

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

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

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
3670. 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., Friday, Oct. 18.

THE "TERMS" OF ASQUITH.
FORMER PREMIER ASQUITH stated the peace terms of the Allied nations in the first year of the war when he uttered those words which have become historic:
"We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

These "terms" go far in suggesting the whole framework of the new law of nations upon which others have built since Mr. Asquith gave up the helm to no stauncher if a younger and more vigorous captain. From a great mind, in less than sixty-five words, was expressed the whole Allied case. First of all the wrongs of Belgium and France were to be righted and secured against future military menace. Then all small nationalities were to be placed upon an unassailable foundation, which at once suggests that league of nations for which President Wilson and Sir Edward Grey have come to be the exponents. The destruction of Prussian military domination means nothing less than the smashing of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and the overthrow of the German war party.

Mr. Asquith saw clearly the requirements of the world before peace could be made. Beyond his statement is the question of indemnities, and that is a question which involves so much that it would mean nothing short of eternal slavery for the Germans if adequate monetary compensation for the losses of all the Allies were to be considered. Every dollar spent on the war has been spent because of Germany's actions. It would never be possible for the German nation to assume the whole war debt of the Allied nations, but it is certain that demands for reparation and restoration of all invaded countries will be made, while the losses of the nations which, of their own free will, entered the war to protect the rights of others will have to be assumed by their own people. With military expenditures wiped out, and with the security of the world insured forever, the war debts of the nations will not seem to be tremendous. The great blot upon the history of Germany must forever remain. That is the blood of millions shed needlessly to gratify the war lust of the autocrats who challenged civilization to mortal combat for the rulership of the earth.

THAT 70-YEAR LIMIT.
[Brookville Recorder and Times.]
Methodists have placed the ban on the seventy-year-old man; Now Sir Wilf. will have to go. For the conference tells me so.
—N. W. Rowell, his poems.

NAME IT AFTER CURRIE.
THE ADVERTISER believes that the most appropriate name for the new soldiers' hospital is "The Sir Arthur Currie Military Hospital" or some variation of the idea such as "The Sir Arthur Currie Soldiers' Hospital." Among the many admirable suggestions which have been sent in by readers of the local press there is none, in this newspaper's opinion, that should be more appealing to the whole people of No. 1 Military District than that which will perpetuate the leadership and heroic service of the commander of the Canadian corps during a large part of its experience in France. He is first of all a Canadian; he is a Western Ontario man as well, and a native of Middlesex County. He spent his early boyhood in such pastoral surroundings as those in which the hospital will stand, and his early recollections will be of the very county in which the hospital is located. So that the name of itself suggests not only the leader of the Canadians and therefore the Canadians themselves and their war record, but has an intimation of local significance. We feel sure that the gallant general would receive no compliment more graciously than to have the hospital named in his honor in his own native county.

Beyond this, there now seems to be a possibility that within a few months Sir Arthur will be able to get a few days' leave, to say the least. It is quite possible that the war will have to come to an end in order that he may be able to leave the battlefield, but it is more than probable that before the hospital is completed the general and most of his men will be back in Canada. What more fitting opening ceremony for the institution could be arranged than to have Sir Arthur dedicate the hospital to the service for which it is being erected? It would be a ceremony long remembered in the district, and the suggestion goes well with the proposal to name the place after one who may be regarded as the most distinguished native son of Middlesex.

AN EPIDEMIC IN STATUES?
SOME ENTERPRISING promoter with a desire to establish himself in a lucrative business after the war immediately should corral all the available sculptors in the country. It is certain that the statue business will be flourishing. Every city, every town, every village, perhaps every crossroads will be the site for one or more bronze or marble figures commemorating some deed of war service or heroism. Those who are prepared to accept orders for prompt delivery will get rich quick. Noble marble and bronze shafts and busts beyond numbers will spring up.

The technical schools should already be preparing the workmen for the task.

