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LONDON, FRIDAY, NOV. 26.

A MYSTIFYING DISASTER.

THERE will be intense grief and anxiety over the loss of the British battleship Bulwark; grief over the loss of hundreds of British sailors, anxiety over the cause of the disaster. Was this naval loss, occurring only 22 miles down the Thames from London, near the estuary of the great river and the Medway, attributable to German daring, or was it from accidental causes? If the Germans have been able to attack by submarine at such a point, there is cause for genuine dread of what disaster may befall the fleet before the final reckoning comes in the North Sea. A successful attack by submarine close to the dockyards of Sheerness seems impossible. On the other hand battleships blow up rarely of their own accord, and especially British battleships. There is just a possibility that a blow may have been struck by the Germans within Britain. A mine or a secret agent may have accomplished the destruction of the ship, even though the latter, after secreting himself aboard the vessel, paid his life for his boldness.

At any rate, the admiralty has shown no desire to repeat the stupidity that marked the sinking of the Audacious. The news was given out promptly on this occasion, perhaps because it could not have been kept secret, more probably because the folly of concealing the loss of the dreadnought has been forced upon the censors. Up to date no official confirmation or denial of the loss of the Audacious has been given, with the result that wild stories are in circulation, such as one to the effect that a number of Canadian troops were lost while crossing the channel, continue to be circulated, and are a source of cutting grief to mothers and wives. The muzzling of the press is being carried to the worst extreme.

MORE AFFINITIES.

SOME peculiar combinations of names have been devised from various characters and facts of the war. The happy combination of French and Joffre has been pointed out. It shows that the first three letters and the last three letters of the names of each make Joffre in one case and French in the other. Here is the diagram:

JOFFRE
F R E N C H
Then the Kaiser's Kultur and Turkey are alphabetical affinities as is proved in the following:

KULTUR
T U R K E Y
That the Allies are bound by more than the threat of a common oppressor might be shown by the following arrangement:

J-A-pan
B-e-l-gium
E-n-g-l-land
S-u-r-v-i-a
F-r-a-n-c-e
R-u-s-s-i-a

SOUND AND ATTRACTIVE.

According to The London Advertiser, Liberal policies have been "uniformly sound and attractive." If you do not believe this, look at the strength of the party in the Ontario Legislature and at the Ontario delegation of thirteen members in the House of Commons. Consider also the drawing power of reciprocity and the action of the Opposition on the dreadnought proposals.

THE Toronto News makes the above rejoinder to an article in these columns. We submit that the very failure of Liberal policies in a capitalist-ruled country is proof of the soundness and genuine attractiveness of Liberal policies. The public, like the individual, quite often takes a flier in goldless mines and oilless oil wells, and the deception holds good until the time to pay dividends has arrived. Liberal policies gave Canada her most prosperous years, and would have added to that prosperity. Unfortunately, as we have intimated, a section of voters often forsakes the good thing for the thing less good, and a well-filled money barrel makes quite a difference, too. Reciprocity and Abolish-the-Bar had two special financial sieges levelled at them. As to the question of dreadnoughts, we can only say "Remember the Emden!"

1815 AND 1915.

A HUNDRED years ago this November the statesmen of Europe, having already sent Napoleon to Elba, assembled at Vienna to rearrange the map of the continent. They worked for six months over their problem and finished it though in a sort of panic at Napoleon's return to France. Next year the centenary of Waterloo is due. The Germans had a chance last September to repeat Sedan on its anniversary day, but they had not sufficient "punch." When the great British force takes the field in the spring, there is certain to be a proper sort of celebration of the Iron Duke's world-shaking victory. After the Kaiser has been taken in charge, the statesmen of Europe will

again assemble, why not at Vienna? There they will proceed to reconstruct the Balkans, the Austrian states, Poland, Schleswig and the Franco-German frontier. The diplomats of 1815 worked on absolutist and anti-national principles. Those of 1915 will start from an opposite viewpoint, the recognition of the sacred rights of nationality and a determination to establish a world peace not upon the discredited basis of the balance of power, but by a concert of nations great and small. After the awful example of Germany and her militarists, no state, however powerful, will be in a hurry to reject the plan urged by Sir Edward Grey, that differences between two governments should be submitted to the arbitration of a number of other governments. The peace congress of 1915 will be perhaps even sadder and certainly wiser than the congress of one hundred years ago.

BOTTLED LILIES.

THE Germans boast of their culture and with some reason. But there has been a perversion or corruption of their morale. If Maeterlinck could once say with some truth that Germany was, or had been, "the conscience of Europe," then it has been a case of "corruptio optima." "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

NEUTRALITY?

