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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Thursday, June 8.

MARVELLOUS SHOOTING

THAT the Waspite is safe in a British harbor, in spite of all German claims to the contrary, is a fact which is of deep interest and a cause of special gratification to the whole nation. Her deeds in the great naval battle were such that she may be looked upon as a tower of strength to the navy.

An officer of the Warrior, which was shot up by the German heavy guns, tells a graphic tale of the courage and wonderful accuracy in shooting of the Waspite's crew. When the Warrior was a hopelessly battered hulk, waiting for the shell which would finish it and send the blue-jackets on board to a watery grave, the Waspite steamed into action, interposing her huge bulk between the cripple and the remorseless enemy, and with the first shot from her guns damaged the German battle cruiser which was shelling the Warrior. The next shot dismounted the cruiser's foreguns and in a few minutes succeeding shells had made her a roaring furnace.

The big British vessel then turned attention to a second battle cruiser. With the same unerring accuracy shells were poured into her, and ripped her to pieces as she fled.

In a smaller battle such shooting would have been remarked upon in every paper in the land, but in this greatest of all sea fights it passes with but little notice. If every ship in the British squadron had been as successful, the German navy would have been wiped out before it could regain its base, or if the German fire had been as good British would have reason to dread future clashes.

With a sea thrown into convulsions by the explosions of huge shells and alid with smoke, it is marvellous that mortals could so gauge their fire as to find the mark at first shot and then continue, steaming rapidly, to maintain the accuracy. The loss of such gunners would have been truly a catastrophe.

Germans may believe that the Waspite has gone forever, but if they do they are inviting a most unpleasant surprise when the next clash comes. She is afloat and her men are still behind the guns.

UNPOPULAR WEATHERMAN

THERE is plenty of room for complaints against the weather man this spring, and farmers are not the only sufferers, though they are, perhaps, more seriously affected than others. Those who have arranged and taken part in band concerts held here for patriotic purposes have had great discouragement and their efforts, because of the cold or wet evenings, have not met the deserved reward.

On Tuesday night the I. O. E. were sponsors for a concert, the proceeds of which were to help along a fund to procure a motor ambulance for the 111th Battalion. The weather was so cool that hundreds who would have attended and subscribed their mites on a warm evening failed to put in an appearance, and the receipts suffered. Fortunately many endured the chill air rather than miss the music, and a sum of \$50 was realized.

On Wednesday the people of the city were promised an opportunity to witness a joint parade of all the units in camp here, but again the weather spoiled the plans, rain making necessary a postponement of the spectacle.

The great children's event of the year, the public school picnic, also had to be postponed at the last minute, bringing disappointment to the thousands who had their lunches packed and their day all mapped out.

All classes "have it in" for the weather man, who is running a close race with the kaiser for the lead in unpopularity.

THE PRAISE OF HEROES.

YESTERDAY most of the newspapers, The Advertiser included, laid an editorial wreath at the feet of Major Hamilton Gault, "father" of the Princess Patricia, in the belief that he had given his life for "the cause that roused his manhood, and the land that gave him birth." Today it is a gratifying duty to correct the inadvertent error, whereby his death was chronicled, the report since having been denied by the family. The word flowers will not be "retracted," however, and it may be well that this nation-wide tribute was paid the gallant young Canadian, who, if he is spared, will surely again show his devotion by returning to his regiment.

Even the greatest of the Empire's heroes gets small need of praise unless his death presents the final obligation of tribute. It is well that in the case of Earl Kitchener an exception is to be recorded. A few days before he died Premier Asquith paid the departed war secretary a remarkable testimonial. The premier's speech is just now published, and well it may stand as the thought of the British people. Even the "man of steel" must have thrilled over the words of Asquith, carefully balanced, dignified and not overdrawn, yet perhaps the most grateful phrases ever addressed by the nation to one of its sons. Kitchener

THE BRUISED CHAPLET

[The glorious 1st of June, the anniversary of Admiral Lord Howe's great victory of Cape St. Vincent, has hitherto been one of the brightest days in British naval annals.]

Why should I weep? I am an Englishman! And proud of those who died—"Tis not defeat, Albert great the loss. Nay more 'tis meet To bear a proud uplifted face and ban Approach to sorrow. It is not dead, Nor stricken, this might of England! Weep! When there's no cause for joy. Why should I weep? The bruised chaplet round so crowned a head!

Wait, and be patient. I am patient, wait! Heed not the little men and full of noise Shrieking disaster, they have unlatched no gate. Although the strewn sea with the wreckage toys. The humbled pride, and not the wound amonys, England endures, and England still is great!

