'll count my tortures all worth while.

No child could guess the burdens grim His dotting dad has borne for him.

And thus the roses, too, remain In ignorance of their price in pain.

## SEE?

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.] At the same time it is rather height nor color that makes a man a winning fighter.

## SOURCE.

Many of the ills of life originate in the mouth, says Dr. Wiley. That's where lots of black eyes originate.

## THE SOLDIER.

[Caroline Bisham.] Why do you smile with your poor dead face?

Soldier? "I feel my soul fly thro' space To where my wife and child keep place For me beside them, by God's grace."

What do you see with your staring eyes, Soldier? "The Open Gateway in the skies; My loved ones waiting as I rise, To draw me thro' to Paradise."

Who else do you see at this heavenly feast, Soldier? "The warriors of West and East, And all the souls that are released From duty—those whose pains have ceased."

You should lie in state in a church's nave, Soldier! "Don't mourn for me, but go and save With your gentle hands the wounds I gave To the man who killed me, kind and brave."

What has he got in his bloody grip, Soldier? "The bottle he held to my dying lip, 'Till I had taken the utmost sip, 'Ere the leash of life my soul let slip."

What will you ask at our Lord's feet, Soldier? "I will ask that I once more may meet That man whose heart was strong and sweet, And walk with him in heaven's street."

How did you feel at your soul's release, Soldier? "I felt a gentle, deep surcease Of rage and horror, 'mid 'th' increase Of conflict: Only Death brings Peace."

And yet you took men's lives away, Soldier! "Yes, but they who caused this war Must pay When they hear the voice of the Lord God say: 'Come forth—this is your Judgment Day!'"

## Tales From the Trenches

ROYAL SCOT'S GALLANTRY. It appears that Pte. D. Hill, of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Scots, who has been mentioned in dispatches every time he has done anything, has been observed in the front of the trench. He asked two or three men to volunteer and go with him. An officer, whose name is not stated, said he would go with him. The pair set out, taking advantage of the cover available, and discovered that the object was a wounded British soldier, when the officer went them in carrying the man in, but not long afterwards he died. They went out again, and they had almost reached a second man, when the officer was shot through both legs, and Hill had to lie near him for nearly two hours, with the Germans only 20 yards away. Hill, although badly every minute, was shot, carried his officer back to safety.

WOMEN WILL FINISH WAR. A private in the Dragon Guards writes: "We have run against many Germans who were ready enough to surrender. They came in and said 'Who are you, the Kaiser?' They told us they were 'fed up' with the war. One day early in the year we took 400 prisoners, and so relieved went they to be out of the fighting that they offered us anything they had as souvenirs—watches, helmets, swords, bayonets, and all sorts of odds and ends. 'We who are at the front won't finish the war,' they said, 'but our wives will!'"

## A DARING OFFICER.

A private in the first Canadian contingent writes: "I was close with a story of one of the Royal Scots officers, an old R. H. S. boy. He was going along a road on horseback, which was being shelled, and arriving at a billet which he wished to inspect, he flung his reins to a fellow standing by, and was going through the door when a shell struck the horse and knocked the man across the road, luckily without injuring him. Seriously, he was knocked unconscious, however, and still gripped the reins in his hand. "When he came to the officer started scolding him for not looking after his horse, and in such a way that the poor devil was laughing inside five minutes. "The same fellow will get out of the trench in broad daylight and walk along the backs of it exposed to all sorts of missiles and never seem to care. He has just left one section of a trench when a shell burst there, and he was heard to remark that the Germans must be a—bad shots; they missed him by fifty yards. "One supercilious officer asked him: 'I suppose you're looking for the D. S. O.?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I'm only asking for the R. I. P.'"

## Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

## ONE WIFE IN A THOUSAND

[By Thomas L. Masson.]

Hopson handed his wife a fifty-dollar bill. "Here, my dear, take this and enjoy yourself."

"That's really more than I need, dear. I can get along with less."

"What of it? Have a good time occasionally."

Mrs. Hopson shook her head dubiously as she put the bill in her pocket. "I won't spend it all," she said. "I'll save some of it."

"What have you been doing now?" he asked. "Something too good for any use, I'll bet."

"How much do you think I have saved up in the last two years out of the money you have given me?"

"I'm prepared for anything. Tell me the worst."

"There, dear, don't joke. Really, I have done very well."

"I don't doubt it. I'm prepared."

"Well, I have saved up two thousand dollars. Isn't that doing pretty well?"

"In the bank? You have it, if you want it, to put into your business."

"That's fine!" Hopson said, with a show of appreciation that he did not feel. All right! Turn it over. I have a use for it."

His first thought was a motor car—he needed a new one—but he carefully concealed this from his wife. He stopped and kissed her. "Good work, little girl. You're a fine one!"

With a glow of pride in her prim face, she gave him a cheek. Hopson took it and went out. On his way down town he dropped into his friend Jebb's.

"Hello, old man! How's things? Say, what do you think? That little wife of mine has saved up a couple of thousand in the past two years. She's just turned it over to me and here I am."

Jebb's face expressed his astonishment. "What a fine wife!"

"Wish my wife would take a fancy to do something like that sort of tests. Can't do anything with her."

"What are you going to do with the money?"

"How it in. Just for fun, I'm going to get away with it as fast as I can. May teach her a lesson. When she sees it's no use—when she realizes that she is united to a man who is simply too reckless for anything, why, maybe she will forget herself."

