

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City: 12c per week. Outside: By Mail.
\$6.00 per year. City: \$4.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
City: 12c per week. Outside: By Mail.
\$6.00 per year. City: \$4.00 per year.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
3670
From 10:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays, call 3670.
Business Department: 3671, Editors: 3672, Reporters: 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—E. 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, Nov. 13.

MONS.

IT WAS MOST fitting that Mons should have fallen to the Allied forces before the German capitulation restored it to France. It was near Mons that French's "contemptibles" died splendidly by the thousands, contesting every foot against stupendous odds. The Hun drive was not stopped, but it was slowed up sufficiently to save the channel ports and a section of Belgium and a half million men were prevented from joining von Kluck's sweep into France. Mons, with Ypres, Verdun, Arras and Chateau-Thierry will stand out a glorious story of Allied valor in the great war and in the long and glowing record of heroic British combats it will take its place beside such classic battle feats as Waterloo, the defence of Acre and Rorke's Drift.

TRICKY DR. SOLF.

SCARCELY is the ink of the armistice signatures dry when Germany starts what looks like a fresh attempt to cause discord in the Entente camp. In order to "save Germany's starving millions," Dr. Solf asks President Wilson to interfere with the terms of the armistice. The foreign secretary complains that the enforced surrender of transport means death to vast numbers of Germany's civilian population and proposes that the United States Government compel the modification of clauses that cover this point. Dr. Solf is clever. He paints a picture of horror and misery that would naturally appeal to the sympathies of any decent man or nation, but which carries greater weight because of the element of truth it contains. Skillfully he introduces words of the president to back up his plea by recalling Mr. Wilson's statement that "he did not wish to make war on the German people."

There is no question but that Germany is in a desperate condition as regards food. She will have to get it quickly and in large quantities and from the Allied nations, but with the chaos and confusion that appears to prevail everywhere in Germany a much more rapid and fair distribution could be had under Allied control of transportation. In their own interests the Entente must see to it that Germany is fed this winter. No doubt this was one of the contingencies in mind when the Versailles conference framed the clause taking over the supervision of the southern railways and rolling stock. If Solf's object was to start some differences amongst the Entente leaders that later might expand into a serious clash he will be disappointed. Whatever his reply may be the president is certain to be guided by the immediate framers of the armistice pact. To act in any other way would imperil the harmony which has proved so effective during the closing months of the war.

BRING HOME "THE ORIGINALS."

IT DOES NOT seem possible, despite the warning of President Woodrow Wilson, that a revolution in Germany can seriously threaten the prospect of early peace. The Germans are in no position to set up anything more than a sporadic and futile resistance at the worst. They know the might of Allied forces will lie along the Rhine, ready to strike and to establish order.

But the dim possibility that some form of anarchy may break out in the country may mean that Canadian soldiers in service overseas will not be released at once. The Allies may hold a large force to deal with any contingencies.

In any event it would seem that the men of the first contingents should be released as speedily as possible and brought to their homes. They should have precedence over all other Canadians and over Americans. The Americans will be the first to recognize this fact and a few ships, worse luck, will serve to bring back the "originals" to the land from which they went in early months of the war.

A MAN WITHOUT A HOME.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

ONE FINDS a grotesque humor in one of the favorite heart songs of the world at this time.

The former kaiser had three score palaces, inlaid with jasper and precious metals perhaps, but today he has no home, not even a humble cottage.

He seeks refuge in a foreign country, but finds no welcome there. The world has no kinship with him, and he must hear "The Bells" of his crime wherever he may flee.

None are so despoised as to do him reverence.

WIPE AWAY THIS REPROACH!

THE ONE distressing reflection that came from London's victory parade was that no provision was made to convey the inviolated soldiers in motor cars at the very head of the procession. Confusion in arrangements or thoughtlessness may have been the cause, but there was many a wounded man in London who saw the parade, if he saw it at all, from a curbstone, while he supported himself with cane or crutches.

