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ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, Oct. 11.

CANADA AND CAMBRAI

CAMBRAI was besieged and recaptured without a single shell being thrown into the city by the British or French forces. The Allies must have accepted a long delay in its taking in order that the destruction of the city might not be laid at their doors, and at the same time make beyond cavil the certainty that the Germans are continuing to destroy French cities while their government makes sweet glances at the United States in the hope of saving its tottering power.

Canada again shares in one of the decisive actions of the war, and when Currie's men were permitted to enter the city first it is conceded that they are entitled to be known as the captors of a point that for weeks has been a chief objective of the Foch plan. Canadians have been steadily battling toward the goal, suffering sanguinary losses, no doubt, but taking a lion's share in the offensive fighting, which, in one sense, they may be said to have successfully initiated at Vimy Ridge, and proved to the world that so-called impregnable points are quickly placed within the lines when boldness and dash and willingness to take punishment are required.

Canadians have certainly learned to take the measure of the German fighting man since war began. Overswept, but not broken down in the battling of 1915, the newly-made soldiers of the Dominion set an example to those who were yet to pour into France from the provinces of this country, which has served to inspire and to strengthen all the successive reinforcements that have gone forward. The men of the first contingent had to wait a long, long time before they could meet the Boche at anything like equal terms. The desire of most of the men was to have a chance to "go after him." Few of those who have survived will now ask for any further opportunity. Any Canadian who has not had his fair bag of Huns by this time has an insatiable appetite for slaughter. Letters recently received from the front make it clear that the corps that wears the Maple Leaf has met and disposed of some of the most violent attacks of the war. For days and days and even weeks the Canadians have been killing Germans and taking them prisoner until they were literally tired through constant killing. One young man who enlisted on August 12, 1914, writing to a brother in this city, said that for fourteen days he had been "piling up Huns." He and his comrades (they were of the mounted forces) had fought the Germans for fourteen days at the time of writing. They had attacked them mounted with sabres, with bayonets on foot, and they had laid them in immense heaps with machine gun fire, until the novelty of stopping them wore off and the game developed simply into a hard day's work. There was no desire in the breast of this man to kill anyone before the war broke out. But after passing through more than four years of hell on earth, with only a few days' leave, he recognized that the war could not be won until the Germans had been slaughtered in such numbers as would make the blood run in rivers. This kind of work has fallen to the whole Canadian corps.

They have adapted themselves to every style of warfare. They learned to raid from trenches. They carried Vimy Ridge by constant practice and close team work in attack. They have played the game as a mobile football organization, with definite signals and plans, but always ready to change tactics. The goose-stepping Germans have been powerless to exert the initiative shown by all the British troops, and the flavor of Canadianism has been of signal value in speeding up the great game.

Cambrai may be a climax of Canadian enterprise for some time. Such a decisive and hard-fought battle would in an ordinary war rank with the greatest of history. The richest pages of all Canada's annals have been written since the great alliance commenced to strike with the force that free and inspired men alone can develop.

NEED OF ORGANIZATION.

BOTH AS TO ITS activities and usefulness, the movement to expand the London Board of Trade is a movement in the right direction. World events have forced home to leaders of thought and business that the most effective means of successful accomplishment lies in united effort toward one end.

So forcefully has it been impressed on the men charged with the responsibility of directing the empire's destiny at this crucial time that they have in public speech and written words told cities organization is necessary to meet the organization which is battling to destroy all that we hold dear.

Our cities by organization are doing not only something for self-protection, but are performing a patriotic service, in taking the first steps in Dominion unification. If London had no other reason for organizing her citizens in the biggest possible board of trade than those here stated, the effort to accomplish that end would be a worthy effort.

Every citizen owes a debt to his community. By joining the board of trade and working for the good of London, he can in part pay that debt. The best wish that can be expressed for the board of trade is in the words of the United States secretary of commerce, W. C. Redfield, who said: "I hope it will become so lonesome outside of your organization that every one will come in. One and all, you are doing your duty, not alone to your community, but to your nation, when you organize yourselves. He must be strangely placed

in relation to his country who cannot see that the board of trade will be able to speak the voice of the business world."

WHAT LICENSE TO KICK?

