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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, August 18.

Flowers For the Soldiers

While the gardens surrounding city homes have been things of beauty and riots of gorgeous bloom all through the spring and summer months, very few flowers have been finding their way to the military hospitals to bring comfort and cheer to the men who are suffering because of their service in preserving for Canada her happy, tranquil gardens.

As long as the schools were in session, all went well, because the wounded and sick soldiers make a very strong appeal to the hearts of the boys and girls. No dearth of flowers was permitted. But, the holidays have been here for several weeks and never before, since the military hospitals were established here as a war necessity, have so few flowers brought to the patients the ministry of beauty, and friendly, appreciative messages from the outside world. It is not even necessary to carry the flowers to the hospitals in person. The Red Cross visiting committee will look after that. Fresh flowers left at the Red Cross headquarters any Monday morning will be taken that same day to the patients at the military hospitals at Tecumseh and Wolsley Barracks; on Tuesday to the men at the Byron Sanatorium, and again on Thursday to the hospitals at the heights.

Would you have a "twice blessed" garden? Then let the invalid soldiers share your pleasure in it. Send a bouquet of flowers next Monday or Tuesday or Thursday to the Red Cross rooms, Queen's avenue. But don't forget all about it after that. Make your garden a continuous joy, until the frost robs you of its bloom.

Savonarola

While Columbus was wandering over Europe trying to raise funds for financing a voyage of discovery of a new world that was to abound in silver and gold, rare gems and wonderful woods, another was dreaming of a radically different world, a world in which the righteousness he so passionately believed should rule not merely in theory, but in actual fact.

Silently this man sat among his brother friars in the monastery of San Marco at Florence, sad, emaciated, his brow marked with the furrows that told of serious thought, of deep spiritual desires.

This man is known to immortality as Giralamo Savonarola, the one great soul in the Italy of his day.

It was high time that some one had begun to dream of better things in that old city by the Arno, for if there was ever a hell on earth, a moral situation that was simply unspeakable, it was to be found in the Florence of the Medici. It was the bottom of the abyss, the grim, terrible low-water mark of human depravity.

It was all there, festering, seething, awaiting the lightning of retributive justice, while the sad, sunken-eyed monk sat dreaming away in the San Marco convent.

And at last the dreamer reached the end of his dreaming and strode forth to action.

As all the world knows, his first attempt at the regeneration of the Gehenna by the Arno was a dismal failure. The man had not found himself, and he needed to try again.

He tried, and this time the wicked city was obliged to listen. The world had never heard such discourses as those which now pealed forth from the pulpit of the Duomo! By sheer force of eloquence—the eloquence that was generated in the burning heart and soul of the right-loving friar—Savonarola took Florence by storm! Even Lorenzo, called, on account of his wealth, splendor and learning, the "Magnificent," courted the favor of the preacher and tried by his subtle arts to win him over to his side.

As is well known, the "Magnificent" was, notwithstanding his grandiloquent title, a bad, bad man, who loved sin and despised righteousness, and most cunningly did he try to capture the brave friar who was daily thundering from his pulpit in the great cathedral. But the friar would not be captured. When Lorenzo intimated to him that he had placed him there, and that he owed him a large debt of gratitude, Savonarola replied, "No! God placed me here, and it is to God rather than to Lorenzo that I owe my gratitude and my service."

To Lorenzo's agents who had been sent by their master to sound him, Savonarola said, "Tell your master that although I am a stranger and he a citizen, and the first citizen, I shall stay, while he will depart."

And it was so. Taken sick not long after this message from the preacher, Lorenzo, on his death bed, sent for Savonarola and implored him to absolve him.

"Before absolution is given," said the friar, "three things are necessary." "What things, father?" asked the dying ruler. "First, faith in God's mercy." "I have it, father." "Second, you must restore all your ill-gotten wealth."

After some hesitation this was assented to. Then, lifting himself up to his full height and looking down upon the sick man from the depths of his

sunken grey eyes, Savonarola said, "You must restore liberty to the people of Florence." Trembling with anger, Lorenzo looked daggers at the friar, turned his face to the wall, and died—without his absolution. The Magnificent was no more—and Savonarola remained—very much alive.

From 1495 to 1497 the story of Florence reads like fiction. During those two years it was indeed a city of righteousness. The things prevailed that ought to have prevailed—justice, decency and goodwill—and Savonarola was happy in seeing his dream come true.

But the dreamer was ahead of his time—the city that his eloquence had redeemed would not stay redeemed. Not only so, it turned upon its benefactor, burnt him to cinders, and cast his ashes into the Arno.

One of the parties to the murder of the good man had the impudence to say to him just before the fagots were lighted, "I separate thee from the church militant and from the church triumphant," to which Savonarola replied, "From the church militant, but thou hast no power to separate me from the church triumphant."

