

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City: 12c per week, Outside: 15c per week.
City: \$4.00 per year, Outside: \$4.50 per year.

NOON EDITION.
City: 12c per week, Outside: 15c per week.
City: \$4.00 per year, Outside: \$4.50 per year.

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ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.
London, Ont., Thursday, Nov. 7.

PEACE BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

A German delegation, to conclude an armistice
and take up peace negotiations has left for the
western front—Official Berlin dispatch.

DEVELOPMENTS run swiftly to a climax in the great world-war. Men of calm judgment are convinced that the coming Christmas, not much more than a month distant, will see the return of an era of peace on earth, good-will toward men. A world set free from the bondage of militarism will sing the anthems of the Yuletide not with the mechanical chant of phonographs, but with the glad voice of angels. With unbared heads the people may stand and send their abundant thankfulness to the heavens.

The peacemakers of the earth, the warriors who struck in the spirit of freedom, shall be praised by millions of men, women and children. Exultant, the victors shall ascend from the darkest valleys into which humanity ever journeyed, and beside them shall march the spirits of those who gave their lives. The flood of war shall have receded, the world purged of the evil plague spot of "kultur" and rendered safe for the future.

Germany will remain as a vast, destroyed temple of evil, the symbol of the conquering power of right as decreed by liberty-loving mankind. As a warning to other nations that dream dreams of world conquest, her shattered ideals will be a powerful force for world betterment and the security of all countries.

Only events can tell the story of peace and victory of the next few hours. The German butcher must drop his cleaver and submit to those bonds which the Allied nations have prepared for him.

Gradually the belief that Germany is not sufficiently chastised to sue on bended knees for mercy has been dispelled. Each day's military score shows the scales going heavily against the Germans; demoralization, inability to strike back, levity become meekness in the treatment of enemies, a lack of control and constant retreat, all indicate that decisively and disastrously the proud legions of Prussia have lost the war in battle as well as by surrender.

German surrender may now be expected, if any signs may be trusted. Allied terms for an armistice will involve quite as drastic demands as those meted out to the lesser culprits. Peace conferences will set the world on a new basis of international relationship. The league of Allied nations is united and more powerful than ever before.

The world awaits the word, most momentous of words uttered since the plunge into warfare was taken. Those who took up the sword are perishing by the sword. Only in such degree as the Allies permit are the Germans to secure mercy or consideration.

Peace before Christmas! Only the second coming of the Man of Galilee can equal the stress of anticipation of these few short moments until the world shall know.

ON ABDICATING.

THE KAISER has missed fire in his plans to become the greatest conqueror of them all, but if the war keeps up a few more months history will know him as the grandest little abdicator on record. With Wilhelm every other day has an "abdication" all its own. He has abdicated "at grand quarters, Brussels, Bingen-in-the-Rhine, and Munich, where the beer comes from. Compared to him Constantine and Ferdinand are pikers. The best they could do was a solitary abdication. Wilhelm, however, will have dozens to his credit—count them—a dozen when he takes his place on the penitent bench alongside his brother-in-law and the Fox. But that air may feel peevish at the stealing of their own specialty and refuse to push over. Or again they may consider it no joke to make of royal self-sacrifice a commonplace habit like shaking down the furnace, gargling or changing one's socks.

Posterity will not accord any glory to this receding trio for relinquishing their crowns "for the good of their subjects." There have been abdications sincerely made to the end that a nation should benefit. The word and act we have associated with a certain selfishness and generosity. Nothing of this applies to Constantine, Ferdinand or the Kaiser, should the war-lord really step down. For "abdicate" read "fired," "bounced" or "kicked out." Not one of the party lost considered abdication until a high explosive bomb was placed beneath the throne. If the supreme scoundrel finally lays down his sceptre there will be nothing dignified or fine about it. One drops a hot poker because it stings, and the act usually raises a laugh. The Russian braggart and pouter will not have even a satisfaction of making an impressive exit.

TO END HUN SEA POWER.

LOYD GEORGE announces that representatives of the British navy will be associated with Marshal Foch when Germany applies the terms of surrender.

This decision of the Versailles conference is it should be. Britain's might on the seas, her merchant fleets, prevented Germany's sudden leap from sweeping the Entente nations' feet and forcing submission to the enemy's wishes. As the war progressed, the lied resistance on every front was stiffened cause Britain's fleets kept the seven seas open. Britain's navy made possible the victories in the East and the placing of America's millions the western front for the final blow. It is no fiction on the splendid record of the other allied armies and navies to say that but for the

British navy an inconclusive compromise arrangement would have been the best the Entente alliance could have secured. Command of the seas is the main essential to successful warfare of today, and Great Britain has held it unshakably.