UNDER the heading "A Monstrous Crime," the Saturday Evening Post says: In Belgium hundreds of thousands of industrious people are near starvation because the Kaiser considered it good military strategy to invade the country. Under the heading "A Great Force Perverted," the same weekly says: Now this fine (German) organization which accomplished really wonderful things in constructive work during 40 years has all gone wrong—laying hold of every resource of the country and devoting it to purposes of destruction. Every example of German efficiency in the field is an indictment of the war. It is an example of a great force perverted. The average American is about as neutral as the average Canadian. His nation has no feeling of natural patriotism to intensify it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

What will Kris Krinkle think of his children this Christmas? Motto for Christmas, 1914: Hell on earth, good-night to men.

The Kaiser's Dreadnoughts are still living up to their reputations as Dread-everythings.

Major-Gen. Hughes says he does not read newspaper criticism. He certainly appears to be able to eat it. While their wives are knitting comforts for the soldiers, the best a lot of men can do is to knit their brows and call things even.

An Indiana man is reported to have received a British order for fifteen million dollars' worth of goods. But, then, he went after the order.

"The little red schoolhouse" is still molding the world. Gen. Joffre has chosen it for his headquarters while he is changing the map of Europe.

There will be no kindly Santa Claus coming down the chimneys of the Belgian kiddies this Christmas, for there are no chimneys left to come down.

The Russian peasant once fell a victim to the Nomad Tartar horseman. He is not going to be roughriden by the Teuton, but deals him a giant's blow.

Some day, from the lips of the men who have fought it, the world will hear the inside story of the war. Just now, General Contradiction is in supreme command.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving Day in the United States. Uncle Sam is somewhat slower than Canada in giving even thanks, but, then, he has always been recognized as a shrewd bargainer.

United States marines occupied Vera Cruz to bring President Huerta to time. Now they seem to have evacuated the town to help bring Gen. Villa to the presidency, or, perhaps, it was merely to let the bluejackets get home to eat Turkey.

The German official statements appear to be growing less numerous and less noisy. Also an official statement says they have introduced an ineffective silent gun in the war. All signs seem to point to the ultimate suppression of Prussianism.

Montreal is talking of abandoning the board of control. The Toronto city council seems to have decided that the board is a nonentity. It is difficult for some cities to get over the notion that there is anything greater in the municipality than an alderman.

An insane asylum in Prussia is said to allow its inmates perfect freedom, and permits them to choose their own occupations, thereby effecting many cures. Possibly, in this case, the inmates are saner than those in arranging for quarters in the asylum.

After sitting up all Knox College and several commercial buildings in Toronto, the Ontario Compensation Board has chosen quarters vacated by the Department of Education in the Normal School. The effect on the Normal School will be watched with interest.

Hauptmann: "It is the world's loss that France and Germany could not be united politically." It was unkind of Britain to prevent the amalgamation of the cultured wolf and the lamb. Having already bitten off Alsace-Lorraine and found it to his taste, the wolf howls and gnashes at the dog who guards the fold.

Just at the time when the German papers are giving credit to the sporting instincts of the English for their valor on the battlefield, the English papers have set up a cry for the aboli-

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Mired. Find a horse and a soldier. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Upside down under gun. Left side down in front of General.

BRITISH BAYONETS

(Air: Marching Through Georgia.) Square-faced Tommy Atkinstein's a husky fighter's man. He has eaten up the bullets since his Kaiser's war began. He hasn't often fumbled it, and he didn't often ran. But he hasn't a big appetite for bayonets. Chorus.—Hurrah! Hurrah! We're headed for the Rhine. Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll hit the Prussian line. Forward! Let the Prussians see the British bayonets shine. For they hate like hell to face the British bayonets. King Albert was a stittin' at home quite peaceful like. When three hundred thousand Prussians came goose-steppin' down his Says they: "We're only doin' of a little friendly hike. Do you happen to have seen the British bayonets?" Chorus: King Albert of the Belgians was feelin' rather sore. He reaches for the cudgel behind his kitchen door. He lays it on them Prussians, and he lays it on some more. Says he: "The British bayonets is comin'." Chorus: "Allons, mes braves!" the Frenchmen say. The Irish say "Whurrool!" The Scotch say: "Let 'em have the unco can't, bare steel the no!" The English say: "Don't wait for us, for we're a-comin', too. With a line of fine, old-fashioned British bayonets!" Chorus:

tion of football during the war. One would think that of all things the young Britisher should be proficient in at this time, the game of football would be foremost.

The story of a poisoning plot in this city is quite as sensational as the exposure by the police of preparations for an attempt on the life of Major-Gen. Hughes by Turks. Yet a local newspaper sneered at the latter as impossible, and printed the other with luring headlines. The Advertiser printed both with due reserve. In these days, the improbable is more likely than the probable. This is the day of "wild stories." The greatest sensation is holding the world's stage.

