London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

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

NOON EDITION.
$4.00 per year by mail.

EVENING EDITION.
City, 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail $4.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS. Private Branch Exchange. 3670
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.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 Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Oct. 8.

THE REAL FIGHTERS.

UNDER THE RELENTLESS exposures that the war has brought about many bogies and traditions have gone by the board. For instance, the belief, widespread four years ago, that the Germans were the greatest fighters in the world's history has been scattered to the winds for ever and ever. That the kaiser possessed the greatest organization for war is unquestionably the case, but as a fighter the individual Teuton is hopelessly outdistanced by the Allied rank and file. "Warrior nation" was the term tacked on the Prussians by admiring writers and the world has come to accept it as a fact, a fact that carried a shiver to a more or less scared civilization. But it required less than six months of warring to show up the Prussian as a second-rater in the matter of physical courage.

[illegible] chinery of wa[illegible]

[illegible] war machine is running on its [illegible]

[illegible] ultur has been torpedoed and [illegible]

[illegible] now and you wont be driven [illegible]

[illegible] s to the pacifism of the new [illegible]

[illegible] sless Sunday, after 6 o'clock, [illegible] objects.

[illegible] e the good effects of gasless [illegible] ding on other days.

[illegible] ds are going up all right, but [illegible] olding the white flag.

[illegible] ts told of continued intrigues at [illegible] Of course! Wasn't arch-sneak [illegible]

[illegible] erman papers consider Bulgaria [illegible] a apparently considered Ger- [illegible]

[illegible] e not in the world-wide jubila- [illegible] eers. The casualty list of slain [illegible] be terrible.

[illegible] e on your part helps Germany and harms [illegible] da. It hinders our victory and heartens the f[illegible] It must be ended now.

[illegible] king order, [illegible] shouts the [illegible] his dear soldiers and sailors. Noble [illegible] you have been! The army has been defending the fatherland on foreign soil, it being unexplained that with each day's passing there was less and less of foreign soil to defend! They have won the admiration of all the folks at home by their masterly strategy, and, apparently, their ability to save their lives by placing hands above their heads. As for the navy, why "my navy is holding its own against the united enemy naval forces, and is unwaveringly supporting the army in its struggle." "Holding its own" is good. The German navy has been holding its own ships and men safely in shelter since war began.

But while the army and navy has been brave the kaiser has decided that after all he will not smash to pieces all those who now oppose him. It was different in 1914, of course. He discovered that they would not be smashed, and he has resolved once more to offer peace to the enemy—an honorable peace, to be sure. The kaiser is suffering from delusions as to the quotations on peace at the present time. His bid is low and he was not asked to chip in. And peace is not on the auction block to be sold for offers. Peace is obtainable only by the grace of the Allies.

The kaiser's contribution adds to the humorous literature of the war. His previous efforts, when combined in one volume with the latest, will make the Bairnsfather cartoons seem tame and insipid. And if an international award like the Nobel peace prize is ever offered for the greatest bluffs of the war, he will win in a canter.

LET THE PRESS UNSUBSIDIZE ITSELF!

NEWSPAPERS have come to feel the full force of Government-protected monopoly in Canada. Newspapers are units of a trade which has never been open to the suspicion of being controlled as a trust. But the manufacturers of newsprint constitute a hard and fast combine, organized to control trade, and fostered by rich gifts and by home patronage, which was cast aside and given no consideration when the chance came to get into a more profitable field. With the capitalistic influence standing by as the friend of such a combine as the paper factories have become, the newspapers had small chance at Ottawa to win their case for reasonable treatment, and it may be set down for the general public to read that the ultimate consumer must pay if the newspapers of Canada are to survive.