The British premier's statement indicates that the armistice terms will carry measures that will render the Kaiser's navy harmless as a weapon so far as Germany is concerned. The island empire with its far-flung daughter nations and overseas dominions is especially interested in seeing to it that the Prussian is stripped of power to wage war on the waters. None of the continental allies are so dependant on the freedom of the seas as Great Britain. That gone, the empire would quickly succumb to a powerful foe. Nobody doubts now but that the building of the impregnable Helgoland, the Kiel canal and a mighty fleet were in preparation for a blow at Britain's sea power. The Kaiser was certain of an easy win by land. After that his splendid navy, fresh and unrippled, would be sent into the grapple with Britain, whose defeat would make him world-dictator. A great fleet under German control is too serious a menace to the world at large, and the British Empire in particular. The Entente will require cast iron guarantees that Germany's navy shall be made innocuous, and as Germany's word is absolutely worthless, Foch and his aides will likely supply guarantees in the dismantling or taking over of the enemy's fighting vessels, as was enforced in the surrender of Austria.

THAT ARMISTICE.

JOHNNY AUSTRIA or whatever they call him said to Tony Italy, "Here, we sign to give in. We want to stop fighting."
But Tony was in no mood to stop fighting until the next afternoon, so he said "Alla right; you sign the armistice; but we go on fighting."
Then Johnny Austria replied, "Very well, we run and you catch us." And he kept on running until 3 o'clock the next afternoon, and then the war between them was over. Tony gave him a square meal after the battle.

IS THIS WASTE GOING ON?

IT IS NOTED that the Red Cross is setting aside the sum of \$50,000 to clothe refugees in France and Belgium.
Is it not a fact that hundreds and thousands of military coats, pants and overcoats are being cast aside and sold as old rags when they might be reclaimed for the very purpose for which the Red Cross is collecting large sums?

This is a question that should be answered by those at Ottawa who are in charge of the matter. The Advertiser being informed that enormous quantities of reclaimable clothes are now being sold to peddlers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One of the beauties of Foch's pincers is that they have half a dozen points.

After that Manitoulin slam Hon. Iky Lucas should get his ear to the ground.

Early returns from the Michigan elections indicate that Henry Ford has flivvered.

Something tells us the armistice terms for Germany are going to be a terrible blow to Lord Milner.

At the gun's point Rumania was forced to sign a peace treaty. Nobody will object should Rumania treat it as a scrap of paper.

The Austrian emperor expresses indignation at the Allied terms. What the Kaiser will say about the terms for Germany won't be fit to print.

Ottawa informs us there is a new one-cent coin of a smaller size coming. What we want is a one-cent coin of a larger purchasing value.

With only the Rhine between them and Germany the Allies, in the words of a famous old ditty, will have just one more river to cross.

The goose-step is considered the most elastic in the continental armies, but it isn't half stretchy enough for the homeward hiking Hun.

This world-war is upsetting precedents wholesale. One hoary usage that should go by the board is that kings cannot be held personally responsible for the murder of millions of men, women and children.

GOD SAVE US FROM A TALKFEST.

(N. A. Jennings in the New York Herald.)

God save us from a talkfest.

With those who speak but less.

With base, degraded creatures.

All honest men despise.

With sly, designing hypocrites.

Who, now with terror thrilled.

Would seek to save the plunder.

With which their hand is filled.

God save us from a talkfest.

With tricksters steeped in vice.

Who have no thought of honor.

Who play with loaded dice.

God save us from a talkfest.

With murderers at bay.

Who murder captives ravish.

And helpless children slay.

God save us from a talkfest.

When fighting's to be done.

Let rifles do our talking.

Until the war is won.

Let bullets speed our message.

Let shells shriek our demands.

For that's the only language.

A German understands.

PRICED ABOVE RUBIES.

(Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

When the right time comes, all the victor nations should unite in formal tribute to Maria, Queen of Rumania. Among the faithful she has been faithful. Amid cravens yielding to brutal power her courage never has faltered. With bare treachery all about her, she has kept her honor and that of her country unscathed. This world war has developed no more majestic, heroic or beautiful character than hers, and she should know of the love and admiration felt for her by brave and honorable people.

THOSE PAPER VICTORIES.

(London Daily Chronicle.)

Turkey's comic communique on the Palestine debacle, most sound like victories, but there is an instance in history where a winning general fled the field. This hero was Frederick the Great. So badly were things going for the Prussians during the battle of Mollwitz that the king decided to escape before his army was routed. Marshal Schwerin, however, pulled the battle around, and the Austrians were ultimately defeated. Thus, the great Hohenzollern, twenty miles away, gained his first victory with his back to the foe.

