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KITCHENER REPORTS.

LORD KITCHENER'S summing up of the war situation in the House of Lords Tuesday is encouraging. With the Russian thrust back, the heavy assaults on the British lines in Flanders which for a time seemed about to break badly, and the increased activities of the German submarines culminating in the gloom spreading horror off Kinshale, the tide of war appeared to be turning strongly against the Allies. Now we are told by the man best qualified to speak that the situation as a whole is favorable to our cause. The candid, businesslike Kitchener has never hesitated to tell us when the outlook was dark. Now that he declares it to be bright, we may be sure that it is the case. We learn that the Allies are making good progress at the Dardanelles, that the Russians have steadily done after taking a terrific hammering from a huge German-Austro army, and are hitting back as of old, that in Mesopotamia the British expedition against the Turk is carrying all before it, and that in France and Flanders the British, French and Belgians have rolled back the invaders along a two-mile front.

Encouraging, too, is Kitchener's statement that there has been a steady stream of recruits, enough to keep the gaps filled, and that he expects to have little trouble in raising a new army of 300,000. It will be recalled that in midwinter the War Secretary hinted strongly at conscription. His latest words indicate that at present there is no necessity for such a radical move. This means that the people of the United Kingdom have been completely aroused to the peril. The "baby killings" have worked well in discovering to the thoughtless and careless what the Prussian menace means, and in stiffening British determination to crush it. Perhaps Kitchener's most important statement was that relating to ammunition. However courageous and enthusiastic, a nation at war is lost unless adequately armed. That has been the weak point with the Allies and it explains, no doubt, why the offensive has been delayed. The Allies, but especially Great Britain, taken unawares, were terribly handicapped in this respect when the war opened. Now Lord Kitchener says this problem is being satisfactorily solved. The great factories of the United Kingdom are turning out the much-needed shells and cartridges in vast quantities and the new world is sending daily entire cargoes of war material.

The war may last many months more, in fact, Kitchener hints that it may be prolonged for years. Germany is far from beaten, but that the tide of the war is moving towards that desirable end is certain. The Allies are accumulating weight in numbers and hitting power that will in time prove irresistible. The Allies have the men, the money, the shells, the ships. Germany, cooped up, being strangled by the allied fleets, cannot go abroad for war material and foodstuffs, and there is a limit to all her wonderful conservation and economy. Furthermore, Turkey is about whipped and Austria limping badly, despite recent successes in Galicia. As Lord Kitchener says, the outlook is good for triumph. His is a good report and should hearten us.

REPRISALS.

THE great German Socialist Bernstein, condemns such "reprisals" as the sinking of the Lusitania. The ordinary German contention is, of course, that as Great Britain accuses the civilians of Germany with starvation, it is right and proper for the German army and navy to kill British civilians by way of deterrent "reprisal." Bernstein objects, however, that such savagery as the destruction of the Lusitania passengers is rather provocative than deterrent, and, "as a climax to former incidents of a similar nature," gives Germany a bad name.

It is not only for the merely threatened starvation of the German people that Germany claims to be exacting reprisals in killing British women and children. Dr. Alfred Sieveking, a well-known authority on international law, writes in the Hamburg Nachrichten that "Any infraction of the law of nations demands reprisals. As a reprisal it is, of course, permissible to visit unfounded towns with bombs. Reprisals, punishment, and the more it is felt the better."

"The question of the possibility of combining with it strategic or tactical results is quite a secondary matter. We should, for example, be perfectly justified, as a punishment for Russian marauding raids, in showering bombs on Oxford or Cambridge, or imposing a high fine on French towns. From the juristic point of view our enemies, so far as they are Allies, form one entity, and the idea naturally occurs to make the 'civilized nations,' England and France, feel what kind of creatures their brothers in arms are."