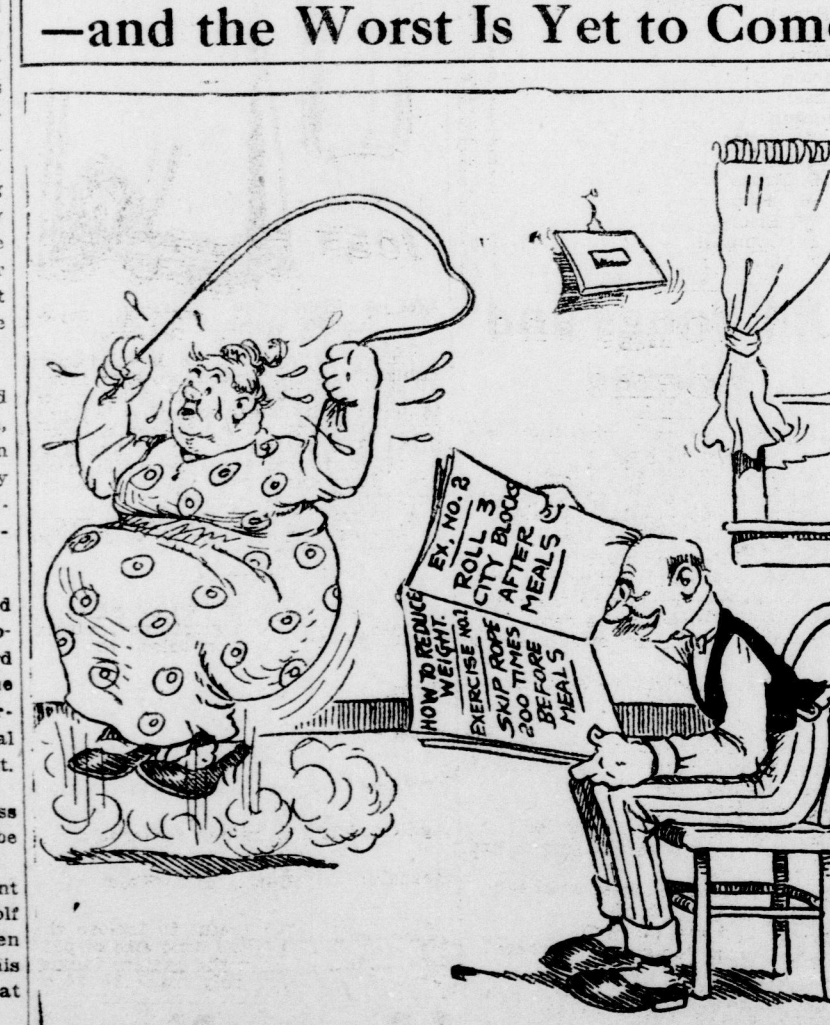
HELPING YOURSELF.

If my face were ugly, I'd deck it with a smile.—(Ha Presse.) The beauty of such sunshine hides the homely afterwhile. If my lips were crooked, I'd straighten them with song.—(Ha Presse.) A melody of morning helps the whole world straight along. If my heart were sour, I'd sweeten it with cheer.—(Ha Presse.) It helps your own soul upward and sheds hope on far and near. If my hands were brutal, I'd soften them with deeds.—(Ha Presse.) Of tenderness and kindness that the old world sorely needs. If my thoughts were wicked, I'd cure them of that blight.—(Ha Presse.) With love of God's pure blossoms on the windy hills of light.

THE WAY OF A MAID.

(Detroit Free Press.) Of course, when she stopped in front of the jeweler's window, he had to stop, too. It would hardly have been polite to walk on and leave her there. "Oh, see the tray full of lovely diamond rings!" she cried. "Yes," he admitted. "They're engagement rings." "Shouldn't be surprised," he replied.

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come



HW THE SCRAP STARTED. Jones stepped on Smith's favorite corn, and of course, there was trouble. What Smith needs is Putnam's Corn Extractor—that painless remedy for corns and warts that cures in 24 hours. Putnam's is the only standby. Try it, 25c at all dealers.

MONEY-SAVING SALE at CHAPMAN'S

REMARKABLE SPECIAL SELLING OF WANTED WINTER MERCHANDISE TODAY AND SATURDAY. CHRISTMAS BUYING IS GIVEN A GOOD START BY THESE MONEY-SAVING PRICES.

