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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, Sept. 30.

## BULGARIA THROUGH.

IT IS NOT yet clear whether the motive behind Bulgaria's request for an armistice was a ruse to gain time or a sincere desire to pull out of the war, but in either case it indicates that the Bulgarians are nearing the end. On the one hand it shows their military situation to be desperate; on the other hand it evidences that Bulgaria realizes that the central powers are facing certain defeat. The latter is more likely to be the case. Highly successful as the Allied drive has been to date a study of the war map does not show the Bulgarian position to be altogether hopeless, while the Balkan winter is close at hand, with its several months of respite.

But that Bulgaria is about to cut loose from the Teuton alliance is quite in accord with Bulgarian policy, exactly what would be expected. Sofia displayed distinctly a mercenary role in linking up with the kaiser. For gold and territory she turned over her army to the Prussians. Greed caused them to take up arms against the Russians, their brothers in language and religion. There was neither sentiment nor sympathy about their entrance into the war. From the Allies they had a promise of an equitable adjustment of the Balkan situation as the price of being neutral; from the kaiser the offer of much hard cash and an after-war position that would make them bosses of the Balkans in exchange for their active participation in the war. Thus the way was opened for the Teutons to link up with the Turk and the crushing of Serbia made inevitable.

Too late Bulgaria has learned that she backed the wrong horse. Now she would pull out, hoping to save a little, but glad to come through with a whole skin. In view of the tremendous advantage it would mean to the Allied campaigns should Bulgaria withdraw from the war, there will doubtless be a strong sentiment in favor of leniency; but that Bulgaria shall escape punishment for her crimes against Serbia, Rumania and Greece ought not to be considered for a moment. Bulgaria has played the part of a cold-blooded assassin and their will be little patience with any policy towards her that does not insist on the fullest retribution. Complete surrender is the case in a war.

The cables tell of panic in Germany over the Bulgarian crisis and it is quite obvious why the loss of Bulgaria would mean an immediate weakening of the already badly-shaken central powers. The Allied armies, free of the menace on their flanks, could turn on Turkey or smash through into Hungary, meanwhile freeing Rumania from the Prussian grip and releasing powerful forces or service on the western front. That Berlin is so hard put to it that she cannot prevent the Bulgarian move to pull out by a separate peace, is indeed good news. It may turn out that the wish to quit comes from a revolutionary element, as some of the dispatches indicate, but even should this party be overborne by the arrival of Austrian or German troops it shows Bulgaria divided in a way that would weaken her future warring.

**PLAIN TALK FROM THE PRESIDENT.**  
FOLLOWING rapidly upon his rejection of Austria's invitation to a conference, President Wilson has struck another hard blow at the central powers' peace offensive. There can be no misunderstanding of the following statement made to a gathering of Liberty Loan workers at New York:

"Peace is not a question," declared the president, "of coming to terms, for we cannot come to terms with them, as they have made it impossible.

"Peace must be guaranteed, for there would be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy, and means must be found in connection with the peace settlement to remove that source of insecurity.

"It would be folly to leave the guarantee to the subsequent voluntary action of the governments we have seen destroy Russia and deceive Rumania."

These words should demolish Berlin's hopes of a bargain-counter peace. The president makes it clear—and he speaks as much for the entire Entente as for the United States—that the Allied nations do not consider that the central powers have a case. Therefore there can be no bargaining, no compromise, no give-and-take. There is but one issue, the making of the world safe from a repetition of the present catastrophe, and the record of the central powers absolutely cuts them off from any terms save such as the Allies choose to inflict. There is a fine frankness about the president's words. He tells the enemy baldly he cannot be trusted to carry out any engagement or pact. The "scrap of paper" policy of Germany has definitely placed her apart from decent, honorable peoples, an outlawed, untrustworthy nation.

The president insists that guarantees will have to be supplied to insure the security of peace when a settlement is reached, but just what he would consider a guarantee that the central powers would not resume their plottings is not stated. It may be that Mr. Wilson had in mind a promise to carry out just peace conditions signed by a body of Germans truly representative of the masses of the people. Once before he put this forward as an essential part of a peace settlement, but since that time the masses of the German people have repeatedly approved the deceit and ruthlessness practiced by their leaders. It is more than likely that the president now realizes that the only way in which the Germans can be prevented from making a fresh attempt at world domination is to take from them their military power. With his armies permanently demobilized,

his navies taken over by a league of nations and the Krupp plants razed or given over to industrial purposes, the Prussian will be impotent. This with some degree of economic control is the only guarantee that is worth considering. It is the one certain security against the further slaying and enslaving of nations. Mr. Wilson is simply repeating what he and the other Entente leaders have said distinctly and frequently—that Prussia must be treated as we treat a madman, placed in a position where it is impossible to do further mischief. If there are any sane, reasonable men left amongst the rulers of Germany Mr. Wilson's latest word should show them the futility of their peace drive.