What attitude does Union Government assume toward the newspapers? They are subject to more regulations as to what they shall print and as to how they shall conduct their business than any other business in Canada. Not only may they not print innumerable things, but they must not let the public know that these things may not be printed nor why they must not be printed. They are subject to all sorts of silly edicts which the American people laughed to scorn. But more than that, the Canadian newspaper of the metropolitan class, which constitute the news association known as Canadian Press, Limited, in a moment of weakness, permitted themselves to become subsidized to the extent of $50,000 by the Government, and since that time the Government has used the newspapers as a football. The publishers have no organization which can cope with the mighty resources of the paper trust. The paper trust has the most powerful of influences at its back, and when publishers have gone to certain members of the cabinet in the hope of being relieved of the possibility of facing absolute ruin they have been reminded that the Government is a partner in the newspaper business (to the extent of $50,000), and that it would be just as well to submit to the "reasonable" demands of the newsprint makers. It has been explained that labor costs have arisen tremendously. But it is not recalled that most of the pulp lands, which form the sources of newsprint, were given to the paper-makers by the people of Canada through their lawmakers. No share of this heritage for the people who read and pay for the pulp, however! Get the last dollar the trade will stand. The Government has appointed a commissioner. Let the buyer beware!

The Advertiser has entered protests before over the acceptance by the Canadian newspapers of any grants that would form the basis for a belief that the press of Canada was subsidized. It believes that there should be no further acceptance of this grant, which was supposed to enable the papers to bind east and west together, but which has not resulted in any wonderful transformation in the relations of the great divisions of the Canadian people. So long as the newspapers of Canada accept this grant they are bound to the Government as recipients of special favors, no matter how much they may protest to the contrary. It is a German idea of controlling the press, whether the intention was German or not. Let this subsidy be refused when next the opportunity has come! Then will the field be clear for dealings with the Government and its profiteers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It was a matchless Sunday.

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?

The great peace drive went to pieces.

The bells of Belgrade will be joy-ringing.

[illegible] will to conquer" was a will-o-the- [illegible]

The kaiser's new chancellor now talks "popular rule" for Germany. They have what they seem to have had for a long time there. The crimes of the all-highest and his war lords have been repeatedly backed to the limit by the German people.

The kaiser tells his troops he intends to get an honorable peace for Germany. Wrong again, Bill. The German people are going to be sent to jail just like any other outlaw gang until they are properly punished, and there is nothing honorable about that.

How does wealth begin? Real wealth, not false wealth. The kind that spells success and happiness. The secret of a man's success has never been in the amount of money he makes, but in the ratio of income to outgo. If you fix your outgo below your income, then new and steady streams of income begin to flow. Be the margin never so small, it is added to your income, and wealth begins.

Doctors advise all who have a fever to stay in doors until the fever subsides. In this way they will successfully combat the ravages of Spanish influenza. There is only one way to find out if a person has a fever: use a clinical thermometer. This means that everyone should have a thermometer. At least it would be as cheap to buy a thermometer to find out if a person had a fever as it would be to call in a doctor.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A RUSSIAN BUSINESS.

[Ohio State Journal.]

We have a theory that an enterprising man who could go to Russia and establish a string of free-lunch counters could be elected czar without opposition.

THE STICK HABIT.

[London Daily Chronicle.]

The stick habit is much more common in England than in America. In New York or Boston or Chicago, or any other American town, for that matter, you seldom see a youngish man carry a stick. As a general thing, he is too busy to be bothered with a piece of wood in his hand. He carries his paper, of course, and he must have one hand free for a cigar and for raising his hat.

THE GUERRILLAS OF LABOR.

[Springfield Republican.]

Labor must give a thought to its reputation for fairness and good sense and a serviceable loyalty to the country in days like these, for it can never go far without the backing of public opinion in the normal times which will eventually return. The guerrillas of labor are alone responsible for unwarranted strikes, and it is a pity that their acts may tend to discredit organized labor as a whole.

SIBERIA VITAL TO US.

[Ottawa Journal.]

Siberia is vital to us because in war anything that matters to the enemy matters to us, and Siberia matters to Germany.

FAILED IN PRACTICE.

[Buffalo Commercial.]