—FRANK BROWNE.

lived to hear his great work in the Empire's emergency fully recorded. The idle writers who like to seize upon "types" and hero-worship the great, strong men of silence and steel seem to be laying it on a bit thick regarding Kitchener. One report states that "he never smiled," yet almost every portrait of him reveals gentleness and warmth of nature, and all of the personal sketches of him written by competent men, such as T. P. O'Connor and Irvin S. Cobb, show him as a kindly man of flesh and blood, rather than an iceberg or a metal thinking machine. Because he took life seriously, and cast off the usual military dash and passion for the life's spices, he was none the less warm-hearted. And it is fitting that the nation's encomiums were not all of the post-mortem variety.

OUTS TWO WAYS.

It is to the eternal shame of Canada that there were no Canadian dreadnoughts in the North Sea—Toronto News.

BY THE same reasoning it is to the eternal shame of Canada that British, French, Japanese and Australian cruisers have had to protect our shores and convoy our troops since the war commenced.

It is not to the eternal shame of Canada that the training ship Rainbow has rendered effective service and captured enemy shipping.

No matter what the merits or shortcomings of either policy, is this the time for Canadians to "strait" one another?

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

OF ALL the tributes paid to Lord Kitchener, none is more touching or more illuminating than that of the South African Assembly, whose members remained standing after the announcement of his death as a mark of respect.

Among these legislators were many who had fought bitterly against the British a few years ago, and who were beaten by Kitchener, but today they are his friends and their sons are fighting in the army over which he has held control. They recognized the British leader as an honorable foe while the war was continued, and when it ended they found in him a friend eager to assist in the work of reforming South Africa.

Not only is there no lingering hatred for their conquerors in the minds of these Boers, but there is real gratitude to Britain for the treatment they have received at her hands. Entire freedom with the friendship and support of the world's greatest power is theirs, and they realize that in defeat they found the way to national happiness. In their gratitude Kitchener largely shared.

VICTORY NEARER.

THE MILITARY situation in Europe is looking satisfactory. The lot to the Canadians at Hooge is painful, but not a quantitatively large factor in this struggle of empire. The loss of Kitchener is sorely felt, but his work was done; he hit hard for a victory. Italy was quickly recovered herself and held the Hun at arm's length without great difficulty. If the Austrians expected to ride over the Italians as Germany pressed last summer into Russia, they have suffered a disappointment.

But the great features of the present moment in Europe are the huge and sudden Russian advance in Volhynia and Galicia, and the crushing toll to the Germans at Fort Vaux. As to the first, it is like a landslide. Russia seems to have a chance of breaking right through the Austrian lines denuded of men and guns for the Italian adventure. No wonder the grand duke's army has been for some time at a standstill in Asia Minor, when the coup on the Austrian front was being prepared.

Perhaps the French success is even more glittering than that of the Russian. German militarism is finding its deathbed at Verdun, by all appearances. So quick, clean-cut, complete and apical has been the demolition of all asiling has been the French stronghold in the south on the French stronghold in the last two days, that the Germans are staggered and retreat in a rout. Yesterday wheat fell two points and stocks rose on the New York market, owing doubtless in the main or immediately to the Vaux defeats.

The critical hour draws near for the brute powers of Hun and Turk. It is a very black hour which stands with black wings poised to fly up and tear from his throne the arch-criminal of history. Victory approaches for our cause appreciably these days. If Germany could not win in 1914, she had less chance in 1915, and in 1916 has none at all. We hold the winning cards.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Count Okuma denies his assassination, so it is probable he is still alive.

Frightful loss at Verdun, says the crown prince letter. We fully realize his plight.

It is almost inconceivable that a man of James J. Hill's business ability should have failed to leave a will.

Windsor pays tribute to Kitchener by

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

The kaiser delivered a stirring address to his sailors, in which he declares that the British fleet has been hopelessly beaten. However, German statesmen will still ask Great Britain for safe conducts over the seas.

Bill Bryan says the Republicans are hungry for office. Bill knows all about this kind of hunger.

President Carranza says that the American force is interned in Mexico. Three soldiers must be locked up.

The true reporter is a sincere philanthropist, says an exchange. That's about the kindest thing we ever heard of a reporter. Some folks' ideas of a reporter would have him plentifully decked with horns, and cloven feet.

Bonnie Glass, dancer, has married a rich copper magnate. With all the money, she should be able to boast like a real glass blower.

There is a race of folks in Siberia that do not know there is a war on. Must be cousins to the folks at Lincoln, Neb.

The sun was seen the other day, but owing to the stares of the multitude Old Sol hid his blushing face.