UNIONIST papers are kicking vigorously because the paper manufacturers are profiteering them. What right have they to complain? They have refused to protest—under pretense that it was necessary to win the war—when their readers have been profiteering on food prices. Food is more important than paper. If it is right for the readers to be profiteered on food, why not for the Unionist press to be profiteered on paper? Or if food profiteering must be submitted to as part of the "win the war" policy, why not paper profiteering? Neither, of course, really helps to win the war; but what license have papers which tolerate food profiteering, on pretense that it does help, to object to being profiteered on the price of news print?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Victory on the west front should tune up the Victory Loan workers at home.

Fritz may have read that peace was coming and decided that it couldn't come too quickly.

Kaiser Bill has not abdicated. But arrangements for a convenient get-away might suit him to perfection.

To Germany the peace situation must seem a tragedy, but to the rest of the world it suggests comedy of a high order.

Most people in this vicinity at the present time suggest to the olfactory sense that they have just been taken out of the mothballs.

There will be a constant series of epidemics in Canada if the Government establishes a precedent for the relaxing of prohibition regulations.

The Germans know how to advance only in massed formation. But they can spread themselves and travel fast when they are advancing back-ward.

The coming home of hundreds of Canadian soldiers at this time is a great event in the lives of themselves and their relatives. They are responsible for much of the buoyancy that prevails in their country at the present time.

London physicians have been loud in their demand that people take precaution during the epidemic of Spanish influenza. It is probably as a result of this that London has fewer cases of the disease than any city of similar size in Canada.

It seems a pity that military red tape gets tangled all about the men who are coming home after long service. For instance if a man lives at Halifax, but happened to enlist in Vancouver, it is necessary for him to return to Vancouver before being permitted to return to his home on the opposite coast. Surely the various military districts could co-operate in such a manner as to eliminate the necessity of this, especially in the cases of men who are home for a brief furlough.

TO THE MEN OF THE DRAFT.

[By William Samuel Johnson in the New York Times.]
Men of the Draft!—The great Mother has spoken: Ye are her chosen, her Sons of the Quest, Strong in her strongest, unaged and unbroken, Sorted and sifted from out of her best— Out of her choicest sorted and sifted.

Probed to the cores of you, mated and weighed, Knighted, anointed, ennobled, uplifted, Men of the Draft! for the Great Crusade.

Little she recks of the blood that is in you, Latin or Teuton, English or Pole; Your blood is her spirit in muscle and sinew; Your blood is her freedom in body and soul; Ye have drunk your fill at the breast of her power; Ye were weaned into life as a man she had made; By birth-right or breast-right, ye stand at this hour Hers and the Lord's for the Great Crusade.

Her creed is your creed through all symbols and letters; Her God is your God of the common man's right; Who shatters the thrones and unrivets the fetters And captains His freemen wherever they fight. Her vow is your vow that unborn generations Shall live by that right as they will, undismayed, Till the Peace of the Lord is the Peace of the Nations, By your work and His will in the Great Crusade.

But we, the Unchosen, your comrades, your brothers, How shall we speak to you? How shall we say The word that shall be as our wonderful Mother's Affair in the souls of us men that must stay? The word that is quick with her meaning and teaching From our hearts overborn to your youth unafraid, The word that shall image her groping and reaching Toward the hope of the world in the Great Crusade?

No mortal has uttered the infinite yearning That urges her sons to eternal unrest, The dumb thought that lives as an ache and a burning, Though we drink its white truth with the milk of her breast— Though we look on its face in the youth you are giving, Though we think with its joy in her banner displayed, In the deaths of her mighty, the lives of her living, In her clarion call to the Great Crusade.

Yet this thing we know—where her banner is flying, Flaming its flame o'er the leagues of the strife, There's a light that shines clear to the eyes of the dying; There's a promise in death that is sweeter than life; There's a dream of an earth ever freer and higher; There's a vision beyond it undarkened by shade Of the mystery hid in our Mother's desire, The soul and the goal of the Great Crusade.

Men of the Draft!—Ye go forth to the wrestling, To prove to the Mother the thing ye are worth— Ye will meet it as men do, half jesting, half jesting, The highest adventure of man upon earth! Ye will face it as men do, half jesting, half playing, As a job to be done, or a game to be played, Through the blood and the dirt and the wounds and the slaying.

Right through to the end of the Great Crusade. Yet ever the will of our Mother within you Shall be iron and flame as you fight toward the goal— The blood of her spirit in muscle and sinew, The blood of her freedom in body and soul! And the strength that ye drank from the breast of her power.