So here is an excuse for the German atrocities, that the Russians have done dire things in East Prussia. Even supposing that the Russians have not been ruthless and that the actions of individual soldiers call for German governmental "reprisals" on British civilians.

who know nothing about the matter, how would the Germans like to have the massacre of Armenians by their Kurd allies visited upon Rhineland and Silesian villages? Sieveking maintains just that, that Great Britain and France will be perfectly justified in killing a lot of German women and children as reprisal for the doings of the Kurds. He prates of "the juristic point of view." Whatever may be the truth about that, there is evidently for him no human point of view. He is as human as the wheel of a sausage machine. If the Germans generally believe in Sieveking's doctrine, they are certainly, as Dr. Jordan said, a nest of poisonous snakes that needs utter stamping out, not for any reprisal, but for the peace and safety of the world. Sieveking and the rest of his infernal breed are as bad as any of the bloody-handed butchers who cut the arms and feet off Belgian babies, mutilated women and crucified wounded Canadian soldiers. It is time that every young Canadian with manhood in him get ready to play his part in stamping these foul blackguards down into their real featherbeds.

"SAFETY FIRST" DERNBURG.

ACCORDING to the logic of Dernburg it is quite the proper thing to torpedo ships carrying women and children of a neutral nation. But "safety first" is the motto for German diplomats. The Kaiser's unofficial press agent in the United States, who just a few days ago, in the Lusitania, applied to the United States Government, asking that he be guaranteed by Great Britain safe transit from the United States to Germany.

Although the passengers of the Lusitania had no right to demand of Germany that their passage be safe, the German "diplomats," as he might well be called, believes in special precautions when it comes to a question of his own carcass, and he has had the brazenness to sue for safe passage to the fatherland.

The Herr Doctor need not fear for his life. It is possible that if he board a ship bound across the Atlantic he will be taken in charge when he lands in Britain. It is also possible that the same ship might be sighted by the U-29 or the U-23 and that a torpedo would be sunk into its vitals before Dr. Dernburg could wave a secret signal to the submarine commander. The ship might list to port, and the lifeboats would be swamped. The Kaiser's agent might be thrown on his own resources, and he give his lifebelt to a woman like the Anglo-Saxon Vanderbilt, or would he follow his own expressed opinions, and "place the responsibility on each individual," and crying: "Every man for himself," seize half a dozen lifebelts and take his chance to save his life by tramping over women and children to the boats?

Dernburg need not fear anything but safe transit across the ocean so far as Britain is concerned. Britain does not torpedo merchantmen or passenger ships. Britain does not murder. Dernburg had better "wireless" the Kaiser to proclaim a special safe season while he gets his precious soul across the ocean. And when he arrives there, all the laundries in Germany will not wash the red stains from his official linen.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. THE proposition for a coalition Government in Great Britain at first sight may appear somewhat startling. That two such antagonistic elements as Liberalism and Toryism in the Mother Land should amalgamate and expect to operate in harmony would, under ordinary circumstances, be inconceivable. One might as well expect oil and water to mix. But as oil and water can be made to mix in the chemist's laboratory, so opposite political parties may, under exceptional conditions, unite for a common purpose.

At present, both parties in England are practically united for the common defence. The Opposition has given a hearty support to the Government in all its measures for the prosecution of the war. There have been, of course, criticisms by the former on minor matters, but fortunately for the Empire, there has been no cause to condemn the Government for any gross mismanagement, or for connivance, direct or indirect, with traitors. It is true some of the more rabid Tory papers have made certain ministers the target for abuse, more particularly in the case of Winston Churchill, but the Opposition leaders have not associated themselves with these carping critics. It would seem, therefore, that in theory, at least, there could be no objection to the coalition of the two parties, and the division of Governmental responsibility between them.

Of course, if that is effected, there will be no domestic legislation during the progress of the war. Private bills and non-contentious matters can go through, but all the radical measures forming the program of the Liberal Government will have to remain in abeyance for the time being. That, however, has been largely the case since last August. And there is no reason why it should not continue. To a greater extent than we feel it here must be felt in Britain that for the present there is one thing, and one only, that demands all the thought and all the energy of the people—and that is the defence of the Empire. All others sink into insignificance beside this one paramount object. If there is ever to be a time for united and concentrated effort in one direction alone, it is now. In Britain at the present juncture the experiment of a coalition Government can be tried with better prospects of success than would be possible under any other conditions—political or national.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Toccata has started their spring drive.

Germany aspires to be over all, but an overhauling is what she requires.

