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The London Advertiser Company,
Limited.
LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 8.

"SEE CANADA FIRST"

THE Advertiser's suggestion that the railways start a "See Canada First Movement" is receiving widespread attention and coming in for favorable comment. The great war is furnishing an opportunity to promote and foster the habit of seeing Canada first. It would be good business for everybody, money for the transportation companies, and the physical benefit for the tourist. Even should the war end in the next few weeks, Europe, as a playground, would be impossible this year. In the States they are already recognizing this fact and preparing to get some of the business that rushes off to Europe every summer. And Canada has just as much, if not more, attractions than our American cousins can muster. Canadians need not leave their own country in search of the beautiful or the invigorating. To be sure, there is something class about "going abroad." To talk with first-hand information of the Louvre, Monaco, Monte Carlo and the other famous, or infamous spots of Europe, gives one a standing far above that of the plain and garden variety of tourist who has never "crossed the pond," but for solid returns in recreation and interest Europe has nothing which can compare with the vast playground which the Dominion offers from coast to coast. The Rockies, the plains, the Great Lakes, Northern Ontario, Muskoka, the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay are hard to equal, are never surpassed.

Yet it is a lamentable fact that two-thirds of those who every summer enjoy this magnificent heritage of the out-of-doors are Americans. If Canadians can be induced to see Canada first, they will acquire the knowledge of just how big we are and of the mighty destiny that awaits us. Nobody who takes a trip through the Canadian West but returns impressed with the stupendous resources and possibilities of Canada. And the same thing applies to many other places that have been neglected. Once the average Canadian gets a glimpse of these things we venture to assert he will want to see Canada first, last and all the time.

THE COMING DEBACLE
THERE are many who believe that the Kaiser spoke the serious truth when he swore that Germany would fight to the last horse and dog and the last mark before she would give in. Reasons for doubt will, however, occur to any mind.

Just let Germany suffer one or two reverses such as Austria has experienced, and seeing her lines everywhere gradually jammed in the French on the Rhine, Kitchener's army smashing like bulldogs through Belgium—let her once realize the inevitable conclusion, and the Kaiser with his crew may well look to themselves. A bully is very brave so long as he feels his opponent weaker than himself. But he cringes when his neck is twisted.

One of the most despicable debacles in history was that of the Prussian armies after Jena. Generals surrendered with no more spirit than beaten roosters. Then, for seven years Prussia licked Napoleon's boots, doing as she was told, paying tribute and sending him contingents. The bully will crawl again when he sees the French eagles victoriously and triumphantly advancing. He will fear not only the foe, but the Socialist drudge in his own camp, who secretly hates this war. In the hour of defeat, or of impending defeat, Germany will be suddenly divided by a yawning chasm, and her term of insolence will be ended.

MR. PALMER IN GERMANY
AN IMPRESSION of the loathing of all things British in Germany is given in an article by Frederick Palmer, the foremost of American war correspondents, in the current Everybody's Magazine. The blight of blind hate fell even upon the American writer as he went through the country within the last few weeks "as an observer who would not have to commit himself as one must in Germany by writing pro-German propaganda in order to see as much of a battle as you see of Broadway by looking at the skyscrapers from a ferry-boat."

Unlike Mr. Irvin Cobb, of the Saturday Evening Post, who was personally escorted by the Germans to all points of advantage (to the Germans), Mr. Palmer did not use his newspaper credentials to get close to German officials. Instead, he travelled as an American tourist, and when the little American flag in his lapel was covered by his overcoat, he was frequently mistaken for a Britisher. It was then that the Prussian teeth were bared. A woman, suspecting him of being British, would not sell him a sandwich. He was given many "Down with the English" glances. The writer had found that one might criticize the British to his heart's content in a London restaurant, but in Germany to try criticism was to be "encircled with eyes blazing with hate." As an American, too, he was the victim of free insults, being told that "only the dollar talked in America" and that therefore the United States was not in the war. For shame that Uncle Sam should not help down-trodden, oppressed Germany!