"You have no idea, old man, what a trial it is. She can't wait to pay bills. If I owe anything for more than five minutes at a time, she makes me miserable. Won't she control me in single expense unless she has double the money wrapped up in tin foil at the bottom of the laundry-bag. Nothing but the constant flouting of fourteen of fourteen women's plumes in her face induced her to pay twenty-five dollars for a hat, and then she prayed for forgiveness every night for six months afterward. I tell you, it's something awful! Well, I'm off down town to have a little fun on the side."

Hopson got the money and made his way rapidly to Wall Street. It occurred to him that gambling was perhaps the most pernicious of all forms of amusement. He stepped into the office of his friend Salter, a broker.

"Salter, old man, what is the worst wildcat speculation that you know of something that there isn't any more chance of getting your money out of than reclaiming a gasoline-soaked linen duster from the nethermost pit of Hades?"

Salter smiled a foxy broker's smile. "The worst thing I know of," he said, "is Grass Blade Common. It's simply rotten. It's been handed around from receiver to receiver until it's the worst vagrant in the market. It's been knocked down and dragged out and squeezed and jumped on and stripped bare as a bone in a dog-pound. Why, if you papered your office with the certificates, you'd feel ashamed to throw away so much paste. It's selling at one and one-eighth, just because we are all too proud to let it go any lower. We just quote it at that figure to keep up appearances."

"How much can I buy for two thousand dollars?"

"Great Heavens, about four times as much as there is! You want it on a margin? Well, you couldn't get it that way—no bank would bear the stigma of admitting they held it in the safe."

"That's just the kind I want."

"But, dear, you've got to put money in the reservoir? It's highly watered, but there's a chance of touching bottom somewhere."

"You buy me all the Grass Blade you can with this."

"Well, don't blame me. That'll be about seventeen hundred shares."

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## R. J. YOUNG &amp; CO.

## Week-End Dress Goods Specials

THREE PIECES ONLY, 42-INCH WIDE WHIPCORD, in copenham, navy, brown. Splendid weight for dresses and school wear. Week-end special. 49c

FOUR PIECES HONEYCOMB DRESS GOODS, 42 inches wide, in copenham, brown, copenham and white check, tan and white. Special price. 39c

THREE PIECES SILK MIXED DRESS GOODS, in white, old rose and copenham; 42 inches wide. Very special value, only 50c

THREE PIECES SILK STRIPE VOILE, in copenham, mauve, navy; 40 inches wide. Makes a lovely and serviceable summer dress. Only 50c

ONE PIECE ONLY BLACK AND WHITE DRESS GOODS, 54 inches wide. Will wear and wash splendidly. Worth 75c Special 50c

ONE PIECE ONLY, PRIESTLEY DRAP DE ALMA, 44 inches wide, in black only. Regular \$1.00. Special 85c

ONE PIECE ONLY PAILLETTE SILK ON SALE—For this week end we will put on sale one piece only Black Paillette Silk, 36 inches wide; splendid wearer. Regular \$1.00, for 79c



## Spring Suits

18 only, Women's and Misses' Spring Suits, in grey, mixed tweeds, navy, tan and black Serges. Odd lines. Only one suit of a kind. Sizes 16, 18, 36, 38 only. Regular \$15.00, \$16.50 Suits for, Saturday 8.95

24 only, Women's and Misses' Serge Dresses, in brown, navy, copenham and black, with fancy silk collar, turned cuff; skirt in new flare style. Saturday only, \$3.95

Special sale of Women's Black Panama Skirts, with flare bottom, front panel, fancy braided. Regular \$4.00 value. Only 2.98

10 dozen French Moire Underskirts, in Belgium blue, Russian green, tan, brown and navy, with pleated flounce. Very special value at 1.49

## Week-End Staple Specials

About 200 yards only Crash Toweling, 17 inches wide, with colored border. Week-end sale price, per yard, 7/10c

Fine Bleached Saxony Flannelette. Soft finish, splendid wearer and washer. 8/10c; or 12 yards for \$1.00

For this week end only, 3 pieces of Bleached Table Linen, 58 inches wide, for only 29c

## Very Pretty Curtain Madras

in white and cream grounds, with colored border, in pink, tan, blue, green. Only, per yard, 15c

White Cream or Ecu Curtain Net, with or without border, at 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c and 50c

## Whitewear Bargains

10 dozen only White Cotton Corset Covers, all sizes, very nicely trimmed. Week end special, only 19c

Special line Ladies' Cotton Drawers, in open or closed styles, trimmed or plain. Very nice quality. 25c

Ladies' Nightgowns, nicely trimmed with embroidery. All sizes in stock. Special 98c

## Corsets

D. and A. Special Reinforced Corset. Perfect style, Splendid wearer. Only 75c

C-C a La Grace Corset, made of good quality cotton; four hose-supporters; new model 1.00

Special Lace Front Corset. Gives perfect lines to figure. Only 2.00



We have found in Canada hundreds of thousands of shrewd women who forgetting prejudice against "Home-Made" are constant purchasers of the "D & A" or the "La Diva" Corsets which they find economical, stylish, comfortable.

Their patronage has built up the factory of the Dominion Corset Company, an industry employing about 1200 hands under ideal conditions of comfort and manufacturing efficiency.

BUY THESE "MADE-IN-CANADA" CORSETS.

Here's a day of hope, Don't begin by pining, Wait before you moan, Maybe it is bringing Blessings all worth while, Start the day with singing, Start it with a smile.

## WAR NEWS.

[Chicago News.] Gradually all the warring nations seem to be working around to an alliance against the common enemy, ineptitude.