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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Saturday, Dec. 2.

MISTRESS OF THE AIR.

B RITISH air mastery did not develop until 1916. All of the aeroplanes brought down were destroyed during the present year, and the supremacy of the fighting plane on the west front is always associated with the German offensive. A craft which for speed seems to have taken the capital prize among nations has been developed. It can outfly sops and folders, which would indicate that it must have developed a speed above two miles a minute. To rise from earth, pursue and overtake a zeppelin would require this speed, and that the new airplane has it is indicated by the manner in which the German raiders have been pursued and overhauled after leaving England for behind.

Mr. Frederick Palmer told Londoners that to supply wreckage alone these craft were being sent to France at the rate of 25 and 50 each day. No "transportation facilities" other than their own is required, and the man engaged to take them over the channel is able to make more than one trip in 24 hours.

All these indications would lead one to believe that at present Britain has thousands and thousands of flying men in her service. France is using British type machines for long distance raids, and the superiority of the model developed in two years is a notable triumph. Britain may rightly claim the title, "Mistress of the air."

HOLLWEG ANXIOUS.

CHANCELLOR Bethmann-Hollweg celebrated his 50th birthday by an announcement calculated to coax the Allies into a peace. He makes his usual Teutonic reference to the Teutonic god and boasts at the same time of the superhuman or godlike heroism of the German armies, leaving it to his audience and the world at large to choose or flout it "who does it" more, the god or the god-men. But the god and his men are all of the same pattern.

Whatever some Chauvinist journals (ruined by the Government to hearten the people) are saying in Hunland, calling for annexation of the occupied part of France and Belgium, and of Serbia and Rumania, and the destruction of London, the official speaker is eager to grab a peace sooner than anything else. He does not forget the enormous resources of the Allies, in numbers of men, in money, and in the command of neutral supplies, and he urges greater and greater exertions by all the manhood power of Germany to hold out against the increasing efficiency of their foe. He cannot but perceive that not even yet has Great Britain or Russia risen to the full height of equipment which to oppose against the long-matured preparedness of the Hun.

He is not misled by the successes of the moment in Rumania. Their main value is to scare, if possible, the outraged world into a truce, or a premature peace. If only Germany can get off without payment for her crimes! Let annexations pass, if only the military oligarchy can keep its seat at Berlin, through a speedy peace that brings no chains, no payment of indemnities, no loss of territory.

The chancellor has his ear to the ground and hears the eternal clang of ordered energy in the British, French, American, Russian and Japanese munition works. Perhaps he had an inkling of the spring of 1917 and the bursting of the gates and walls east and west after another dreary winter of blockade and privation.

The last thing the Allies must think of is peace at this time. It would be an insult to the dead and to the outraged if simply the status quo should be restored. It is a foolish thing to listen to a siren. Sooner or later we are bound to "get" Germany, and the chancellor knows it.

THEN AND NOW.

A GREAT English poet, Edmund Spenser, writing in Queen Bee's time an allegorical poem, depicts the English character and its ways in his Knight of Holiness and the Red Cross, St. George. A lady named Una, representing Truth, came to the court of the Fairy Queen, who is Queen Elizabeth, to crave a knight to go with her and rescue her country from a dragon (religious error). A rustic, young John Bull, whose name, however, was George, stepped forward as volunteer and was accepted.

In Spenser's time, of course, England was mainly agricultural or rural, and her typical young man was one not particularly trained to the knightly game of fencing, thrust and parry, the glory of France, but he was rough and tough and bluff, solid and dependable, honest and kindly, serious-minded, too. Just such a man was this George, no knight as yet, untrained to arms, an extreme example of "unpreparedness," but when

came the call of Truth and Justice, he was more than anxious to do his bit. He was not a conscript, but a volunteer enlisting in the cause of innocence trampled on. They put on him the armor of holiness and at once he was transformed from the untrained Orlando into a splendid figure of dignity, honor and menacing force. Clad in his righteous indignation and resolution to do his duty without thought of fear, he turned from his native coasts with Una to set her right in her own country. Was not this Red Cross Knight a prophecy of Kitchener's army and its smiling, crusading heroism? Was not that lady of Truth a prefiguration of the cause of Belgium calling Britain from her safe island home to answer the puffing lies and the cruelties of the German dragon?

What Spenser had in mind was the cause of the Protestant Netherlands, the modern Holland, then struggling with the dragon of Spain. The cry sounded across to every genuine Englishman, "Come over and help us"; and Spenser's dearest friend, Sir Philip Sidney, fairest of Elizabeth's chivalry, the Hamlet of her court, the courtier, scholar, but only thirdly soldier, only soldier for a cause, but then a true one, had met his death on a Dutch battlefield. All know the story.

The situation was very similar to that of our time. Overrunning Holland, Spain was menacing also England, and presently launched the Armada. Germany with her carefully-prepared armies and plans has fallen upon the southern, Roman Catholic Netherlands, and with her Armada of submarines, constantly invoking "God's" aid for her nefarious operations, has roused five million British volunteers to right the wrongs of Belgium and safeguard their own freedom. Just as Spain had her intriguing agents in England in those days, stirring up plots in favor of Mary of Scots and against the queen, so the German spy has been the bugbear of these anxious days in both Great Britain and Ireland, and the cause beyond question of many British accidents by flood and field.

