

## GERMANY TO DECIDE FOR PEACE OR WAR

Either Back Down or Open  
Breach Only Alternative  
for Kaiser.

### MAY MAKE EVASIONS

German War Lords Will  
Hardly Dare to Provoke  
Rupture With U.S.

(Continued From Page 1.)

between the United States and Britain, notably in the Wilhelmian and Dactyl instances, is a proof they are anxious not to allow antagonism to exist between themselves and America. I am perfectly aware they laugh at the military power of the United States, because they know that it is impossible in any circumstances for Americans to participate with the allies in the coming offensive, yet to my mind they cannot underestimate the moral, and above all, the financial power of the United States. Even taking into account their blood lust and military domination, I cannot see them adding such a terrific power to their present antagonisms. They must realize that to do so would make their downfall as certain as anything absolutely can be. Apart from naval considerations, they fully appreciate just as much as the French and British do the tremendous military potentialities of the United States.

**Reasons for Peace.**  
There are some reasons why we would rather not see the United States of America involved. Primarily, it means a stoppage of the work of Hoover's commission and millions of Belgians dying like flies. That, of course, would mean the lesser consideration being swallowed up by the greater. But one cannot get away from the note. If ever words meant anything it means that Germany has to climb down all round or else war. There can be no other meaning. No great nation would ever address such a note to a friendly power unless it intended to secure absolute compliance to its demands. On the other hand, Germany's acceptance means a moral defeat, hundreds of times greater than all her material losses. My conviction is that she will use every ruse of diplomacy trying to ride off on a side issue so as to escape a definite reply. She can afford neither war nor peace with the United States. The question remains in Germany clever enough to find a halfway-house."

## DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON VISIT TO NIAGARA

Accompanied by Duchess and  
Princess "Pat"—Witnessed  
Sham Battle.

**Special to The Toronto World.**  
NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., May 14.—After the return of the royal party last evening from Niagara, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught reviewed the newly-organized corps of automobile transport from the balcony of the Clifton Hotel, and congratulated the managers of the corps so efficiently organizing such a large number of automobiles in such short time.

Shortly after 10 o'clock this morning, the royal special train conveyed the duke to Niagara, where he spent the day witnessing the sham battle. The duchess and Princess Patricia were taken to Niagara Falls in H. D. Symme's automobile, in charge of Jas. Quillman, who conducted the party to all scenic points on the American side, and after luncheon they went to Lewiston.

Mr. Symme's car went to Niagara at 1:30 p.m. for His Royal Highness and Major-General Hughes and brought them to the city.

Extensive plans are being made for the review of the Home Guard tomorrow, which will take the form of a public demonstration in Queen Victoria Park.

**DUNNING'S, LIMITED.**  
Specials today—Broiled Live Lobster, Lobster Mayonnaise and Soft Shell Crabs, 27-31 King street west, 28 Melinda street.

**ROTARY CLUB STARTS  
VACANT LOT CAMPAIGN**

First Seed Will Be Planted at Corner of Dunn Avenue and King Street Today.

The Rotary Club of Toronto is inaugurating the vacant lot cultivation movement today. This movement is for the purpose of allowing the poor of the city to cultivate unused plots.