They killed the dreamer, but the dream lived on—lives today—will keep on living—until the things for which the dreamer died shall have won the universal homage of mankind.

Waves and Sounds

Universal complaints seem to be made of disturbances in the telegraph and wireless, which seem to be of magnetic character. The sun-spots are being blamed for this, as well as for the drought.

An interference with the normal flow of the earth's magnetic currents might certainly disturb the electro-magnetic waves, in fact, little disturbances are going on all the time to complicate the work of wireless telegraphy. Some say that the sun-spots, aurora borealis and electro-magnetic irregularities may be all due to the same unknown cause, which would be sidereal or universal. Science peers out on all sides into mystery. Quack-science has talked of "animal magnetism," a system of forces in the human body analogous to the magnetism of the globe. According to that our present troubles of strikes and class war may be magnetic disturbances like the aurora and the misbehavior of the telegraphic instruments! But surely our present disturbances are mild compared to the war itself. As a scientific authority says, "It need hardly be stated that the doctrines known as 'animal magnetism,' electro-biology, odism or odylism, mesmerism clairvoyance, etc., are one and all, save in so far as they cover the facts of hypnotism proper, fanciful and ungrounded hypotheses."

In Richard Jefferies' "After London or Wild England," an imaginative account of the return of England to barbarism after a cataclysm befalling her cities and culture, one theory of the cause, treated by the supposed chronicler with a certain disdain, was that "the earth, from some attractive power exercised by the passage of an enormous dark body through space, became tilted or inclined to its orbit more than before, and that this, while it lasted, altered the flow of the magnetic currents, which, in an imperceptible manner, influence the minds of men. Hitherto the stream of human life had directed itself to the westward, but when this reversal of magnetism occurred, a general desire arose to return to the east." So the best of the population sailed away, somewhere at any rate.

According to one scientist with a whimsical turn, not only magnetic waves are surging and dodging past, around and through us with a little regard to us as though we were ghosts, but all the sounds that ever were made since Eve first talked to Adam are still rippling and tossing in the atmosphere. Some genius will yet be devising an apparatus to detect and disentangle the ghosts of all these sounds that "are floating wild about the earth." If one could harness up magnetism to talk for us across oceans or through "the thick rotundity of the world," and another catches on a sensitive plate the sounds of the present, still another may as probably lure into his recording machine the souls of all the din that has made history in the past. Science is magic and magic is science, that is all we need to know about magic. We may yet hear the singers and orators who lived before the talking machine. The super-graphophone of the future may grind out Jenny Lind or Demosthenes or Caesar's "Et tu Brute" amidst the hubbub of his assassination, as easily as the latest jazz or operatic hit. Lost books will all be re-created, for where was the composition that its author did not spout aloud to his friends? History will be tested and expanded in miraculous wise. We shall hear just what Eve said about that nice serpent and the apple, what bad language Cain and Esau used, how nice and proper on the other hand was the speech of Abel and Jacob. Perhaps even the whispers of politicians will rise against them, all private conversations and soliloquies! The sense faints at all this prospect. The thought of such a machine is so intoxicating and so charmingly dreadful that the invention seems already achieved. Perhaps we are not sure that it will be a blessing. But talking of magnetism and its mysteries, we easily drift into the maddest dreams.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Prisoners at Sing-Sing have gone on strike. At Toronto they walk out.

Profiteers sound like privateersman and their activities are much alike.

Carnegie once told an interviewer that wealth could be dispensed with. And the majority of us would like to be the dispenser.

With his hair off Paderewski should have a new name. Wouldn't Paterson be a good prose version of the old flamboyant name?