Spenser saw his country win against Spain, and, please God, our St. George, with St. Andrew and St. Patrick now to help, shall gain a complete victory over this latest of dragons, the Hun.

A PEACE MEMORIAL.

M R. PORTER writes a letter to the Buffalo Sunday Express proposing that the famous old castle at Fort Niagara be used as a national museum and also as a memorial of 100 years of peace between Canada and the United States.

This castle is suggestive of the history of the Indians, French and British during the early days, and is, according to Mr. Porter, "the oldest perfect building in the interior of the United States." He suggests that the exterior of the building be left untouched, but that the interior be restored and used as a museum for Indian, French, British and American relics of those days.

Such a restoration would entail but a small expense to the American Government, and yet would serve a twofold purpose. Primarily, it would be an historic museum, and a place of interest for Niagara tourists, and secondly, it would be an appropriate peace memorial.

Canadians should be interested in such a proposition, for although the proposed museum is owned by the United States Government, it is closely associated with early Canadian history. In the countries of Europe preservation of this kind have been carefully preserved, so that each generation may have some idea of the customs of earlier times. We appreciate the significance of such a memorial to mark the century of peace between Canada and the United States. Would that we might add, crowned by an alliance of these two American races against the world's great enemy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The headline has not been thrown to Rumania any too soon.

It is to be hoped that William Gray, M.P., has returned to the city fully restored to health.

The defanging of Greece promises to be troublesome, but the cure is likely to be complete.

John Bull's appetite for seppelins panna is still keen. Now he has them by the brace, at least.

When the Russians start attacking in deadly earnest, that attack does not slacken for some time.

Sewing machines are the "unlucky stones" among Belgian women just now. Thanks to Kaiser Wilhelm.

Canada's revenue continues to grow, and at the expense of the British Isles because of the lowered preference.

The Government after preaching thrift to everyone else, has only now commenced to practice its own precepts.

Ontario seems to have welcomed the new governor-general as a worthy and democratic successor to the Duke of Connaught.

The householder who can aviate above the high cost of living seppelins and drop a bomb on it, will be given a place in our Hall of Fame.

After a glance at the questions of the national service commission, it is apparent that Mr. Bennett does not wish to injure the feelings of anyone.

Germany is ready to make amends over the sinking of the Marfa. This time the commander thought it was a trochop. What a filing cabinet of excuses the enemy has!

The Rileys have caused the police some more trouble. This time an Indian has proved that the fleet-footed tradition of the redskin is not obsolete. But a county constable claims to have "got me eye on him."

Tomboy Taylor Is Certainly a Great Trial To Her Mother.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Miss Katie Sets Things Right

BY OLIVER BROWN.

"Well, did you have a nice time?" Isabel fastened her fur and unbuttoned a glove before she answered. "Fine! I never lived before!"

The smile faded slowly from her aunt's face and she scanned the girl's features anxiously. "Just what do you mean by that, dear? What would Tom say if he heard it?"

Isabel took off her hat and shook a curl out of her eyes rebelliously. "I don't know what he'd say, and I don't care!"

"Now, honey, be careful. Don't say things you'll be sorry for." "I'll not be sorry, and I mean every word I say. If you would only see how the Pattersons live, and what Jean's friends are like! Why, auntie, I never knew there were such people in the world. And such clothes, such jewels, big as hazel nuts, barrels of 'em."

"But surely the young girls didn't have such things?" "The engaged ones did." Her aunt's eyes sought the hand with Tom's modest little diamond, then she gave a cry of dismay. "Where is your engagement ring, Isabel?"

"It's in my bag. Do you think I was going to wear it for those people to see? Jean's sister is engaged to Donald McCrum and her engagement ring is worth a fortune. I wish you could see it!"

"Maybe Donald McCrum is rich?" "He is."

"And Tom isn't?" "That's the entire trouble." "But you knew."

"Yes, I know, but I didn't know I was tired of poverty. I've just found it out."

Her aunt sighed. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Isabel was silent a minute, then, "I think Aunt Katie, that it's best to be honest. I'm going to tell Tom the truth. I never could be happy with a poor man now."

Pretending not to notice the determination in Miss Katie's voice, she said lightly: "Don't do anything foolish, dear. Think it over first; you're tired from your trip now, so I suppose you go up and take a nice hot bath and change your clothes. I've an errand to do, but I'll be home in an hour, and by that time Susan will have dinner ready. Try to take a nap if you can."

Tom Custer had looked at the office clock so many times that afternoon that Mr. Merrick, the junior partner, said, finally, "Girl away, Tom!"

"Coming home today?" "Yes, sir."

"I thought so." Tom rose, it's the first time she's been away since we've been engaged."

"Better keep her at home until after the wedding. Engaged girls get queer notions sometimes."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Isabel!" answered Tom, loyally.

Mr. Merrick put on his hat. "I'm going home now, and you'd better make it a holiday, too, and quit an hour early. You'll want to get candy and flowers, and do the right thing. I want to talk over things with you in the morning."