One of these returned men who saw the parade from the sidewalk commented on the fact when a great, grey motor car passed, its only occupant a liveried chauffeur. "I'm not caring about myself," he said, "but there are a lot of fellows down there (pointing south) who would like to be in that car or some other car."

It was a terrible oversight that made such a remark possible. Can there be any wonder after this that returned men are saying the people forget them once the novelty has worn off? Is there any truth in this withering reproach? Are these men to be brought home in the steerage, treated in a hospital for the wounds they received from

German bullet or bomb or bayonet, given a pittance as a pension, and left out of our celebrations?

Better that London at once should declare another public holiday devoted to the heroes who have come back than that the bitterness of such a realization should remain in their hearts!

It has been said that after all wars the men who fought are forgotten, just as the physician who saves our lives is often forgotten. But in contemplation of our gratitude to the men who fought this war we have gone into rhapsodies over what we WOULD do when the war was over. Here is something to be set right before it is too late, as any red-blooded man or woman will agree. Unwillingly the city was guilty of what appeared to be a cold-blooded ignoring of the men entitled to first place in the parade.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

PRINCE MAX'S statement in which he admits defeat and the wrecking of Germany's dream of conquest is a startling combination of impudence and humility.

Admitting that the Allied armies have triumphed completely, he addresses his swan-song to "Germans abroad" sympathizing with them for being "surrounded by manifestations of malicious joy and hatred." This will furnish further proof that "Germans abroad" were deliberately enlisted for the burnings, bombings and general frightfulness that has been widespread in most Allied countries and especially in America. The chancellor tells them all they had hoped for is lost, but not to lose heart and to pin their faith on the Germany of the future. He takes it for granted that the German abroad, the German who dwells in those lands which have slain Kultur, will still be for the Fatherland.

In conclusion he unbosoms himself of the following:

"The victory for which many had hoped has not been granted us. But the German people has won this still greater victory over itself and its belief in the right of might."

This is a change of view with a vengeance. It savors too much of a deathbed repentance. The conversion is so sudden that the world will be chary of accepting it as genuine. Max has been carefully advertised by Berlin as a real democrat, but a few months ago when the Germans were plunging towards Paris he publicly sneered at democracy as represented in Allied countries. That overnight he and the nation for which he speaks have fully accepted the belief that might is wrong sounds too good to be true. The whole statement is just such a statement as a German junker would make. The world will judge Germany by its acts, not by its words.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE MIGHTY.

The word of the Prophet Isaiah, as written in the fourteenth chapter of his book:

"He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth."

"The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet; they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir trees rejoice and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, 'Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.'"

"The grave from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth. All they shall speak and say unto thee, 'Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?'"

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst threaten the nations!"

"For thou saidst in thine heart, 'I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High.'"

"Yet thou shalt be brought down to the sides of the pit."

"They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee, saying, 'Is this the man that made the earth to tremble and did shake the kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?'"

"For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? And his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?"

"And the first-born of the poor shall feed, and the needy shall lie down in safety."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada is still at war—with the Bolsheviks.

A just peace, a clean peace, a lasting peace, not a Milner peace.

The Allies have sheathed the sword, but will keep it handy for action for some time yet.

Emperor Charles of Austria is said to have abdicated. If the Sultan will follow suit that will make it unanimous.

It may come to this, that Germany will be administered and reorganized by Allied councils, in order that the tithes may be collected.

That Monday's celebration at no time descended to license proves how sincere was the joy and gratitude over victory and peace.

Australia wants an indemnity and Canada should not be afraid to speak up, too. Think what Victory Bonds would be worth if we got it!

It is worth noting that there is no clause in the armistice terms to prevent the sub pirates being punished according to their beastly crimes.

Von Hindenburg's offering of his services and armies for the use of the German people's government shows there are other foxes besides Ferdinand.

German weather report—Today, cold north, south, east and west winds with hurricanes threatening. Many local squalls and storms. Tomorrow, clearing with milder temperatures.

The ex-Emperor of Germany has long been in terror of revolutions, we are told. Well, in his ultimate residence, according to a party named Dante, there are no revolutions, but some mighty interesting "circles."