## THE DEFECT IN THE SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:  
We were so pleased to read in last evening's Advertiser your plea for the dear women and children who are threatened with starvation on account of the wicked judge condemning their poor husbands to long imprisonment. This old-fashioned policy of law and order is played out. Why should a person be punished for helping himself to something as neighbor has in abundance while he has none? Why should one person have everything while the poor workingman—with a wife and children and "dear baby"—is punished for a trifling matter of helping himself from the stores of his rich neighbor's plenty. We congratulate you on the stand you have taken on behalf of the poor laboring man, and, although many of your readers are very displeased and threaten to stop advertising, etc., we trust you will still press on in a good cause. The London people are so hardhearted. They would certainly stand by and see those women and their little ones starve and freeze. That unjust judge must feel rather small when he sees the big headlines and attractive type of your wise and just criticism. Let the men go free, I say, and so long as they do not steal from you or me give them a free hand. The world's goods are not divided fairly among them. Sincerely yours, DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

THE ABOVE is a masterpiece of satire, written with finesse and intended to carry the sting in its delicately sarcastic treatment of the subject. The idea is to convey to The Advertiser a rebuke for having printed an appeal for the wives and families of two men who were recently sentenced to terms in prison, and whose absence from their homes as breadwinners means the cutting off of whatever those men had been earning. In making this appeal The Advertiser used the phrase "blind justice" and told an oft-repeated story of wives and families being made to suffer because of the offenses of their husbands and fathers. There was no criticism of the sentence, no argument that it was not a fair and just sentence, no defence set up for the men who had been found guilty. It was not with the idea of bringing the judgment of the magistracy into question, but simply an effort to enlist public interest in the case of the women and children, who told their stories to a reporter in such a manner as to convince him that they were in real want.

"While we live let us enjoy life," to quote our friend. "Live and let live" might have been as appropriate a pseudonym. Certainly these people did not find it easy to ask help from the public, but it would have been a cold, long day for them had they waited for organized charity to reach them, because organized charity usually waits to be sent for. As for "hard-hearted Londoners" the experience of newspapers is that a worthy case is never reported in vain, but at the same time many a case would go unreported if the public were not informed of the facts.

What are the results of this appeal? One of the wives in question has been offered support for the three years during which her husband must serve. Warm clothing has been received for the children of the other family. The Advertiser makes no claims to having performed any great service, because these cases usually reach a newspaper and through the newspaper reach those disposed to help. And while it is not the intention here to deal with the broad question of law and its administration, the fact has been made plain time and time again that it is a pity that the services of men sent to prison cannot be made profitable in such a degree as to insure their families a reasonable amount of money for support during the serving of the sentence. This is as far as The Advertiser has gone in this regard, and perhaps our correspondent might turn her pen to that subject with good results for all concerned. Certainly she would find supporters among those who are the instruments of justice, those who often must impose a severe sentence but see at the same time a cardinal defect in the system.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The fuel controller and the weather have at last got together.

History may decide that Ferdinand of Bulgaria was more of a fool than a fox.

If those big bags of prisoners continue much longer Foch's counting machines are due for a breakdown.

Astronomical note from the Near East—A total eclipse of the crescent is rapidly approaching through transit of the star Allenby across Palestine.

We don't care to see the kaiser bombed. A greater punishment would be the supreme humiliation of signing a peace pact on the Allies' terms. May he live that long.

## THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS.

August, 1914.  
Over the fields of Flanders  
The mailed fist laid its wrath,  
To blight with utter ruin  
The people in its path.

One knock upon the portal—  
"A highway, or ye die!"  
And all the world but Austria  
Thrilled with the proud reply:

"Across the fields of Flanders  
But one broad highway runs,  
And he who treads it tramples first  
The life blood of her sons!"

"From God, who made the nations,  
We hold our native land  
Since Caesar's sword left blunted  
Before our fathers' stand!"

Then rose that little nation  
And stayed the foe's advance—  
Safe were the shores of England  
And saved the life of France!

