

# London Advertiser

LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 13.

## THE JUSTICE OF OUR CAUSE.

IN SPITE OF the fact that Great Britain is fighting a war without a parallel for lofty principle and noble self-sacrifice, there are many unfair statements made by those who cannot reconcile the slaughter of hundreds of thousands with anything but national selfishness.

In the United States, for instance, the Hearst papers, among others, have sneered at Britain's humanitarian claims and have constantly kept before readers they serve the suggestion that selfishness lies at the root of the war and that Britain is quite as selfish as Germany and quite as much to blame, after what they are pleased to call the "surface" causes are swept away.

Every Canadian citizen should combat the use of such arguments, especially when they are frequently retailed in this country by those who run to German philosophy and who take a cynical view of virtue among any of the great powers.

An American, who may be pardoned for the long-established prejudice that Britain is ruled by classes and is virtually as much a monarchy as Germany, stated to The Advertiser that he could not get away from the belief that the war was a war of selfishness, and that while he detested German practices, he could not give credit for genuine motives to the Governments of any of the warring nations. He contended that Britain would have been in the war no matter if Belgium had been overrun or not, and asked pointedly if Canadians supposed Britain would have kept out of the war if the coast of France had been threatened with possession. Would Britain then have stood aside? Would she have allowed the French coast to be fortified?

His argument lay in the contention that Germany was jealous of Britain and Britain was jealous of Germany commercially. He believed that Britain wanted Germany removed for commercial reasons, and asked if Britain would have held back if her commerce was threatened. We replied that until there was a direct menace in the policy of Germany, Britain would have kept out of the war.

"Direct menace to Britain's trade?" he asked. Our reply was that trade meant national existence, and that, therefore, if Germany sought to control Britain's trade—a trade which held a door open to German and all other manufacturers—it would be an attempt to crush Britain.

We asked the American what act of Germany's would justify his country in protecting its trade. If Germany were jealous of rivals in trade and if that lay at the bottom of Britain's action, where did the United States stand, as a great trading nation, in Germany's future plans, and how far would the United States have permitted these plans to go forward? How long would Germany tap at America's tariff gate with a silk-gloved hand, and how long would Germany permit the United States to extend her world-wide manufacturing policy? If Germany struck at Britain in theory for trade reasons, how far removed was the United States from a further extension of the reach of the Germans?

We maintained that Britain would not have been in this war as a result of a direct threat on her possessions, either trade or colonial, from Germany. We maintained that Britain was fighting the battle of democracy and we believe that though this affirmation has become old through repetition, yet the very obvious justice of the cause has caused to a certain degree a diminution of its circulation.

The coin of Britain's cause is pure gold. Perhaps it is because pure gold is rare that the cynics and the uniformed doubt us. We do not speak politically when, with most sincere conviction, we say that the present British Government has been at work in the manufacture of that pure gold of democracy for many years. Whatever of class rule in Britain held force has gone long ago. The common people of Britain rule, and today all of Britain's people are the common people—it might even be more worthy to say that all are of the truest higher class. Whatever in the ages gave caste to certain members of the race is now being shared by all. The deeds of heroic self-abnegation, and traditional bravery are the common possession. All men are the finest in Britain. The whole nation has come to the highest standards of democracy. From his majesty the King we have words that express the fellowship and brotherhood he feels for all. There are no humble soldiers in the British ranks. All are great, all have given their all. The proudest deeds that won baronies and vast estates in bygone ages have been eclipsed by the baron's descendant and the butler's son. Britain has made her aristocracy all-embracing and she has made her democracy all-embracing. Terms count no more. All are one. The oneness of Great Britain is terrible, and it is based on human affection and blood brotherhood that men like Lloyd George have fostered in the nation.

Britain is at war today because Belgium was vilely outraged. There is no other cause, for all other causes have been absorbed in the one human call of suffering. Britain, of course, fights for existence, just as the knight of old, who went to the rescue of some tyrant's prey, fought for existence when the monster turned upon him. Indeed, the monster is now more intent upon the rescuer than its original victims. The fact stands bold and impregnable that it was for Belgium and Belgium alone that Britain took up the sword and risked everything.

All other considerations or suggestions are an insult to that mighty sacrifice to humanity which has thrown the world into the everlasting debt of Britain. Britain has never been so glorious as today. Out of her dreadful pangs has come a new child, a child bred of human suffering for others, a child that pulses with honor and whose blood is pure as the gold of Britain's cause, a child that feels its new life in every limb and that rises to chant, not hymns of hate, but the wonder of its mother and the glory of her wonderfulness.

