

FOUR

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LONDON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13.

KEEP THE FAITH.

NO DOUBT at this time, a few German generals, made vain by a few superficial victories in a great campaign, are beginning to make the British the subject of their jests. They are cartooning Kitchener and Antwerp is certain to bring a few more expressions of "the contemptible British army" sort from the Kaiser. They have made a practical conquest of Belgium, and have been able to prevent the main Anglo-French army from reaching Antwerp, but the whole thing is summed up in a few words—the siege guns and heavy forces. There is no wonderful valor, no military genius behind the German successes. The invention of the Krupp counted for everything, and the Krupp was heavily in the debt of the German nation. They needed to deliver some terrible engine of destruction to prove the right to even such contemptible trade as they have grown rich on.

But there are minds at work that will devise the check-mate of the siege gun. In British breasts, the desire for vindication is growing. The thing will gradually come to be a contest in determination. The Germans have their good points as campaigners, but they have never bred a bulldog yet that captured any ribbons. And given bulldogs even, there is no doubt as to conclusions. Even now, we can see the features of a square-jawed man in the War Office take on a harder look. His face presents a nation's barometer for coolness and quietness, and thoroughness and never-say-die-ness.

BLUNDERS AND IGNORANCE.

IT is always very necessary to ascertain the facts before coming to a decision. In private life the maxim is "Suspend your judgment till you know all."

Thinking over the war, some of the great blunders due to ignorance become prominent. The State of Maine properly belongs to Canada and would have been a part of the Dominion but for a blunder. It is only necessary to look at the map to see that it naturally belongs to Canada.

The states of Oregon and Washington should also have been British as they were discovered by British men. These are perhaps great enough, and they did not continue through blunders to be part of Canada they went to the next best place.

England has been alive to the acquisition of colonies to a greater extent than any other country. Germany realized their necessity too late. It saw and envied England. Militarism is a soil in which envy and hatred would soon find strong roots. The cause of the Kaiser's dislike of England, was that England had what he wanted, and there was no peace for him so long as he saw Mordcau sitting at the King's gate. England itself lost invaluable territory because it did not realize its value. Even as late as the days of Sir John A. Macdonald Alaska slipped through. It has vast possessions left which it holds to protect because of its advanced freedom and because justice to every British subject is its guiding spirit.

The Kaiser has made a tremendous blunder and caused irreparable wrong. If instead of making up his mind to destroy Great Britain he had ascertained the facts regarding Great Britain's colonies, he would have arranged to send his people to these colonies in thousands where they would have had all the freedom and prosperity to be found anywhere in the world, and he would have helped to bring about a day of universal peace when national lines would have meant little. If he blundered through ignorance he has made the world pay a frightful price.

HOW BRITAIN HELPED.

AN American exchange declares that Great Britain is largely to blame for the loss of Antwerp because she has not done her duty as have the other members of the Allied forces in sending large numbers to the front. It is further held the part played by the British up to date has been trivial as compared to those of France, Russia and Belgium.

reflection. What would have happened had not Jelliffe at the very opening of hostilities bottled up the powerful German fleet? The command of the sea alone made possible the transport of troops from England, India and Canada to the continent, and the French fleet was left undisturbed to look after the situation in the Mediterranean. In fact there are many keen observers of the struggle who believe that the war, although fought on land will be decided on the sea, through Germany being unable to cope with the British fleet. Furthermore this condition enables France to draw uninterrupted from the entire outside world unlimited supplies. Are such services as these trivial?

But on land as well as at sea the British part in the common cause has been notable. Small as it was General French's expeditionary force was enabled to foil the German enveloping movement and halt the terrific plunge toward Paris. General Joffre's situation would have been doubly perilous but for that splendidly efficient British force. It is not claiming too much to say that the French would have met with a near, if not irretrievable disaster but for that "Thin Red Line."

THE RIGHT KIND OF COUNTRY.

THE war gifts of Canada and its provinces to Great Britain prove it to be the right kind of a country, either to live in or be associated with. Its gifts were as follows: Dominion—1,000,000 bags of flour. Ontario—250,000 bags of flour. Quebec—1,000,000 pounds of cheese. Nova Scotia—500,000 tons of coal. Prince Edward Island—100,000 bushels of oats. New Brunswick—100,000 bushels of potatoes. Manitoba—50,000 bags of flour. British Columbia—1,200,000 cans of salmon. Saskatchewan—1,500 horses. What could be more useful at any time either a time of war or peace than flour, cheese, coal, oats, potatoes, salmon or horses? A country that produces these in abundance is a good country to live in, and at a time of stress like the present it is well that the surplus is available for Great Britain. That surplus would not have been available but for Great Britain's navy. The power of Great Britain's navy and the necessity for it were never more apparent than now.