Between earthquakes and revolutions,

there is generally something stirring in Portugal.

Just now a serious crisis in the British Cabinet would prove a tonic to the Teutonic alliance.

Austria's concessions to Italy include a number of things that are not here to give; for instance, control of Albania.

The attempt of the German pirates to torpedo the Transylvania may be a hint as to what Germany's reply to Wilson's note will be.

When the passionate, unemotional, machine-like Kitchener goes out of his way to pay tribute to the courage and dash of the Canadians, that is indeed high praise.

Kitchener asks for 300,000 more men. Canada intends to send him 100,000 and Australia and New Zealand promise a steady supply so long as the war lasts. The big war chief won't lack for fighting men.

When the Russians took Przemyśl they changed the spelling to Pernoysl and a grateful world applauded. If the Austrians retake the fortress, the old atrocity will be renewed. Fight hard, you Russians!

It is not fair to say that in deciding to use gases to offset the poisonous fumes of the Germans, the British are resorting to a "triflingness" campaign. The Hun vents his savagery on combatant and non-combatant alike. The Allies are simply fighting the devil with the devil. With the British or French, a Lusitania horror or the atrocities of Louvain and Liege would be impossible.

PERSISTENT CHANGE.

[Washington Star.]

"What are your ideas of the best form of government?"

"I don't know," replied the restless agitator, "it isn't a question of what kind of a government we're after. It's merely getting rid of the one at present in operation."

SAFE BET.

[Kansas City Journal.]

Pedestrians should know their rights. So say the papers: When they're infringed, should put up fights.

An cut fierce capers. Should know our rights? I s'pose we ought.

But bet a penny That most of us have always thought—We hadn't any.

WIND O' THE WESTLAND.

[New York Evening Sun.]

Wind o' the Westland, Blow, blow, Fetch me the dreams of long ago, Long, long ago.

There was a white house crowned the hill, Tell me winds, does it stand there still?

For I was a child at its window-sill, Long, long ago.

Wind o' the Westland, Blow, blow, Bring me the loves of long ago, Long, long ago.

There was a garden blooming fair, And an old lady working there, And a little lad with tousled hair, Long, long ago.

Wind o' the Westland, Blow, blow, Bring me the dreams of long ago, Long, long ago.

There was a shining path that lay Over the edge of the golden day, And I was the lad who rode away, Long, long ago.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

[Exchange.]

Teaching school is a wearisome business, but not always so, especially when the teacher finds such shocks as the following in the smudgy papers given her for correction. These enlightening statements were all made by English pupils, and pointed out by the university correspondent.

"Finally James II gave birth to a son and so the people turned him off the throne."

"After twice committing suicide Cowper lived till 1809, when he died a natural death."

"The Trope of Cancer is a painful and incurable disease."

"The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than if he had only one."

"When the last attack at Waterloo proved a failure, Napoleon turned very pale and rode at full gallop to St. Helena."

"Much butter is imported from Denmark because Danish cows have great enterprise and superior technical education to ours."

"An appendix is a portion of a book which nobody has as yet discovered to be of any use."

"An elephant is a square animal with a tail in front and behind."

"When the Chancellor describes the Princess as 'amiable of port,' he means that she was fond of wine."

THE MAID FOR MY HEART.

[Clinton Scollard in Judge.]

I have no taste for the type that is tragic, Nor for the one that's a-flutter with fear;

Give me the maid that is mirthful and magical— April's smile, though she melt into tears!

Hair like a halo, the hue of the marni-gold; Lips like the rose with its petals apart.

Though her wealth be but the glimmer of fairy gold, She is the maid for my heart!

I have no liking for hauteur or haughtiness, Though it be gowned in perfection of fit;

Rather a shyness, rather a naughtiness, Leavened with laughter and tempered with wit!

Eyes like the dawn when the May seems a miracle— Him stole and vale like a blossomy chart—

And a low voice like a brook that is lyrical, She is the maid for my heart!

I have no use for the maid who is manipulative, Nor for one with a face like a psalm;

I cannot cotton to one who is clan-alike; Or who discourses on Buddha and Brahmi!

