

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

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 87
Main 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 Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Monday, Oct. 21.

FREEDOM FOR THE CZECHS.

RESIDENT WILSON'S notice to Austria-Hungary that the United States insists upon absolute freedom for the Czech-Slovaks will be instantly and heartily approved by the Entente world. None of the little fellows who have stood up to the Teutons have done so more gallantly or unselfishly than the people of Bohemia. By their geographical situation hopelessly cut off from assistance by the Entente armies, they have nevertheless persistently hampered and hindered the war operations of the enemy, and that in the face of savage, ruthless punishment. And the Czech-Slovak has shown himself a first class fighting man. No incident of the great war will stand out more gloriously than the spectacular 5,000-mile retreat to Vladivostok following the Russian collapse. Now he is fighting successfully to save Siberia from German-Bolshevik control and that in itself deserves any reward the coming Allied triumph can give. Czech-Slovak administration of such parts of Siberia and western Russia as they have occupied has been marked with sanity and justice. Law and order and toleration have been the result wherever they have taken control. That this courageous, liberty-loving people is well able to rule itself is unquestioned. When middle Europe is made over, when the dual monarchy is dismembered, as it should be, no righting of wrong will seem happier or more just than the restoration to the Czech of his former independence.

COUNTER-ATTACKING THE "FLU."

DEPRESSING as have been the results of the influenza epidemic, there is cause for rejoicing in the prospect of an abatement of the disease, or at least a confining of its ravages to certain bounds. Most physicians are convinced that precautions were taken none too soon to prevent the gathering of people in large numbers in public places, and the new system, coupled with intensive treatment by physicians and nurses, the latter both professional and volunteer, will no doubt bring about an early clearing of the air.

The city has suffered dreadfully from the disease, and the serious possibilities of an appalling death rate have come home to all. Most distressing stories of sadness have come from the homes of those afflicted, and it would seem as though the malady had selected for attack those families which were already sorely bereaved. Many young people have been taken off, with a suddenness that is shocking, apparently while in the best of physical condition. Regarded usually as one of the milder diseases this latest form of influenza working in conjunction with its dread ally, pneumonia, has struck at the young and rather than the old or middle-aged. It is estimated that few if any children have succumbed to the disease, but on the whole it is the most serious visitation of many years. Continental in its extent, it would have caused a far more tremendous depression had the stark pictures of war not been written everywhere.

To the forces which have worked against the disease great credit is due. Almost every physician has been caring for scores of cases, and in addition to this, many doctors have found it necessary to lend aid in securing assistance for those homes in which every member of the family was stricken. The women who organized the Sister of Service brigade have been performing a remarkable work for citizens, and the chairman of the board of health, Mr. Russell, has given practically all of his time to the checking of the epidemic. London has nothing to reproach itself with in the manner in which the disease has been counter-attacked. A fine spirit of co-operation has been shown by most people, and so far as can be learned nothing has been left undone. The influence of the press in urging the exercise of personal precaution has been recognized as beneficial.

It is not yet time to drop into the past tense when speaking of the disease. The epidemic is still with us. Even when signs of an abatement appear there should be general expectation of a recurrence in order to be on the safe side. The length of time for which the disease rages cannot be estimated. The best word that may be given is to keep up the fight.

A GREAT LESSON FOR OURSELVES.

GERMAN officers are distributing a tract among the German troops, blaming President Wilson for prolonging the war and comparing him with Caesar.

The audacity of it is apparent from a few extracts: "However noble these peace efforts were they were destined to break in face of the opposition of the United States."

"It is now accordingly absolutely evident that the determination to kill emanated from the White House at Washington, and is concentrated in the person of President Wilson."

"What harm can the niceties of the President's oratory bring to the sacrifices of this war? If we speak of President Wilson only, it is not to pardon other imperial schemes. But in the presence of the cruel truth that for nearly five years human blood has flowed without cessation, it is natural that we point out to human justice the man who may be reproached by humanity with the prolonging of this horrible butchery."