THE REASON WHY.

MANY people of both political parties wondered why the man who led the last province's campaign for the Conservative Party, Sir James Whitney, was passed over in the selection of a successor to the Premiership. The Hon. Mr. Hanna had been recognized generally as the strongest and ablest man in the Cabinet, as well as one of its oldest and most experienced members. That he should be left in the ranks, and a young colleague, dubbed by the Toronto Telegram, "a tout, a putty man," elevated over him, certainly looked rather singular.

We have now been told the reason why. Mr. Hanna, it seems, was offered the Premiership, but declined it. His mind is so taken up with questions of prison reform that he could not undertake the duties of the Premiership. He was going to devote himself to the care and improvement of the criminal classes, and when he has finished that work he will retire into private life. No doubt, Mr. Hanna likes the work that has been involved in the provincial secretaryship. It is about the only thing for which the Government got credit, without criticism. But that he would like it so well as to refuse to be Premier is rather doubtful; especially in view of the fact that as Premier his influence could be used on behalf of the criminal classes just as well as it could be in any other office. He is not a man without ambition; he knows his own abilities as well as any one can know them; and, if he feels that he was entitled by length of service and by intellectual force for a higher position, he would not be likely to forego his opportunities for advancement to a position, where he could do greater work than he could do in the ranks. To tell us that he declined to be Premier, because he preferred to be provincial secretary is a vain attempt to impose on our credulity.

The Hon. Mr. Hearst may be an able man, and more fitted for the Premiership than Mr. Hanna, or Sir Adam Beck, or any other of his more experienced colleagues. He may be all that, despite the unfavorable opinion of the Toronto Telegram, the World, and other Conservative authorities. But the public has not yet had any evidence of his superiority. Mr. Hanna may be a very modest and self-sacrificing person; but he has not been noted for these characteristics in the past. And pending further evidence the public will be rather inclined to smile at these explanations given for the re-organization of the Cabinet. Meantime, it is not our funeral. We do not pretend to know the why or the wherefore; nor do we pretend to care. Mr. Hearst may be a Solomon for wisdom, and Mr. Hanna may be a Moses for meekness. The Ottawa Government, through Mr. Cochrane, may have possessed the provincial Conservative leaders, or they may have done what they pleased of their own volition. That is their business, not ours.

Of one thing we are assured: the new ministry will not be any improvement on the old one. Its liquor policy will remain the same; its Toryism will not be modified. Its face may be altered, but its spirit remains the same.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Japan has captured the island of Yap, but the visible supply of Yaps has not been affected.

It may be a paradox but some umpires appear to be safer these days than some empires.

A blind woman and her daughter are

the only living creatures left in Termonde, Belgium. Glorious war!

To us racing parlance, up to date the war has been a ding-dong contest. But the Allies are going to nose out a victory at the wire.

The German Crown Prince is charged with carrying off as his own loot rich art treasures from a French chateau. An imperial burglar.

White, blue, grey and orange books have been issued by Britain, Belgium, France and Russia. But in Germany's eyesight they are all black.

The Washington Times says something when it says: "The war news of these days is too fascinating to be let alone, too sickening to be read."

There is a significance to this thought from an American paper regarding Antwerp's fall: "It makes me wonder if anybody will be able to remain neutral."

Experts say that in capturing Antwerp England's danger is greatly increased. Well, history records that the British are more dangerous when in danger.

Dr. Karl Graves says that Britain will soon be invaded, a mighty fleet of transports being conveyed by the German battleships. But first they must destroy Jelliffe's trifling command.

A FINE BREED.

[Hamilton Spectator.] Said a French officer: "Amazing, these English! They go forward singing, with pipes in their mouths." It is no small tribute to belong to such a breed.

LOBSTERS.

[Judge.] Madge—Science teaches us that a man becomes what he eats. Do you believe it? May—How can you doubt it? There's Harry, for instance. He's eaten a lobster every night for years.

GOOD LIVER.

[Boston Transcript.] Mrs. Patton-Ayres had picked up a French phrase which she worked into her talk in every possible occasion. Entering the butcher's shop one day she inquired if he had any "bon vivant."

"Bon vivant, ma'am?" asked the butcher, puzzled. "Bon vivant," she repeated. "That's the French for good liver, you know."