Her faith, and your faith, and the vow that ye made, Shall captain you on to the ultimate hour, Her triumph and yours, in the Great Crusade!

A BAD BULL.

[Boston News Bureau.]
How an American naval officer, new to British waters, mistook a meat ship for the royal standard forms the subject of a good story told at the Naval Exhibition by Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the British Admiralty. The American had just boarded the flagship of an admiral, and remarked to Admiral Beatty of the British navy: "That is the first time I've seen the royal standard flying on the Grand Fleet."

"Where?"
For answer the American pointed to a flag with a white background with a blue bull on it, denoting that the ship was a meat carrier.

A REGULAR PANTRY.

[Exchange.]
Sometimes a really good laugh strays overseas from the grim field hospitals, as, for example, the one founded by Mrs. Vanderbilt, near Paris. "Nurse," said the soldier when he recovered consciousness, "what is this on my head?" "Vinegar cloths," she replied. "You have had a fever." "And what's this on my chest?" "A mustard plaster; you've had pneumonia, too." "And what are those things at my feet?" "Salt bags; you were badly frost-bitten." At this point up spoke a convalescing Frenchman in the next cot: "Hang a pepper-box on his nose, nurse, and he'll be a crust."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

RATIONED.
By Dorothy Douglas.

Nan was the only studio in the old building down in Chelsea that possessed a balcony. And perhaps Nan was the only American among the tenants, all of whom earned their daily rations by means of one of the arts. Nan Moore herself was a writer and sent back stories to America and conducted a column on how to prepare food in war times. Nan's small typewriter clicked at almost any hour of the day or night.

For a few weeks past Nan's alert eyes had noticed the various quaint characters that came and went into the other studios in the building on the Thames. For the most part they lived alone, each pursuing his craft in his own way.

"Do you know," she said to Charlotte Manor, who at that moment was helping herself to a second cup of fragrant coffee from Nan's percolator that stood always on the wicker tea cart, "I wish I could get up a decent meal more than once a week. About twelve ounces of meat for a good husky person is not enough to stretch over seven days. I honestly think some of these men get their weekly rations and eat it all up in one meal and go without the other six days."

"It's bad enough to get a meal for two with such a tiny bit of meat," added Charlotte, who had a husband; "we are so tired of beef, and that's the only thing it pays to get. I think we would get about a chop and a half if we took mutton. Fancy! But I manage to get up pretty fair meals."

"Oh, so do I!" exclaimed Nan. "But it's these artists I feel sorry for. All they begin to look like is a pair of eyes and a nose and a mouth. I don't see how they can stand seeing them look really hungry. I don't know how they manage to carry on their art. Bobby Bruce is positively white today," she lamented. "I wish I could cook a great big steak and onions and invite the whole building in to share it."

Then an idea came to her so suddenly that with the expression of it she nearly dumped Charlotte, coffee and all, from the balcony. "Charlotte!" she cried happily. "I am going to get every artist in the building to pool his rations and we can all have dandy meals. If there are twelve of us we shall be able to get a fine big joint of the best cut every week—perhaps about twelve pounds. And you know we could make that go so much further and taste so much better than twelve individual bits of meat cut from different parts of the cow. Isn't it great?" She jumped up, wanting them and there to go to such a studio door and unfold the plan which was secondarily developing in her fertile brain.

Charlotte had a good many drops of cold water to pour on Nan's enthusiasm, but fortunately for Nan she knew what she wanted and went straight for it, water or no water.

Her plan was unfolded at each studio. Almost without exception it was met with joy. It had been difficult throughout the building where so many lived alone, to get up appetizing meals.

"This way," ended Nan, "one of us who likes to do the buying can do it all, and I love to cook, as it is in my line. We can use that old room on the ground floor for our dining-room and get a little char girl to wash our dishes. I think we shall be as happy as heaven and so-called time."

So the Billy Wrights, Bobby Bruce, Helen McLean, and the Sammys Twain and all the Chelsea building's artists held a meeting in Nan's studio to talk over their plan. Little Sammy, who though he was a poster artist, knew something about figures and weights and measures, added up and made the grand discovery that, pooled, their meat rations would allow of nearly fifteen pounds of meat a week.

"Which will go beautifully through seven days if judiciously managed," put in Nan. "Whoever can cut the thinnest slices of meat to look like big ones will be the official carver."

So the sugar and butter, bacon and meat rations were all handed over to Nan. Fortunately they, one and all, had taken out their cards with the nearest grocer and butcher, so that the trouble of various stores was done away with.