Women's Over-Size Underwear

Special today and Saturday, Women's Heavy Ribbed Vests and Drawers, fleeced finish, grey shade. These garments are made in over sizes for large women. Seasonable, warm and durable. **47c**

Women's All-Wool Vests, soft and fine unrishable white wool, long sleeves and high neck. Special, each **73c**

Women's Black Drawers, heavy wool, ribbed, fast black, finished bands, ankle length. Special, per pair **79c**

Flannelette Night Gowns

Women's Nightgowns, made of good quality flannelette, pink only; long sleeves and high neck. Special, at **65c**

Over-Size Nightgowns, for large women, made of plain flannelette, well made, roomy size. Price **\$1.00**

BEDSPREADS

No more at this price when these are sold. Hemmed White Crochet Bedspreads, nice soft finish. 50 only, in size 70 x 81 inches. Were \$1.35. And 50 only in size 72 x 83 inches. Were \$1.39. Choice of both sizes today and Saturday at **98c** each. A sensible Christmas gift, wouldn't it be?

Men's Flannelette Night Shirts

Heavy Flannelette Night-shirts, of extra width and length, made just as you would make them at home and of extra good quality flannelette. Sizes large enough for any man. \$1.00 value. Special at **79c**

Another bargain in Men's Flannelette Night-shirts, made of unusually heavy flannelette, in roomy, large sizes; length 58 inches; pocket and roll collar. The best you ever saw at \$1.25. Special at **98c**

KID GLOVES IN CHRISTMAS BOXES

Pewny Ascot Kid Gloves, wrist length, two-clasp, perfect fitting and guaranteed. In black, white, grey, mode, tan and brown. All sizes. Put in a neat Christmas box. Per pair **\$1.25**

Silk-Lined Cashmere Gloves, in brown, grey and black. Sizes 6 to 7 1/2. At, per pair **50c**

Kayser Double Silk Gloves, for winter wear, fully guaranteed, double silk throughout. At, per pair **\$1.50**

CHAPMAN'S

239, 241, 243 DUNDAS STREET.

FISHING FOR MINES AT SEA

MOST DANGEROUS JOB IN THE WORLD

LONDON, England, Nov. 27.—England has discovered the most dangerous job in the world and she has found the right man for the place. The most dangerous job is fishing for mines at sea, and the person who fills it is the daring North Sea trawler-man who leaves his shore cottage in a tiny schooner and comes back weeks later caused by a foreign substance.



with a load of fish. Sometimes he does not come back. That's part of his reckless life. Winter and summer the fisherman goes out to trawl, risking the worst that sea can do to make his living. Now having divested himself of his boots and service, but he continues to risk his life that others may not risk theirs.

THE STAR BOARDER. [Grand Rapids Press.] He gets the nicest plate of meat. When we have chicken: The girls with smiles his sallies greet. Which makes us sicken. They listen spellbound to his talk. His silly chatter. While wiser fellows have to sulk And eye the platter.

When ill he gets his on a tray. You may conjecture; That few of us are served that way. We get what we do not care much for this gink. This here star boarder; He makes us other fellows think Dire thoughts of murder.

A BIT OF HISTORY. [Baltimore Star.] The Prince Meternich, prime minister to the Emperor of Austria, was once asked under what circumstances had Napoleon, whom he had often met, given him the most striking impression of prestige and sovereignty. It was, he said, one morning at Compeigne, when they returned from a drive in the forest. They returned to

the castle about noon. The Emperor, leaning his back against the chimney, chatted with his guests while awaiting the summons to lunch. There were a number of personages and members of the imperial family

present. Napoleon began to feel the pangs of hunger, so he turned to Murat: "King of Naples, go and see why we do not lunch." The emperor resumed his argument, but the delay was still prolonged. He grew impatient, and turning to the other side, he said: "King of Holland, try to find out whether we are to lunch today!" Meternich had never before seen an emperor send kingly to the pantry to hasten a meal.

There is a bark, and a wreath of smoke from the boat's bow, and in answering roar, a huge column of water shooting skyward. The mine is exploded, dropping back into the seething cauldron of the sea in scattered fragments, its deadly purpose frustrated.

Sometimes, of course, the mine explodes when the hawser breaks its mooring. It feels over with the shock of contact, and before anyone aboard the trawler is aware, there is the heavy boom of the explosion, while the trawler rocks and shivers in every bolt with the concussion. But the effect upon the boat is no more than if she struck a soft sand bank; she loses her course, perhaps, but the skipper or his mate calmly ticks off the fact with the position. At night the boats anchor or return to harbor. It is essential that the work should be done in daylight to be effected properly; the explosion of the mine must be thorough, otherwise, as a floating mine, it becomes even more dangerous, the mines carrying it right out of the course of its fixed position. Practically all the ports along the eastern and southern seaboard of England are now equipped with fleets of mine sweepers, which start their trawling every day in the morning glim.

Risk! Those bluff, square-built, blue-eyed sons of the sea will laugh at you. Their life is all risk. After all, it is only another kind of fishing. They fish for mines, instead of fish. And every trade has its risks. That is the philosophy of the mine-sweepers.