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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
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THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

THE REFUSAL of Marshal Foch to grant the German delegates' request for a provisional and immediate cessation of hostilities is good news. It means that the Allied commander-in-chief intends to retain and enforce to any extent he desires the upper hand which his victorious drive has given him. Foch will not be tricked or trapped into concessions that might hamper his campaign. There is not the slightest chance of the enemy "putting one over" on the generalissimo. His action increases the confidence of the Allied world, if that were possible, in his ability to avoid any of the dangers that might wreck the Allied cause in these critical hours. From the moment he took over the Allied command this brilliant little Frenchman has carried the faith of the Entente millions in ultimate victory. The same sang froid, determination and cleverness that ripped to pieces the Hun armies we may be sure will be fully employed by the marshal at any stage of the negotiations in which he has a part.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

THE RECENT perpetration of the "greatest hoax of recent years" by the United Press Service and the newspapers gullible or unscrupulous enough to spread the report and persist in its authenticity does nothing if it does not make the old, reliable, world-embracing Associated Press stand out in great strength as the one dependable news service 365 days in the year. The Associated Press is the Gibraltar among news services, the Bank of England in dignified enterprise in the handling of news—facts that have been proven many times during the progress of the war.

During the early months of the war The Advertiser secured connections with many special news services, but one by one they were discarded as the unreliability of their dispatches was made evident. The public seldom realizes how it may be galled in the ordinary course of events. News of a sensational character, yet not sufficiently momentous to have a vital effect upon the people as a whole, can be sent out unverified, and it is lost in the events of the next day. But when a critical situation must be faced, the practice of circulating what MAY happen and sending it forth as something that HAS happened, becomes highly dangerous and is indulged in only by the "fakers" of the business. Nine times in ten the news service "guerrillas" may get away with the deception, but when the tenth attempt fails, the effect, when it concerns important news, is disastrous.

The United Press service will have difficulty in ever regaining confidence among the "non-yellow" newspapers of the country. Had its hoax been closely followed by developments bearing out its conjecture, it could have sat back and crowed with its big roosters as to the wonderful connections it possessed for exclusively securing the most important news of the year. It and the newspapers it serves would have attempted to make tremendous capital out of the "hoax." But when Fate plays against the gamblers in great events there is a tremendous newspaper headache to be doctored in the morning.

The Associated Press plays safe. It is often like a lion pestered by the gnats of rumor, and sometimes it appears to be slow. But when the actual event has occurred, it is not slow in flashing facts to all quarters of the continent. The Associated Press is not playing for profits. It is powered in a mutual way by a chain of newspapers. It employs the highest grade newspapermen who can be secured, but it does not sign their names to dispatches. It is too big to be personal, and its policy extends clear to the general manager, Mr. Melville Stone. Mr. Stone is not as widely known to the general public as many a "news service" reporter who parts his name in the middle and sends dispatches richly flavored with capital "I's" from some foreign capital, but Mr. Stone is the man who was asked by Russia to negotiate a peace with Japan. It was largely through his instrumentality that the president of the United States acted as intermediary between those great powers when peace was signed. Mr. Stone typifies the service—he is as keen for news as any man in the business, but he is a rock in a storm when the billows of rumor sweep upon the harassed newspapermen and threaten to topple them from the bridge of calm decision.

The Associated Press can be relied upon to characterize its dispatches as official or unofficial. If it sends out something under its own responsibility it quotes its authority or qualifies its statements so that the charge of deliberately falsifying or misreading the public has never been successfully laid against it. The "A. P.'s" reliability is a thing dear to the heart of an editor. It is like a firm, dependable friend, who does not say things merely to please, but for the good of all concerned.

EXIT THE BOASTER.