Out of the loins of Germany has come a perverted, misshapen object. It has all the deformities of mind and body that ever have made humanity horrible, and these deformities breed new distortions and diseases. The infant spews hate and suckles a venom of frightfulness.

Thank God that a wise doctrine of national "eugenics" and a love for mankind have brought forth from this Mother Britain of ours in travail, a conception so splendid of what the Man who Perished would have us bear as the nation's child. The most noble offspring of the great British family has been the New Child that symbolizes the British spirit of today. That child is the legitimate offspring of justice and honor. And may the good Lord make of it a powerful giant for the redress of the heaping measure of our enemy's wrongdoing.

## THE WESTERN'S NEED

IF THERE is any one thing in which the citizens of London would heartily unite the city council at this time, it is in providing sufficient funds to enable the Western University to attain its purpose, especially as the amount required

adrian universities. If not, it will remain an inferior institution. There is only one thing necessary if the city of London wishes to have one of the leading universities in the Dominion. The indispensable requisite is to make the university itself worthy of that position. All other conditions are already fulfilled. The location could not be more favorable. The size and traditions of the city are such as to provide the right atmosphere for study and investigation. The nearness of many of the largest and most flourishing collegiate institutions and high schools to be found anywhere in Canada makes the Western more accessible than any other university to a large constituency of students looking forward to a university education. The only thing that remains is to make thorough provision for the needs of these students. This desirable end can be satisfactorily accomplished at this juncture if the increased grant already promised by the Government be supplemented by the corresponding addition of a few thousand dollars from the city. It is understood that there have already been negotiations with available professors who are eminent scholars in their respective departments. Details have also been submitted to the department of education concerning proposed additions to the faculty, as well as laboratory and other equipment, and these have been received with approval. By personal visits of the president, interest has been kindled in the surrounding high schools, which are the natural feeders of the university, and it would be difficult to awaken this interest again if it were allowed to die out now. The newspapers, too, of this whole region are ready to cooperate in a vigorous forward campaign when the above conditions are fulfilled.

In short, our university is within definite reach of attaining a goal which would make it a real honor to the city and a source of pride to every citizen of Western Ontario. It would surely be short-sighted to allow this opportunity to pass for the sake of the small additional expense it would involve. If the city would without delay and unanimously endorse this proposition.

**MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.** SOME Germans flatter themselves that they will win their war as Frederick the Great won his. He battled against France, Austria and Russia, an eighteen century "ring of steel," and held his own. But, as Milton would say, "Ay me, the difference I discern; alas the heavy change." The Kaiser is no Frederick the Great, and he had Britain for a friend, instead of an enemy, Polygot Austria is a poor substitute for Great Britain as a support. Moreover, Russia was a fitful foe at that time, under changing sovereigns and under a weak political. But Russia is evidently in this fight to the finish. The handwriting is on the Kaiser's ambitious palace-walls: "Mene, tekkel, upharsin." These words must sometimes cross his pious mind, if he does not see them with his eyes.

**POLITICS IN THE WEST.** THE story that comes from Winnipeg of the resignation of the Roblin Government is a most humiliating confession of wrong-doing. That a government built on the knowledge of power by an ample majority—seven in a parliament of forty-nine members—should give up power, and surrender a sufficient number of seats to turn the Opposition into a majority is something so unusual and so unnatural that it can only be explained by the knowledge on the part of the Premier and his colleagues that offences have been committed for which they were responsible, and for which there can be no excuse offered and no defence made.

The charges against the Roblin Government were clear and definite, and yet one might have supposed either that they were exaggerated or that they were capable of some explanation which would have been sufficient for the supporters of the Government if not for other people. A reputable member of the Provincial Assembly charged that one firm of contractors had made nearly a million illegally out of the erection of public buildings in Manitoba, and that with the connivance of the Government. It has long been declared that the political machine of the Prairie Province, of which the Hon. Robert Rogers, Dominion minister of public works, was said to be the chief manipulator, was rotten to the core; that every conceivable kind of corruption and crime in elections, and every possible kind of graft in the management of public affairs, was being practiced. It was, of course, denied. An investigation was blocked, and only when the persistence of the Lieutenant-Governor rendered further obstruction impossible, did the cabinet consent to the appointment of a royal commission. Even after it had been appointed, efforts were made through the courts to prevent its further proceeding. The investigation has commenced, but so far it has done little. No evidence of importance has been submitted. If, without waiting for any disclosures, the Government proposes to resign, the only conclusion is that the ministers already know what is forthcoming, and are not prepared to deny it. It looks as though Manitoba was to have a spring housecleaning.