TOMBOY TAYLOR

(Copyright, 1918)

By Fontaine Fox



Tomboy Taylor's mother was on her way to report to the police the disappearance of nearly every knife in the house.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Sports.
It is a funny coincidence.
How sportsmen get the name;
While one seeks a game of chance,
One seeks a chance of game.

Paw Knows Everything.
Paw—A hermit is a person who minds his own business and doesn't gossip about other people, my son.
Willie—Are there any woman hermits?
Paw—No, my son. I should say not!
Maw—Willie, you got to bed this minute!

Fooley.
A big-mouthed dub is Oswald Bone.
His life is one long quack;
One day he laid a cornerstone,
And you should hear him cackle.

Mean Brute!
"It is feminine business to look for trouble," sneered Mr. Gabb.
"Is that so?" demanded Mrs. Gabb.
"Yes, that's so," replied Mrs. Gabb.
"Even a hen does all the brooding for the family."

Huh!
Do not give credit to that mutt.
His name is Ignatz Kettle;
I know he's in the fast set, but
He's mighty slow to settle.

Police.
They placed the noose around the neck of the horse thief, and had hoisted him up close to the gallows.
"My!" gasped the horse thief, who was something of a wag. "This suspense is awful!"

Films Is Films.
Swift & Stiff run a moving picture theatre at Middleport, Ohio.

Oh, Joy!
Even though you are a stranger in a strange city, you can always meet an A. Quaintance in Washington, D.C.

Epitaphs.
Here rest the bones of Hiram Bland.
He was a green old runny;
He took a sedate powder, and
He mixed it in his tummy.

**From earthly cares he is now free,
We speak of foolish Mr. Doyle;
He took a corn cure inwardly,
And that is not according to Doyle.**

Yes, But Whaddy Ya Mean?
[Norwood Republican.]
We are still proud to call Norwood our home, and we hope to do so for a large number of years to come, for we

her uncle's farm five miles away helping with the late canning.

"Do you think I have any of the qualities that might make it possible for me to take small parts sometimes?" she asked.

"You are very pretty," the man told her seriously, "but it takes more than that to be a great actress."

"It is a great delusion to imagine that that is all you need. I fancy, too, that you have pluck and determination, that would make you eventually a success of whatever you undertook. How old are you?"

He asked frankly, and the girl replied in quite a matter-of-fact way that she was twenty. There was no disposition on his part to object, and he began to let her bring some pictures that she had taken to him and get his judgment from those as to her adaptability to the work, he rather reluctantly consented to see her again. The place was to be the very shack where they were now talking. The time was to be two days later.

"It seems as if I had known you a very long time, Mr. Hunter," the girl told him, as she bade him farewell, and as he took and held the outstretched hand in his for just a few seconds longer, or than the occasion demanded, a blush swept into her cheeks that was not entirely one of resentment. The man laughed.

"Forgive me," he said, and then as he looked intently at her. "You do forgive me," he repeated. As they parted both were conscious of the fact that something momentous in their lives had just occurred.

Myra Talmadge brought the pictures at the appointed time to the appointed place, and this time she had deliberately decked herself forth in the traditional charming simplicity of sprigged main, ribbons and legions hat that she associated with the young movie actresses.

She found her cowboy man waiting for her. A fire had been kindled in the crude chimneyplace of the little shack and a tea party was spread with most tempting of sandwiches and pastries such as Myra had never even before seen. "I couldn't help it," he said, and Myra was too naive and in earnest to feel any disapproval that she did not fast.

Myra left the photographs and went away with the promise that a week later she would come again to the little shack to learn his final judgment on the matter of her possible career. But on this occasion for some reason the cowboy man put the discussion of this matter till last. He had something that seemed to him very much more important to tell her. It was the world-old confession of the man who loves for the first time completely and devotedly, and it was listened with all the simplicity and artlessness of her nature.

"I never thought it would happen this way," she said slowly as she gave back the answer he was waiting eagerly to hear. "I think I've loved you ever since that first day when I opened my eyes and found you standing there."