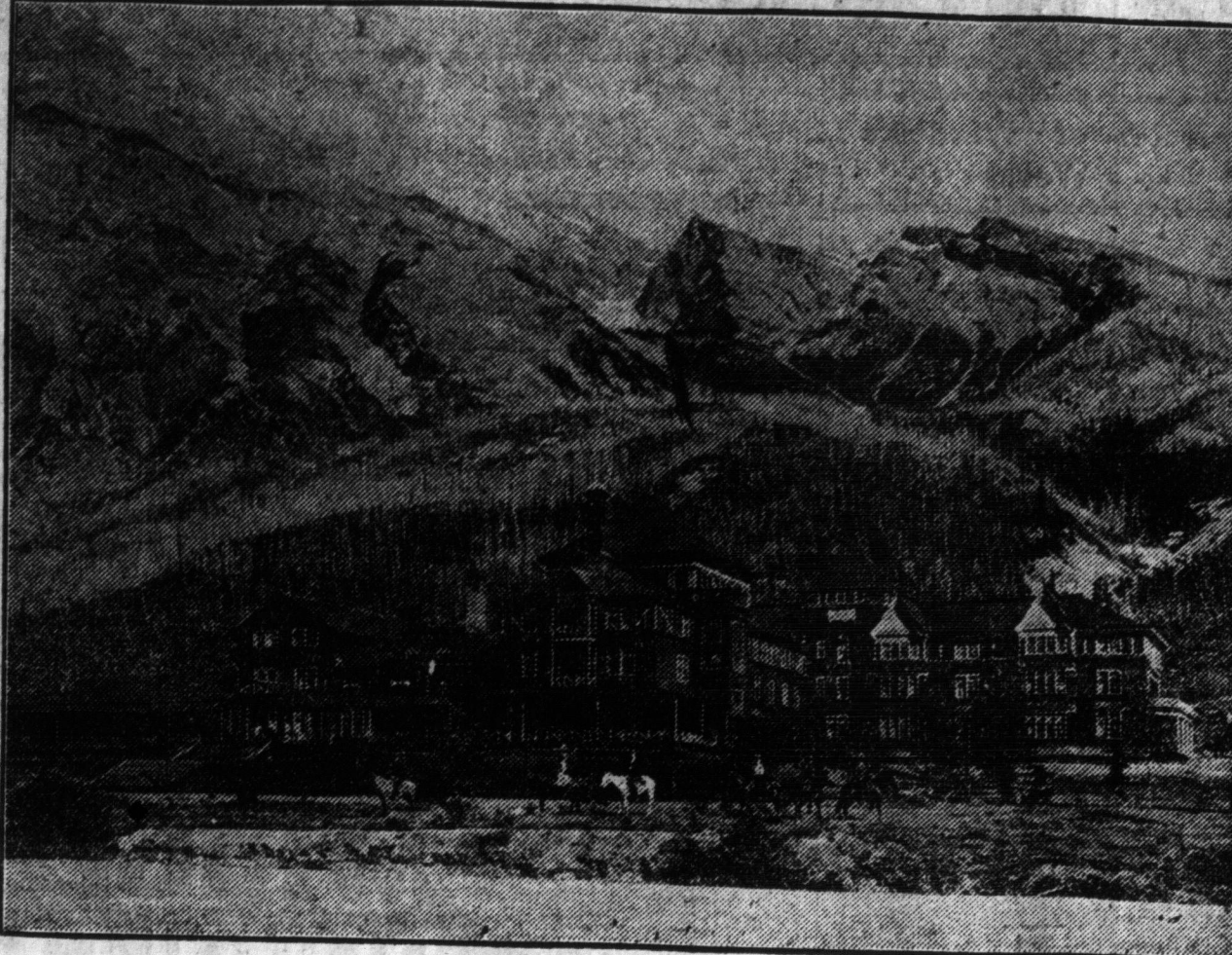
A procession of automobiles will leave the Rotary office, 88 Bay street, today at 2 p.m., to take members and the men who cultivate the land to the various vacant properties. The first lot to be visited is at the corner of Dunn avenue and King street, where the planting of the first seed will take place with proper ceremonies.

**King's Cafe**  
Those who prize cleanliness and sufficiency dine at "King's Cafe." The food is pure, clean, and wholesome. Dining-rooms spacious and pleasant. Local food—courteous attention. Home-made pastry and desserts.

Our Evening Dinner De Luxe, 50c. The talk of the town. What others attempt at double the price, 50c to 8 p.m.  
Dinner 35c Lunch—12 to 5 p.m.  
Refined Entertainment during Matinee, Orchestra, Vocal Soloists. Mr. Howard Russell, Cabaret 10 to 12 p.m.  
Mr. and Mrs. Madman of New York in latest dances.

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## SEE CANADA FIRST



C.P.R. Hotel at Field, B.C., at the foot of Mount Stephen.

## "Certainly Ideal Life for a Lazy Man," Said Binkley in Last Letter

Noted Athlete, Killed in Action, Gave Interesting  
Sidelights on a Soldier's Work—Other  
Letters From Canadians Speak of  
the Thrills of Warfare.

Probably one of the most interesting letters yet received from the front was the last written by Ross Binkley, the noted athlete, who was killed by the same shell that killed his "pal" and superior officer, Mado Macdonald. This letter has just been received by his mother and it gives some inside views of soldiering.

"Bink," as he was popularly known by thousands of rugby followers, wrote about the life from a different angle. About actual fighting itself he said very little.

Except when on duty Lieut. Macdonald, who was in command of the 3rd Battalion machine gun section, and Pte. Ross Binkley did not recognize the rules laid down by military disciplinarians. Before the war broke out they were the best of pals, and it was only natural that "Bink" should join "Mac" as machine gun sections are dubbed. At Valenciennes, Salisbury and in France they were generally together and neither felt that he would return from the war. Both knew what they were up against and accepted the inevitable, fighting until the last.

One time at Salisbury, when the officer and private had gone from the camp for a few hours, Binkley left Lieut. Macdonald at one of the hotels while he himself went out shopping. Returning with a motor car to carry both back to camp, Binkley could not find his commanding officer for some little time. Finally Lieut. Macdonald was discovered talking to a couple of British colonels.