General Bernhardi, whose spouting made at one time such a hit in Germany, has had a chance to put into practice some of his military theories, but as his happens to be the corps that is being driven back by the British around Merville, it wouldn't appear that his policies were a success.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

THE VAGRANT HEART.

[By Imes Macdonald.]

Some day there shall be written the complete history of the Vagrant Heart, and that history will contain a succession of strange episodes situated in various parts of the world. However, it will be no swashbuckling tale of shipwrecks, blood and valiant deeds, but just the simple narrative of the almost-loves of Morgan Burke, a man of adventurous spirit and yet so gentle of heart that in the wake of his wanderings there eddied no tears of bitterness, nor floated a single heart carelessly cast forth as driftwood by his hand. For if women loved him, he had left them somehow content with a lesser love.

Still, no man of his like could have followed the strange paths he had trod and returned unscathed. Memory is a tricky thing—sometimes she would draw him backward for five minutes perhaps, or an hour or a day—to Algiers, or Paris, or Petrograd, or Singapore. Also there was Manila and Honolulu or Frisco. Sidney, too, knew him—and Taluno! He might have stayed on Taluno, the island beautiful, but—that is one of the episodes.

Back in his home city of Ackland they hailed him as an adventurer. His mother proudly exhibited him and cunningly planned his marriage, hoping thereby to keep him at home among his kind. Dutifully, though somewhat bored, he escorted her about—to be inspected and quizzed and smiled upon, for there was an unconscious bit of foreign air about him that added to the mystery which the wind and sun of many lands had cast in his eyes and blended in the tan of his face.

Hence it was that on a certain night not long after his return he accompanied his mother to the Ackland School of Art to view the annual spring exhibit there. His mother was a patron of the school—being a patron of something was a hobby of hers—and Burke himself had contributed largely to the museum from the fruits of his travels. Like an automaton he shook the hands of dozens of very much alike young women, and boys so evidently courting genius and flowing ties—and then suddenly the hand he found in his was not the stereotyped, nervous hand, but a warm, flexible hand of substance. And as he straightened up from his rather low bow his eyes took in her gown of golden brown simplicity.

She herself was a living, breathing, elastic thing of gold, it seemed. Her hair, almost black, with its hint of golden shadows—the ivory gold of her skin—and her eyes, those oriental I-could-love-you eyes—all reminded him of Taluno and—Ahmeenah. In an instant he had passed and forgotten the girl of the moment in memory of Ahmeenah, the girl of the past. There she stood high up on the rock above him, poised against the sky for her dive into the deep pool below, her dusky hair waving like a banner in the wind—then his heart turned sick at the memory of her faulty step, his mad rush that was too late to break the fall of her lovely body that lay broken and still on the rocks at his feet. With a tired sigh he slipped out of the noisy chattering throng that filled the great room and sought the lower corridor, where he sat on a stone bench and smoked deliberately in violation of all the rules.

Twenty minutes later he ascended the steps again. At the landing as he turned the corner of the stair he looked upward and there stood the girl of living gold with her hand on the rail poised in the act of descending. For a moment she gazed on him thus and then descended slowly, and when they met at the rail in the centre of the flight—they smiled.

"You are so very young," he said, as if having made a strange discovery.

She half turned to lean back against the rail and gazed into his eyes with her wide candid glance. "I am 22," she said, pensive yet earnest.

His hand slid up and touched hers where it lay on the rail, but she seemed not to notice it.

"They are asking for you," she added, "upstairs." And she gestured with her head in the direction of the noisy gallery.

Morgan Burke looked on this composite woman and marveled. Of all his almost-loves she seemed to be a part. The gesture of her hand, the supple twist of her body as she stood there, the poise of her head, the glance of her eyes and the curve of her cheek—each was representative of some one charm of those others of his past.

"I almost believe I could love you," he said as in a dream.

For one pulsing moment she bent over him as he stood below her there and caught his upturned face between her warm young hands.

"I know you could!" she murmured, tensely.

But before he could touch her she had fled back up the stairs.

