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**THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.**  
London, Ont., Thursday, Oct. 17.

**A COMPLETE SURRENDER?**  
BULLETINS received during last night, while lacking complete confirmation, indicate that Germany has decided to take a step further in the direction of peace. The dispatches from several sources bear the appearance of reliability, and if the latest note constitutes an acceptance of the last message sent by President Wilson, it means that the German people through their chancellor are ready to agree to an armistice arranged by Marshal Foch, to bring about an end to the rule of the Kaiser and to end all attacks upon ships and the destruction of towns.

If Germany's chancellor has the power to commit his nation to such a course, it can mean nothing but a complete acknowledgment of defeat and a willingness to accept any terms the Allies may offer. All that is asked is guarantees for the German people, and this is the one doubtful part of the note, insofar as it is described in the early bulletins. What manner of "guarantees" is Germany in a position to request? If she is permitted to withdraw her disarmed troops without further fighting, her people must accept all conditions of settlement, and will be highly fortunate if the Allied nations permit such an armistice to be arranged.

Does the agreement of Germany to the last Wilson note mean that the Allies must now make peace with Germany? The answer to that question will depend upon what form of conference Germany is requesting. The Allies appear to be for leaving to Foch the question of securing the surrender, then to deal with the Germans as their masters.

**OTHER CITIES TAKING NOTICE.**  
THE ACTIVITIES of London along the lines of reorganizing its board of trade and enlisting the vital interest of all classes in the welfare of the city are attracting the attention of other Ontario cities. Judging from newspaper comments, both Hamilton and Windsor are watching the progress of the campaign with more than passing interest. These neighboring cities have in the past been extremely active along the lines of industrial branching out. They have wooded and won many branch factories from across the border. London has adopted a more conservative policy, and its growth has been slower. But these cities now observe the determination of our citizens to be prepared for the period of reconstruction and adaptation following the war. London means to be ready to take care of the thousands and thousands of soldiers who will return to the city, and to induce as many as possible to remain in the city as the staffs of our industries and business houses. London has had plenty of dormant ideas and latent ability. These will only be useful if they are harnessed to the machinery of civic advancement. And the board of trade campaign is certain to provide an impetus that is without precedent in the city, if not in all Ontario.

The Border Cities Star has observed the tendency of London's progress, and has commented on the need of Windsor's being alive to the future. The Hamilton Times is also watching the movement and bemoaning the fact that power is curtailed to such an extent in the Ambitious City, that its board of trade has little ambition left. The Times says of the London campaign:

The London Board of Trade is in the midst of a campaign to increase the membership. The board has undertaken an expansion and reorganization movement to give that city a civic-commercial organization second to none in the city of its class. In short, the London Board of Trade, is to be revitalized and built up in both membership and income, to enable it to take leadership in a broader field of activities, heretofore impossible because of its limited numbers and resources. It figures out that at the close of the war eighty thousand men enlisted in London and neighborhood will return looking for employment and a home, and the board believes that now is the time to prepare for this reconstruction period.

Of course London does not expect to absorb into its population all of the men who have enlisted for overseas service in the city. The majority of the soldiers are from other points in Western Ontario, from which the city has no desire to ditch some of their best sons, and many more of these men are from the farms, and in the general interest of the country and the city as well it would be unwise to attempt to induce them to abandon their farms. London does not desire to become "big" for the mere sake of "bigness." But it wishes to show that "big" spirit of citizenship which is certain to count for numerical "bigness," and those of the men from overseas who locate in the city will be welcomed and made to realize that they cannot find a better home in any city.

Plans looking toward the expansion of industries are certain to be a factor in the new board of trade's program. London will do well first to look to its present industries. There are signs that many enterprising young men are preparing to branch into new lines. For more than four years the ideas of the best brains of the city have been accumulating, and during that time these plans have been carefully considered and matured. As a result of this we shall see many new industrial developments, some of which have already been mentioned. The other day a young businessman of the fine type that is forging ahead in this city by sheer hard work and merit stated that when war was over he hoped to open another business which would make his present undertaking seem small by comparison. Many others have been holding back, and they have been accumulating energy that is certain to find its expression through the agency of a reawakened board of trade.

