

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week. \$4.00 per year.
By Mail \$4.00 per year.

NOON EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week. \$4.00 per year.
By Mail \$4.00 per year.

EVENING EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week. \$4.00 per year.
By Mail \$4.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS. 3670
Private Branch Exchange.
From 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and holidays, call 3670.
Business Department; 3671. Editors; 3672. Reporters;
3673. News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
Mail Building.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H.
Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chicago;
Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building,
Boston; Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Build-
ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Aug. 21.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

THE FRENCH passion for liberty or death was never more potentially apparent than during the recent wonderful offensive. Indomitable is the spirit that fights on in the fifth year of the war, conscious of the suffering of ages of pain and distress through which she has passed, yet positively perseverant in the conflict, with clean hands, seldom even charged with atrocities, hurling the invader from the land in a magnificently hateless and impersonal way. Time to chant the Marseillaise. Time for all nations to subscribe to its wondrous thrilling cadences, the song for the march of victory! What a magnificent thing with which to salute the republic that saved the world, the flower of democracy's music!

Ye sons of France, awake to glory! Hark! Hark! What symphonies did you rise!
Your children, wives and grandmothers hoary, behold their tears, as I hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding, with hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Aright and desolate the land, while liberty and peace its bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave! The avenging sword unsheathed!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling, which treacherous kings confederate raise!
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling, and lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin, while lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide, with crimes and blood his hands bedriving?

To arms! to arms! ye brave! etc.
With luxury and pride surrounded, the bold, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us, like gods would bid their slaves adore!
But man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

To arms! to arms! ye brave! Etc.
O Liberty, can man resign thee, once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee, Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has seen, bewailing, that falsehood's dagger tyrants wield.
But Freedom is our sword, and shield, and all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! to arms! ye brave! Etc.
THE FIRE DEPARTMENT TROUBLE.
EXPRESSIONS OF dissatisfaction with the manner in which the supposed investigation into fire hall affairs has been conducted are heard on many sides. The impression prevails that some aldermen have been more concerned with building municipal fences than with the real welfare of the department, and all connected with it. A series of drawn-out wrangles by committees and council has finally resulted in the charges of Fireman Tozer being sent to the senior county judge for consideration. This does not mean that the trouble has been cleared up in any way, but seems like an attempt to throw responsibility aside.

The morale of the department has not been improved because of the handling of this matter. To many citizens it appears that the chief has been short of authority, and placed in a most difficult position. Neither his reputation as a fire-fighter nor the efficiency of the department as a whole has been questioned. But it is doubtful if the dragging of the whole matter into the public square for an airing could have done anything else than cause serious dissension. In fact, there are widespread rumors, which have little, if any, basis, that serious altercations have occurred at fires, and that some ugliness has been shown both among firemen and civilians, who have taken the respective sides of the argument.

As the unfortunate dispute proceeds, with little prospect of the charges being given a hearing for many weeks, and then with the chance of a more serious trouble, scores of citizens are stating that the whole fire department should be taken from council control and placed in charge of a commission, something like the police commission. There have been some dissensions to clear in the police department on several occasions, but while there are disadvantages to the system of control, in that little publicity is given to the affairs of the police, the method of close control and direct responsibility, with the elimination of the vote-catching feature, makes for efficiency and good discipline. A man in charge of such a department must have control of his men. If he is not able to control his men he has no place in the position.

It is time that this serious matter was looked squarely in the face, the consequences considered, and steps taken to settle it.

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

THE PROPOSAL that the city should purchase a fish tug and go into the business of netting the finny denizens of Lake Erie will be interesting to many citizens. Who wants to join the crew? All aboard for a sailor's life! Yoh Ho! Yoh Ho! Yoh Ho!