SAFE IN THE PEN.

(Kingston Whig.)

None of the inmates of the penitentiary have been attacked by the influenza; but it is a stiff price they pay for immunity.

A REVISION.

(Halifax Chronicle.)

Early to bed and early to rise, helps now in forestalling an early demise.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

THE PEARL BEADS.

By S. B. Hackley.

"Where shall we go, Laurence?" to Selma's cousin, "Eastbrook? Heat?"

Eloise Farnum, the young blonde driving the little car down Montague street, asked of the girl sitting behind her.

To agree with what was in Eloise's mind was the easiest way of getting along with her, and unless it was in matters of grave importance or something that concerned the happiness of other people, Laurence never disagreed with this spoiled foster sister.

"Selma's have the best necklaces," she said now gently.

But only one had not lost her diamond and pearl necklace," mourned the young driver. "Aunt Ellen says it was perfectly beautiful, and mother said I should wear it at my graduation party."

She put it away for safekeeping somewhere one day when she left the house, and she could never remember where! I can't see why father isn't willing to put as much money in one for me now!"

Laurence said why. Corey Farnum did not believe in the extravagant style of dress in which Eloise and her mother revelled, and though he usually gave way to the mother's demands, at a time when the hands of millions of hungry little children were stretched out in piteous appeal, his generous child-loving heart could never sanction a \$5,000 pearl necklace for his daughter's graduation gift.

Somehow Eloise would never understand nor sympathize with her father's ideas. Laurence, the girl adopted at three, was more like him than this child of his blood, born the next year. At the corner a little old man, stooped and slightly lame, wearing clean blue overalls and a cap, started across the street. Eloise, frowning heavily, was invasive to him, and he started to cross the street.

Laurence was knocked down and did not rise. At the hospital to which they took him, the doctor started to examine him, but he refused to learn the extent of his injuries. When he recovered consciousness, Laurence, against Eloise's protest, insisted on seeing him. As she went over his cot and a pair of bright eyes, as blue as her own, looked at her out of the white old face she burst into tears.

"It breaks my heart to think we hurt you," she cried.

"Don't redress your own eyes for me," he whispered. "If I die 'twill be because my time has come."

He put his hand in his bosom and drew out a little package. "I found that yesterday in the lap of an old coat when I was rag-picking. I thought it worth much, believe, but they're uncommon pretty beads, and I said to myself when I took them out, 'I'll look pretty on my girl's neck. I was afraid to tell you, but I didn't know I'd have the happiness to give them to you. I'll give you the beads, and you'll give me the happiness to see you wear them.'"

"I'll be back before 6 in the morning," she promised. "Will you be awake then?"

"Sure I will, my dear," he smiled.

"I'll kiss me waddy again if I'm asleep," eternal, and I'm not, ye, yer old daddy's beads?"

"That afternoon Laurence was called to the telephone.

"We've got orders to move in the morning at 3," she heard Lieut. Vincent saying. "Sweetheart, I'm coming up for a short half-hour this evening."

"Tomorrow—Bob was going tomorrow! They had dreamed it was so soon. And she had promised him, if her father would consent, that she would marry him before he left. Her father!

Bob was a Kentucky, a West Pointer, and proud. What would he say if she told him her father were living, a man who said "ut" for it, and "niver" when he meant never—ragpicker!

That evening Vincent wondered at her white, stricken face. She had always been so cheerfully happy before, when they had talked of his going.

"Smile, Laurie," he besought her. "I'm coming back! And I'll be going to marry me in the morning, as you promised, aren't you? Can you be ready by 6 for the ceremony?"

At 6:15 she had promised to go to her father.

Then Mrs. Farnum's high-pitched voice at the telephone reached them. "You have my lost pearls! My daughter brought them in. Be careful, don't you say? Somebody on the street handed them to her! My monogram on the clasp! Can you make right up and bring them?"

She burst into the parlor, and Laurence managed to catch how she came by the necklace. When Mrs. Farnum, in great excitement, went to look for Eloise, Vincent turned to Laurence.

"I'd try to arrange for our marriage this evening, my sweet, but I've got to go back now and work about all night to get things ready. Why, Laurie, what is it?"

She had drawn herself out of his arms and stood facing him, a glowing spot on each pale cheek.

"Bob, you've known that my parents are adopted, but you don't know from what people I came. Until today I supposed my real parents were dead—but that man at the hospital who found mother's pearls—he's an Irishman, old and ignorant, and a rag-picker, and—my father. But he loves me—he may be dying—I promised I'd come to him again in the morning. I must keep my promise—so you—Bob—if you—"

"She stopped, unable to go on.