Not only will close attention be paid to the parent industries of the city, than which no city

affords a better array, but the outside manufacturer or merchant seeking to locate in the city will have a clearly-defined program to consider and an official body with which to negotiate.

Beyond the securing of industries, to The Advertiser it seems that the new board of trade will serve as clearing house for expression of opinion of the whole city. If it can serve as a public forum to which our problems, so often now ill-considered by the public, may be brought under the light of sanity and truth, here it should be possible for the artisan and his employer to meet, and to discuss matters vital to every Londoner. Scarcely a week passes without some need becoming apparent of the chance for a free and frank expression of views. We need to get away from hole-in-the-corner criticism and we need to bring our skeletons and unpleasant sights out of the cellar into the clear light of day. We must come to know one another and, if the city is to advance, to believe in those who are worthy of our belief and to repose trust in those who are worthy of our trust. We want none of demagogic leadership or political chicanery, with which the city has long enough been cursed, in this new organization. It must be an organization that will attract the confidence of all citizens who are willing to listen if it is to achieve its possibilities.

The outside cities have observed the first rays of the new dawn in London. It is up to citizens to put their shoulders to the wheel, and (mixing metaphors), "keep dem clouds rolled back" so that the sun may shine clearly and make of London a more progressive city, in the best of the world implies.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**  
As the office punter puts it, there are a lot of people feeling quite influential today.

A Detroit man has been elected president of the Ontario Curling Association. How's that for hands across the river?

If it costs \$500 to sneeze in New York, think how many millions a man with hay fever might get rid of on Broadway just now.

The playhouse that accepts the epidemic regulations gracefully should not be unrewarded by the theatre-going public when the embargo has been lifted.

There are all sorts of proposals for the "saving" of the London and Lake Erie. But isn't that like suggesting a rescue ship after the torpedo has done its work?

The best paragraph on the peace play: "One almost wishes he might ask Nurse Cavell and Capt. Fryatt what their peace terms are." It's from the Detroit Free Press.

The manner in which London businessmen stand by local industries is demonstrated in the purchase of the firm of Silverwood's, Ltd., from Montreal parties so that local control and permanent location might be insured.

Roamer, the miracle thoroughbred which after six years of racing has cleaned up a great percentage of his starts in the past year, is being given a lot of newspaper attention these days. Here is a horse weighing only 1,000 pounds that is a dainty eater, but a glutton for speed. He has run a mile in two minutes or better so often that his trainers regard it as no novelty. He has temperament, that horse, and is made of "whipcord and whalebone."

**A LAY OF MODERN GERMANY.**  
(After Lord Macaulay—A Long Distance After.)  
Old Kaiser Bill of Potsdam, by the nine gods he swore,  
That the house of Hohenzollern should suffer war no more;  
By the nine gods he swore it, and called his Chancellor Max,  
And said, "You see the fix I'm in, get busy now and save my skin."  
From Foch's fierce attacks.

"We're getting smashed on every side; we're panicky with fear;  
We're scrambling wild for shelter with those devils on our rear;  
They're killing us like snakes below, they're bombing from above;  
Before we find it all too late we'll have to change our hymn of love."  
To one of peace and love.

So Max he took his pen in hand and thus to Wilson wrote:  
"Dear Kamerad: I send my love with this my kindly note;  
I wish to have a chat with you about your terms of peace;  
Meanwhile, we'll hold our bloody loot, and ask your men, please, not to shoot."  
Until our talk shall cease."

Quoth Wilson: "Not so fast, my man, I'll tell you what to do;  
Get out of France and Belgium, and be quick about it too;  
And tell us whom you're speaking for, the Kaiser or the folk."  
We've learned the way to deal with Hun is chasing them with shells and guns,  
And flashing sabre strokes."