Ald. Manness is the logical choice for captain. Not only is he interested in the fish business, but he has always been a great student of marine affairs as viewed from the docks at the Sulphur Springs, where one may stand for hours contemplating the leviathans being warped to their berths by the chugging tugs. He takes to water naturally. This might not be true of his whole crew, however. And great care would have to be exercised in the choice of men. Once out in the lake, unless they were tested first, men who at least have made the perilous trip through the raging waters that churn their mad way past Wonderland to reach the broad expanse of open water that lies beyond, an untried crew might

forget the fish and head due south for a raid on the coast of Ohio, which is reported to have attractions worthy of the attention of freebooters or fishermen.

A man who could help maintain order, being rigidly opposed to card playing, would be Ald. William Wilson. He would make a wonderful bucko mate for the city's brig, while as a boatswain Harry Merritt would measure up one hundred per cent, as compared with a lot who might only assay about 2½ per cent. A dash of the daring of our old college chum, Capt. Kettle, might be added by Ald. Ashplant. He would ram a car ferry if the London Street Railway owned it without batting an eyelash. Add to these notables a selection of choice London spirits, with a couple of good scribes along to describe the adventure of the good ship—what should it be called?—the Good Ship Hugsy?—how would that be in honor of one of the most sincere mayors the city ever had?—and the city would commence a chronicle that would only be less spicy than those rare doings of the famous King Frost Club.

It would prove beyond doubt that a lot of fine mariners could be developed with the aid of the vessel. Before many days had passed some of the ship's company would be able to reach Cleveland in the dark with their eyes shut. But there might be a lot of weeping women on the shores of Port Stanley looking hopefully toward that far southern shore, the graveyard of so many fish and ships. The Casino orchestra would be playing the music for those wailing words:

"She watches and waits for him day by day,
He sleeps on a watery strand, far, far away."

Being skipper of this craft should be made one of the chief elective offices in the city's gift. And when the fishing was poor the receipts from the boat as an excursion steamer to certain points would make the wonderful surpluses of the London and Port Stanley Railway look like a day's sales in a lead nickel factory.

"BEFORE THE SNOW FLIES."

A SHORT TIME ago a war correspondent of the New York Tribune, Philip Gibbs, predicted a victorious peace for the Allied nations "before the brown leaves are on the trees," and in Saturday's paper Frank H. Simonds, perhaps the best war critic in America, concludes his letter with this pregnant statement:

"Their whole campaign is now in the discard; what remains to be established is the extent of their retreat. Nor is it likely that even a temporary halt at the Somme, or even at the Hindenburg line, will mark the end of the campaign of their withdrawal. Rather it is within reason now to hope that they may be pushed to the French frontier before snow flies. For Foch is only beginning, and his American reserves are accumulating in great numbers each week."

If Foch is able to push the Germans to the French frontier before the snow flies it will go a long way towards enforcing peace, the first regular step of which is to evacuate France and recompense it, to evacuate Belgium and recompense it. The Germans have gone over the top, they have done their worst, and seen their best days. Their decline may be rapid, even more rapid than their retreat. It is reasonable to believe that they are not as strong in men as they were supposed to be. Let us hope both correspondents are right. Let there be victorious peace for the Allied nations before the leaves turn brown on the trees or the snow flies.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

St. Thomas does well to investigate the possibilities of peat fuel. Stoking up time is only a matter of weeks away.

Hon. H. J. Cody gets elected just in time to open the schools, and the new minister of agriculture has his opportunity to climb onto the binder.

An Anti-Collar League for hot weather is being organized in the United States. Hamilton will be a charter member without any ceremony necessary.

The percentage of killed in the Canadian casualties is lower than ever before. Comparing the fighting of today with seven or eight times the number of men engaged, with that of St. Julien, the losses are comparatively small.

SEA WATER IN BREAD.

[Rochester Post-Express]
There has been some query as to just what our present bread is being made of, and some rather wild speculation has found its way into talk and print. But one ingredient not entering into our calculations is being used in France, and with excellent results. At Cherbourg the experiment of using sea water for bread was tried. It was found that it not only saved transportation of salt, which in France is something to be reckoned with, but produced a healthful bread by reason of the presence in sea water of magnesium and calcium. In the Baker's Helper an account of the experiments and the new saving attained is given, with news of the spread of the new process along the French coast.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE.