One is certain that Sir Robert Borden will be done in many molds and chiseled in noble posture. Union Government with all its wealth of historic character will be shown in great plaques, assorted sizes, for erection in the mans and homes of the faithful. Sir Joseph Flavelle, one feels sure, will organize this business in such a manner as to make several munition factories busy on bronze effigies for some years to come. Instead of making shells they will be making colonels, and not a few nuts, as well. Sir Joseph himself should be done with a halo, and sold like the Great God Billiken in every form of statue and statuette. He and Mr. Rowell, who has long enjoyed the benefactions of the great pork patriot, should be done together. The necessary halos could then be fastened to one rod, Sir Joseph being sainted for his famous consigning of profits to hell, as well as for his consignments of bacon to Britain. Mr. Rowell will enjoy canonization somewhat as a St. George because of his successful sticking of the Dragon Rum.

Sir Sam Hughes may be struck off into a popular edition, and in time would no doubt become our national Kewpie. Sir Adam Beck would be quick to catch the fever, and would be done as the nation's equestrian hero, in honor of the horses which he did not buy from Canadian farmers for the British Government. Many of the other mighty ones of Toronto and Ottawa would invite the new kind of order from the munitions board. Why close down our ammunition factories after the war when they can be working on these statue orders? Whether steel, or bronze, or brass, or even tin, the output could be run into something enormous and the even tenor of our prosperity preserved. Most appropriate would be a tin statue for Sir Edward Kemp, while Baron Beaverbrook naturally goes into cement.

Such a demand for statuary will there be among the self-anointed of those who won the war at Ottawa that the soldiers at the front who should be the ones to whom worthy perpetuation is due will scarcely be home in time to get an order in. Perhaps the people will take the matter in their own hands and conduct a careful censorship of those who are entitled to be honored. Many of those great statesmen certain to be among the applicants are already regarded as among the mighty marbleheads of the nation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

That car of "scrap iron" contained a lot of tangle-foot, anyway.

The coming Victory Loan is likely to see its title justified, at any rate.

The German Juggernaut was a fearsome thing when it was going forward. But it hasn't learned to back up and hold on at the same time.

Talk may be the cheapest thing on earth, but the Bell Telephone Company declares to the railway board that new values have been established.

"The war is coming to an end, and in such a manner as no man in Germany desires," says a German newspaper. How about the Allied prisoners?

"Huns did not fire Lille," says a headline. Which is the same thing as a murderer failing to kill those he passes when he knows the police are on his heels.

Ottawa waits to see what Washington will do about daylight saving. If we are going to be governed from Washington, why not let us have a vote for President?

We do not know that any German is fit for the presidency of Germany, but if there are any, the choice must lie between Prince Lichnowsky and Karl Liebknecht.

Why not let everyone who has anything to sell attend a convention and send up prices with one big boost, so that the public may not continue to suffer the endless agony of frequent torture?

LOYALTY.

[Frederick Lucien Hoeman.]
When courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That truth still moveth on.

For unseen messenger she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,
In heavenly might secure;
With her is pledge of victory,
And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee truly bright,
Thy self-love purge away,
And lead thee in the path whose light
Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men decide,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph song!

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

[Saskatoon Phoenix.]
Mr. Adam Bull, aged 87 years, of Scarborough, near Toronto, relates that in the old days of St. Andrew's Church, Scarborough, there was quite a debate one summer as to the advisability of buying with church funds a barrel of beer for members to drink between services. We begin to understand what the expression "Those were good old days" really means.

PREMIER FINDS HIS DOG.

[Exchange.]
Mr. Lloyd George's long-lost and much-advertised-for dog, the Welsh terrier "Cymro" has come home again. It was on Friday, July 19, that the little fellow lost himself in High street, Sutton, Surrey. Mr. Lloyd George had pulled up his motorcar there to address an impromptu meeting, and "Cymro" jumped down—and forgot to come back.

On the 23rd the premier issued a description of the missing terrier and offered a reward of £25 for his recovery. On Wednesday the 31st a letter was received from a resident of Redhill, Surrey, who had found "Cymro" wandering about disconsolate, and had given him a home till he learned who was the owner.

FAVORED IRELAND.

[New York World.]
Ireland has the same rights and privileges in the British Empire as Scotland and Wales, except for local self-government, even more than the great dominions of Canada and Australia. It has a larger representation in Parliament than its population warrants. It enjoys every guarantee of conscience, press and speech which the British constitution affords. In the matter of land tenures its people are favored by the laws to be found in no other country. Rebellion and other crimes participated in by a few violent men have been sternly punished, but Ireland is not a Belgium or a Serbia, devastated and enslaved by a power setting itself above treaties and laws, and every sensible person knows it.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

SUNFLOWER PROPOSES.