"To the very end. That is their (England and America) reply. To what end? Must Europe perish? Must the human race disappear from the globe? Do you want the old continent to be nothing but a vast cemetery in which shall reign to the great joy of American billionaires the repose of a peace really eternal?"

This tract or leaflet is distributed among the German soldiers to mislead them, to make them

believe that the President is responsible for the "prolonging of this horrible butchery." "Horrible butchery" is good coming from those who butchered Belgium. "For nearly five years human blood has flowed without cessation" and for more than half that time the United States had nothing to do with it. The President reluctantly entered the war to stop the "flow of human blood," to stop the "horrible butchery." It says "the determination to kill emanated from the White House at Washington." Yes, the determination to help Great Britain and France to kill militarism, not to kill but to keep alive human beings.

We point out to human justice. What do they know of human justice who butchered Belgium, who put to death Edith Cavell, who sunk the Lusitania, who bombed hospital ships, who sent zeppelins to England in the air, and murdered women and children, who sent U-boats under water to torpedo non-combatant and neutral ships, who form the greatest aggregation of criminals with the greatest variety of crimes the world ever knew?

They finally ask "Do you want the old continent to be nothing but a vast cemetery in which shall reign to the great joy of American billionaires the repose of a peace really eternal?"

Britain and America and France have said "To the very end." The Germans have made Europe a vast cemetery to many millions, with "the repose of a peace really eternal." "To the very end" let Germans and Germany understand the meaning of those words: "To the very end." You shall not pass. You have carried out your last "horrible butchery." You have sunk the last ship. You have murdered the last man, woman and child. You have seen your last zeppelin in the air and U-boat in the ocean. Your "horrible butchery" and most horrible crimes have come "to the very end." There will be "eternal peace" not the eternal peace of the cemetery you speak of, but the peace that belongs to nations such as Great Britain, America and France, all countries of happy homes and happy peoples. They know what freedom and true democracy mean. They want no "lordling's pomp."

"What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbersome load, Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined."

The Germans have been studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined. They seek by lying pamphlets to blame President Wilson and mislead their people. In that is a great lesson for all democratic countries. Democracy everywhere is led and misled, and instead of blindly following the leader let there be in this Canada a more independent thought, a better knowledge of public questions, more individual thought, so that collectively public opinion will mean something of value to the country.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Swat the Flu.

It takes the women of London to make the Flu fly.

Milner pacifism is about the biggest menace of the hour.

Make Germany pay by making the goods Germany made.

Germany's submarines may now be all loaded up with torpedoes and no place to go.

The Salvation Army, which has all outdoors for a church edifice, never needs to shut up shop.

Some of those new American war plants make the Krupps look like the village blacksmith shop.

Any Canadian who cannot have his troubles looked after at Ottawa should apply to Washington.

With Antwerp mentioned, the news of today sounds like the news of early 1914, reverse English.

What one tremendous blow may accomplish is now shown in the retirement of the Germans from the coast.

The face of Lloyd George must have worn a look of righteous anger when he discovered the Milner interview.

The clown prince hopes to be in Switzerland for the Christmas sliding. Just now he is on the toboggan in France.

Germany's numerous "pistols pointed at the heart of England" will have to go back to Kiel—or stick to the Irish coast.

Have you noticed how many of those who hotly opposed the gasless Sunday are equally indignant over the churchless Sunday? Neither have we.

Lord Milner fears the Bolsheviks may get control of Germany if the Allies do not go easy with the kaiser, but anarchy in Germany would be preferable to the faintest taint of kaiserism in the after-war world.

GENEROUS TREATMENT.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The lesson of Abraham Lincoln throws a light along the pathway of Woodrow Wilson. It pleads for generous treatment of Woodrow Wilson. We need not defy him. But we must trust him. He is not only our leader, but the world's leader. Lord George was right enough. The issues between Hindenburg and Wilson. If Wilson does not beat Hindenburg good-bye to civilization.

U. S. PACKERS' COMBINE.

[Grain Growers' Guide.]