[Washington Post.]
A millionaire, as he climbed into his limousine, snarled at a newsboy:
"No, I don't want any paper! Get out!"
"Well, keep your shirt on, boss," the newsboy answered. "The only difference between you and me is that you're makin' your second million, while I'm still workin' on my first!"

SLEEP.

[Elizabeth Barrett Browning.]
Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this:
"He giveth His beloved—sleep!"
Aye, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking fellow-man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved—sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummies leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

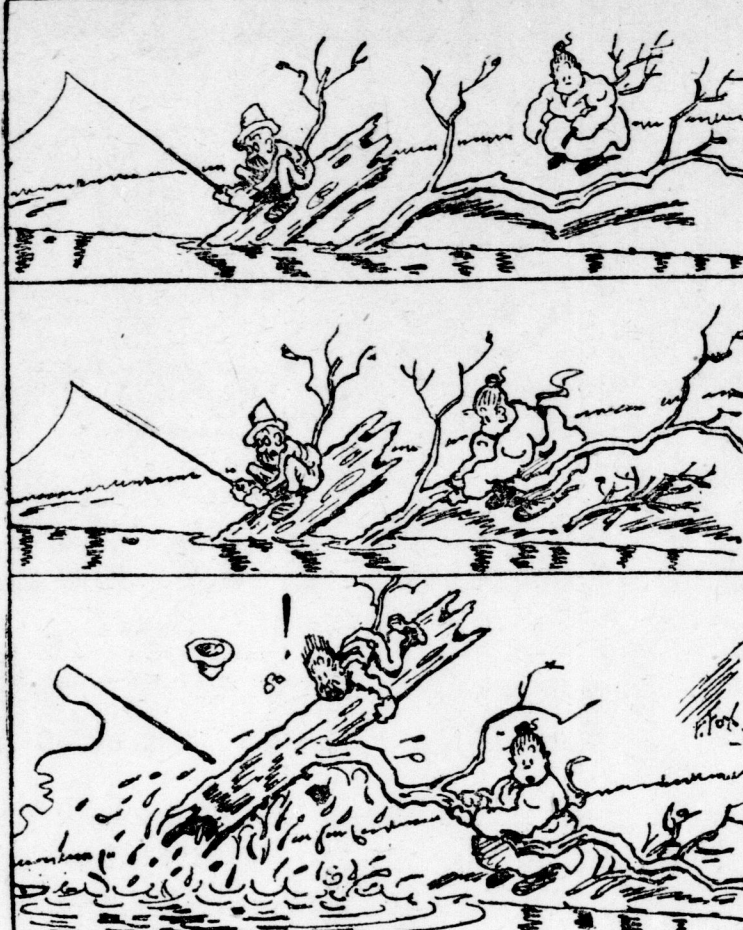
And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all
Say "Not a tear o'er her let fall!"
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

WHERE WOMAN EXCELS.

[Tipton, Mo., Times.]
A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that does not steal the remnant of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once and not half try.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA

(Copyright, 1918.) —By FONTAINE FOX.



It didn't seem to occur to the Powerful Katrinka that the piece of wood she wanted might be a limb of the log on which Dad was fishing.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE MCLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Giddap!
"I do not use tobacco, bo."
Said hungry Mr. Dug:
"And if I ate horse meat I'd know
That I was chewing plug."

Moved.
"Beat it!" exclaimed the Cop, when he found the Bum-Who-Had-Seen-Better-Days resting on the park bench.
The Bum-Who-Had-Seen-Better-Days arose from the bench and bowed politely.

"Sir," he announced, "I am moved by your stirring words."