THE ONLY SON.

O bitter wind toward the sunset blowing. What of the dales tonight? In colder grey old hall where fires are dim, glowing, and the light of festal light?

In the great window as the day was waning with a new expression on his face, very serious and set. Could this be G. W.—the inveterate week-end, the dilettante?

He marched past, quite unaware of my amazement, and it was not till later, when the work was done, and the moon was riding over the camp, that I came upon him sitting in a chair, reading and reading an old magazine. The tent was full of other city men, all reading by the light of oil lamps, while an enthusiast in the corner fed a gramophone with records of the most famous heavy service overcoats and woolsensated caps. In the dim light, which barely penetrated to the corners, they looked rather like a desperate band of smugglers in a cave.

The Five o'clock Clock Shower. G. W. took me round camp and told me surprising things. After having breakfast with him so many times at 10, it was difficult to believe that he could get up at 5 and take a cold shower bath in the open air. He was doing this, and every morning at that impossible hour many other city men might be seen leaving the tents, clad in pajamas or nightgowns, and trousers, or nothing at all, and sprinting to the shower. In the half-light of dawn they turn on the tap and heroically stand under it. A change from the 3:50 up to town!

HADN'T IT ON HAND.

[London Chronicle.] The cheerfulness of the boys at the front is merely the old humor of the breed. Nelson was an illustration of that as of lots of other things.

When Nelson returned to Britain after the battle of the Nile, he landed at Yarmouth, and the enthusiastic inhabitants presented him with the freedom of the city. As he took the oath, Nelson placed his left hand upon the book. The clerk very pompously said: "My Lord, your right hand." "I'm sorry," answered Nelson, "but I left that at Tenerife."

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.] Brilliant sunshine made the garden party enjoyable. The garden really was a garden, and, though most of the guests clustered on the lawn, one or two wiser people sauntered around the rose-bordered paths. Two of these were seated in a quiet part of the garden enjoying the scent of the flowers and solitude. They were engaged. Presently a mutual friend sauntered down the path and noticed them.

"You two seem to be enjoying yourselves over here all alone," said the girl, managed to look pleased to see him. "Won't you join us?"

"Sorry I can't," answered the friend, "not being a clergyman. But I'll go and find one, if you say so."

ELECTION DAY, 1920.

[Truth.] "Where are the women going to?" said Piles-on-Parade. "They're going to the voting booths." The big policeman said: "Why are they all so smartly dressed?"

"Piles-on-Parade." "They hold receptions at the polls." The big policeman said: "For the women are receiving and they're serving tea in pretty gowns of mauve and silver gray."

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THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash With smile that well her pain dissembles. The while beneath her drooping lash One starry tear-drop hangs, and trembles. Though heaven alone records the fear, And fame shall never know her story, Her heart has shed a drop as dear As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword With little ones who weep or wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word. What though her heart be rent asunder, Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear The bolts of death around him rattle. Has shed as sacred blood as e'er Was poured upon the field of battle. The mother who conceals her grief

While to her breast her son she presses, Then breathes a few brave words and prides, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses. With no one but her secret God To know the pain that weighs upon her. Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod Received on freedom's field of honor! THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

PRESS COMMENT ON THE WAR

PEACE TREATIES A CRIME?

[New York Evening Post.] Gen. Bernhard will welcome the support of Col. Hoover in the doctrine that the crime of those who make treaties looking to peace is greater than that of those who violate them. But we think the German might call upon the American to give up the Nobel prize, which was awarded him for helping negotiate the Peace of Portsmouth. That, too, was one of his despised treaties.

THE BRIGANDS MUST BE DESTROYED.

[La Patrie, Montreal.] The German soldiers, officers and men, rob, pillage and then burn towns to efface all proofs of their brigandage. They shoot men, women and children to suppress witnesses. It is an army of peace against which the whole world is armed and bent on extermination. Whatever may be the various phases of the war, its fate is sealed: Great Britain and Russia have solemnly bound themselves not to make peace until it is destroyed.

OUGHT TO BE 50 PER CENT KILLED.

[New York World.] If the three weeks' fighting in Northern France has been as ceaseless and sanguinary as represented, there cannot be very great armies left either to celebrate a victory or to magnify a retreat or surrender. Grant the thirteen days of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania lost practically a third of his forces. By the same token and with the much greater offensive power of the soldier of today, the opposing armies in this battle of the Aisne should by now have lost over half their numbers. But have they, or anything like one-half?