One more great stroke of governmental action against the plundering of the many by a powerfully organized, greedy few is added to the record by the action of the Federal Trade Commission of the United States, which, after searching investigation, has recommended to President Wilson Government acquisition and control of all the principal stockyards, cold storage plants and warehouses, refrigerator cars and cattle cars in the United States. The commission recommends in order to destroy a monopoly which it declares Swift & Co., Armour & Co., Morris & Co., Wilson & Co., Inc., and the Cudahy Packing Company, exercise, not only over the meat supply of the country, but over other necessary food supplies.

THE AMERICAN AIRPLANE SITUATION.

[Buffalo Commercial.]

The new Curtiss-Kirkham motor, which carries an airplane at 152 miles an hour, is said to supersede anything at present on the western front. Our trouble appears to be that we have been waiting for extraordinary developments in airplane production rather than accepting existing standards and getting the planes to France.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

[Labor World, Montreal.]

Several countries, namely, Belgium, Finland, Switzerland and Japan, have adopted the proportional system of representation. It will certainly be established in France in the near future. It is recognized as being the most equitable, the most democratic electoral system that exists.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Nowadays. We don't teach children music. Nay, that day has past and gone. Instead, we just show them the way to put a record on.

Ouch!

"And why do you call your whiskey-making plant a still?" we asked the moonshiner.

"Because it is operated on the quiet," replied the moonshiner.

Oh!

"Why do these swell cafes have their menu cards printed in French?" asked the small-town man.

"Probably for the reason that what you don't know won't hurt you," replied the big-town man.

Tea-Hoe!

A girl will laugh, as we all know, at jokes both stale and simple; For she's endeavoring to show You that she has a dimple.

Defined.

"Just what is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" asked the thin man.

"Well," replied the fat man, "an optimist sees a caterpillar as an unflashed butterfly, and a pessimist regards a butterfly as an overdone caterpillar."

No Hum!

He is an angel now. He died. He's gone where folks are good. For one sad day his darling bride Baked him some angel food.

A Strong Combination.

The Samson Market in Hazard, Ky., buys its goods from the Power Grocery Company, of Paris, Ky.

Be Keen!

A girl never knows when Dan Cupid is going to pierce her heart with one of those darts. And this reminds us that Anna Mae Love lives in Winchester, Ky.

Who Called Them the Weaker Sex? (Ad in Plattsburg Republican.)

Wanted—Strong, able-bodied women to unload cars of coal.

Occasional Celebration.

Women are as bright as men in some ways, but they are so dense in one way that it is dangerous for a man to joke with his wife—Luke McClure.

But they really show almost human

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE TOURNETTE.

By R. Ray Baker.

"My hermiting business is ruined," James Morgan stood in the doorway of his hermitage and gazed resentfully across Silver Lake, where the red brick buildings of the new Ashton Memorial Hospital loomed against a blue June sky.

The slight frown developed into a pronounced scowl as his ears detected a faint humming which originated some distance back of the shack. The humming became a roar as a motor car, with cutout open, whizzed past not far from the dwelling of the dejected hermit.

"It's the limit the way civilization chases a fellow around," he growled. Here I get a place all picked out for a quiet, unmolested summer of solitude, and when I arrive to begin my hermiting I find that some one has built a concrete race track at my back door, and some one else has erected a kill-or-cure place in my front yard. Between shrieking motor cars and complaining, convalescent patients and giddy nurses my hermitage has fair to open into a mad street of a busy town on a Saturday night.

He shrugged his shoulders into disgust and strode into the shack, which contained a bed, a table, a chair, a bookcase, in which were some dust-injured volumes. Two three-legged stools and one which possessed four stood aside in proud disdain, comprised the hermit's furniture.

The hermit rummaged in his pockets and produced a pipe, a sack of tobacco, a box of matches and a railroad guide. Planting himself on the haughty stool, he filled the first-mentioned article from the second, and part of the third, and began to peruse the fourth.