But on the fields of Flanders  
The withering tempest fell,  
The mercy of the Teuton  
That rises straight from hell!

What need of legal paeley,  
Of shifting fault or blame?  
The deed they did is nameless,  
Save by its own foul name!

And till the race that wrought it  
Pays to the last degree,  
And till the race that suffered  
Stands forth, forever free?

God keep us from forgetting  
That fateful August day,  
When Belgium's soul arose in flame  
To show the world the way!

—Arthur Hobson Quinn in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## THE FIRST

When the blood of the first of Belgium's sons  
Flowed out from his wounded side,  
Then the horror of war sat with my soul  
And could not be multiplied:  
The millions have fallen since that grey day,  
But for me the foul thing was done,  
When he fell and the earth was stained with crime—  
He died—and it needed but one!

When the first child pierced by the Prussian steel,  
Sobbed prone on its mother's breast,  
Then the horror of war sat with my soul  
For the ages made manifest!  
The thousands have perished since that child died,  
But the first was the sum of them all,  
The first child that died felt the pain of its wound—  
Kill one—and for me kill them all!

When the first tears coursed down a maiden's face,  
And an agony clutched at her breath,  
Then the horror of war sat with my soul,  
For hers was the living death!  
And thousands have gone to a frightful fate,  
Since she trod the paths of blood,  
Yet the curse on her life was a sign to me—  
Betrayed—all the slaughter!

When the first cross was struck and a figure fell,  
As the march of Huns rolled on,  
Then the horror of war sat with my soul,  
And I called to the Only Son,  
"You gave a word to the thief who was nailed  
To a post that stood closely by,  
What of those who have made a God of their lust,  
Who your form again crucify?"

## BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Huh!  
Dan Caplin tells in every land  
To kindle hymns of praise,  
For love will make the heart light, and  
Will make the parlor dark.

Paw Knows Everything.  
Willie—Paw, what is a reformer?  
Paw—A reformer is a man who has a  
number of theories he would compel  
other people to practice, my son.

Correct.  
"I like a preacher whose views are  
liberal, don't you?" asked Brown.  
"Yes," agreed Jones. "I believe that  
a preacher's sermons should be as broad  
as they are long."

Good Dope!  
Cheer up, old top, and make a hit,  
Though sorrow seems to pile;  
A frown won't scare Hard Luck a bit,  
But Hard Luck fears a smile.

That's 100 Per Cent.  
After prospecting for fourteen years,  
the Valdez, Alaska, Daily Prospector  
has suspended publication, because  
every male employee in the office has  
enlisted in the army.

A War Stager.  
Eat Spuds;  
Patch Duds;  
What For?  
Win War!  
—Jos S. Reed.

Eve.  
Eve was a wonder, huh? gee!  
To this fact I'll attest,  
She never turned around to see  
How other dames were dressed.

—Luke McLuke.  
Yet Eve was not, we'll take 'er oath,  
A wholly happy kid;  
The moths could never eat her clothes—  
But oh! the cut-worms did!

—Camp Dick (Texas) News.  
Watch Us Grow?  
Seiver Pain and Cyrus Sample have  
joined the Nashville (Tenn.) branch of  
the club.

Strange.  
Fashion and conversation clash, ac-  
cording to R. H. R. Fashion decrees  
that men's trousers shall be worn shorter,  
and conversation decrees that they  
shall be worn longer.

A High Flier.  
If the Aviation Corps wants a real  
flier, why not enlist A. Knight of Stam-  
ford, Texas?

Savage-German.  
Madeline Savage and Dennis German  
of Crookville, Ohio, have been made  
one.

Yes, Verily, Bo!  
Maybe she is a Quaker. Anyway,  
Vera Lee Tiswell lives at Hope, Idaho.  
L. E. Fant lives in Dallas, Texas.

Our Daily Special.  
A Swelled Head Usually Contains A  
Small Brain.

Luke McLuke Says  
Sometimes it takes a man fifty years  
to learn that nobody is interested in his  
hard luck stories.

When a girl's face is her fortune, a  
man isn't very eager to take her at her  
face value.

The old-fashioned dude who used to  
sleep with his gloves on to make his  
hands soft is now sleeping with his  
hand uniform on to make his body  
hard.

Father knows that the \$10 he keeps  
for himself won't be as much use to  
him as it did four years ago. But he  
expects the \$10 he gives Mother to buy just  
as much food as it did four years ago.