He looked at her and read her unspoken thought.

"We'll go to him together," he said, cheerily, as he drew her to him. "I ought to be given the chance to give me the look-over and to say whether he's willing to let you throw yourself away on me."

"Oh, Bob!" Laurence cried happily. "I never knew how fine you were until this moment!"

At 5:30 the next morning, when Robert, his face set and proud and clad, came for Laurence, she was wearing the recovered pearls.

"The old Irishman's face was radiant when she bent to kiss him."

"This is Laurie, my sweet, father," she said. "My friend who leaves for France this morning."

Malone looked at the young man with keen, shrewd eyes that read him well, then made him a fine military salute.

"It's a fine, upstanding friend you've got, me darlin'."

Vincent saluted in return.

"Would I do for her husband?" His voice was humble. "Would you be willing to trust me with her?"

Malone, his eyes twinkling, again made his gallant salute.

"Sure I would. I'd risk ye, lad."

Then Vincent called in the minister.

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BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

The Making of a Man

His eyes were dull, his face was pale. Before he went to Camp; In fact, he always seemed to all, Before he went to Camp.

His back was humped, his chest was flat. Before he went to Camp; He was as skinny as a sprat, Before he went to Camp.

His cheeks were tanned, his eyes were bright. When he came back from Camp; He looked like he was fit to fight, When he came back from Camp;

His back was straight, his chest stuck out. When he came back from Camp; He was a man beyond a doubt, When he came back from Camp.

Oh!

"Your friend in the officer's uniform uses high-flown language, doesn't he?" said Smith.

"Yes," replied Jones. "He's an aviator, you know."

Cheer Up! Though your written efforts, my friend, came to naught, Don't quit and decide you are rotten; Though all the great thoughts have already been thought, You'll find that they have been forgotten.

Done.

"I got mixed up with a couple of oil-less oil well crooks last week," sighed the Boob.

"Did you?" asked the Wise Guy. "They did," replied the Boob.

Fact.

To tell the truth requires some nerve. I think that this will hit it. Most of us get what we deserve, But few of us admit it.

Maybe.

E. M. Henry, of Pleasantville, claims that the so-called epidemic of "Spanish Influenza" is nothing new and is merely an epidemic of pneumonia, such as visits this country every now and then, but in the present case agitation and hysteria have made the epidemic more widespread. He claims that the epidemic of colds does not necessitate the closing of schools, churches and places of amusement. The tendency to take cold, he says, is due to the lack of sugar in quantity. The lack of sugar has been responsible for the reduction of the natural body heat and as a consequence, the tendency to contract colds has been greater. Maybe Henry is right. Anyway, his theory is interesting.

Oh, Joy!

Twelve o'clock, and all is well! The Kaiser's headed straight for hell. The devil will meet him at the gate, and say to Bill: "You're rather late. For you I've waited many years, so do not bother shedding tears. Come on down to the pit below. For I have many sights to show. You'll find down there your kith and kin, and scarcely room to get you in. Hey, boys, keep stirring up the fires! We'll make it hot for these Hun liars! The boys are waiting, Bill, for you, to turn you into polecat stew. We'll serve you hot, you hunk of stone, then all the world will feel at ease."—Charles Allen.

Names Is Names.

Carver Wood lives in Cincinnati.

Our Daily Special.

Wait Until You Have Something to Say and It Won't Take You So Long to Say It.

Luke McLuke Says

You can get something for nothing if you are willing to pay about twice what it is worth.

We wonder if there isn't some frog

blood in some of the men you run into. Anyway they seem to get a lot of pleasure out of going around croaking. A wise man never fusses with his wife, for the reason that she can think of more mean things to say than he can.

Civic pride is good stuff. But if all the small cities are telling the truth about their population there are about 40,000,000 people in this country.

About the only time a man would rather have an upper berth than a lower one is when he dies.

Somehow or other a girl never discovers until after she has married him that a man rests his chin on his plate when he is feeding his face.

Don't forget that success depends as much on a good front as it does on good backing.

Back in the late eighties a British officer who was a friend of ours, and a veteran of the Crimea and the Sudan, told us that he could take ten properly equipped regiments of mixed Britishers and Americans and whip half of the

Peps will give you relief! Simply dissolve a Peps tablet in your mouth. Your breath carries the medicinal Pine vapor, which is released, to all parts of the throat, nasal and air passages, where a liquid medicine could not possibly reach. This vapor destroys all germs with which it comes in contact, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and fortifies you against coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis and grippe. Peps contains absolutely no harmful drugs and is therefore the safest remedy for children.

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