There are two Conservative governments in Western Canada—Manitoba and British Columbia. Both of them have been the subject of charges of dishonesty and mismanagement. Letting in the light on Manitoba's dark places should encourage those who are trying to bring about an honest administration in British Columbia. If the stories that have been told of Sir Richard McBride's alienation of public resources, and mismanagement of public affairs, are true in any degree, they should be capable of proof. The duty of exposure rests on those in possession of the facts; and the duty of punishment rests on the people of the province.

It is little to the credit of the Conservative party in the Dominion that the chief Manitoba manipulator is in charge of the greatest patronage dispensing department at Ottawa. Now is it to their credit that the Premier of British Columbia has been freely spoken of as the logical successor to Sir Robert Borden in the leadership of the party in the Dominion, nor that both of them should be considered prominent candidates for the commission of the Empire in Britain, or thought worthy to represent Canada in the motherland.

**FROHMAN'S CAREER.** OF THE prominent personalities who went down with the Lusitania, perhaps Charles Frohman stands out as the one of greatest fame, the one who achieved most. In the world of the American stage and the drama generally he was the most pronounced force. Years ago he was nicknamed the Napoleon of the American stage and in his productions and experiments he displayed the boldness and originality of the Little Corporal. For a quarter of a century he has been a dominating figure in all things theatrical. Because he has not held any executive position with it for years, it is not generally known that it was Frohman's organizing ability which launched the "Syndicate." As somebody has pointed out, despite the many sins that have been charged to it, the "Syndicate" lifted to a smooth-running, businesslike basis a business that had become chaotic with irresponsibility, and it was Charles Frohman's brain and vigor that was mainly responsible for the change.

Of late years, Frohman's entire time has been devoted to the management of stars and the production of the works of the leading playwrights of America and Europe. Through his hands went the majority of the most successful dramas, comedies, farces, spectacles and musical comedies of the last decade. Frohman never produced cheaply, and as a result many poetic productions were staged in the United States and Canada with a lavishness that will keep them a bright and inspiring memory for thousands.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.** Exit Roblin! Roblin has been wobbling for some time. Peace at any price comes high when a nation's self-esteem is a part of the payment. It is now up to Manitoba Liberalism to show the country what the new Liberalism can do for a province.

The "million dollar mystery" of Manitoba has been explained. And T. C. Norris, M. P. P., wins the capital prize.

Quebec man wants to marry a girl who is in jail, but can't get her out. Evidently Quebec locksmen have put one over on Love.

A Berlin paper says the Kaiser has received excellent advice from His Sublime Majesty the Sultan. Also from His Satanic Majesty Beelzebub.

Now that violent speech of Hon Robert Rogers has an explanation. A general election might have meant the indefinite postponement of the Manitoba inquiry.

Sir Rodmond Roblin throws himself upon the mercy of the historians. Well, history often handles a whitewash brush as well as a salt smear and he may be safe.

Local druggists report a heavy demand from the States for cocaine and other "dope." The Lusitania slaughter must have brought on an attack of "nerves."

Can you never tell. From his long and venerable whiskers you would think Von Tirpitz was anything but the instigator of the Lusitania fiendishness. And it was a son of his, who, rescued from the sea by the British and his wounds carefully nursed, led a mutiny and tried to kill his guards. A fine breed that.

Hearst, through his yellow sheets, has been telling the people of the United States that Great Britain is just as ruthless as the Germans. Since the war began his journals have been ardently pro-German, which has taken the form of lying attacks in cartoon and editorial on things British. Even his brasserie does not cheer the latest and worst of the Hun's atrocities, however, so he attempts to make it appear that the British are no better than the submarine fiends. It was a Hearst page of San Francisco which sent a tugload of fresh eatables and luxuries out to the German cruiser Lepsie, which at that time was off the port. This was a breach of neutrality, but on top of that those aboard the tug gave the Germans information as to the whereabouts of the British Pacific fleet, and a few days later Craddock and his brave men went to their death fighting a greatly superior German squadron.