HERE IS THE COLD TRUTH.

[Toronto Star.] This is not an ordinary international war. The crimes committed are not

Making a Man In the Army; Awakening of the Dilettante

[London Leader.]

Colchester. When last I saw G. W. he was holding out a long putt on the thirteenth green, and for all I knew till yesterday he was still holding out long putts. But a day or two ago a letter from him saying that he had enlisted and was at Colchester. G. W. enlisted! Amazing! So I came down here to see if I could find him. Just as I was walking along the road to the camp of the—, I saw a body of men in khaki marching along another road in the opposite direction. So I hurried towards them to see if by any chance G. W. was among them. And there he was marching in the ranks, looking neither to the right nor to the left with a new expression on his face, very serious and set. Could this be G. W.—the inveterate week-end, the dilettante?

He marched past, quite unaware of my amazement, and it was not till later, when the work was done, and the moon was riding over the camp, that I came upon him sitting in a chair, reading and reading an old magazine. The tent was full of other city men, all reading by the light of oil lamps, while an enthusiast in the corner fed a gramophone with records of the most famous heavy service overcoats and woolsensated caps. In the dim light, which barely penetrated to the corners, they looked rather like a desperate band of smugglers in a cave.

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Heroism of Coldstream Guards

[London Daily News.]

A graphic story of the narrow escape from annihilation of a battalion of Coldstream Guards, who, by their brave resistance, saved a division of British troops, was told at Middlebro' yesterday by Corporal Scholes, Private White, and Private Shaw, of the Third Battalion Coldstream Guards. The three men, having been wounded, were taken to the Hamilton Hospital, near Middlebro', on Wednesday night.

It was during the Aisne retreat from the north against overwhelming forces of the enemy that the action took place. The Third Coldstreamers, situated in the town of Landreaves, were told off to guard the rear of a British division, which was attempting to escape from a German enveloping movement. It was a position of grave importance.

Private White explained that word was received from a French officer that a body of French troops might be expected during the night. "True enough," said White, "troops did come, but they

were not French. They were German. The British force was resting when we first perceived them in the distance, but anticipating French, we were not duly alarmed.

A reconnoitering party went forward, and the officer in command issued a challenge to the German men, who were dressed in French uniforms. An answer was returned in French, but the interpreter with the British did not like the accent. He asked the officer to give the challenge once more. The officer did. He was immediately knocked off his feet by the foremost 'Frenchman' into a pond.

A Memorable Engagement.

"It was now evident that a trap had been prepared for the British, and the order was given for three rounds of rapid firing. The Germans at once replied with big guns, which they had placed in position, and the engagement was now in full swing. The British stretched themselves across the road which lay in the path of the on-

coming forces, and, supported by four machine guns, with rows of infantry kneeling and standing behind, poured a deadly fire into the enemy.

"The Germans," continued White, "were in tremendous numbers, easily sufficient to swamp us. We had chosen our position very carefully, and our tanks were protected by barbed-wire defences. The enemy suffered fearful losses along that narrow strip of road, but they never relaxed their efforts to take the place by storm. So fierce was the fighting that the Germans did manage once to capture one of our machine guns, but they did not keep it long—we soon had it back.

"Rush after rush came during the night, but our lads held fast. The German big guns were very troublesome, and the order came to one of the machine gunners to try to scrap it. 'Yes, sir, what range?' Four hundred yards, came the reply.

"The gunner adapted his machine, and let drive. One shot was sufficient. It got the German gun right in the breech, and it did not bark again that night."

"The engagement proceeded all night. A huge German force was held up by a comparatively handful of British soldiers, while the latter's main body was able to retire to a position of safety without a moment's pause.

"We saved a whole division that night," proudly remarked White. "It was the battalion lost the very small number of 150 men during the terrible fight, while the Germans were piled in heaps before them. A medical corps man said that the German losses were about 1,500."

The following is an extract from a letter written to a friend at Bristol by Mr. Gordon Gilman, who is attached to the Royal Naval Flying Corps:

"We are having most sporting time. I am driving a 60-h. p. Napier, a topping bus, and we chase round after Uhlans and give them when we come across them."

"I don't do any flying myself, only driving cars. The roads here are priceless—miles of straight, not bad surface, and no speed limit. I wish sometimes I had 200 horse-power instead of 60. The only trouble is that I cannot get any civilized cigarettes."

"It is a priceless rag, and I am really enjoying it."