(By James MacDonald.)

Out of his window Barclay had seen many things across the court, but that Sunday morning on the fire escape of the window which had been dark for many nights, he saw something new.

The three pairs of stockings, champagne grey, several collarettes and a dozen or so handkerchiefs that dangled from an impromptu line indicated beyond a doubt the sex of the new tenant.

Bannerman, the talented, cynical young cad who had been the last tenant in the room, was now down in the West Indies on his honeymoon. He had married a woman some ten years his senior—hence the champagne and the new tenant whose fluttering belongings beckoned to Barclay across the court.

But Barclay turned from his window and went to his work reluctantly. Grand as his way, and restlessly, as his way, until restlessness drove him to the window again and he saw that the fire escape across the way had bloomed again. This time a slim-bodied girl with a great mop of flaming hair stood with the stiff breeze fluttering her light garments and flaunting her marvellous legs like a blazing torch in the night.

She had a white towel in her hand and every now and then she shook her head and threw that of her throat her free hand with long sweeps through her shining mane unconcerned by the fact that she was being stared at.

"For a moment their eyes met and then as she peered across for an instant curiously, Barclay saw that she was smiling," she exclaimed with a pleased smile.

"Did you guess?" asked Barclay. "Ban wrote me all about you," she nodded wisely.

"No—nor his wife either," she said partly. "If you must know—she was a married woman, but she was waiting for him at his home town back in Indiana. Hence my broken heart!"

She made a desperate figure there, a little defiant perhaps, for her pride had been hurt, but somehow she felt sure that her heart hadn't been touched.

"And why did you come to New York?" he asked curiously.

"Come on over when I've arranged my hair and I'll tell you all about it," she said blithely, backing into the window and out of sight.

So within three minutes Barclay was knocking on her door—the door that has once been Bannerman's.

She was an actress—prouder than he had first thought—and she had come to New York to succeed where Bannerman had so far failed.

"That will be my revenge," she laughed gaily. "I shall make a grand success, and perhaps, she added with daring, dancing eyes, perhaps I shall marry some perfectly wonderful man and make Ban furious because I forgot him so quickly. He was always such a vain thing."

Barclay looked at her sketches and at sorry for her. She had talent, perhaps, but little training. New York is full of them—eager young things with little or nothing to back them but the spirit of youth.

"Have you any money back of you at all?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes," she said brightly. "I've \$25! Which will be a great plenty until I begin to sell my sketches."

Barclay had seen them before, those youthful, valiant things. He had seen them come forth in all the splendor of their dreams, then drop and fall and turn backward in their flight—sometimes worse, they fell with broken wings, and stayed to suffer and pretend they were not hurt. And he looked on the loveliness of this sunflower with a sudden anger in his little soul.

"You are a lovely little fool," said Barclay, gently. "Take my advice and go home while you've got money enough to go on. Marry the boy across the street who has a job in the First National Bank—and forget this art bug you've got."

"Why—why—why?" she said, her blue eyes wide with perplexed wonderment, "isn't my stuff good? Haven't I haven't I—any talent?"

"Talent?" snarled Barclay. "New York is full of talent. It's the cheapest thing there is here, and you haven't even that! Your stuff is rotten, simply rotten! You've no training whatsoever. It would take you three or four years to begin to get a start in this town. Go home and forget it!"

He banged the door on a very doubtful young woman.

But with the morning all doubt had vanished, and the next weeks were feverish ones for the sunflower. Frantically she worked at her drawing board in the afternoons, and sometimes far into the night. Gallantly in the mornings she took her portfolio of drawings and trudged from place to place trying to interest art editors in her things.

It would take you three or four years to begin to get a start in this town. Go home and forget it!"

He banged the door on a very doubtful young woman.

But with the morning all doubt had vanished, and the next weeks were feverish ones for the sunflower. Frantically she worked at her drawing board in the afternoons, and sometimes far into the night. Gallantly in the mornings she took her portfolio of drawings and trudged from place to place trying to interest art editors in her things.