Perhaps it was because Nan was American and one of Britain's allies, or perhaps it was because she chatted with her trader people and asked about their babies and what they fed them and told them about America and the great army, that in a short time she was always found the best of joints, the finest of bacon and the best of butter for the artists. She was a splendid buyer.

Their first family dinner was a great success. There had not been so pleasant an evening in Chelsea building since the last raid and there was no less excitement. On that night, arrayed in various quaint garbs and put on, they had met in the big attic where a splendid view of the air-fight was possible, and when the raiders were driven off, the "all-clear" signal had sounded. Nan had invited them all into her studio for a cup of coffee and apple pie. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, but that was a small matter in studio life.

Conversation ran high and deep at that dinner table. Brains long used to sparking thoughts, vivid bits of print and the wonderful inspiring exchange of art talk tripped about the table and made everybody else Nan's big idea. The cooking was a tremendous success and created much comment. It was a triumph over the abundant table that war was a thing of the past. Nan had cooked everything with the help of the Sammys Twain and the Billy Wrights. The carter's little girl was given four shillings a week to wash up and wash dishes, and the Sammys Twain and the Billy Wrights were given a Service poem or two.

Nan did nothing but make coffee and look perfectly charming while she made every one comfortable with a cushion here and a footstool there, and many a womanly ray radiated from her as she moved about.

Bobby Bruce, but recently back from the tragedy of war and with still painful wound, drank in her charm and wondered why he had not found her before.

A slim wedge of moon filtered across the old Thames. Bobby was swinging slowly in Nan's hammock and drawing in the odor of the sweet peas and put it as that he had planted in long boxes around her balcony. His long white fingers were resting his violin and he wished it were Nan's hair they were touching.

"I know," he said, "I wish I were someone whom he had been on the verge of asking for now that he was home from the war."

And Nan, because she was Nan Moore and seemed always to know what her friends were wanting most, met his eyes fixed upon her and it needed not her silent nod to let him know that she was slowly swinging hammock and enjoying her lovely, happy self beside Bobby.

He sighed so contentedly that Nan hoped the slim wedge of moon did not show him the delectable color in her cheeks. "Rations aren't so bad when they are handled properly, are they?" "I don't think I could have lived—had we not been rationed," Bobby Bruce told her.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE
(Copyright, 1918.)

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what are prejudices?
Paw—Prejudices are the opinions expressed by the man you are arguing with, my son.

Women.
All women puzzle me. The dears are gigglesome and flirty; But it takes them just forty years To reach the age of thirty.

Police!
Do not get mad at what I say, Read it with smiles, I pray; The man who wants the right of way Will wait it right away.

The Wise Fool.
"Every failure is a step toward success," observed the sage.
"Yes," agreed the fool. "The oftener

some businessmen fall the richer they become."

Oh!
"It is a good plan for a young man to begin at the bottom," advised the businessman.
"But suppose he's learning to swim?" asked the fresh youth.

Felt.
"Boo, hoo!" bawled Tommy Tard, As he rubbed at a welt; "I've found a slipper can be hard And yet it can be felt."

Atta Boy!
[Brighton, Ill. News]
When Donald Kramer's little black and white dog attacked a skunk in the chicken house at 5:30 a.m. on Friday, the canine was badly gassed, but he

would not give up the fight until he had gotten his Hun.

Huh!
You have often heard the old saying, "Physician, heal thyself!" But what we started to say was that M. D. Cure is the county health physician in Lewis County, W. Va.

Is That So?
"Easy come and easy go."
The careless fellow chants:
And that's what puts the fringes on The bottom of his pants.
—Luke McLuke.

Perhaps he likes it, by some chance, For it may seem to him That wearing fringes on his pants Just puts him in good trim.
—Newark Advocate.

Our Daily Special.
Think As Others Think And They Will Respect Your Opinion.
Well, Well!
There are three bookkeepers in the bookkeeping department of the Reimers Company at Fort Worth, Texas, and

they work in one office in peace and harmony, in spite of the fact that their names are Cross, Fuss and Fite.

Luke McLuke Says:
The old-fashioned fool who used to burn his bridges behind him now has a fool son who burns his bridges in front of him.

A princess doesn't think that a fellow loves her unless he spends all of his coin on her to prove it.

This would be a nice world if our good deeds got found out the way our bad ones do.