And so the war goes bravely on until the glorious day,  
When justice, liberty and right shall hold their lawful sway;  
Till, once again, the sun shall shine on nations bowed in pain,  
And war's dread Lucifer be hurled forever from a bleeding world.  
And Peace, at last, shall reign.

—JAY M. GEE.

**THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS.**  
[Argonaut.]  
The recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks as constituting another Allied army not only brings a new belligerent formally upon the scene, but it furnishes a fresh reminder of how little we know of the more obscure nationalities of Europe. These Czecho-Slovaks were prisoners of war taken by the Russians from the Austrian army, into which they had been reluctantly forced. Their sympathies were against Austria, and they willingly became captives at the first opportunity. They were liberated, or they seized their liberty, when Russia collapsed, and they then proceeded to make their way through Russia and across Siberia in the hope of joining the Allied armies in France. This project was opposed by the Bolsheviks, and the Czecho-Slovaks then started to fight their way through the country to Vladivostok, and they have been fighting ever since. Indeed they have been fighting so successfully that they seem to have changed their original intention to reach the Pacific for the more immediate and more useful task of thrashing the Bolsheviks, and it may be said that they have done this with a large measure of success. They are said to have armed themselves from the Russian military stores that they easily seized, and at the moment they are in practical possession of long stretches of the Siberian railroad and of various important Siberian cities. By all means they ought to be helped, not only by the formal recognition of the Allied Governments, but in more substantial ways. When the story of the war comes to be written it will contain nothing more heroic than the adventures of this little band of warriors desperately battling their way through Siberia, not that they might reach a place of safety for themselves, but that they might throw themselves into the furnace on the western front.

**THE TREASURES.**  
[Amy E. Campbell.]  
I take up all that you have cast aside,  
With reverent touch—the little tender word  
That slipped out carelessly—the saddened pride  
Of brief possession that you named as treasure.

The trust or two we kept beneath the moon—  
The little pledge you knew we could not keep.  
The kindness born of parting—tender soon,  
When each must go a lonely way to weep.

I keep these precious tokens of a past  
You have forgotten, "Hill we dream again."  
How sweet to know that memory can outlast  
And cast forgetfulness o'er all war's pain.

**The Advertiser's  
Daily Short Story**  
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure  
Magazine Syndicate.)

**SAVING GRACE.**  
By Ima Macdonald.

Young Mrs. Dudley deliberately pawed at her husband's newspaper and after a little struggle managed to thrust it to one side and deposit her charming person on his knee.

"It seems to need a great deal more kissing than I really get," she insisted. Whereupon the delinquent Mr. Thomas Dudley strove to do his duty, although his short adventure in the realms of matrimony had already so experienced him in the ways of women as represented by his fascinating bride that he knew this was only the preamble of something else which doubtlessly occupied the fair head of his ardent wife.

"Do you remember Grace Morgan, Tommy?" she asked eventually.

"The prim-faced girl with the brown eyes whom you used to ring in occasionally when I wanted you to kiss me?" "But she really isn't prim," Tommy said. "She just seemed that way to me when you were actually kissing her, but she's lovely in a dead little sanctimonious way."

"I had a chance to kiss her once, and now what do you think she's going to do?" Tommy solemnly gave it up.

"She's going to China to be a missionary," Tommy said. "I'm afraid she's going to be a missionary."

"Tommy grinned at the fervor of his heart's desire. 'If she must spread enlightenment among the heathen,' said he, 'why doesn't she get married and raise some little heathen of her own?'"

"You're not the only man on earth who's got a wife," Tommy said. "And I think the poor child is just as much entitled to something in the world and this seemed to her to be her only chance to do so."

"If I weren't otherwise married, now, I might look into her case, but as it is, I'm sure I don't see what I can do about it."

At this bold speech Mrs. Dudley sank two sets of clutching fingers into his thick blonde hair and shook his head savagely. "You're not the only man on earth who's got a wife," she said, "and when she comes I want you to behave and help you to get away her life."