IN GERMANY with cartoon and innuendo they are making fun of the Kaiser. Than this nothing more surely indicates the early passing of the Hohenzollern. Nobody that is insincere or dishonest can stand long before ridicule, the more especially those who occupy the seats of the mighty. No monarch has ever so insisted upon his imperial rights as Wilhelm of Germany. Never has he overlooked an opportunity to impress upon his people, and the world generally, his "allmightiness," and so clever has he been in fagging these posings and strutting that his own people swallowed holus-bolus his magnificent pretensions, while a large section of the rest of the world looked on more or less impressed, scared or worried. Wilhelm was always dressed up, al-

ways on parade. Never was he caught off his guard in his shirt-sleeves, collarless, so to speak. He glittered and gleamed splendidly at the head of his armies, and he used that power to the limit to exact the last degree of obedience and subservience from his own and respectful consideration from others. The withered arm was carefully camouflaged to look the real thing. The royal scowl, the truculent moustache and the "mailed fist" patter were always and intensely on the job. But make a king appear ridiculous and majestic slips from him like a cloak. Just now the Kaiser, in his own country, by his own people, is being postcarded as wearing a silk hat and traveling bag in hand "beating it" for Switzerland. If we recall what the spiked helmet has meant to Germany we will catch the ludicrousness of the imperial dome silk-hatted.

The supreme war-lord is pictured as in a panic. Gone is the scowl, the moustache droops and in undignified, ungraceful haste he legs it for shelter. The Allied triumph has stripped him of his glory and his own folk with ridicule and contempt are driving him from the limelight he so dearly loves and so well understands. As war-lord, partner of the Almighty and favorite child of destiny, his stellar poses, Wilhelm of Germany is through. The world's prize braggart and strutter looks cheap, cowardly and grimly funny to those who formerly placed him on a pedestal inaccessible high and remote. The Kaiser is becoming a joke to his own, and after that there can be no come-back.

A CHALLENGE TO CANADA.

THE UNITED STATES, having subscribed \$866,000,000 over its objective in the Fourth Liberty Loan of \$6,000,000,000, has set Canada a high mark in the present drive. It is equal to \$62 for every man, woman and child in the United States. What a splendid demonstration of what the people can do!

Canada must not only equal but exceed this high per capita record. On a basis of 8,500,000 people, \$62 per capita would mean only \$496,000,000, or \$4,000,000 less than the required \$500,000,000. But as the drive proceeds the public will not be satisfied with the half billion.

So the necessity of keeping up the pace is quite obvious. Things must go even a little faster than they have been going. The American achievement is a challenge to Canada which must be taken up. If Canadians at home are worthy of those overseas they will not rest second to any other country.

THE BRAVEST BRAVERY.

A WORKER at a large grain elevator in Western Ontario was ordered to get on the roof of the lofty building and make some repairs. The man was one to whom the thought of ascending to any great height spelled mental agony, and he said that he was afraid to go up. Another man, whose calling has taken him to dangerous heights, including the scaling of steel work over the East River and the towering frame of the Singer Building, was present when the order was given to the elevator worker. He could not understand anyone being awed by having to work at heights. There was scorn in his tones when he said to the elevator worker, "Here, if you are afraid, I'll go up and do the job."

The elevator worker did not "take him up." Although it was plain that he was suffering in anticipation of his ordeal he simply said, "No; I'll go up."

He scaled the building in a long series of climbs that represented the last hazard of life to him, even if to the other man it seemed merely a day's work. He reached the roof of the elevator, 180 feet from the ground, and did his work for three-quarters of an hour. When he had descended he fainted.

The man who had climbed like a spider over the narrow beams of the East River bridge, 200 feet from the water, turned to those who were nearby and said: "There's the bravest fellow I ever saw in my life."