When a man is courting a girl he  
tells her that he is fond of music. But  
he never has sense enough to tell her  
that he hasn't any use for chin music.

Why doesn't some enterprising pic-  
ture postcard manufacturer print the  
line: "Having a good time. Wish you  
were here." on the cards? This is  
about all a man or woman ever writes  
on them.

Another whopper: Once upon a time  
a woman admitted that it came from  
the baker's when a guest praised the  
cake on the table.

About the only time a woman will  
admit that another woman's figure is  
natural is when the other woman has  
a figure like a bale of hay.

There are henpecked wives as well as  
henpecked husbands. For instance, in  
some homes the husband gets all the  
cantaloupes and the wife gets all the  
rinds.

Love and Kindness may be good stuff,  
but our experience has been that you  
can kick more sense into a man than  
you can reason into him.

"Find out about the steamer,"  
it was an excited Jack that bounded  
in on Dick Meadows.  
"Dick," he yelled, "I've been a cheat.  
You really won that wager and I've  
just found it out. I am in love with  
an Hawaiian girl, and I'm going to  
marry her."

"Sit down like a sensible man," Dick  
ordered. "You are not really in love,  
you just think you are."  
That was the wrong way to take Jack.  
"I'm not," he grinned. "I tell you  
I am. She's the finest girl in the world."  
—Hawaiian or no Hawaiian, you'll  
have to admit it when I bring her back here  
as my wife.

"Surely you wouldn't marry a woman  
with dark skin?" There was genuine  
horror in Dick's tone.  
"Dark skin, nothing!" Jack flashed.  
"Her skin is no darker than yours."  
Many of the Hawaiians are as fair as  
you.

"That doesn't make an Hawaiian an  
American. She will be a foreigner."  
"What is she? America is crazy  
servant." "Find out about the steamer,"  
it was an excited Jack that bounded  
in on Dick Meadows.

over Hawaii. Every fellow will envy  
my wife."  
"They'll think it a huge joke. Ha-  
waiian girls are all right in plays and  
movies, but they don't fit into every-  
day life as American wives. You know  
that as well as I do."  
"I know nothing of the kind. There  
is very little difference between her and  
an American girl. She speaks English  
as fluently as either of us, and the only  
accent she has is just like tiny notes of  
music attached to every word. She is a  
wonderful girl!"

"It took you a mighty long time to  
discover it. What did you come back  
here for without her?" There was a  
smile on Dick's face that Jack couldn't  
quite understand.

"Because I didn't have sense," he  
answered. "The climate down there  
makes a fellow a trifle nonsensical. It  
took a little of the real country to bring  
me to my senses. I have been a bache-  
lor too long."

"Wouldn't an American girl satisfy  
you?" Dick asked.

"American girl nothing. There is only  
one girl for me, and I'd marry her if  
she was an African." Jack was quite  
decided.

"You have never met my sister,"  
Dick said, as if struck by a sudden  
thought. "Nita, Nita!" he called.

"Did you call, Dick?" There was  
something in the voice that glued Jack's  
eyes to the floor.

"Juanita," he cried, as she entered  
the room. "Her name is Spanish, but she is  
an American through and through. She  
has just returned from visiting an aunt  
in Honolulu."

It was a moment before Jack could  
gain control of his senses. "Why didn't  
I realize it?" he gasped. "I thought  
you were Hawaiian. Will you ever  
forgive me for leaving as I did?"

"I thought I never would until I over-  
heard your conversation with Dick,"  
she said sweetly. "Do you really love  
me that much?"

"That much? Why, since I know you  
are an American I can hardly keep my  
heart from racing over to you. I  
should really be angry at you for mak-  
ing me believe you were an Hawaiian."

"It was Dick's idea. He wrote me  
and asked me to look you up and play  
the desecration on you. Blame him, not  
me," Juanita laughed. But Dick had  
disappeared.

"You are a much better American,"  
Jack told her as he looked at her ad-  
miringly. "Let's go to the piano and  
try out a song I've just thought of."

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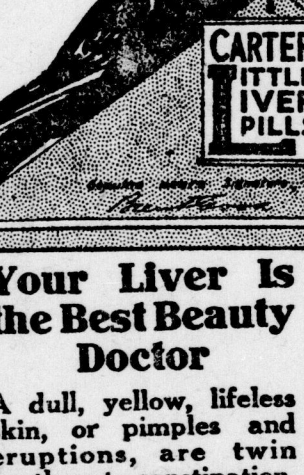
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