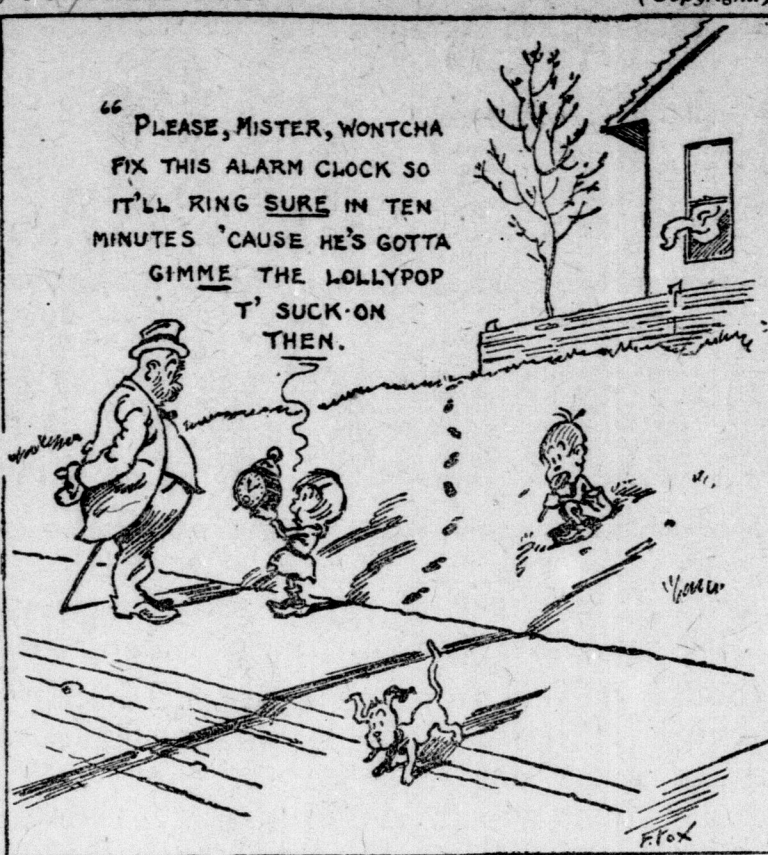
Another cry from Armenia. Military training with plenty of food and munitions should be given that unfortunate people as soon as possible.

When the Bolsheviks get nicely across the Urals, then is the time for a Finn-Estonian-Polish-Ukrainian push against their west flank. All heave!

HIS TURN NEXT

by FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)



The "All-Day Sucker" that was purchased on a partnership basis.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TEMPERAMENT AND TED.
(By Vincent G. Perry)

Ted was a wonder. Every man, woman and child on the Merlight "lot," as the big film studio was called, admitted it; every film fan in America proclaimed it from the "households." It wasn't just Ted's acting that was the cause of all the wonderment at the Merlight—it was Ted's defiance of temperament.

Not half so famous as Ted Leonard were allowed to have their days and even weeks of temperament "flings," but Ted worked right through without one in two years, and he worked twice as strenuously as any of the other actors at that.

Ted wasn't one of the "bold men" type of film actors, either—he was a typical matinee idol in everything but disposition and nerve control.

Director Bob Lasbrook was the only one who didn't comment much on Ted's wonderful fortitude. Lasbrook had been in the film business since his infancy, and before that he had had a long stage experience. "He is going to come down with a crash one day," Lasbrook murmured to himself one day, "I never saw a man with the true dramatic spirit who didn't have a temperamental bug, too, and Ted sure has the dramatic spirit and then some. When the crash comes, look out for him!"

The crash did come. It was all because of the new leading lady. From the day of his first success Ted had been a star, and now for some time he had explained the directors of the company that he was a married man, and before that he had had a long stage experience. "He is going to come down with a crash one day," Lasbrook murmured to himself one day, "I never saw a man with the true dramatic spirit who didn't have a temperamental bug, too, and Ted sure has the dramatic spirit and then some. When the crash comes, look out for him!"

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"NEWSPAPERS ARE WORLD'S MIRROR"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

WHAT HE WOULD LIKE.
(Branford Buxton.)

Dr. Valera, head of the so-called Irish Republic, predicts that the next great war will be between Great Britain and the United States. The wish, no doubt, is father to the deed, and it may be granted that Dr. Valera and his friends will do what they can to make the prophecy come true. They have a big contract on their hands. The great masses of the responsible people in both countries are thinking of anything but a war in the future.

SOMETHING GOING TO HAPPEN
(Farmers' Sun.)

The most significant feature in the outdoor meetings which are being addressed by farm leaders throughout the province is not in the numbers in attendance; it is in the attention paid to what is said. When hundreds of people are assembled for two hours at a stretch, in a hot pavilion, to listen to one speaker, while a cold lake and a small number of noisy car-crowds, that something is going to happen when these people come to act.

NO SECTIONAL DOMINATION.
(Winnipeg Telegram.)

Mr. King's close association with and training under the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier will, no doubt, stand him in good stead in enabling him to support the burden of that leadership which helped him to attain. He has, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that his accession to the place of honor was not the result of any sectional domination of the convention, but that the vote in his favor was a composite one, betokening that he is likely to receive loyal support from the whole Liberal party.

SMOKE-LOVING ANIMALS.
(Trib-Bits.)