Strangely enough there is always someone to see such things. The next morning the principal of the art school, who was a friend of Burke's mother, sent for the lovelist and most talented member of that year's graduating class.

"I feel that I must speak to you, Olive, for your own good," she said.

"Things that are for one's own good are almost always unpleasant, aren't they?" said Olive Dale, with a grave little smile.

"It is about Morgan Burke, Olive," continued the principal, kindly. "He is not for you, Olive. You must not break your heart over him, my dear. He has been courted by women all over the world, and is a spoiled young man. Why, there was even a princess in Budapest! It was the talk of Europe at the time. Wherever he has been it was always the same. The most beautiful, the most cultured, the most exclusive women in the land, were his for the taking. I do not want you to know unhappiness, Olive; you are so young and impressionable—and he, when the time comes, will enter a marriage of convenience with a girl of his mother's choosing."

The girl stood with a half smile, brooding thoughtful eyes staring out through the swaying treetops. "None of that matters in the least," she said as to herself. "If he loves me—I shall marry him."

There was a quick step in the open door of the office and both women turned swiftly. Morgan Burke stood just within the door looking into Olive's eyes. The principal of the Ackland School of Art watched them in amazement, for nothing seemed to exist for them but each other. Morgan took the eager hands that reached out for his own, for a long moment they stood thus—and then he swept her into his arms, kissing her eager mouth.

"I knew you could love me," murmured Olive.

"How could I help it?" he asked gently. "How could I help it?" And he led her out the door and down the stairs.

While from her window the spinster principal watched them as they wandered across the lawn toward the boulevard and the park beyond, and she sighed from within her heart for something she had missed perhaps for the first time in her self-centred life.

And hand in hand those two young people walked into the slanting sunlight, for Youth and Love in early summer cannot be denied. And so it was that the vagrant heart of Morgan Burke found happiness in the girl of his dreams, the composite woman, a symposium of all the charms characteristic of the almost-loves of his adventurous past.

Diseased Skin

Freedom at once from the agony of skin disease. The soothing wash of oils. Try D. D. D.—it's different. W. T. Strong, druggist; Taylor Drug Company, 6 stores; Standard Drug Company, 4 stores, London.

D.D.D.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Police!

Ball Player Smith should close his face,
I hope he hears me say it;
For he can not sing second bass
As well as he can play it.

The Wise Fool.

"Time is money," observed the Sage.
"I wish I knew where to go to get it cashed," yawned the Fool.

Oh, Joy!

Down where the fires burn night and day,
The imps expect great fun:
With pitchforks nicely sharpened, they
Await the Master Hun.

A Wonder.

"Jones is certainly a modest fellow, isn't he?" remarked Smith.

"Should say he was modest," agreed Brown. "Why, if he ever wrote his autobiography, he'd give himself the worst of it."

Like Sixty.

"My wife is not so old," said Hutt,
"She may seem old to you;
I know she talks like sixty, but
She's only thirty-two."

We Hope Not!

Miss M. T. Hart lives in Cincinnati. But, of course, there's nothing in a name.

Haw, Haw!

We used to say that the English had no sense of humor. But the war seems to have changed things. We laffed right out loud when we read the following joke in London Opinion:

Actor—Well, Hodge, how is your daughter getting on in London?

Old Hodge—Thank 'ee, sir. She's all right so far—but with these air raids on, she never knows but wot next minute she may be hurled into maternity.

Bless Her Heart!

Miss Cozy Kitchen lives in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Firms is Firms.

Stone & Wood are in business at Iron Mound, Ky.

Names is Names.

C. A. Door lives in Dennison, Texas.

Our Daily Special.

A Shoemaker is Never Too Good to Last.

Oh, Joy!

Billy S. Bates wires us from Tacoma, Wash., that Henrietta Doe Nutt, who hails from Urbana, Ohio, is now living at Auburn, Wash.

Luke McLuke Says.

It is a whole lot easier to keep your mouth shut today than it is to apologize tomorrow, but a man never thinks of that.