**33RD GOING THROUGH ACTUAL WAR CONDITIONS.** Trench Digging, Incessant Rifle Practice, Night Marching, Etc.

The 33rd Battalion is now going through actual warfare conditions as nearly any regiment not actually on the firing line can. Trench digging, incessant rifle practice, night marching, country marches, signalling, machine gun practice and all the general manoeuvres will be continually engaged in from now on. Tuesday afternoon the signallers and the machine gun section took a jaunt into the country and worked for several hours in the vicinity of St. John's. Yesterday a squad of trench diggers spent a strenuous time digging trenches on Carling's Heights, while other companies were busy with company manoeuvres. Still others were busy at the ranges, and the special drill company, which will leave shortly for overseas service, is putting in all its spare time in the firing line. All the men are working hard and the officers are more than pleased with the progress that is being made. They declare that the 33rd Battalion, good as it was, will have nothing on the 33rd when it leaves.

## German Nation Approves Crime

A NATIONAL ACTION.

(Ottawa Free Press.) The German people are not content to allow the submarine or the Government to have all the "credit" for the awful deed. They are taking the matter into their own hands. They are glorifying in their "success." The last remnants of the idea that we were fighting the rulers of the German people, and that the German nation was a whole, are being shattered in the blood of murdered women and babies.

## GERMANY'S LATEST CRIME.

(Montreal Herald.)

Germany and Austria, according to the cables, are in an ecstasy of glee over the "great victory" achieved in the sinking of the Lusitania. If a last touch were needed to show how far moral leprosy has eaten in the heart of the Teutons, it is supplied by this disgusting ory of unholy joy. There is, however, another aspect to these rejoicings which should not be forgotten.

The efforts of Germans to justify the deed, on the ground that they had given warning, are correctly stigmatized by the New York Herald today as being on a par with the Jack-the-Ripper crimes that are now being carried on in New York. Warnings are being sent to mothers that their children be murdered—and the murderer follows. Germany's course is the same in principle; and she is seeking to terrorize her opponents, and, indeed, the whole world, by "rightfulness." Will she succeed? Never. The hearts of her opponents are not filled with terror at such deeds. They are set on fire.

Mittens, and held her rackets in one hand and the great dog-whip in the other. "Would not be Christian to grudge what we give to that poor unfortunate." "Keep yer heart up, Nick, dear, an' tend well to Davy, I'll make ter them huskies, never fear, an' even if they do act bad, sure I'll be back in the middle o' the night, I'll be at Wellington Harbor long afore sundown, an' the dog'll get a good feed there."

"If ye'd lay me on the sledge, maybe I'd get to the harbor," said Corney.

"Would be yer death, boy," said the woman. She harnessed the three dogs in the last, but was forced to lash the huskies severely before she could win control over them.

II. Nick crouched beside the bed whereon little Davy lay in troubled slumber. His spirit raged stupidly within him, like a caged animal. He tried to quiet himself to sleep. He closed his eyes, but no rest came to either mind or body. What were the dogs doing now? Were they running quietly or threatening Kate with rebellion?

Why had God struck his great uselessness in the hour of bitterest need? Why was Peter Sprowl, who had neither wife nor child, spared to go light-foot over the snow at every whim of his foolish wife? Peter had once been a mail-carrier, and at times believed himself still to be one—had dust his hands with a great storm of wind and snow, in which he had wandered alone and without food, for days, finally bringing in his mail-bags safely.

For a few miles the dogs travelled steadily. The sledge ran light over the wind-packed snow, and the sky was clear. Captain, who was a husky of a typical Newfoundland sledge-dog—black, heavy of barrel and leg, broad of forehead and blunt of muzzle. His hair was short, but remarkably thick and stiff, and he looked as if he could stand a great deal of hunger or physical punishment. His small, dark eyes were brown, and contained no cross-lights and uneasy glintings.

The other two dogs were Labrador "huskies"—big, long-limbed, long-jawed beasts, with long wavy coats and plumed brushes, and the untamed blood and fire of the wolf in their hearts. They had a sinister way of looking askant at things out of their yellow eyes.

A third of the journey was covered pleasantly enough, the runner, Kate, slipping softly along the snow, the sun over head like a clear, colorless window in the pale blue of the sky, the white levels of the barren, wind-swept tundra, the tinted hills and eastward to the curving cliff-edge and the empty sea close at hand. The sunlight lay a glow in it—and only ten miles ahead waited medicines for Nick and Davy and a sledge-load of provisions. The woman sat dreaming of her return, the whip quiet in her hand.