Any old-timer can tell you that there is more talking done nowadays than there was 50 years ago, but there isn't as much said.

There is a bright side to everything. If it wasn't for his rheumatism an old man would be a whole lot more lonesome than he is.

A princess is a party who knows more than her mother about everything but the housework.

The old-fashioned Juliet used to want her Romeo to stand beneath her balcony all night and sing his love. But the modern Juliet expects her Romeo to take her to a cocktail cabaret and spend the night listening to jazz music.

If you want to know what a martyr looks like just get a view of the man who has had a fuss with his wife and is trying to fix his own breakfast.

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CHAPMAN'S

Wilson's Short Answer to the Germans

Attracts the Attention of the Whole World

OUR AIM IS TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

Pre-Holiday October Offerings

IN READY-TO-WEAR, MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS AND UNDERWEAR.

"Lister's" and "Salt's" Silk Seal Plush Coats

for women, much in demand; made from our own material, linings, and trimmings, securing the best quality and prices for the mutual interest of seller and buyer \$35.00 to \$45.00

Many new numbers in Winter Coats arriving. Fur trimmed and fur fabric trimmed.

NOVELTY COATS FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN in all the leading colors and styles.

LADIES' LOVELY HATS

Many popular and novel styles, great variety of shapes, velvets, silk velvets, patent leather new types \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$8.00

BIG SALE OF SILK PLUSH HATS FOR GIRLS.

On main floor \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00

See window display for Holiday Hats.

NEW SERGE DRESSES for afternoon and business wear. Buttons, braids and silk fringe trimmings. Bought some time before the recent advance in prices. On display at reasonable prices \$10.95 to \$27.50

MESSALINE DRESSES—NEW ARRIVALS—in black and navy \$14.95 to \$23.75

TAFETTA AND POPLIN DRESSES—many wanted shades. Popular prices \$15.00 to \$16.50

JERSEY DRESSES—Alice blue, wistaria and other colors \$21.00

FREE ALL THIS WEEK!

POSTUM CEREAL PRODUCTS

Demonstration on Main Floor. Try the foods. Grape-Nuts served in several ways, in puddings, etc. Also the new Post Toasties, the best in Corn Flakes and Instant Postum, the food-drink, ready to serve in the cup.

Dress Goods, Heavy Winter

Coatings and Silks

Three Pieces Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in shades of grey, blue and fawn, a very nice material for dresses or waists. Value 50c a yard. On sale at 35c yard

Three Pieces Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in neat little checks of dark blue and grey, light blue and grey, and black and grey, a good strong material for dresses. Present value 75c a yard. On sale at 50c yard

Five Pieces Tweed Dress Goods, 37 inches wide, in fine mixtures of red and grey, blue and grey, brown and grey, green and grey, and black and grey, a good serviceable material for dresses or skirts. Worth \$1.00 a yard as values are. On sale at 59c yard

One Piece Black Serge, 40 inches wide, all wool and old dye. Worth \$2.50 a yard. On sale at \$1.75 yard

Five Pieces Heavy Fall and Winter Coatings, 58 inches wide. These are all wool and beautiful in quality and colors of Oxford grey and fox grey, brown tinted with green, dark brown tinted with burgundy, African brown, and taupe. Present value \$7.50 and \$8.00 a yard. On sale at \$4.75 and \$5.50 yard

Silk Poplins, a full yard wide, with a beautiful deep rich silk finish and highly satisfactory in the wearing, in all of the newest shades and also in black and ivory. Worth \$2.25 a yard. On sale at \$1.69 yard

Women's New Fall Underwear and Perfect-Fitting Corsets

Ladies' Vests (Union), good quality, in grey or white, high neck, long sleeves, drawers to match \$1.00 garment

Ladies' Fine Knit Cotton Vests, high neck and long sleeves, V-neck and elbow sleeves, drawers to match 79c

Ladies' Medium Weight White Cotton Combination Suits, high neck, ankle length. Special \$1.50 suit

Children's Fine Ribbed Wool Vests and Drawers to match, warm and cosy; sizes 1 to 14 years. Priced according to size \$1.00 to \$1.50

Children's Black Fast-Color (Turnfull) Drawers, band or elastic top, ankle length, size 2 to 14 years. Priced according to size 75c to \$1.25

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

THE POPULAR CENTRAL STORE
239, 241, 243 Dundas St.



LADIES' DRESS 9316

LADIES' DRESS 9313</