Pte. J. H. Mitchell, of the Army Service Mechanical Transport Corps, writes home to his parents at East Dereham, Norfolk, describes an interesting experience.

With four others, he was sent about ten miles to fetch a broken-down motor car. Turning a corner, they suddenly saw forty Germans standing in the middle of the road some thirty yards away.

"The next thing we saw was the officer waving a white handkerchief on his sword. One of them who could speak English said they had no food for five days, and were just coming to us to give themselves up. We took their guns and ammunition, sent for another lorry, and drove them all to headquarters."

"The one who could speak English said: 'You know we could have shot you fellows if we had wished.' We asked them why they had not done so, and he replied: 'It would have made it none the better for us, and we don't want to fight the English.'

"When asked how long the Germans thought the war would last, he said: 'You will beat us because we have no food and no money.'

"Our Boys Will Win."

The following are extracts from a letter to his parents at Waltham Cross from Private A. Wilson, of the Bedfordshire Regiment, who was wounded in action:

"I don't want to stop in hospital long, and it gives me the hump to stop in bed all the time. We had an awful time at the front, lying in trenches wet through all night. I was shot at about 11 o'clock at night."

"We had a good time before we started fighting. The French people gave us everything they had—cigars, chocolate, grapes, everything imaginable. But it is a different France now the German pigs have burnt all the houses. It does seem a shame. God help the Germans if the French ever get into Germany."

"I have been in every engagement up to the battle of the Aisne, which is still on now. Our boys will win in the end. The Germans are properly afraid of the English Tommy and his bayonet. They don't fight fair. If they lose a fight they burn a town."

FACTS.

[Chicago Herald.] "Neutrality rights no wrongs," says a letter to the Herald. It wrongs no right, either.

15 Sale Days at Chapman's

Today is Opening Day of the Fifteen Sale Days—an interesting event of fifteen days' duration, when "a day" will be devoted to each of the various branches of our business, and covering the whole range of goods in our store.

Look at the list—it promises a wide variety of merchandise and we guarantee the prices will be lower than usual.

Children's Day

Following Opening Day, comes Children's Day—that will be tomorrow (Wednesday), and parents are invited to take full advantage of these cut prices on children's needs.

15 SALE DAYS

- 1st Day—Opening Day (Today).
- 2nd Day—Children's Day (Wednesday).
- 3rd Day—Ready-to-Wear Day.
- 4th Day—Silks and Dress Goods Day.
- 5th Day—Out-of-Town Customers' Day.
- 6th Day—5c, 10c, 15c Day.
- 7th Day—Hosiery and Gloves Day.
- 8th Day—Housekeepers' Day.
- 9th Day—Corsets and Underwear Day.
- 10th Day—Knit Goods Day.
- 11th Day—General Bargain Day.
- 12th Day—Blanket and Comfort Day.
- 13th Day—Raincoat and Umbrella Day.
- 14th Day—Remnant Day.
- 15th Day—Rally Day.

Children's Dresses

Little Girls' Dresses, made of Navy Blue Serge, cut with long waist effect, piped with red and finished with red buttons. Skirt is kilted. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Children's Day Special 98c

Big Girls' Dresses, made of Black and White Shepherd's Check material, trimmed with blue or red; attractive new style. Ages 6 to 14 years. Children's Day Special \$1.65

Children's Coats

Girls' Blanket Cloth Coats, collar and cuffs finished with plaid, lined with good quality satin; snug and warm; navy only. Ages 4 to 6 years. Children's Day price \$1.50

Sweater Coats

7 dozen Girls' and Boys' Knitted Wool Sweater Coats, with V or high neck; in dark red, grey, khaki, brown and two colors. Ages 3 to 12. Regular 75c and 98c. Come Wednesday morning for these. Choice 59c

4 1/2 DOZ. CHILDREN'S ALL-WOOL SWEATER COATS, newest styles, roll and turnover collars; in grey, brown, white, slate, navy and scarlet. Ages 3 to 12 years. Regular \$1.25 and \$1.50. Children's Day price is 98c

TWO-PIECE TEDDY SUITS, in closely-knit Jersey style, buttoned on shoulder; drawers with feet; in cardinal, brown and grey. Ages 3 to 6 years. Children's Day a pair of Mitts will be given free with each of these suits. Price \$2.00

Infants' Crocheted Wool Coats, white. Price 69c

Children's Hose

TAN CASHMERE HOSE for children; fine 1-1 rib, pure Wool Cashmere, made in England. Sizes 7 to 8 1/2. Were 35c. Children's Day, per pair 15c