By imperial edict, the sentiment that nothing is changed by the war, is enforced in Germany. Business as usual! Germany must win! The man who circulated news of defeat was subject to a year's imprisonment. The people laugh by law, though secret tears stain their faces, and are cheerful to the point of being hysterical. It all struck Mr. Palmer as a false courage. Germany's grief is forbidden by the Kaiser, yet she is eternally asking "How long do the British say the war will last?" And she shudders before she can force a sneer, when the answer comes "Three years."

It all struck Mr. Palmer as terribly pitiful. The egotistic boastfulness of the Germans is belied even by their excessive optimism. Britain figures the possibility of disaster; Germany has only the delusion of divine intervention (on her side, of course).

Between the lines in Mr. Palmer's article one reads his sympathy for the Allied cause and the menace of Germany to democracy. In no passage is the latter more significant than in the conclusion, as follows: "When for the last time, near the Dutch frontier, an officer brought me under arrest to his office in the station demanding if I were an Englishman or the passport was all right, I was rather relieved. The restaurant keeper in the station where I had a meal before taking a train to Holland beamed optimism. 'Paris by Christmas, then England, then Russia!' he said. 'And after that, America?' I suggested. 'No, that is too much,' he replied, laughing. 'I suspect him of being a diplomatist.'"

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS
THROUGH the medium of the United States an arrangement is about to be concluded by which Great Britain and Germany will exchange such prisoners as are no longer fit for military service. This is an excellent thing; a humanitarian move that lightens a little the sombre war drama. To be herded with thousands in unhygienic quarters is bad enough for the well, but to the sick and wounded, with spirits lowered, the mental and bodily distress must be acute. To be able to go home to their friends and relations will, indeed, be a welcome relief, and without doubt it will mean that many a fine fellow's life will be saved.

During the American Civil War there was a general exchange of prisoners; but this is not likely to occur in the present conflict. Great Britain, Russia and France are in a position to look after immense numbers of prisoners without feeling the economic pressure that Germany is bound to experience. Very soon "how Germany will have on her hands a problem of feeding and looking after a large section of her citizen population, as well as the prisoners of war. For the Allies to agree to a general exchange would mean playing directly into the hands of Germany. It would simply be handing over to them a vast army at the very moment when Germany needs reinforcements most. The Allies are in a position to go on indefinitely filling the ranks depleted by casualties, but Germany's ability to do this becomes weaker every day. The several hundred thousand prisoners which the Germans claim to have taken are, because of the drain on the already pinched resources of their captors, as good as an army corps to the Allies.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
From the mad antics of Gen. Villa, it is quite evident that Huerta left nothing but the cheapest "firewater" in the presidential wine cellar.

The Crown Prince of Germany has dropped out of sight as completely as some of the defeated candidates in the recent municipal elections.

A Michigan couple have just been married on skates, which gives an opportunity for all hands to make the obvious comment on this ice.

The Kaiser is laid up at Berlin with severe headaches and general prostration. The symptoms indicate that it is the "morning after" for Wilhelm.

While Susie is sewing shirts for the soldiers mother sticks to the socks, and we are willing to wager those socks will be doing duty long after the shirts have become dusters and wash rags.

Judging by the temper of the people, the Italian Government cannot much longer stay out of the conflict, and when that 1,000,000 men roll into Austria, the Kaiser is likely to throw up his hands.

Tommy Atkins playing football and his officers fox hunting back of the trenches in Flanders, are merely fresh evidences of that British confidence and assurance that have won a thousand campaigns.

The German chancellor says that he didn't want this war. Of course, he didn't. He wanted a war with Great Britain neutral, so that the German fleet could raid the French coasts and French commerce, while the German armies carried the "kultur" to Paris.

CAUSE OF THE CHILL.
[Philadelphia Ledger.]
"But, Captain Hawley," said the handsome Miss Plute, coquettishly, "will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"
"My dear Miss Plute," answered the captain gallantly, "you may grow older, but you will never grow uglier."
And he wondered why their friendship ceased so suddenly.

PLAYING THE GAME.
[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
The hurried dash, the swift retreat, the children dying in the street, the falling walls, the path of flame—More glory in the king's game!

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Visiting the wounded. Find a surgeon and a nurse.
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Upside down in head. Upper left corner down left side of head.