He was not a veteran hermit. His face was clean-shaven and he had clear-cut, youthful features, set off by a pair of piercing brown eyes. He was only twenty-seven years old, and that is all together too young for one to be in the business of hermiting.

The decision to become a recluse was due to two things. They were the acquisition of a fortune and the loss of an attractive young woman he had intended making his partner in a venture far different from hermiting.

Janet, Ellison had decided, after all, that she did not care to settle down, so just before her parents had sent her on a tour of the continent she broke off her engagement with James.

A month later James inherited nearly half a million dollars from an uncle who died in the Klondike. The money acted as a soothing balm for his shattered heart for a brief period—until doting mothers heard of his stroke of luck and began setting snares for him.

This having sweethearts thrust upon him when he had just lost his heart's desire was too much for James. He got tired of attending to the whims and wishes of a crowd of young misses and listening to their chatter of society and fashion and other subjects that held no interest for him, especially since he was still yearning and longing for Janet.

The decision of the whole thing grew on him and made him cynical. He determined to sever the sphere of feminism from his universe.

He decided to spend a winter in California, and then in the summer to start hermiting for fair. Before his trip west he located this shack in the Ohio woods, learned who the owner was and rented it for the season. When this transaction took place there was no sign of a habitation or a road in the vicinity.

Only one man knew his present whereabouts, and that was his chum of college days, Ralph Williamson. Williamson helped him locate the place, and even offered to spend some of the time with him; but he was going into hermiting "for all there is in it."

Williamson laughed and remarked: "You'll soon be back, and you'll marry Janet after all, when she comes home." Then, thinking Williamson secretly sent a letter to certain address in the Canadian wilds, taking pains to detail facts about Klondike gold.

The day after James arrived at his cabin, to find it no longer a solitude, he set out on a hike, avoiding the turnpike and heading into the woods that fringed the shore. Heavy underbrush made progress rather difficult, so he took out a long clasp knife to cut a walking stick from a tree. Sparing a branch that looked good to him some distance up the trunk, he climbed the tree and, seated on one branch, began to saw at the one he had selected, which was just above him.

James was not adept at a tree cutter or climber, or as an equilibrium artist, and, somehow, just as he was taking a final whack at the branch he desired, he lost his balance and fell. The knife, clutched in his right hand, slashed his left arm and severed an artery, and as he sank in a faint to the ground blood

intelligence at times in the matter of deciding when it's safe to joke with their husbands.—Newark Advocate.

Stung!

Willie thought the pretty thistle ought to make a splendid whistle; something soon resounded shrilly. The whistle didn't—it was Willie.

Huh!

John Keessal ran for state treasurer of Wisconsin in the last election, but evidently the folks in that state were a little worried over his name, for he lost out.

Things to Worry About. A cockroach has no toenails.

Names is Names. Son Flowers lives at Chesterfield, South Carolina.

Our Daily Special. You never saw a gutton who was that way for work.

Luke McClure Says. The old-fashioned little girl who used to sing a song for sixpence now has a little daughter who can't buy anything for less than a dollar.

What has become of the o. f. lawyer who used to put up a bluff by carrying a green bag and half a ton of law books every time he went down the street?

Another strange thing is how a bore hates to be bored by other bores.

Any married man can tell you that when a woman has nothing to say she isn't going to be quiet until she says it.

The man who gets mad because the Lord doesn't answer his prayers forgetting that the Lord answers all of our prayers none of us would work.

Many a man has discovered that putting a blanket mortgage on it won't keep his house warm in winter.

The average business man is so hard-headed that he doesn't care a hang for the recommendation you bring from the head of your Sunday school. He wants to know what you do the other six days of the week.

The busiest man we know of is a fellow who is paying 1918 prices for things out of a 1908 salary.

If you have to fight a man, made into him with the firm belief that he is a bigger coward than you are, and you will win.

It wouldn't be so blame hard to please a woman if you could only get her to decide on what she wants.

And what has become of the town loafer who used to sit on a soap box and whittle all day?

Why that it is dangerous for a man to try to talk a woman for talking behind a woman's back if he happened to be her husband and is hooking her up in the rear.