It must have been pretty tough on the girls who lived in the twelfth century, because even if they were only twenty years old they had to admit that they were Middle-Aged Women.

It doesn't hurt to tell the truth once in a while. A Good Fellow is a man who spends mere money on his friends than he does on his wife.

When a woman with a five-dollar bill is attending a bargain sale she acts like there is never going to be another one.

Another advantage about having five or six kids in the house is that you do not have to buy antique furniture.

A man must admit that he is slow but sure. But he won't admit that his watch is that way.

And the man whose doctor tells him that he has one foot in the grave isn't anxious to get there with both feet.

A Reformer's idea of heaven is a place where everybody will have to be as good as he wants them to be.

Why is it that when a man is winning at cards he shoves his hat on the back of his head, and that when he is losing at cards he pulls his hat down over his eyes?

ATTENDANCE DROPS IN SCHOOLS FROM SPANISH INFLUENZA

BRANTFORD, Oct. 7.—A census of the schools taken here this afternoon showed 790 pupils absent, out of a total enrollment of 3,350. The epidemic of Spanish influenza was the cause of the abnormal falling off in attendance. Three deaths have occurred in this city, and the hospital is filled to maximum capacity.

Several local doctors have inoculated themselves against the disease, and they report the epidemic to be spreading. No counter-measures of a public nature have been recommended by the health authorities for the present, but victims are urged to isolate themselves in their own homes as far as possible. Today was the first day in which the epidemic was found to have hit the schools. Seven teachers were incapacitated from duty today.

TAKES STEPS TO STOP INFLUENZA'S SPREAD

STRATFORD, Oct. 7.—Dr. J. A. Robertson medical officer of health, has taken steps requesting the co-operation of the public in preventing the spread of Spanish influenza. There are now 50 cases here, some of them severe, according to Dr. Robertson. The teachers in all of the schools have been notified to send home any child who shows any symptoms of the disease. The same warning has been given factory managers. Doctors have been requested to report to the health authorities any cases.

The first death recorded at noon today when Samuel McConnel died following an illness of a week. Death was directly due to pneumonia which followed the attack of influenza. Burial was made almost immediately. Rev. Dr. Martin conducting the services.

CHILD BLOWN INTO WELL BY THE WIND; DEAD WHEN RAISED

ST. THOMAS, Oct. 7.—A particularly sad death occurred at Dunwich Saturday, when the 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett of Coynes road was blown into a well and drowned. The little girl and her sister had gone to the neighbor's to play with Mrs. Brown's children, and were there only a short time when the accident happened.

Mrs. Brown went to the well to draw a pail of water, and the little girl followed her. Mrs. Brown was just in the act of placing the cover on the well when the little tot was blown by a gust of wind and fell over the wall. Dr. McKillop of Dutton was called, and while he was on his way a man nearby was lowered into the well, which is 35 feet deep. When the child was raised to the top life was extinct from drowning.

GALT'S MAYOR BACK 7 HOURS AFTER LEAVE OF ABSENCE HAS EXPIRED

GALT, Oct. 7.—After a three months' absence in California and seven hours after his leave had expired Mayor W. S. Dakin returned here this morning, and occupied the chair at tonight's council meeting. Before the council got down to business Ald. G. H. Thomas inquisitioned the legality of a special meeting of the council held on October 1, at which the mayor was granted until October 6 to return. City Solicitor Dalzell gave his opinion that the meetings was legal, and that Mayor Dakin was legally entitled to occupy the chair. No other member of the council objected. There was an unusually large number of citizens present who were attracted to the meeting by murmurs of expected trouble.

Ald. F. S. Jarvis tonight gave notice of a motion that at some future meeting he would introduce a bylaw to be submitted to ratepayers at once to raise $15,000 to provide and furnish a home for Galt's great war veterans. A letter signed by all medical men of the city requested the council to provide funds for the erection of an up-to-date modern isolation hospital which they deemed a necessity in the interests of the public health of the city. A consideration of the petition was promised.