"When she comes?" asked the bewildered husband.

"Yes, when she comes," mimicked the disreputable one. "She's going to spend a week with her mother in New York."

"My word!" exclaimed Tom Dudley. "You've already chosen the victim, I suppose?"

"I've—I've sort of had Kirk Lovejoy in my mind," she said wisely.

"But Kirk's my friend, Lou!" protested Tom. But his valiant effort to save his friend was in vain, for on the evening of the third day, as they say in the Scriptures, the pretty Mrs. Dudley cornered Kirk Lovejoy in her hall upon his arrival and lectured him sternly.

"When you meet her, Kirk, I want you to sweep her right off her feet. Now don't pretend! I know just exactly how you will do it. You must love to them all, shamelessly, and there's no reason why you shouldn't turn your talent into a good cause for once in your heartless life."

"But I don't want to marry her—I never can say her," he objected.

"You don't have to marry her," she said. "Make love to her, that's all. Arouse her natural woman's interest, because you are a man—and may be, if I can keep her here long enough she'll get a man worthy of her."

She finished caustically, and Kirk Lovejoy got the point that had labored at his vanity.

"So it happened that two minutes later he was looking down into a pair of uninterested gray eyes and suggesting a languid hand in his strong, firm grip."

"And this," he said meaningly, glancing at Tom Dudley, "is what the Chinese get for being heathen!"

Grace Morgan joined in the laugh that followed, but Kirk did not release her hand. He stepped close to her and spoke so tenderly that her uninterested look changed to one of surprise and then of confusion.

"They can't have you!" he murmured. "I am a heathen myself, and missionaryary begins at home." However, all during dinner, Kirk's spirit seemed entirely unimpaired by the horrible fact of her early departure for heathen lands, but he lost no slight opportunity with both eyes and speech to impress himself on the mind and heart of Grace Morgan. She pretended not to notice, but from time to time he caught her watching him covertly. This impetuous young man was something new in his inexperience, and she found herself responding to his high spirits with a ray of hitherto undiscovered in her make-up.

After dinner Kirk lounged out into the kitchen whence came the rattle of dishes and the sound of quick footsteps crossing the bare floor. He still carried the personal element with him, and as soon as she could manage it, without its being too apparent, Louise slipped out and abandoned Grace Morgan to her fate.

"I was afraid I'd never get you alone," said Kirk, watching Grace Morgan as she deftly wiped a plate.

She turned to glance at him over her shoulder. "It was getting exciting, he was so sudden and direct," she reminded him.

"It doesn't take more than two minutes when it's the right girl," he teased her. "Perhaps I'd better kiss you while I've got the chance." Whereupon, to Grace's unprepared amazement, he found herself close gripped in his arms, and as with back-flung head she stared up into his eyes she felt the strength of him. She was overwhelmed with the realization that it was useless to resist, so with a little hopeless sigh she closed her eyes, and as his lips found hers, the china cup slipped from her released grasp and shattered to the floor.

A few moments later Louise returned to the kitchen and found Grace Morgan alone on her knees in the middle of the floor staring with unseeing eyes at the fragments of the broken cup on the floor in front of her. Her face was pressed tight over her mouth and her face was flaming with such a color as Louise had never known she possessed.

"He—he kissed me!" she faltered in explanation.

"Naturally," said Louise practically. "Anyone could see that he was crazy about you—from the moment he set eyes on you—but he didn't break up all my wedding plans in the operation."

"He didn't! I broke it!" Grace rushed to Kirk's rescue. "You—you see when it happened, I was so—so unpraised I dropped the cup." And then for some unaccountable reason Louise knelt down and hugged her.

An hour later, when the four of them were gathered on the front porch, Tom Dudley put in his ear, when he observed that his friend was trying to camouflage a hand-holding contest with Grace Morgan in the shadow of the vines.

"There's a bungalow for sale just down the street," he suggested innocently. "Let's all go and look at it."