Of Two Evils Choose the Latter.
They said and held me in the car,
Packed in as city dwellers are.
He was a greasy, dirty churl.
She was an honest working girl.
He bore an onion-garlic smell.
A staunch glue factory sentinel;
And she was soaked in cheap perfume.
That made one fight for elbow room.
I pondered over my sad case.
Which way should I turn my poor face?
I sniffed the staunch glue factory stretch.

And then the perfume on the wench.
Glue factory, I will turn to you.
Yours is the best smell of the two.

Huh!
"It says that a clock ticks faster in cold weather than it does in hot weather," said the Old Fogey, as he looked up from the newspaper he was reading.
"Do you believe that?"
"Sure," replied the Grouch. "I know a gas meter does."

They Sound So Much Alike.
"Kind sir," I said to Butcher Blake.
I think you've made a slight mistake.
I asked you for two pounds of lamb,
And you gave me two pounds of ram."

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, are marriages made in Heaven?
Paw—They must be, my son, because Heaven only knows why most of them are made.

Such a Langwidge!
Doc Boffers' fake consumption cure is a big seller, that is sure;
For we all recall that old Doc Boffers has filled his coffers from the coughers.

Atchoo!
No, dear reader, "Sneezuz, Seljuz, Sneezuz, Seljuz" is not the slogan of a Hay Fever Convention. It is Ro, or

as if they had known she was coming. Overhead the sky was cloudless blue, the breezes were freighted with fragrance. For an hour or more she wandered here, entirely happy. Then, wistfully, she sat down to rest beneath a great oak whose freshly green leaves faintly sheltered her. Now, however, it always a time for thought, and as Doris sat there a cloud began to gather in the sky above her, also a cloud of misgiving began to darken her mood.

PLAYING TRUANT
By Hilda Morris.

Doris hated Elmville, hated it only as a city-bred girl can hate a country town where she is lonely, overworked and discouraged. She taught the sixth grade in the Elmville school, a very unrunly and wearisome sixth grade, and she spent her evenings alone in a little furnished room at the home of the local grocer. There was no one in the whole town to whom she could call a friend, a really true friend with whom to discuss such things as books and thoughts. The only difference between you and me is that you're makin' your second million, while I'm still workin' on my first!"

As spring came on, touching the hills about Elmville with a mist of green, a bridal veil of dog-wood and flowering "red-bud," Doris grew almost desperate. She was so lonely! All those lovely woods and hills and no one to talk with, no one to help her discover violet patches down by the river, no one to help her hunt for four-leaved clovers.

There came a day when Doris did an unprecedented thing. It was Monday, and a schoolday, but she did not go to school. One hears often enough of little boys and girls playing truant, but teachers—never!
Very few people there are who have not at some time experienced the desire to do some unprecedented thing, some sensational thing. Instead of the crying out in church or sticking pins into the backs of perfectly respectable people who sit in front of them, Doris of us resist these impulses, that is, we grow people do them up with authority because of an earnest desire to see what will happen.

It was exactly such an impulse that impelled Doris to turn down the road towards the woods instead of the street that led to the school house. She had walked that road many other mornings, but now, quite suddenly, she felt an overwhelming desire to know what would happen if she "skipped" school, also a desire to be alone in a beautiful morning. Having cast aside with a reckless abandon the desire to know what would happen if she "skipped" school, she also desired to be alone in a beautiful morning. Having cast aside with a reckless abandon the desire to know what would happen if she "skipped" school, she also desired to be alone in a beautiful morning. Having cast aside with a reckless abandon the desire to know what would happen if she "skipped" school, she also desired to be alone in a beautiful morning.

a beautiful morning spoiled. You are fond of the woods, aren't you, Miss Evans?
Yes.
And almost before she knew it Doris had slipped out of the whole miserable story to him. It was strange that she should tell Alden Powers, but there was something about him that made her want to tell—something that made her feel that he would understand. "Heen there myself. In fact, this very minute I ought to be at work, but something made me—come after you. You see, Doris, I have been lonely, too, and somehow I thought that you would understand; I've been wanting a chance to talk with you for so long! Somehow I felt—"