Tom waited until the door closed, then drew over the telephone. But just as he gave the number the door opened again. He looked around impatiently. "Miss Cartwright!" he exclaimed.

Aunt Katie nodded a greeting. "Wait a minute, Tom. Don't call Isabel just yet. I want to tell you something first. You'll hate me forever, but it's got to be done, and I guess I can stand it if it's going to do any good."

"All right, Miss Cartwright. I guess I can stand it, too, then. Sit down, please, won't you?"

And then followed a conversation which left Tom white and wretched, but with a determined set to his jaw. At dinner her niece was quiet. She was wondering just what she would say to Tom and how he would take it. Eight o'clock came. Miss Katie was keenly conscious of everything, although she appeared to be engrossed with her crochet. She saw Isabel glance from her magazine to the clock.

Half-past eight! "That Miss Smeris, the society editor of the 'Herald,' has bothered me

A CALL FROM THE 135TH BATTALION

The following lines were written by the boys of the 135th Battalion, Price of Middlesex, and sent home by Pte. Arthur Squires to his wife, who resides at 149 Central avenue:

You can talk of all the regiments That have come from far and wide, But you never saw a better lot Than the boys of the 1-3-5.

For some of them are farmers, Right off Canadian land; They heard the call of Britain And have gone to lend a hand.

There's our good Colonel Robson, And Lieutenant Jackson, too; They left their farms in Canada, Their little bit to do.

And some of them from London, That old Canadian town, Who gave up home and loved ones, To help crush the Germans down.

And now we are in England—Not far from the firing line, Major Carlton is with us also, Which makes things more sublime.

Soon we'll be fit for the trenches, Then away we will gladly go, So come on, boys, and help us To beat the common foe.

Just stop and think a minute Of the boys who have gone before, They gave up home and comfort; They gave up their lives for us.

For some of them gave their limbs, And others gave their sight; Still others gave up willingly Their own dear, precious life.

They gave all these for you, boys, That loved ones could be free, So put the king's own khaki on, And help smash Germany.

And when the war is over And you return again, You can show Canadian people That you have played the game.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

They are heading off the foot and mouth disease in the United States. Should have started during the presidential campaign.

New Yorkers are going to boycott eggs, and Clevelanders are going to do the same with turkeys. They have trape left.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Creame, of New Jersey, have just had twins. Sour!

Kaiser Bill prayed at the bier of Franz Joseph. That is the worst thing that has happened the emperor.

Co-operation is wanted, not coalition, says a Conservative paper. Jobs for coal-carriers and clerks, but no place for brains. Nice system, that, with war on.

King Constantine is said to be a barbarous drinker. His barbarity extends wider than that. However, we would not have him sober. He's more entertaining soused.

Golf is called a commendable recreation, not an amusement, by a Chicago judge. It's work for most of the couple who try it out.

Many a Thanksgiving table in the United States on Thursday was decorated with the succulent liver, instead of the corn-fed turkey.

Automobiles will be placed on exhibition in Billy Sunday's tabernacle in Detroit next month. That place can always get the money.

The Russian Bear is coming again. The war news will have a brighter hue one of these fine mornings.

There is still no mad rush to put regular men into the city council. Then taxpayers wonder why they are not pitted.

There will be less money spent for Christmas presents this year, it is reported. The boys at the

front will get more, but the stay-at-homes less. That is as it should be.

AN ODE TO RHEUMATISM. Oh! thou unknown cause of all this misery, Go seek some lazy, idle joint unknown to industry: I've always been in the foremost line—in the thickest of the fray, And now I need all my reserve to keep the wolf away.

There now, you're seated on my knee, I hope you'll be content; But no, you're bound to find my every ligament. Why didn't you father some single ill that comes to each mother's son, Instead of forming this ghastly trust—by turning them all in one?

"This said this world is but a stage—and we the actors for— When you ring the curtain down, I'll certainly not enquire." —W. T. Bowen.

OFFICIALLY GAZETTED

Kemp's Appointment as Militia Minister Appears in Orders.

OTTAWA, Dec. 1.—Canada Gazette today proclaims the appointment of "The Hon. Albert Edward Kemp, a member of His Majesty's privy council, to be minister of militia and defence in the room and stead of the Hon. Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B., resigned. But you never saw a better lot." But you never saw a better lot.

LIFTING QUARANTINE

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 1.—Orders lifting restrictions on the shipment of cattle from all stockyards in Illinois.

THE ROYAL NAVY

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Dec. 30

Fresh and Refreshing

"SALADA"

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

were issued here tonight by Dr. Dyson, the state veterinarian, following statements that the cattle at Kansas City, suspected of having the foot and mouth disease, were not suffering from that infection. Stockers and feeders held in yards at Chicago and elsewhere may now be released, Dr. Dyson said.

EXETER GIRL A NURSE. EXETER, Dec. 1.—In the list of nursing sisters who last week left for overseas was Miss Ruth Rollins of Detroit. Miss Rollins was a former Exeter girl, having attended the Exeter school.

The TRANSCONTINENTAL

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Daily Dec. 1

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