And that's how the ingenious Mrs. Dudley, with a well-trained maid, and a capable assistant by one Kirk Lovejoy, succeeded in saving Grace.

**FOOTY!**  
He is a shacker, is young Bruce. Though he's a well-known fellow; And while he claims his blood is blue; I claim that it is yellow.

**Correct.**  
"The doctor says my father is a dyspeptic," bragged Tommy.

"What's a dyspeptic?" asked Johnny.

"A dyspeptic is a man whose meals don't sit him," replied Tommy.

**You Meet Him Every Day.**  
I do not like this Oswald Gawky. He is a pest, by jing! He talks, and talks, and talks, and talks.

**And never says a thing.**

**Names is Names.**  
Nannie Cudd lives in Union, C. S.

**Our Daily Special.**  
Plattery Never Falls Flat.

**Well, Well!**  
When Karl Shutt and Tom Lockett of Mobile, Ala., were in Atlanta, Ga.

**BITS OF BYPLAY**  
BY LUKE McLUKE  
(Copyright, 1918.)

Peace.  
He's broken every pledge he's made. Who'd trust the lying Hun? On honest nations he has preyed, And now he finds he's done. What he gave Belgium he will get. We'll crush him like a snake. And when Hun blood repays that debt, Our peace terms we will make.

**Paw Knows Everything.**  
Whereas Paw, what is the difference between a dream and a nightmare? Paw—Well, borrowing money is a dream; but paying it back is a nightmare.

**Same Old Story.**  
The oyster keeps away from strife. He is a peaceful scoop; He dodges trouble all his life. Then winds up in the soup.

**The Limit.**  
"Old Tittlet believes in conservation, doesn't he?" remarked Smith.

"Should say he does," asserted Jones.

"Why, he stutters so as to make his words last longer."

**Foey!**  
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Pour a little  
**H.P. sauce**  
on your plate  
H.P. is thick, fruity, and delicious—can be taken with the meat just like mustard.

**BISURATED MAGNESIA**  
For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Belching, Sour, Acid Stomach, Gas in Stomach, etc., take a teaspoonful of Bisurated Magnesia in a half-glass of hot water after eating. Is safe, pleasant and harmless to use, and gives almost instant relief. It neutralizes stomach acidity and sweetens the food contents so that digestion is easy and painless. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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Because it is best for their tender skins. Help it now and then with touches of Cuticura Ointment applied to first signs of redness, roughness, pimples or dandruff. If mothers would only use these super-creamy emollients for every-day toilet purposes how much suffering might be avoided by preventing little skin and scalp troubles becoming serious.

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Asthma and hay fever, even of long standing, and of the most distressing severity, are robbed of their terror by this reliable remedy.  
Two sizes 25c and \$1.00.  
**Dr. J.D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy**

**DON'T THROW YOUR OLD CARPETS AWAY!**  
Tie a rope around them and send us to be made into Beautiful Fluffy Reversible Rugs that wear a lifetime. The cost is small. SEND FOR CATALOG. WE PAY FREIGHT ONE WAY. CANADA RUG COMPANY, 98 CARLING ST. PHONE 2485.

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Fact number two—every piece of cloth is tested in our laboratory to see that it meets our requirements.

Fact number three—the absolute reliability of the materials used in these garments, and the thoroughness of every detail of their manufacturing.

Fact number four—every DOMINION RAYNSTER carries this label as a guarantee that it is waterproof and that it will give you complete satisfaction.

Made in scores of attractive patterns—in the new styles—so that your "Dominion Raynster" becomes a handsome coat for cool, bright days—and your protection on damp, rainy ones.

The best stores that carry clothing for men, women and children also carry DOMINION RAYNSTERS. Ask to see the new styles, and the guarantee label of the oldest Rubber Company in Canada.

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Makers of Raincoats, Rubber Footwear, Overshoes, Dominion Tires for Automobiles, Motor Cycles and Bicycles, Druggists' Sundries, Rinex Soles, Belting, Hose and Packing.  
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