$2,000 FIRE WIPES OUT PROPERTY AT CLINTON

CLINTON, Oct. 7.—At an early hour this morning fire was discovered in the wooden storehouses and stables at the rear of the Harland block, and although firemen responded promptly it was impossible to prevent the total loss of the glass and oil warehouse of Harland Bros., the storehouse and stable of Ball & Atkinson, and a stable and shed belonging to W. M. Harland. Harland Bros. had about $2,000 worth of glass destroyed, also oils and hardware supplies. Ball & Atkinson lost a big stock of bed springs, a winter hearse and other supplies. The losses are fully covered by insurance.

Uncalled For Keg of Alcohol Gets Woman Into Toils

GALT, Oct. 7.—Chief Gorman has seized a ten-gallon keg of alcohol, shipped from Montreal and labeled vinegar, and arrested a woman charged with illegally having liquor. Since September 14 a keg addressed to John Cooper, believed to be a fictitious name, was in the G. T. R. freight sheds uncalled for. An Ainslie street woman then ordered it removed to her home here and the police interfered. She is now out on bail, to appear in court later in the week.

STUDENTS AT O. A. C. CELEBRATE "PEACE"

GUELPH, Oct. 7.—The peace news which appeared on the bulletin boards yesterday had its effect on the students of the O. A. C., and they came down-town after the midnight hour arrived so as not to break the Sabbath. They paraded around few of the city streets, sang their songs, and held a sort of mild jollification over the news. They got away with one of Chief Randall's zone posts, and drew a wagon down Gordon street. It is also alleged that some damage was done to a tombstone at the Guelph monumental works near Griffin's opera house. There was also some excitement among the citizens, but nothing in the shape of a celebration.

MEDICAL REVIEW BOARD.

STRATFORD, Oct. 7.—The medical review board under the M. S. A. opened its sitting here today and will continue until Thursday. Capt. McFarlane is president of the board, the other members being Capt. Fletcher and Capt. McIntosh. Upwards of 35 men will be dealt with each day.

CHAPMAN'S

CHILDREN'S HAT SALE

OF LEADING HEADWEAR FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR

New York Shipment of Trimmed Hats for Girls

$1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.50

Misses' Plush Hats in several styles and prices,

$2.00, $2.50, $3.00

BOYS' and GIRLS' TAMS

The Popular Hats for Now

At very reasonable prices.

$1.25, $1.50, $1.75

Girls' Silk Plush Hats

Ages 5 to 12 years; much in demand; nothing more serviceable nor to look better $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50

Girls' Velveteen Tams

in sizes for girls aged 7 to 14 years; new lot. At

$1.50 Each

PLUSH HATS

For the Little Lovers

Ages 3 to 5 years, cute little hats, that make the little ones happy

$1.75 to $2.50

Corduroy Velvet Hats

for boys and girls, in many very pretty shades, all sizes, at last year's prices.

$1.00, $1.25, $1.50
$2.00, $2.50

Silk Velvet Hats

for small boys and girls, black, green, brown, blue, grey, etc.

$1.75, $2.00, $2.25

Boys' Eaton Caps

Navy, red, green, plaid, also velvets. Prices .....35c, 50c, 75c, 85c each

Turn-Over Sale of

TAMS

This sale continued this week, ENGLISH SAILOR TAMS, remarkable value, the best of cloth and trimmings, large crowns with small head, sizes 5⅞, 6, 6⅛, 6¼, 6⅜, 6½, 6⅝, 6⅞. These are selling fast. Don't delay in securing your supply at these sacrifice prices. Two lines on sale. Hats for school wear. Prices that please. Two prices.

49c and 98c

OUR WINDOW DISPLAY is about all that remain of this big lot. Don't miss this opportunity.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO. 239, 241, 243 Dundas St.

THE POPULAR CENTRAL STORE—DRYGOODS, READY-TO-WEAR AND MILLINERY.