Give me the one who will never be "blue" to me, Just a dear comrade without any art;

So she be winsome, and so she be true to me, She is the maid for my heart!

Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

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TAPPAN'S DAY OFF

By William Edward Park.

Tappan had worshipped Knister's. Limited, since the day his father brought him, a youth of sixteen, to take a Junior clerkship in the lumber office of John L. Knister & Son.

His worship had steadily grown through the fifteen-year interval in which he had climbed by timid degrees to the post of assistant treasurer.

But now, facing Knister, Jun., across his desk, his patient thoughts strided to their last sacrifice.

"Don't you know who you're speaking to?" belovved Knister, his pale eyes blazing. "My name's Knister—K-n-i-s-t-e-r!"

He shook his fist. "Those letters spell 'bounce' for any spineless shanked, knock-kneed, wooden-headed whippersnapper who doesn't know enough to let down the awnings when—"

"But," protested Tappan mildly, "my instructions from the company are to pay out money except by check duly signed by the president and—"

"From the company?" yelled Junior. "And who makes the company? Me and my governor. Who's the president? My governor. If I tell you to pay out a pesky little five hundred dollars to this man Jones, who the devil are you to say what you will or won't do? Just because the governor is out of town you hold up your dirty little authority and tell me, into the bargain, that my man isn't straight, you many, cross-eyed, weak-minded—"

Knister, Junior, tumbled suddenly backward, and his feet shot under the desk. Tappan leaped down upon him with the agility of a cat and the fury of a panther.

"You'll pay dearly!" Knister, Junior, struggling to his elbow, halted there at sight of mild-mannered Tappan's transformation. "The minute the governor comes back, you'll pack your duds and—"

"Excuse me," rejoined Tappan coolly, "but I'll pace them right now, Jim!" he turned to the under-cashier—"please take full charge while I'm away. Tell Mr. Knister, he comes back, that I'm taking a day off." He halted a moment. "And remember—pay out no money except by check—and no money to Jones without senior's orders. Good morning!"

In the corridor outside he shivered. A girl carrying a bouquet of red roses stood there staring at him with wide, frightened eyes.

When he left the office, he was crushed and frightened; when an hour later he descended from the car and felt the lake breeze stir his timid hair to unwanted rebellion, he was thrilled and almost defiant.

"Hil, there!" cried a cheery voice. Tappan, looking up, beheld Joe Chalcraft. His mild soul detested vulgarities who shouted from the distance; but Chalcraft had more than once done legal work for Knister's.

"Your tie's ambitious," chattered Joe, proceeding to rearrange it. "Let it alone," snapped Tappan. Chalcraft's eyes opened wide.

"What the dickens has hit you?" he demanded. "And where are you bound?"

"I—you see, Mr. Chalcraft," apologized Tappan, "I'm taking a day off."

"Then my motorboat longs for your presence. Take a run with us across to Rondeau Park."

Tappan, protesting, found himself in the motorboat, where already were seated Alderman Waters of Carlisle and a stout man whose face seemed familiar.

"My friend Tappan," commented Chalcraft gaily. "He's a gay old sport and can carol like a bird. Where's Bagley?"

A tall, somber man came down the sandy walk and clambered into the boat. Tappan frowned. The pounding of the gasoline engine frightened him a little, and the green water was terrifyingly near.

He could not remember swimming since he was fifteen. But presently the spirit of the outdoors commenced to thrill him. He sat up straight and took a deep breath or two. The stout man eyed him questioningly.

"You'll pay dearly!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I saw you once at Knister's office in Carlisle."

"Knister's?" put in the somber Bagley with slow irony. "I had a call from a young man named Knister last evening, regarding our factory contract, Hazen."

He turned to the stout man. Tappan knew them now. Bagley was one of the directors, and Hazen the secretary of the Dodson-Bagley Company of Cleveland, who were to build a branch factory in Carlisle.

This explained their intimacy with Alderman Waters and City Solicitor Chalcraft. He felt a sudden interest in them.

"I met young Mr. Knister myself," remarked Hazen. Apparently he had quite forgotten Tappan. "The office boy being absent, the old man sent his ambitious son to close that contract with me. I didn't close it."