TO WILLIAM, ON HIS TRIUMPH.

[BY ERIC ROSS GOULDING.]

Now comes the fifth month since your Prussian horde
Plunged thro' the Belgian land and on to France,
Hacking your path of culture with the sword
In order to enhance

The glory of your throne and prove by might
The Prussian's god and in the hearts, at least,
But have you yet attained the dazzling height
Where your ambitious run?

You have accomplished this: you show the beast
Is rampant in the hearts of those who play
To Harpach's god and in the hearts, at least,
Of those who sought "The Day."

Your god is proven false, and still "The Day"
Is distant and remote as ever now.
How shall you alter this? What can you say?
"There were no gods to cry 'Enow!'"

The prestige of your armies is as naught;
Your fleet still cowers in its base at Kiel.
All, all you've done is this: you vainly sought
To make brave women kneel.

In piteous supplication lest you throw
Your bursting missiles from the upper air
To kill them and their babes and lustily show
Your strength, you vile Corsair!

Art, Faith and Charity—oh, what are these
When each is shattered by your vengeful strength?
A day of reckoning comes; exacting fees
Are yours to pay at length.

Here are your total triumphs wrought by force:
Your people rufed and a world laid waste;
Insulted beauty mixing your remorse
In cups of bitter taste!

It were a greater triumph if you trod
Your homeward way and, upright in defeat,
You prayed in tears forgiveness of your God.
Yea, 'twere your noblest feat.

But as things stand your pinnacle of fame
Is still unscal'd; your throne of vast estate
Is empty, too; hence try to feel your shame
Before it is too late!

Fun in the Face of Death

[London News.]

The following very interesting letter from a separator at the front, describing his experiences in flooded trenches, and his adventures in scouting expeditions, has been received by Reuters Agency:

The Trenches, Dec. 12, Midnight.
I have been flooded out of my bed, and as this little spot on the table seems to be the only place where no muddy drops are falling from the roof of the dug-out, I might as well seize the opportunity to write between now and daylight.

When I wrote last we were frost-bound. It soon thawed, and for the last fortnight we have been the victims of rain. To make things pleasant we have the prospect of eighteen days (over Christmas) before we get back to billets. It is difficult to give you an idea of what steady rain means in a trench.

What makes me so wild is that I was just glorying in a brand-new dug-out with another sub. The night after I moved in my old one collapsed altogether. The sappers, who appear every night to do odd jobs about our lines, swore this one would be watertight. He came in just now and sat on the door-step with his head down his neck, and he is such a cheery soul that he forgave him. He brings us nightly all the humorous gossip of the staff, to wit, the Indian division and the Germans were so close to each other last week that they used the same parapet to fire through the loopholes.

Jam-Tin Bombs.
This week they have got closer and are separated only by sandbags. The Indians seem to pass the weary winter eating jam, not only because it is pleasant and nutritious, but also so that they can have a plentiful supply of jam-tin bombs, which are all the fashion at close-trench parties.

Our own Germans are getting closer, too. Two hundred yards is about our average, and we are both pushing ahead with saps, so I suppose jam-tins will no longer be a novelty. I watched a man yesterday who of his periscopes, which both sides use freely, as so not to let them get too accustomed to the sight of our dirty and stubby faces. Our men are very keen at the loopholes, and no sooner does a bit of German skin show itself than it is perforated. (Don't be alarmed at the stains on this paper. It isn't blood, but the roof is beginning to ooze mud instead of water.)

The communication trenches I told you of are a dream now. Tonight they are simply a river, but when we came in a few nights ago they were knee-deep in a paste of the consistency of wet dough.

German Stolidity.
What I object to principally about Germans is their lack of appreciation of humor or sport. They are so devilishly businesslike. A lamentable instance occurred tonight. "Rag" here, the third of our division, was in a willow-tree in the rear cutting withies. A miss passed him, and he signalled, "A miss, left." Then he signalled another, "Rag the right." The third of our division, the men are the strictest orders about the men expostulating themselves, but you see some restlessness. I watched a man of the communication trench right up to the line. He had a sack of coke, and was bothered if he was going to stick in the mud with it. A hail of bullets missed him, and he stopped to light a pipe behind his 18-inch willow before he deliberately got down with his load.