"Mado," shouted Binkley, forgetting for the moment that he should have said "Lieut. Macdonald," or "Mr. Macdonald."

"Mado," he yelled again.

Then he caught the attention of his commanding officer.

"Mado, the car's here," said Binkley, and then realizing his mistake, he murmured, "Beg pardon, sir," and withdrew.

Macdonald and Binkley were inseparable pals and perhaps it was only natural that they should die together.

Following is Ross Binkley's last letter:

one that you must fight the mice to retain.

**Just Plodding Along.**  
"The odor of a cow stable directly underneath mingled with that of a pig pen across the barriade. The building poet and love-sick swain sings of the new mown hay, but the Canadian soldier is quite sure that hay or straw never could have seen that happy condition."

"And so the days go and the nights pass and so I suppose the days and nights will pass, until finally the predestined time arrives when the gods decide what the ultimate issue for each of us is to be. I believe we were thru with the trenches. We have been seasoned, so to speak, and it would appear that when some thousands, like ourselves, are new to the matters of war, get this experience, then we may be entrusted with matters of more moment and importance. When or where this will happen is beyond our knowing. Probably it is best that it is so.

**Homesick Feeling.**  
"Of the war and the situation in general, I can tell you nothing. Every day we can see the aeroplanes and hear the boom of the guns, but only occasionally does it seem to be our knowledge. They are our only means of acquiring news. You know and read more about the war than I do. My knowledge is purely local, and is confined to the immediate vicinity of our billet."

"I received your letter and am glad that you have had such good health. Am feeling fine and am really enjoying the experiences. Once in a while the 'homey' feeling becomes strong and a sight of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, or Dundas would be welcome, but the longer that time is delayed the more welcome it will be."

**Killed Three Huns.**  
"I killed three Germans and got their helmets, which I am sending you," writes Pte W. O'Connor with the wife, who resides at No. 5 Mutual street. This husky soldier is now in a hospital in Rouen with a bullet wound in his neck.

"The 9th Mississauga Horse, and the Third and Fourth companies, charged the Germans at 50 yards in the open country, and they turned machine guns on us," he says. "We lost at least 5000 men, mostly all Canadians. I don't know just how I came out of it at all. I only trust that I am out of the hospital soon again as I am anxious to get at the Germans again. They are nothing more than murderers as they shoot women and children just as if they were dogs. We captured a lot of the beasts, but not until we lost poor Captain Gordon of Toronto, and every officer that was connected with our company."

**Toronto Suffers.**  
"I will never forget the sight on the battlefield as I was carried away. It is too terrible to write about in full. Hundreds of the boys that have been with me all the time since we left."

**A Soldier's Life.**  
"This life is most certainly the ideal one for a lazy man. Your meal is provided, your hour of retiring and arising is announced, your actions during the day are governed by rules that concern you not in the making. In fact, the only thing required of a soldier is that he obey orders. The one thing beyond parson is to think for yourself or to do anything on your own initiative. You are looked after as a cow or a horse is looked after, and in the eyes of the officers are regarded in much the same way."

"You are merely a mechanical something that gets revolved, answers to a name at roll call and responds to the day's orders without question or hesitation. The officer pulls the strings, and the private and junior jump."

**Going "Somewhere."**  
"The morning may bring a German bullet or a route march or an inspection by General Somers or other, but the one necessary thing for you to do is to take heed for it. You don't know where you are going; you are simply on your way. You don't know where you are when you arrive somewhere. You pass thru villages, before and which you never heard of, and which you never heard of, but cannot pronounce. If the end of your march is a billet, you know it will be a barn and you used before by other hay or straw, one used before by other troops and as 'lousy' as a cuckoo, and

Toronto, were lying on the field either dead or wounded.

"I guess that if my wound doesn't soon get better they will send me to the base hospital in England. I don't want them to do this as it will take a long time to get back to the field. I think that the war will last at least two years."

"There seems to be millions of the Germans and it takes a long while to kill them off. I don't like to put it that way, but there seems to be the only thing that can be done with them, as they are nothing much more than a bunch of dogs. They kill women and children with great glee and then let us know about it, because I guess that they know that it will incense us all the more. We have been fighting with the French and the Turks. The latter are big black fellows, but they are crackerjack fighters and good fellows. We are treated royally in the hospital."

**Cause to Remember.**  
Serg. A. E. Cordery of Princess Patricia's writes:

"We have been in the trenches for six days and nights, the longest time we have spent there since we came over here. I don't suppose we shall be relieved yet a while. However, I suppose we are safer here than we would be outside."