When James regained consciousness he was lying on the cot in the hermitage. But alas! It was a hermitage no longer. A young woman, clad in a white uniform with narrow blue stripes was holding his left arm aloft while another similarly dressed was busy about the stove, in which a fire had been built.

The young woman holding his arm—a very pretty blonde—smiled pleasantly and handed him a glass of water.

"What's happened?" he asked after he had drunk the water. She explained in a few words.

"My friend and I were enjoying a half day off, strolling about the lake, when we heard you cry out. We found you lying under a tree, a severe cut in the brachial artery, and blood spurting so profusely from the wound that we were obliged to improvise this tourniquet with your handkerchief and a stick of wood. We saw this house in the distance, assumed that you lived here, and managed to bring you."

The girl's fingers holding the arm were singularly soft to the feel of his skin and her smile was one of the most cheery things he had ever seen.

"My friend is preparing something for you to eat," she announced. "It's something light—just the thing for you."

James felt that it was good to have this girl looking after his comfort in that way.

"She knows her business," he decided. "She's a very capable person, all right, and that's what I need."

One day, a month later, while James was partaking a canned dinner, he heard an automobile horn emit several croaking blasts, followed by the sound of a machine coming to a stop back of the shack.

Soon there was a knock at the door, and it was thrown open to admit Ralph Williamson, radiant with smiles. The two young men clasped hands warmly and Williamson was offered the four-legged stool as a special honor.

"Can't stop," he remonstrated.

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price

FOR
CONSTIPATION

have stood the test of time. Purely vegetable. Wonderfully quick to banish biliousness, headache, indigestion, and to clear up a bad complexion.

Genuine Bessie signature

PALE FACES

Generally indicate a lack of Iron in the Blood

Carter's Iron Pills

Will help this condition

LEMON JUICE
WHITENS SKIN

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for few cents

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quart of the best bleaching and skin whitening lotion and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons, and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, and see how tan, redness, sallowness, sunburn and windburn disappear, and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! it is harmless.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

Use Lifebuoy for the hands, the bath, the clothes, and the home.

just came to see if you had enough of hermiting. Obtaining no answer he went on: "I've a pleasant surprise for you. Janet Ellison is out there in my car, and she wants you to be her special guest at a house party starting tomorrow. She got back just this week and immediately inquired about you. Come on! Get ready."

James held up the coffee pot. "Have a drink?" he invited, and receiving a shake of the head from his visitor, he poured another cupful for himself. Dropping in a lump of sugar he stirred it and said:

"I've had enough of hermiting. all right, Ralph, but I can't go with you. You see, I'm getting married tomorrow—to a young lady who tonight will finish her course of training in that hospital across the lake."

DRINK DALLEY COFFEE

"The Most Delicious Drink." You can't buy better Coffee. It has the most delicious flavor and more strength to the cup. In 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. sealed tins only.

WRIGLEYS



The universal military service gum—

A Soldier's offering to his sweetheart is naturally the sweetmeat that gave him most refreshment and greatest enjoyment when on duty.

The Flavour Lasts



Keep the boys in service supplied.

FOR CONSTIPATION

have stood the test of time. Purely vegetable. Wonderfully quick to banish biliousness, headache, indigestion, and to clear up a bad complexion.

Genuine Bessie signature

PALE FACES

Generally indicate a lack of Iron in the Blood

Carter's Iron Pills

Will help this condition

LEMON JUICE

WHITENS SKIN

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for few cents

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quart of the best bleaching and skin whitening lotion and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons, and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, and see how tan, redness, sallowness, sunburn and windburn disappear, and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! it is harmless.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

Use Lifebuoy for the hands, the bath, the clothes, and the home.

The Only Way!

If we fail to keep our switchboards, our pole lines, our complete system at the highest point of efficiency—

If we are unable through lack of funds, to build new lines and install new equipment to meet the legitimate needs of the community, then not only the country's war efforts while the conflict lasts, but its work of reconstruction when the fight is over, must suffer.

Unless