Life is a series of days, each with its fear to be conquered. Being stoically indifferent to fear is not bravery in its purest form; to live and conquer the realized fear is a greater existence.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Boche came to Foch.
Good night, United Press!
The "flu" too seems about ready to capitulate.
There is official news and then there is "fishal" news.
Winter is coming and the Germans have not "Gott mit uns."
It has been a long, long trail, but we are nearing the end.
Albert of Belgium saved his soul. Wilhelm of Germany seared his.
"Via Free Press Wireless" promises to become an historic phrase.
Germany is shaking from strikes within her borders and strokes without.
The crown prince considered war a sport, but this war has made sport of the crown prince.
The words "U. P." above a news dispatch may well stand for "Undiluted Prevarication."
Some of these days Wilhelm, Ferdinand and Constantine will gather around and relate sad stories of the downfall of kings.
The Russian Bolsheviks are asking for a peace conference. Let's hope it won't be held at Szezebrzeszow or Radsivilovitchi.

After that abject surrender any Turkish wrestler who visits these shores had better leave the "Terrible Turk" stuff behind.

Any newspaper is liable to make a mistake, but few will persist in it through five editions. That's about the limit in barefaced mendacity.

STERN AND RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

[Chicago Tribune.]
The president has solemnly declared for a peace of justice. The American people are absolutely at one with him on this also. But the peace of justice is a stern justice and the German people must abide its decisions. What they have sown under the false leadership to which they consigned themselves and their fortunes, they must now reap.

SUCCESS OF VICTORY LOAN.

"The success of the Victory Loan is absolutely essential to the prosperity of Canada and every class and individual in Canada."—Sir Thomas White.

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG.

(Copyright, 1918).

By FONTAINE FOX.



The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang does not wish to take the slightest chance of catching the Spanish influenza.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Oodles of Wealth!
"We're millionaires!" yelled One-Eyed Laff.
To his brave band of yeaghs;
"I broke into a grocer's safe
And stole a dozen eggs!"
"We're billionaires!" cried Lefty Lact.
Excitement made him stutter;
"For in the bank vault that I cracked
I found a pound of butter!"

Credulous.
"That fellow Smith is the most credulous man I ever met," said Brown.
"That's right," agreed Jones. "Why, he even believes in himself!"

Advice.
"This is the truth, I'm telling you," advised old Uncle Boater.
"When looking for promotion, do not go to a promoter."

Police.
"What is the longest word in the English language?" asked the Old Fogey.
"Smiles is the longest word," replied the Grouch.
"How do you figure that smiles is the longest word?" demanded the Old Fogey.
"Because there is a mile between the first letter and the last letter," replied the Grouch.

Oh!
"I have no husband," Mrs. Torr told her friends would confess.
"You'll know I'm a grass widow, for I'm wearing a lawn dress."

Paws Knows Everything.
Willie-Paw, what is meant by "Man wants but little here below?"
Paw—"It means that he wants a little more than the other fellow has, my son."

No Joke.
"Pooh! Pooh!" said Street Car Magazine Bing.
"Just let the people talk; we know they'll stand for anything. That saves a mile of walk."

Old Timers.
Dear Luke: But we'll bet that you saw Lena Mervin in a bunch of keys, and Panny Davenport in "Foghorn," and Lizzie Evans in "Foggy Perry," and

an asset she is here—what an asset she would be anywhere!" he murmured thoughtfully.

That evening Edward put his feet into warm slippers and sat snugly before a burning fire. How lucky he was to have such comfort, he reflected. The maid rushed in with a package and told him that the parcel had arrived. He opened it and found a box of Christmas stockings. He smiled and thought of the girl with the smile who would be almost too good to stand. He thought of the Christmas that would be almost too good to stand. He thought of the girl with the smile who would be almost too good to stand.

Edward was covering up her counter when the managing director hurried up to her. She looked up, and there he was, expected, smiling, though faintly the counter. "Was it something else? You are almost too late," she said in the same kind tone.

"I did not come back to shop," Edward smiled. "I came to ask you to have dinner with me tomorrow. I would seem more like Christmas spirit to have it with some one."