We are out shouting for a dry wave in Ontario. This goes for the Weather Man, who is taking many drops too much.

Mrs. Waite wants a divorce from her husband before he is electrocuted. If that will give her any joy she deserves it.

A Kansas man shot his wife because she paid too much for a hat. If this ever becomes epidemic, well—we cannot bear to think on the subject.

A New York judge has decided that an elevator is not a vehicle. However, it has a killing record sufficient to put it in that class.

Germany has seized all the meat, but there are plenty of fat-headed statesmen left there.

We presume that the kaiser will issue a proclamation shortly to the effect that he has not lost a colony since the war began.

We envy Noah more every day. Think of only forty days' rain!

In the rush of news don't forget that the Russian bear is doing some fine hugging on the Eastern front.

The church is blamed for the war, according to Dr. Gladden. He does not care to gladden the lives of the preachers.

A xylophone soloist named Chihca can manipulate four hammers at once, making him a proper gentleman to have citizenship in London, Ont.

Germany may seize all the meat now, but Great Britain and the Allies will bring home the bacon.

Mexican bandits may raid Marathon, Texas. It looks as if somebody would be on the run there.

Moses died, and Joshua led the Israelites into the Promised Land. Kitchener is gone, but there will be a Joshua to lead the Allies to victory. Make no mistake about that.

It is a pity that the militia authorities do not add canoeing as a training stunt for soldiers. They have every facility for it.

The fuss about fuses will soon be over. Sir Sam Hughes is probably quite happy over this fact.

As we go to press, the creeks are not dried up, and there does not seem to be any danger of a drought. We figure this will be welcome news.

The doctors are busy, we understand, their customers being a lot of girls suffering from exposed shins.

Mr. Kelly will shortly be on trial in Winnipeg for a serious offence. As we write, Mr. Kelly is not enamored of political life.

This is a typical California winter, we are informed, and so we thought, that Bill could not do better than write a small ode on winter. It is a joyful little idea, and we are sure our customers will be delighted beyond measure. Bill's thoughts are not necessarily the thoughts of those who dwell in California, but the general situation is so delightfully pleasant, the outlook so bright, and everybody enamored of the winter spirit, that we decided to run them. We are so jovial, don't you think?

WINTER. The cold wind does blow. And now we will have snow. When we have had the blizzards. As over the country roads we go. Crossing bridges and through dells.

The ponds are now all covered with ice. Which to the young folks look so nice. As it is all a glare. And know that when their day's work is done.

To have some skating there. But weather like this is not good for the old. For they are feeble and take ill. And fear to go out in the cold. For fear they take a chill.

The young folks go out tobogganing. Up and down the hills. The lumberman goes on logging. And comes back with loads of bills. The workmen get so plodding on the electric-lighted standard. Humming to themselves a song. For they never shirk.

The soldiers they are drilling Through the sleet and snow. For they show that they are willing Where they are to go.

The boats are now in their harbor. Away from the wintry gales. And then again when over They will unfurl their sails.

Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A QUITTER.

By Henry D. Morehouse.

"Well, if you say you can't there isn't any use of talking any more about it. The shape the work is in now, I don't suppose you would mind if I left tonight, would you?"

"Why, no, Joe; if you wish to quit tonight, it's all right. You can arrange to go at any time you like. But I'm sorry. I'm sorry to lose you and I'm sorry I can't pay you more money, but I've told you how things stand. Have you made any plans?"

"No; none whatever."

"Well, if you ever want to come back to work for me I'd be glad to have you. You're a good man and I think you are worth more than I would be able to pay you here. I wish you luck."

"Thanks," said Joe. "I'll not forget what you've said."

The men shook hands and Joe left the office.

He bought an evening paper and sat in the train he began to look through the "Help Wanted" columns, then turned back a page or two and listlessly began to read a short story. It was the story of a man who lived of the city and broke, who had left town one day, and after traveling many miles, had hired out as a farm-hand, and in a short time rented a farm, married, made money and learned to despise the city and all its works in the happiness and contentment of the life he was living.

Joe folded the paper and looked about him. There was nothing unusual. What a weary looking, throng surrounded him, packed as closely as they could sit or stand! It was the same sort of crowd he had traveled with all ways, but he had not with it a new interest and what he saw gave him an idea, hazy, indefinite, but the more he thought of it the more it grew to have substance in his mind.

The bell rang and Marion ran to the door, fastening a cuff button in a fresh waist as she went. Marion was a stenographer downtown, working for those who suited his convenience about dictating his letters; so often, as happened tonight, she was late reaching home and had barely time to finish a cold dinner after the rest of the family and hastily change her dress.