"And if you're from Knister's," drawled Bagley, "and after he'd tried to hang the hifalutin on me for about three minutes I banded him off the limb. Told him he'd quite convinced me I ought to close with Morrison."

The grating keel drowned their subdued laughter. The somber man, rising, steadied himself with one hand on the bulwark. Chalcraft, shouldering a hamper, set a cheery pace down the wooded road.

"By the way, gentlemen," interposed Tappan, overlooking the Cleveland men, "I'm a bit interested in that factory contract."

The stout man eyed him coldly. "Not if you're from Knister's," he commented cuttingly. "That young jacksass chilled me."

"But—when you want a factory that will be built this fall—and that will stay built—"

Tappan felt his diffidence vanishing like dew beneath the morning sunshine. Here, he had every detail of the contract at his finger's ends. The Cleveland men listened with ill-veiled hostility.

"Here," suddenly grunted the stout man, "that's enough business for one day. This is a pleasure excursion. Let's hear you carol."

The somber Bagley tugged at his arm and whispered. The stout man meditatively dug a finger into his sparse fringe of hair.

"By Jove, you're right!" he exclaimed. He turned to Tappan. "You must come over to Cleveland with us on the boat tonight."

"But," protested Tappan desperately, "I—have only one day off—"

"Then fire yourself!" retorted the stout man grimly.

It was a brisk, business-like young man of thirty-one who three days later

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Saves Kitchen Waste

There will be no more throwing away of good food if you keep a bottle of Bovril in the kitchen. Bovril, with its fine flavour and ease of manipulation, helps you to make delightful dishes out of cold food. Better soup, better stews—less expense. But it must be Bovril.

put in a belated appearance at the office of Knister's, Limited. The under-cashier stared at him as at a ghost.

Responsive to the under-cashier's astonished gesture, Tappan reached the door of senior's private office. He discerned senior behind the roll-top desk and junior fidgeting in a chair.

Then a red rose caught his eye, and all his well-assumed nonchalance dropped from him like a mask. A moment he hesitated; then, with lips grimly tightened, he crossed the threshold unannounced.

Senior frowned.

"Why don't you knock?" he demanded irritably. "And what does all this mean?"

"This—what?" questioned Tappan, his eyes on senior, but his thoughts on the girl with the red rose, at whom he dared not look.

"He—he assaulted me—violently," put in Junior, scowling. "I can't deny that, Mr. Knister. I hit him—very hard."

"And then took a day off—and stayed three days—without permission?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Knister, I secured permission from the man in full charge of the office—myself."

Senior growled fragmentary anathemas under his breath.

"And while you were away the Dodson-Bagley people closed a contract for their factory here—closed it with some one else?"

"With me," returned Tappan calmly. "Personally, eh?"

"No. I had never been dismissed. I still considered that I represented Knister's."

Senior's frown ironed out into a faint smile of satisfaction. Junior's ill-repressed anger bubbled over.

"This whippersnapper assaulted me," he yelled savagely, "without cause. I fired him. And—I say, he stays fired!"

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H. WOLF & SONS LADIES' WEAR DEPARTMENT

Great Removal Sale

Starts Tomorrow, FRIDAY, MAY 21st, at 9 a.m.

THE LEASE of our ladies' wear store having expired, and being unable to add additional space to our present premises to accommodate the steady growth of our business, WE ARE FORCED TO MOVE to larger premises with more accommodation, and we have therefore secured a long lease on the store, 211 Dundas street, which we will entirely remodel and turn into one of the most up-to-date ladies' wear stores in Western Ontario. Before we do this we must clear out our entire stock of WOMEN'S AND MISSES' READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS, SUITS, COATS, DRESSES AND MILLINERY. Everything must go regardless of cost as we will not move anything into our new store. Below we mention a list of several of the bargains. Space does not allow to mention them all, so you must come and convince yourself.

LADIES' SUITS

The last 63 Suits in stock must all go tomorrow. If you need a new suit make sure you are here tomorrow at 9 a.m.

Suits Formerly Sold to \$15.00 Tomorrow \$5.90

Among these are included many manufacturers' samples, worth up to \$25.00 \$5.90 Suits formerly sold to \$20.0