Two nights ago, scouting out on my own, on the other side of the sap, I had a most horrid experience. I was in a turnip field, advancing cautiously because they crackle so infernally under-

foot. Suddenly one went one of their star rockets, which make the neighborhood ugly as day for a mile round. I hopped down at once on my hands and knees. To my horror I discovered that my nose was two yards from an unburied German corpse, that had lain out there since their attack six weeks ago. Another and another rocket went up, and it was ten minutes before I could get up and leave the neighborhood. That is to say, we are both concerned to find that, though formerly people of moderate appetites, life out here has converted us, like most of us, into appalling gourmands. Every problem resolves itself into food values.

The great panic at present is that the Christmas Eve of good folk at home will by some mischance not reach us in time. Some days ago a benevolent captain presented us with a box of shortbread, which disappeared as if by magic. We halved the crumbs with the wildest care, and promptly wrote post-cards to everyone we could think of, claiming for stacks of it. I can't expect you to look upon this as anything but glutinous, but a course of ration bread and bully beef, and the necessity of keeping out continual colds and damp would, I think, bring it home. We are quite put out at present, because the latest arrival in the company, who is straight from Sandhurst, is super-corporate, and can give either of us half a loaf start and win hands down. Well, our cheery sapper newsman has just warmed our frozen gloom with the tale of the naval victory off South America, a victory in Galicia, and the positively authentic information (for the twentieth time) that the Kaiser is sick unto death. When his majesty eventually gets to the Shades I can only hope Pluto will put him on a fatigue party under Lance-Corporal Sisypheus, to carry 100 pounds of bully beef nightly through a ten-mile communication trench two feet deep in mud, only to find when he gets to the other end that he has no tin-opener, and no knife or bayonet for substitute.

AND THE CONSEQUENCE WAS—
[Jesse Pope.]
Young Brown's repast was growing chill.
Though he had only just begun it.
He glared and said, "The Castle hill—
That's done it!"
He hadn't touched his up to date;
He'd cheered his pals who went in batches.
Yet still paid alms to the gate.
But Scarborough—he loved the place—
That happy haunt of summer revels,
Bombarded!—Blood rushed to his face—
"The Devil!"
Those Yorkshire women lying dead!
The news grew blurred—he tried to skim it.
Then rose—"This is," he calmly said,
"The limit!"
To the recruiting shop down town.
He strode—he almost seemed to run.
"I want to do them one," said Brown,
"That's done it!"

CHANGED HIS MIND.
[Montreal Mail.]
A stern father who had repeatedly told a young man who was paying his addresses to his daughter not to visit the house again without his permission, which he never intended to give, was surprised when he answered

Ladies' Tailoring at
Special Prices
This Month

CHAPMAN'S

Berlin Wools at
6c per oz.
January Sale

A JANUARY THAW IN OUR PRICES

In preparation for stock-taking, we are putting goods on our bargain tables at a genuine thaw in prices. From day to day sales are inaugurated of needful drygoods for your personal and family use. If we fail to put on a sale of any line of goods you may be looking for, send in request for that particular line and we will make it a "customer's sale" item.

Eiderdown Comforters, \$3.50

Size 60x72 inches, Pure Down Comforters, filled with pure Arctic down, covered with English sateen, in border and fancy centre effects. Special price\$3.50

SILK DRESSES

Just a few left. Half prices. Half-Price mean quick selling.