Joe had telephoned her a few days before that he wanted to see her that evening. This was nothing unusual, for he had been coming to see her once or twice a week for a long time, but this time he had said he had something important to tell her.

Although he never had said so, Marion thought she had a pretty clear idea of what his feelings were toward her. Any woman can tell that about a man. Instead of Joe at the door, as she expected, she met a messenger boy, who handed her a note. Opening it in the hall she read:

"Dear Marion: I decided a few moments ago not to come to see you, but thought I would rather write. I am going to chuck it—leaving town tonight. I haven't had any clear notion of where I am going or what I am going to do. I only know for certain that I must get away. I have had hopes for many months—hopes which I dare not tell—but it isn't any use. I've worked three years on this job and I'm not getting anywhere. I hardly make enough to support myself, and when I ask the boss for a raise he wanted to know why he should pay me more when he could get any number of men to work for what I get. Besides, I haven't had the business warrant it. Several weeks ago, a distant relative died and I found I had been left an income of just one dollar a week. I resigned my position yesterday and I am taking a train for some place in the woods up north. I wanted to say good-bye to you, but I will let this be my good-bye note."

Marion sat a long time with the letter in her lap beneath her folded hands. Inured to disappointment as she was through the many that had come to her, she felt this to be the hardest she had ever known. She had not known until now how much she cared for what he said and dreamed about her. Here she had been so evidently considering herself a failure—a quitter—and was willing to acknowledge it even to her. His good-bye he seemed to mean should be final—expressing no wish to see or hear from her again.

Wearily from her day in the office and from its disappointing ending, she sought her bed.

Joe pushed up the shade in his berth in the early morning light and looked out on a world of white. Deep forests lined the track and the trees were covered with wet snow that by them the appearance of great white umbrellas. As he lay in his berth watching the moving landscape, he heard the porter say through the curtain: "Your station's next, sah. Due in forty minutes."

When Joe had purchased his ticket the night before he had told the agent he wished to go to some small place in the woods, he did not care where. He got into his clothes and prepared to leave the train.

After breakfast in the one hotel in the place, he learned from the landlord of a cabin in the woods about seven miles from the town that could be bought or rented. The owner lived in the town, and Joe rented the place without bothering to look at it and hired a man to drive him out to it.

He found a good house on the shore of a small lake and surrounded by great trees, the same big trees that seemed to be everywhere in this beautiful place. He believed he was in a full country.

He had been so tired and so weary with necessary supplies before leaving the village. He spent the rest of the day making himself comfortable and did not leave the cabin, as a cold sleet storm had set in.

The next morning he started out to look over the place and found it as the owner had represented. There were about thirty acres of clear land back in the woods, and the whole farm looked so good he decided to try and buy it and stay there.

That night, as he sat by his fire in the cabin, he wrote a letter to Marion. He began by telling her that when he left her he never expected to see her again unless he wrote her. He made him self worthy enough to ask her to be his wife, and he was too discouraged at the time ever to hope for that. But now, he wrote, he believed he saw his chance here if she would come and help him. He pictured the life they might live together there, and asked her if she would give up her home in the city, her friends and her work and come to him.

Marion stepped out of her car on a cold, murky night and walked the long block to her home. She was more tired than usual, for it had been a trying day, and there had been many letters to write long after everybody had gone to bed. She found a letter at her plate on the table, and she read it through twice. Then she quick left the table, returned to her room and wrote to Joe: "Come and get me."

TRAINS EACH WAY

LONDON TORONTO

LEAVE LONDON—

*5:20 a.m., *6:30 a.m., *9:00 a.m., *1:25 p.m., *5:10 p.m., *7:35 p.m.

ARRIVE TORONTO—

*8:40 a.m., *10:30 a.m., *12:15 p.m., *4:35 p.m., *9:00 p.m., *11:10 p.m.

(*) Daily. (†) Daily except Sunday.

TORONTO TO LONDON

LEAVE TORONTO—

*7:00 a.m., *8:00 a.m., *1:30 p.m., *4:00 p.m., *6:30 p.m., *11:50 p.m.

ARRIVE LONDON—

*10:45 a.m., *11:15 a.m., *5:35 p.m., *7:15 p.m., *9:50 p.m., *4:30 a.m.

PARTICULARS FROM CAN. PAC. TICKET AGENTS, OR W. B. HOWARD, DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT, TORONTO.

AUSTRIANS CHECKED ALL ALONG THE LINE, SAYS ROME REPORT

Vigorous Italian Counter-Attack Near Campo Mulo.