It would take you three or four years to begin to get a start in this town. Go home and forget it!"

He banged the door on a very doubtful young woman.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUBE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Fact.
This is the truth, as I have found.
And truth is hard to beat:
While love may make the world go round,
It won't make both ends meet.

The Wise Fool.
"A man should keep ahead of the game," observed the sage.
"But suppose he is out hunting?" demanded the fool.

No Joke.
Said old Mr. Peddle,
To young Mr. Peddler:
"You don't get a medal
For being a meddler."

Mean Brute!
"Before we were married you used to tell me that I was one girl in a million," said Mrs. Gabb.
"Yes," growled Mr. Gabb, "and I'm darn sorry I didn't marry one of the other 999,999."

Fact.
Some stingy folks in this world live.
You'll find the less some people give.
The more they will expect.

When It Happened.
"I wonder if you could," mused the rummy, as he put his empty back on the bar.
"You wonder if you could what?" demanded the barkeep, as he grabbed a bottle.

Why, if an undertaker buried a man for nothing, I wonder if you could call that a dead give away?" replied the rummy as he headed for the door.

It's a Fine Old Town.
(Robinson, Ill. Argus.)
Under the open sky, the dripping light

of stars, the fire-streaked skies, and lulled by the booming of distant cannon and the wall of screaming shells, nearly two million men asleep tonight on the old camp ground in La Bolla, France.

Hit Him Another Wallop!
Two darkies were fighting and one knocked the other down, got on top of him, and kept on pounding him. The darky underneath began to beg for mercy, said that he would take back all he had said, said that he would behave and said that he wouldn't fight again. But the darky on top paid no attention to the pleas of the man underneath and kept on pounding the other darky until the latter was unconscious. A bystander asked the victorious darky why he didn't let his antagonist up when the latter begged for mercy and said that he would behave in future. "Well, boss," replied the darky, "he is such a d—n liar that I just naturally couldn't believe him."

Uncle Sam is on top, and Germany is underneath hollering for peace, but like the darky, we know the Hun is such a d—n liar that we just naturally can't believe him.—R. H. R.

Names Is Names.
C. Sly lives at Newtonville, Ohio.

Our Daily Special.
The Man Who Keeps His Mouth Shut Never Has To Eat His Words.

Luke McLube Says:
It makes a woman mad all over when she discovers that just because her baby hasn't got four legs and a woolly hide and a tail and a bark she can't rent a flat in the average apartment building.

What has become of the old-fashioned dude who had a hyphen in his name? It doesn't hurt to tell the truth once!

When will it end?
Thousands upon thousands, endless thousands, hold their lives cheap as the price of Victorious Peace.

And we—as we watch from afar their heroic efforts—may we be able to say, that the little we at home could do, we have done;

—that in so far as we could support them, lighten their burdens, bring them comforts, we have done it;

—that we have striven unceasingly to shorten their stay in the Hun-made Hell;

—that freely, fervently, unitedly, we have laid our humble offerings alongside their noble sacrifices on the altar of Victory—and Peace.

Another opportunity to lend your individual weight to the blow that will shorten the war comes with the offering of Victory Bonds about to be made. Let not the privilege to do your share find you unprepared.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

In a while, for every husband who is too good for his wife there are nine wives who are too good for their husbands. Funny about a man's hearing. He can hear Pleasure whispering a half-mile away when he can't hear Duty shouting into his ear. And there is the kind of man who, when he buys a Victory Bond, thinks

the local paper ought to devote at least a column of space to his loyalty and generosity. A man won't admit that he is a coward. But he will take a lot more back talk from a big man than he will from a little man. There is a heck of a lot of difference between having Fortune smile on you and having Fortune laugh at you.



Lift Corns Off! Doesn't Hurt!

Don't let corns ache twice! Lift any corn or callus off with fingers—Here's magic!

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic freezons discovered by a Canadian chemist. Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone.

Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly that old bothersome corn stops hurting, then shortly you can lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. Ladies! Keep freezone handy on your dresser. Wonderful!



Call us up. We are professional doctors on all makes of machines. Work guaranteed. Typewriter, Inspection Company, Room 4, London Loan Building, Phone 679.