"I am sure she will," he answered, making a brave attempt to return the smile.



out having any sense of direction.
"Why, Mr. Clarkson!" It was Ella's voice, and his heart seemed to stop beating.
"Miss Fidler!" he cried, as he took her outstretched hand and pressed it eagerly. "But isn't Miss Fidler now 'it'?"
"What else is it, then?" she laughed.
"The children call me Nurse Fidler, but I haven't any right to the title."
"Aren't you married?" he asked.
"They told me you were at the store," she smiled. "I left the store to take charge of a ward at the orphanage. I felt that I could do so much good there. I am just taking some of the children for a walk to the park. Won't you join us?"
"I will only be too glad to," he replied, noting for the first time her little charges.
It was a wonderful brisk winter day, and as they walked through the snow-covered park they chatted gaily. Ella told him of it in glowing terms.
"I wish I could join you in your work," he said regretfully. "I don't know what I will do without your smile at the store."
"My smile?" Ella cried in wonder. "I didn't know I had one."
"Why you have the most wonderful smile in the world, he began, and kept right on until he had told her all that was in his heart. "But your work comes first, I know," he sighed. "I cannot ask you to give it up for me." "I would not have to give it up," she answered, as she slipped her glove. "I thought how wonderful it would be if ever such a thing were possible that you and I could go through life together doing good where it is most needed, and I decided then that you were the only man I could ever love, and now I know it."
As Edward looked down into her eyes he saw the most glorious smile of all.

Three More Hits From Song Headquarters

Get them at the Show

You'll Find Old Dixieland in France

EVERYBODY loves to sing this wonderful song—not just because it's a rollicking can't-get-away-from-it melody, but because it's terrible news for Berlin. Yes, sir—it sure is bad news for Hindenburg. Dixieland—fighting Dixieland—is in France! You'll love the snappy words and great music of this new Yankee song-hit—try out the chorus—you'll like it.

The Rose of No Man's Land

A NEVER-to-be-forgotten tribute to the Greatest Mother in the World—the Red Cross Nurse. The tender, beautiful words and the inspiring melody will tug your heartstrings as never before. Truly, it is the most magnificent of our war songs, one that will live forever, and make the work of "the red rose soldier knaves" immortal. Learn it now—and you'll learn to cherish it always.

I Ain't Got Weary Yet

WHEN war makes you a wee bit tired—sing out "I Ain't Got Weary Yet." The new—Where Do We Go From Here?—by the same writers. If Liberty Bonds and W. S. S. pinch your pocketbook—if you can't drive your car on Sunday—join the Boys in the trenches and sing out "I Ain't Got Weary Yet." It's a wonderful song—a song the Yanks sing back at Fritzle when the mud's muddy, the rain's wet and the bullets are pecky. A wide-awake melody and live-wire words.

Get them for your Talking Machine

Every Song is a Shot for Victory!

SING, gold-darn-it, SING! Every song is a sixteen-inch shell to shatter gloom and worry. Sing! It's bad news for the Kaiser. Sing! It's good news for the boys over there. They'll fight a bit harder, smile a bit broader, if they know we're buying bonds, enduring war's discomforts, working war's work with songs and songs, morning, noon and night. Learn the new songs—the new hits from song Headquarters.

ON SALE now at all music and department stores or at any Woolworth and Mason & Risch, Limited, Stores.

Other Popular "Feist" Song Hits

K-K-K-Kat My Belgian Rose For Sorry I Made You Cry
Strutlers' Ball Good Morning Mr. Zip Oh You Rookie If I'm Not at the Roll Call
Over There Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia! God Spare Our Boys Over There
If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Good Night Germany
15c a copy, any seven for \$1. Prepared, Band or Orchestra, 25c each. Male Quartette, 10c each.

"You Can't Go Wrong With ANY 'Feist' Song"

LEO FEIST, Inc. FEIST BUILDING NEW YORK

Published in the new Patriotic War Size Paper for Uncle Sam

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