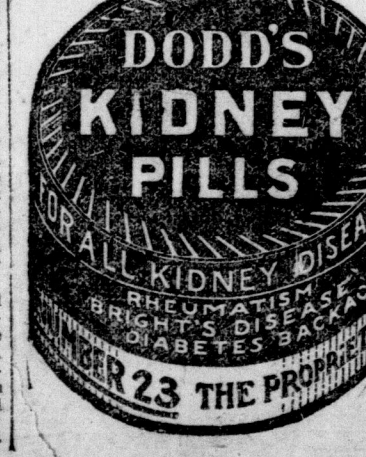
Curious stories are told by soldiers who have returned from the east of the extraordinary love of tobacco possessed by camels and dromedaries. It is said that a camel will smoke a pipe almost anything under its influence.

The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar-holder. This is inserted in the beast's mouth, the cigar being then lit and pressed into the hole. The camel immediately closes its eyes and puffs away through its mouth and nostrils till the cigar is entirely consumed. It seems thoroughly to enjoy the experience.

Furthermore, the nicotine appears to exercise a stimulating and refreshing effect upon the animal so that, though ready to all appearances to drop from fatigue before its smoke, it will plod on for many more miles after it.

STILL THEY COME.
(Toronto Telegram.)

An honorary advisory highway board is the latest addition to the boards, commissions and courts to whom has been turned over the work of the government. Canada now has commissions to deal with things on land, things on the water and things in the air. When a further commission was appointed to deal with the breeding of reindeer—or was it moose or sea lions or musk-ox—in the Arctic regions, it was thought that commission possibilities had been exhausted. Probably they have been. But almost every day it is being demonstrated that there is still plenty of room for courts and boards, and there is no valid reason why any trustworthy friend of the government should not be able to successfully combat the increased cost of high living.



THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Loans advanced at current rates upon any of the forms of security recognized as adequate in banking practice. Prospects for the extension or development of industry invited for consideration.

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MIDDLEMISS THORNDALE WALKERS

The Dominion Savings and Investment Society

CAPITAL \$1,000,000
RESERVE FUND \$ 270,000

Interest from 3½ to 5½ per cent allowed on deposits and debentures.

T. H. PURDOM, K.C. NATHANIEL MILLS,
President. Manager.

THE Royal Bank of Canada

Capital Paid-Up, \$15,343,970. Reserve Funds and Undivided Profits, \$16,207,742.

TOTAL ASSETS, \$434,198,057.

With our chain of 582 branches throughout Canada, Newfoundland, the West Indies, and other countries, we offer the public unexcelled banking facilities. Trade inquiries are solicited and courteous, prompt attention guaranteed.

V. F. CRONYN, Manager, Richmond Street.
W. D. BEAMER, Manager, London East.

INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP



DAVID HARUM Cigar

Made of the finest Havana Tobacco.
Uniform in Quality for 20 Years.
10c Union Made
McLeod, Nolan & Co., - London, Canada

Farm Laborers Wanted HARVESTING In Western Canada

"Going Trip West"—\$12 to WINNIPEG.
½ cent per mile Winnipeg to destination.

"Return Trip East"—\$18 from WINNIPEG.
½ cent per mile starting point to Winnipeg.

GOING DATES	TERRITORY
August 12, and August 19.	From stations in Ontario, Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Havelock-Peterborough Line. From station Kingston to Renfrew Junction, inclusive. From stations on Toronto-Subway direct line. From stations Bethany Junction to Port McNicoll and Burketon to Robson, inclusive.
August 14, and August 21.	From stations South and West of Toronto to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont. From stations on Owen Sound, Walkerton, Trenwater, Wingham, Elora, Listowel, Goderich, St. Mary's, Port Burwell and St. Thomas branches. From stations Toronto and North to Bolton, inclusive.

SPECIAL THROUGH TRAINS FROM TORONTO.
Full particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents. H. J. McCallum, City Passenger Agent, London.

MRS. LEWIS OF BROOKLYN

Tells How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Brooklyn, N. Y.—"For one year I was miserable from a displacement, which caused a general run-down condition with headaches and pains in my side. My sister induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I found it helped me very much and such a splendid tonic that I am recommending it to any woman who has similar troubles."—Mrs. ELIS G. LEWIS, 30 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GUM TENDERNESS — A TOOTH-MENACE

It is true that four out of five people suffer from gum tenderness, or Pyorrhea (Pig's Disease). But many people even under thirty have Pyorrhea. Women, particularly after the baby comes, are peculiarly subject to Pyorrhea. At such times they cannot be too careful about their teeth.

Pyorrhea commences with tender gums, or with gum-bleeding, at tooth-brush time. Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame and then shrink. The teeth become exposed to decay at the base and tiny openings in the gums become germs which infect the joints—or tonsils—or cause other ailments.

Beware of that first gum tenderness! Try Forhan's for the gums. It positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. No ordinary tooth paste will do this.

And Forhan's cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes. All druggists.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

Cuticura Promotes Hair Health
For free sample Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum address: "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston." All druggists.