Suddenly the sledge came to a standstill. The woman looked up quickly. In time to see the huskies turn and face her. It was a daunting vision of white fangs, eyes like fire, jaws like blood, and bristling manes. She knew the danger! They had no fear of her, for it was Nick who had always worked them and disciplined them—and now, hunger-mad, they did not care for the great whip. In their wolfish minds they remembered how, when they were pups, one of them had leaped at Kate's hand and she had cried out at the pain. In that first second of the threatening danger the fate of a young lad of Nell's Cove dashed into their brains, and a physical terror numbed her for a second; then, like a prayer from the surrounding silence, the thought of Nick and Davy came to her.

With a sharp cry of command she sprang from the sledge and raised the whip. At that moment the huskies broke into open revolt. One of them leaped straight at her, in a tangle of tracks. Quick as thought she shifted her hand on the whip and struck. The short and heavy stock of it. The blow fell on the shoulder of the murderous rebel, and by a side-step she escaped his snapping jaws.

"Cap'n!" she cried. "At 'em, Cap'n!" But she need not have called to him, for the black dog understood and was already in action, struggling with one of the huskies in a tangle of leather thongs. They were both on their feet, the black dog with a sure hold on his antagonist's furry neck, the husky twisting and biting. They made no noise beyond a dull sound of snoring and heavy breathing.

The beast which the woman had struck on the shoulder sprang toward her again; but she struck again and again with all her might, placing every blow on some portion of one or other of the huskies. If the fight had been entirely her own interest, it is doubtful if her whip-stock would have been piled with much vigor or effect; but the realization that three lives required her success doubled her strength and fired her to a high but sanguinary fury. There were Nick and Davy in the cabin at Squid Cove, needing food and medicine and her return; and here, in the middle of the tearing, twisting fight, was the brute, it was as if she fighting for three, it was as if she possessed the courage of three; but her blows and her voice seemed only to increase the fury of the dogs.

III. Suddenly, as if by magic, Peter Sprowl appeared beside her. Without so much as a glance at her, he stood and stared at the struggling dogs. His eyes were never lifted a hand. Will ye part, Kate Corney clutched him by the arm.

"Peter," she cried breathlessly. "Oh, Peter, help me!" "Them dogs do be fightin' bar'rous," he said without looking at her.

Then rage and the desperation of fear swept over the woman like a storm. "Ye great gawk!" she screamed. "Would ye stand an' watch 'em fight an' tear an' never lift a hand? Will ye see the black dog killed an' me tore to pieces an' little Davy die for want o' food?" She shook him furiously. She

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By this time Kate was ready to harness the dogs and set out on the journey. She wore Nick's coat and cap and

the last of the frozen caplin to the three dogs. Nick tried to crawl from the cabin to harness the team for her; but he was not so far from the threshold, and was then near to fainting with the pain.

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forced the whip into his hand. "Master the dogs!" she shrieked. "Beat off the huskies! Will ye not stir a hand for the woman who fed ye?" "They do be fightin' cruel," he murmured, looking stupidly at the whip in his hand.

"O God, give him a flicker o' human feelin'!" cried the woman. At that, as if Peter had heard her voice for the first time, he suddenly turned and looked at her with a sort of pitying wonder.

"Sure, Kate, I'll master the dogs for ye," he said. Then he slipped his rackets from his feet and sprang into the fight.

Peter Sprowl was a big man, and in his day he had been a great hand with dogs. Now, uttering terrific yells all the while, he kicked and slashed and pulled at the struggling beasts. For a little while the idiot was a man again, with the old mastery and the old knowledge of things clear as day in his mind; and soon the great jaws ceased their snapping and tearing and the wolf-fire died down in the hearts of the huskies. Peter, after clearing his tangles from the traces, stood before the woman with a light of honest satisfaction in his face.

"Where be ye p'intin' for?" he asked. "For Wellington Harbor. An' ye'll come along, Peter, or maybe the huskies'll turn on me again," she replied pitifully.

"Sure, I'll bound for the harbor myself, for the huskies. I'll team the dogs for ye, Kate," he replied. Already his eyes were dull as slate against his shoulders stooped like those of an old man.

The dogs were sore and bleeding, but not seriously injured. Captain seemed to have the new mission had established starting from Squid Cove, though one of his eyes was closed and his flanks were wet with blood. The two conquered huskies, with drooping brushes and lowered manes, showed nothing of the spirit that had so recently driven them to revolt. Under the sledge was moving steadily forward over the wind-packed snow.

The western sky was red when the sledge came to a halt before the cabin where the new mission had established its headquarters. The dogs immediately lay down and began licking their wounds. Peter Sprowl looked at the woman with a kindly but vacant smile.

"Twas a great trip we made, altogether, I'll be bound to say, with the mail-bags," he said. His eyes were

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