It was only a little later that the cowboy man made his confession. Of course, he was not Morgan Hunter at all. In fact, he had not really told her he was. At first he had let her think so, because he wanted to see how it felt to be treated like a moving picture hero. He always dressed that way when he rode and he was devoted to the saddle.

But how could you let me think you were somebody so much greater than you really are? she asked reproachfully. Possibly even Morgan Hunter would not agree to the proposition, was the answer. But Myra permitted no further explanation. She knew that the man she still loved had deceived her; that he was not an actor at all, that he merely was out riding when she happened to fall on that memorable day. Even to wear the guise of a cowboy seemed like a deception.

It was two months later that they met again in the shack. Myra had left a note there in hopes that the man would find it asking him to meet her on a certain afternoon. It was a very different Myra whom he saw this time, but somehow she was even more to his fancy hereafter of the cinema ringlets and clad in the severer garb of the plain country girl.

"I just wanted to tell you that I'll never do in the movies, I thought I was only told you to tell you since it was only because I thought you stood in the way of a career that I— I left you the way I did."

"I've been to the real Morgan Hunter. He's not at all the sort of person I wanted him to be. And there was undisciplined contempt in her tone. He told me that it would take years and years—"

"Yes," commented the man, "that is what he told me."

"Then you know him?"

"Slightly."

"I tried to see Richards himself, but Mr. Hunter said it would be useless. I suppose he is so very modest that he never goes anywhere. He must be wonderful."

Richards knows your ability already. In fact, the man you once admitted you loved a little is poor Tom Richards, and those whose genius commanded the output of a half dozen men of Morgan Hunter's calibre hold his hands out pleadingly to the little cinema aspirant before him.

"Little girl," he pleaded, "I want you to be my wife and—well, I could not let you marry an actress. I could not let you go away and live for your prettiness would help a little and the pluck a lot more. Which do you choose?"

"I came back because I loved you too well to stay away," she said simply.

The After-Effects of Spanish Influenza

This terrible scourge leaves in its wake weak hearts, shattered nerves, impoverished blood and a general run-down, debilitated condition of the system.

Thousands of people throughout Canada are just now needing the timely use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

They will stimulate and strengthen the weak heart, bring back the shattered nervous system to a perfect condition, renew the lost vitality, build up the strength and enrich the blood.

Price 50c a box, at all Dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by

The T. Milburn Co., Ltd.

Toronto, Ont.

Nov. 11, 13, 15, 18, 20, 22

this way," she said slowly as she gave back the answer he was waiting eagerly to hear. "I think I've loved you ever since that first day when I opened my eyes and found you standing there."

It was only a little later that the cowboy man made his confession. Of course, he was not Morgan Hunter at all. In fact, he had not really told her he was. At first he had let her think so, because he wanted to see how it felt to be treated like a moving picture hero. He always dressed that way when he rode and he was devoted to the saddle.

But how could you let me think you were somebody so much greater than you really are? she asked reproachfully. Possibly even Morgan Hunter would not agree to the proposition, was the answer. But Myra permitted no further explanation. She knew that the man she still loved had deceived her; that he was not an actor at all, that he merely was out riding when she happened to fall on that memorable day. Even to wear the guise of a cowboy seemed like a deception.

It was two months later that they met again in the shack. Myra had left a note there in hopes that the man would find it asking him to meet her on a certain afternoon. It was a very different Myra whom he saw this time, but somehow she was even more to his fancy hereafter of the cinema ringlets and clad in the severer garb of the plain country girl.

"I just wanted to tell you that I'll never do in the movies, I thought I was only told you to tell you since it was only because I thought you stood in the way of a career that I— I left you the way I did."

"I've been to the real Morgan Hunter. He's not at all the sort of person I wanted him to be. And there was undisciplined contempt in her tone. He told me that it would take years and years—"

"Yes," commented the man, "that is what he told me."

"Then you know him?"

"Slightly."