Beautiful Messaline Silk Dresses, in black, navy and Copenhagen blue; styles are varied, but mostly all have tunic skirts. Note the assortment of sizes:

Two only Black Silk Dresses, sizes 42 and 43. Were \$11.50, now\$5.75
One only Blue Silk Dress, size 43. Was \$11.50, now\$5.75
One only Black Silk Dress, size 42. Was \$9.50, now\$4.75
Three only Black Silk Dresses, with colored silk vests, sizes 40, 42 and 44. Were \$11.50, now\$5.75
One only Navy Silk Dress, size 36. Was \$11.50, now\$5.75
One only Navy Silk Dress, size 36. Was \$13.00, now\$6.50
One only Alice Silk Dress, size 36. Was \$12.00, now\$6.00
One only Black Silk Dress, size 36. Was \$12.00, now\$6.00
One only Alice Silk Dress, size 34. Was \$9.50, now\$4.75
One only Black Eolienne Dress, size 38. Was \$11.50, now\$5.75
One only Black Silk Dress, size 36. Was \$10.50, now\$5.25
Two only Rose Crepe Dresses, size 36. Was \$9.75, now\$4.90

WRAPPERETTES

25 pieces extra good quality Wrapperette in fancy stripes, spots and flowers, light and dark colors, suitable for waists, saques, kimonos, comfort covers, etc. Values 12½c to 15c. On sale, per yard, 10c

COMBINATIONS

Women's Ribbed Fleece Combinations, heavy winter weight, high neck and ankle length; large sizes in white. Per suit\$1.25

Another shipment of Boys' Winter Stockings just received.

NIGHTGOWNS

Women's Flannelette Nightgowns, high neck and long sleeves, neatly finished with frilling. Special price...69c

CHILDREN'S DRAWERS

Heavy Grey Ribbed Drawers; notice particularly, these are all wool.

4 years at46c
6 years at49c
8 years at54c
10 years at63c
12 years at78c

NEW TANGO COLLARS

Also Fancy Flare Collars25c

CHAPMAN'S

239, 241, 243 Dundas Street

Great Dissolution Sale

Greatest Sacrifice of Rugs, Furniture, Etc., Ever Offered

A KITCHEN CABINET

FIT FOR ANY HOME IN LONDON.
At prices that can never be offered again.

\$20.00 Cabinet, full size, for\$13.95
\$25.00 Cabinet, most complete, for\$17.75
\$30.00 Cabinet, solid oak, for\$19.95
\$45.00 Cabinet, the best ever shown in London\$29.90

MASSIVE DRESSERS

Similar to illustration, British bevel mirror, 18 inches by 36 inches, mahogany or oak finish. Regular \$20.00.

SALE PRICE \$11.95

Pedestal Extension Tables

12 only Solid Oak Pedestal Extension Tables, finished in golden, fumed or early English. Regular price \$18.00, on sale for\$11.45

(Positively none to be sold to other dealers.)

ARTHUR H. KEENE, NEW PROPRIETOR OF

KEENE BROS.

123-5-7 KING STREET
OUT OF THE HIGH RENT DISTRICT.

Pillows

For 47½c each

A Chiffonier for \$9.65

Sold regularly for \$13.75.
1-3 off all others now in stock, all finishes—oak, mahogany, walnut, enamel, etc.

\$3.50 Bed Springs, for\$2.35
\$8.00 Bed Springs, like illustration, for\$4.95
A good \$3.50 Mattress, any size, for\$2.40
\$8.00 Felt Mattress, for\$4.95

When the divly that's inside yer wakens up an' sets the pace, Hit's a bit of all right, fightin' is!—w'en you are face to face, An' the bloke you're 'tittin', 'tittin' back!—wy' that's hall yer well! Hit's a bloomink bit of 'eaven—but 'ere it's little 'ell!

It's Pass along the coal, An' Gord clip yer mously soul! If a shell should burst close to yer I'd would be dampish on the 'ole! Wore than any shillin' shocker! You'll go down to Davy's locker! With the bither'n rats you'll drown!—an' without a bit of glory! "A score of stokers more or less, was 'drownin'' will run the story, So although we does no gasin'!

We're thinkin' as we're passin', "A man as 'as red blood in 'im must 'elp write 'istory's page; But excep' for glory in it, I would sooner be this minute A-walkin', with me Donah on the Prince's Landing Stage!" —Pittsburg Dispatch.

THINK OF OTHERS.
[Kinardine Review.]
Don't growl about your taxes, Every cent goes into your own municipal treasury. Think of Belgium! Her taxes go into the coffers of the enemy that despoiled her country, razed her villages, broke up her homes, ravished her daughters and slew her sons.