What he felt was interrupted, just then, by the fact that the car stopped dead. Indeed it stopped for an hour or more, a precious hour during which they had time to talk over a great many things, things such as loneliness versus love, and the way one could fall in love with people before one knew them at all, and just how each one of them had felt on first beholding the other.
At the end of the hour the storm had cleared away, blue skies smiled again, and Alden felt that he could spare a few moments for fussing with his engine. And so, about noon they drove back into town. The sight of the brick schoolhouse on the hill sent a chill of misgiving through Doris, despite her new-found happiness.
"Whatever will they say? What can I tell them?" she said. "They'll never understand! No one but you could understand!"
"I'll fix that up," he promised easily, and if she had not said that, she would have said the principal.

Learn One New Thing Each Day.
Owing to the pressure of the water a cork sunk 200 feet deep in the ocean will not rise again to the surface.
BUILT FOR CORN-FEDS.
Sign in window of the Louis Trozier store in Dayton, Ohio:
Women's Silk Hose, Special, 98 cents a yard.
Notice!
If the army needs a good man for trench making, Robert Kindig lives at 137 Maple Grove avenue, Newark Ohio.

What's the Fare to Stanford?
We learn from Stanford, Ky., that Irma Hogg and Ura Pigg of that town would like to furnish hard for the Club.

Boy, Page Mr. Hoover.
We understand that there are strict regulations against hoarding food products. Anyway, Holden Moore Rice has just been drafted at Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Our Daily Special.
Somnambulists Are Not the Only Men Who Walk Around Sound Asleep.
Luke McLuke Says
There are cases in which a girl's face is her fortune. And there are cases in which a girl's face is her misfortune.

A girl may have good features and fine eyes. But if she has painted on her cheeks a man won't notice anything but the paint.
Men are just as vain as women. Address a letter to "The Handsomest Man in Town," and mail it in any town, and it will never get past the postmaster. He'll open it himself.

Another half-breed hypocrite is the fellow who is so religious that he won't perform any manual labor on Sunday, but who gets mad if his wife doesn't slave all day and get him up a big dinner.

If the Suffis ever win in New York, we expect they will get even with the opposition by changing the name of the Place to "Womanstair."

A woman is afraid of a mouse. But that doesn't keep her from expressing her contempt for her husband because he is such a coward that he is afraid of a burglar.

About the fifth day the bride is married she begins visualizing the presents she will receive on her silver wedding anniversary, and wonders if she will have room for them on the buffet and in the china closet.

A gentleman is a person who will always deduct ten years from his estimate when a middle-aged woman asks him to guess how old she is.

as if they had known she was coming. Overhead the sky was cloudless blue, the breezes were freighted with fragrance. For an hour or more she wandered here, entirely happy. Then, wistfully, she sat down to rest beneath a great oak whose freshly green leaves faintly sheltered her. Now, however, it always a time for thought, and as Doris sat there a cloud began to gather in the sky above her, also a cloud of misgiving began to darken her mood.

Thus the penalty for being grown up. One cannot enjoy stolen pleasures. Would a school-teacher have been over to come with remorse, midway of his happy morning?

However, the day's enjoyment, for Doris, was at an end. Already the sky was darkening for an April shower and she started back along the path that she had trod so happily, hurrying, stumbling, diled with fear of consequences. By the time she had reached the road the storm broke, a silver sheen that treated her as though she, too, were a thirsty flower. She was quite drenched and trudged along ended in sudden despair. Oh, why did things always have to end this way? Why did happiness so seldom come to her?

The sudden sound of a motor made her jump hastily to the side of the road, her face burning with shame at her sad appearance. Indeed, there was a car, and it was a very nice one. The motor belonged to Alden Powers, the richest and most influential young man in Elmville, the only Elmville man who had been to college, and the president of the school. He was a very nice fellow. How he would wonder what she was doing here at this hour!