"I tried to see Richards himself, but Mr. Hunter said it would be useless. I suppose he is so very modest that he never goes anywhere. He must be wonderful."

Richards knows your ability already. In fact, the man you once admitted you loved a little is poor Tom Richards, and those whose genius commanded the output of a half dozen men of Morgan Hunter's calibre hold his hands out pleadingly to the little cinema aspirant before him.

"Little girl," he pleaded, "I want you to be my wife and—well, I could not let you marry an actress. I could not let you go away and live for your prettiness would help a little and the pluck a lot more. Which do you choose?"

"I came back because I loved you too well to stay away," she said simply.

Public is Warned
against using Dangerous
Hair Preparations

Recent research on the part of her specialists reveals the fact that many disagreeable and obstinate scalp diseases are caused and rendered incurable by the indiscriminate use of shampoo preparations.

Chemical analysis proves that most liquid preparations for shampooing contain an excess of alkali (a harmful irritant) which eats its way into the pores of the scalp, rots the roots of the hair, thus causing it to fall out.

The surest, safest and easiest way is to make your own liquid. Buy a carton of Veleor at any drug store. Dissolve one of the small packets into half glass of warm water and you will have an abundance of pure non-injurious liquid that will relieve itching of the scalp, falling hair and dandruff, also improve the natural color of the hair. Veleor being in concentrated form never spoils and will keep forever.

MADE IN CANADA

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL

TORONTO
In Centre of Shopping
and Business District
250 ROOMS
100 with Private Bath
EUROPEAN PLAN
SAS. S. TOWNSEND, MGR.

Canada Food Board License No. 10-332

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

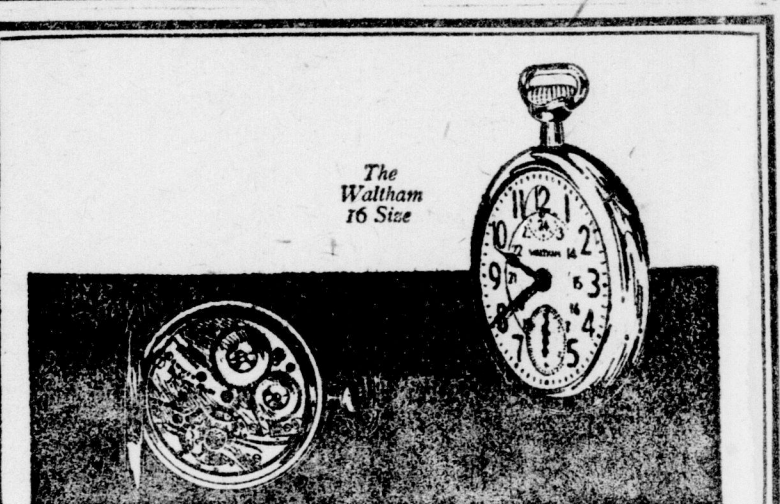
Contain No Narcotics

WHEN your liver is sluggish, or when constipation threatens, it indicates the removal of worms and the little ones are growing in being expelled and removed at the root of the trouble and restore the digestive organs to a healthy condition. Price 25 cents. At your druggist or mailed direct on receipt of price.

Northrop & Lyman Co., Ltd.
Dept. E. W., Toronto

20 CTS

THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO LIMITED QUEBEC QUE



The Works of the Waltham

THE chief factor determining the grade of a watch movement is the number of jewels used as bearings—the highest grade movement having 23 diamond, ruby and sapphire jewels.

Other factors are absolute precision in the manufacture of small wheels, pinions and springs, and their exact adjustment to the work of time measurement.

Ask your Jeweler to show you his range of high-grade Waltham Watches

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL



REGAL Table Salt

SMOKE Master Mason ITS GOOD TOBACCO

Master Mason is made from choice tobaccos, fully matured, mellowed by age and pressed into a solid plug, so as to preserve all the moisture and fragrance of the natural leaf.

Convenient, nifty, easy to carry, it makes the sweetest, coolest, smoothest smoke you can find.

20 CTS

THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO LIMITED QUEBEC QUE