ROME, June 7.—Checks for the Austrians along the line of their attack in the southern Tyrol are reported today by the war office. The important Coni-Sugna position in the Adige valley is still firmly held, while near Campo Mulo, northeast of Asiago, an Italian counter-attack was notably successful.

Today's official statement is as follows: "The enemy on Monday evening repeated his violent attacks, supported by intense artillery fire, against our positions in the upper valley of the Arco, on Monte Spil and along the Campo Mulo valley, northeast of Asiago. He was everywhere repulsed with heavy losses to him. On the heights east of the Campo Mulo we vigorously counter-attacked the enemy infantry, pursuing them with the bayonet to the bottom of the valley."

"Yesterday along the whole front from the Adige to the Brenta, artillery actions occurred. Enemy attempts to attack in the direction of Coni-Sugna in the Adige valley, and against our positions southeast of Asiago were promptly repulsed by our fire."

"In the Drava valley we are continuing our bombardment of the Toblach and Sillian stations."

"In the Carma and Isoneo fronts there has been an intense activity in the enemy's activity is pronounced."

DECOMPOSED BODY CAST UP BY ERIE

Man's Identification Impossible Unless Someone May Recognize Clothes.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

WINDSOR, June 7.—What is believed to be the body of a man who may have jumped or fallen from a passenger steamer last fall, was found by farmers on the shore of Lake Erie, about five miles below Amherstburg today.

Dr. W. J. Park of Amherstburg, coroner for South Essex, declared the body had been worn by a man of average build, about 35 years of age, and was in the water several months. There was no possible chance of identifying the man owing to the condition of the body, and it was made an hour after it was discovered on the sands of the shore.

The unknown man was about five feet six inches in height, weighed 130 pounds, dressed in a black suit, black buttoned shoes, and wore a pleated shirt and blue tie.

BLYTH DISTRICT I. O. O. F. BLYTH, June 7.—The district lodge of the I. O. O. F., comprising the following lodges: Blyth, Windsor, Dunlop, Wingham, and Wroxeter, met in the Oddfellows' Hall, Blyth, on Tuesday afternoon, with delegates from all places. G. Davidson, district deputy grand master, presiding. The following committees were appointed: Credential, H. B. Elliott and Thomas Brown; Finance, J. W. Groves, J. S. McVittie, and A. W. Robinson; R. Allin and W. Little; bylaws, A. W. Robinson, Thomas Brown, J. G. Jones, B. H. Elliott.

A number of discussions took place, and the following officers were then appointed: D. D. G. master, S. McVittie, district secretary, J. W. Dodds.

HAD PALPITATION OF THE HEART ALSO WEAK AND DIZZY SPELLS

When the heart begins to palpitate it will beat fast for several seconds, then slow, then start to flutter, and a feeling of utter depression will come over your whole system, accompanied by weak, fainting and dizzy spells, and if you should happen to be in the street at that time, you will feel as if you were sinking, and that "all gone" sinking sensation, you feel as if you were sinking to die.

When you feel this way, you may be sure that both your heart and nerves are out of order, and what you require is a real good heart and nerve tonic; one that will build up and strengthen both the heart and nerve system.

Mrs. J. S. Nicholls, Listowel, Ont., writes: "I was weak and run down, my heart would palpitate, and I would take weak and dizzy spells. A friend advised me to take your Heart and Nerve Pills, and I started at once. In a few days I felt much stronger, and my heart was ever so much better in a short time. I cannot praise your medicine too highly for it has done me a world of good. My husband has also been bothered with heart trouble, ever since childhood, and finds great relief by using your valuable pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. For this purpose nothing can equal Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

CONVERSION OF BATTERIES LANDS OLD MAN IN JAIL

INGERSOLL, June 7.—On a charge of conversion of electric batteries, William Bingley, a man of about 60 years, was sentenced to two months in the county jail. He was freed from the London jail on Tuesday last, and was again taken into custody and brought here. Some time ago a local resident and a citizen of Beachville purchased electric batteries from him. These Bingley wished to give treatments, and when he failed to return them the police were notified. He was located at London, where he was serving 21 days for being drunk.

TWITCHELL-ROSS. CLINTON, June 7.—At high noon today, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Murray McEwen, Mary street, Miss Elsie Ross became the bride of a popular young businessman, Harry Twitchell. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Rutledge, pastor of Wesley Methodist Church, and before the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The couple left on the afternoon train for Detroit and other cities, and on their return intend to make their residence in Toronto.

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ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DIABETES, ETC.

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Corinthian..... June 21 London
Scandinavian June 24 Liverpool
Carthaginian June 29 Glasgow
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Pretorian..... July 11 Glasgow
Sicilian..... July 15 Liverpool

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