Apparently he did wonder, for he stopped.
"Jump!" Miss Evans! You are drenched through! Surely you are not going to walk into town in this shower. Let me drive you in.
His tone was quite imperative, and Doris knew that if Doris found herself seated beside him, feeling like the miserable truant she was. But strangely enough he did not ask about school, he only looked at her and smiled. He had known more of Doris than she thought, for daily she had passed his office window on her way to work he had grown used to watching her. And this morning she had not come.
"This shower will soon be over," he said cheerfully. "Too bad to have such



CHOWN HARDWARE CO.'S

SPECIALS. One Only. JEWEL GAS RANGE. With Broiler. Regular \$37.00, for \$31.40.

One Only. VICTOR BICYCLE. 24-Inch Frame. Regular \$45.00, for \$38.00.

One Only. WHITE ENAMELED REFRIGERATOR. Regular \$22.00, for \$17.00.

Two Only. 30-POUND SCALES. Just Right for Family Use. For \$5.95 Each.

CROQUET SETS. 11-Ball. Regular \$1.23. 6-Ball. Regular \$1.02. 8-Ball. Regular \$1.52.

CASSEROLES. 7-Inch, with Nickel Frame. Regular \$2.50, for \$1.95.

LAWN MOWERS. All Reduced. Regular \$8.00, for \$6.40.

PAINT. Here is your chance if you are going to paint this year.

MARTIN-SENOUR'S. 100 Per Cent Pure, Ordinary Colors. Quarts. Regular \$3.50, for \$2.00. Half-Gallons. Regular \$4.50, for \$2.00. Gallon. Regular \$5.00, for \$2.00.

HAMMOCKS. Regular \$3.00, for \$2.37. Regular \$3.50, for \$2.73. Regular \$4.00, for \$3.18.

SCREEN DOORS. From \$1.50 up.

GRANITE PRESERVING KETTLE. 10-Quart. Regular \$5.00, for \$4.50. 12-Quart. Regular \$5.50, for \$5.00. 14-Quart. Regular \$6.00, for \$5.50.

DISH PANS. 10-Quart. Regular \$5.00, for \$4.50. 12-Quart. Regular \$5.50, for \$5.00. 14-Quart. Regular \$6.00, for \$5.50.

Many other lines on display in Windows and Store. GET YOUR COUPONS FOR EVERY PURCHASE.

CHOWN HARDWARE CO. 111 DUNDAS. NEAR TALBOT.

Remember by Giving



300,000 Men Brave the U-Boats for Us

The men of the *Merchant Marine* have given loyal service—yes, and their lives—ungrudgingly and unflinchingly. They deserve the utmost we can do for them!

The tragedy is that this splendid body of men is not recognized by governments, no provision is made for the relief of dependents—no separation allowance—no pension!

It is left to public subscription to care for the widows and orphans. It is vital work our seamen are doing—for without the supplies and munitions carried by the *Merchant Marine* it would be impossible to keep our armies in the field.

No Government Allowance for their Dependents!

300,000 seamen of the *Merchant Marine* "carry on" in spite of the U-Boat and the floating mine. 15,000 have made their last voyage.

One hundred and seventy-six merchant ships have been sunk since the war began, without leaving trace of ship, cargo or crew.

All this is in the Allies' cause—it is for us! Isn't it the very least we can do, to take care of the widows and orphans, who otherwise will nurse their grief in poverty? Sooner or later, governments may make provision for this vital service, but until such time comes we have an unquestionable duty.

Give! Give liberally!
\$1,000,000 is Ontario's objective!
Ontario has never failed!

SAILORS' WEEK

September 1st to 7th inclusive
CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE
Sir John Eaton, Chairman
THE NAVY LEAGUE OF CANADA
Commander Aemilius Jarvis, President (Ontario Division)
84 King Street West, Toronto.