"The Germans have set fire to G—, and sprayed the trenches of the Turks with some corrosive fluid. The poor fellows came back blinded. I expect you will read all about it in the papers. The Germans will have a lot of things to answer for before very long. The Germans were the first to be killed. British and French troops are being rushed up as fast as possible, and we are anxious to see the result of this battle. If it goes favorably with the allies it will probably be the turning point of the war."

**Don't Notice Shells.**  
"We are on the edge of a wood, and the Germans are only thirty yards away in some places. I wish they were one hundred miles away. If we could only get things moving and get them on the run it would help to finish this war all the quicker. The Germans are shelling the wood as I am writing this gas. Some of the gas is getting so thick that we take very little notice. However, they generally do a lot of damage. I should like to see a little more artillery in action than there is at present. I have just heard that our men are driving the Germans back."

**Kill Women and Children.**  
In a letter to his mother, Hamilton Munro, 42 Player Crescent, with the 1st Divisional Supply Column, speaks of the terrible effect of big shells. "At first we went over to use it—that we take very little notice. However, they generally do a lot of damage. I should like to see a little more artillery in action than there is at present. I have just heard that our men are driving the Germans back."

"We left after we saw the French artillery retreat with shells flying all over and getting the horses as they ran. At first we went over to use it—that we take very little notice. However, they generally do a lot of damage. I should like to see a little more artillery in action than there is at present. I have just heard that our men are driving the Germans back."

**Deadly Gases.**  
The Germans have a shell, which when exploded, throws out a deadly gas. One of the Cameron Highlanders told me that he had seen some soldiers in a trench who were victims of this gas. Some, he said, were in the act of eating a piece of bread, and others smoking cigarettes, sitting in a position as if alive. Another Highlander was kneeling down with his bayonet thru the body of a Prussian Guard, while another was in the act of having a hand-to-hand fight with one of the same regiment. This shell kills everything within 200 yards of where it explodes."

**Score's Clothes.**  
Score's being anxious to illustrate the values (that are worth having) urge all young men to notice their ad on page 8.

**CHAS. L. WEISNER DEAD**  
Charles Leonard Weisner, 52 Russell Hill road, died very suddenly at his home yesterday. He was 52 years old, and is survived by his widow, two sons—Philip and Richard—and one daughter—Louise. Mr. Weisner was general manager of the National Fireproofing Company of Canada, Limited, Dominion Bank Building.

**SIR WM. OTTER HONORED**  
By a Staff Reporter.  
OTTAWA, May 14.—Major-General Sir Wm. Otter is gazetted as honorary colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, Ont.



**\$10 Secures a Lot 30x120  
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Yonge Street to Glen Grove Avenue, Look for the Jitney "To Morpeth Park." Come, rain  
or shine. This is a chance that seldom comes before you. So act now.

**ROBINS LIMITED**  
--THE ROBINS BUILDING--  
VICTORIA AND RICHMOND STREETS  
TELEPHONE ADELAIDE 3200

over we would drop flat on the ground."

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## GRENADIERS CELEBRATE BATTLE OF BATOCHE

Over Ninety Officers and Ser-  
geants Sat Down to Thirtieth  
Annual Dinner.

The 30th annual dinner of the 10th Royal Grenadier sergeants' mess, to celebrate the battle of Batoche of the Northwest rebellion of 1885, was held last evening. Over 90 sergeants and officers and representatives of other corps sat down to a well-appointed table in their mess-rooms at 77 West Queen street.

The dinner was a most attractive affair. The table was decorated with patriotic bunting and numerous trophies of the battle. The speeches were made by the following: Major-General J. Thompson, Col. Mason, Col. Brock and Col. Wallace.

These present included: Staff-Serg. Murdison of foreign mess, Buffalo; Sergt.-Major Creighton, Q.O.R.; Staff-Serg. Stanforth, 8th M. H.; Sergt. Q. M.S.; J. S. Dymond, 109th Regiment; Sergt. E. H. Cuckoo, 91st, Hamilton; Sergt. Dick, 12th Royal Regiment, Hamilton; Sergt. G. Walton, R.C.D.

Sergt.-Major Knight, 12th York Rangers; Sergt.-Major Collins, 45th Highlanders; Regt. Sergt.-Major J. A. Widgery, London, Ont.; Sergt. Shenfield, G.A.S.C.; Squad Sergt.-Major Powell, G.B.C.; Col-Sergt. Major Curlew, 85th Battalion, C.E.F.; President Col. Sergt. C. Claridge, Vice-President Col. Sergt. J. Wilson, Secretary T. E. Bowman, Treasurer P. M. Sergt. A. J. Cook and Sergt.-Major J. Phillips, W.O.

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WM. BURNS, Manager.