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LONDON, THURSDAY, NOV. 30.

The Government's Surrender.

The Toronto board of license commissioners, which has just resigned, was advertised as a moral exhibit by the friends of the Whitney Government. Its personnel was irreproachable. Mr. Flavelle was in high favor with the temperance people, and his colleagues were, like himself, men who inspired public confidence. The appointments were regarded as a proof of the Government's sincere desire to redeem its pledge to administer the license law fearlessly and impartially. The commissioners say they had personal assurances from the Premier and Provincial Secretary that such was the intention of the license department. They claim the Government has been guilty of a breach of faith in going behind their backs to dismiss the officials of the board at a time when, in their own language, "the experience, fidelity and capacity of the chief inspectors were needed in carrying out its policy."

Mr. Whitney professes to be astonished at the resignation of the commissioners. The latter will be equally astonished at Mr. Whitney's assertion that they had no right to expect to be consulted as to the removal or dismissal of officials, because the latter are responsible only to the Government. Such language reduces the board to a nullity. The commissioners were appointed with instructions to carry out the law, and they are held responsible to some extent by public opinion for the manner of its enforcement. If they are to have no voice in the selection of their assistants, and no control over them, they are placed in an unfair position, and are hampered in their efforts to discharge their duties efficiently.

If it were not for the seriousness of the situation there would be something jocular in Mr. Whitney's plea that the principle of responsible government would have been violated had the administration consulted the license board. The dismissal of the three inspectors and the choice and appointment of their successors were the work of an irresponsible band of party spoilsmen, headed by Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, to whom the Government weakly surrendered. Mr. Whitney's claim that the change was made "in the public interest" is also the veriest flimsy. The Government wanted to silence a troublesome element in the party, but the highest interests of the party have not been served. On the contrary, they have been dealt a damaging blow.

The Distress in Old London.

The royal family is taking a personal interest in the relief of the unemployed in London. Queen Alexandra has appealed for subscriptions, and is organizing a system of distribution. There is no evidence that the amount of distress in the metropolis at the present time is due to any industrial crisis. The cotton, woolen, iron and steel, engineering, shipbuilding and other staple industries are enjoying a season of prosperity. The official returns show a general improvement in all the principal trades, except the building trade. A memorandum, prepared by the labor department of the board of trade, shows that in 270 unions, with an aggregate membership of 555,285, the percentage of unemployed was 5.1 at the end of October, as compared with 6.3 per cent at the end of October, 1904. Some 12,200 received advances in wages during the year, while 1,700 sustained decreases. The export trade of the country is also flourishing, and for the year just closed was nearly \$200,000,000 greater than in the previous year.

There are no reports of unusual distress in the manufacturing cities of Great Britain, excepting London, where the mass of those who are seeking work or charity are not skilled laborers. The magnitude of London is creating a grave social problem, which is not a local one, but a national one. It is not a disease that will be cured by the most liberal doses of charity. The remedy must be found by statesmanship, guided by sound sociological and economical principles. This is not an impossible task when the wealth of the country is increasing. The British people have a profound distrust of theories, and will solve this question, as they have solved others, by practical, common-sense methods. They may do it in a slow, piece-meal, higgledy fashion, but they will be sure of their ground.

Japan Takes Her Prize.

Japan is losing no time in reaping the fruits of her success in war. The peace treaty admitted her "predominant influence and interest" in Korea, and she is proceeding to interpret the clause in the broadest manner. The new convention between Japan and Korea virtually puts an end to Korean sovereignty. Korean finances are to be

administered, and various financial and military reforms carried out by Japanese officials masquerading as the Korean Emperor's advisers. The Emperor himself becomes a figurehead. Japan is to control the external as well as the internal policy of the Hermit Kingdom. No treaties or arrangements can be made by Korea without Japan's consent. The United States Government has already taken the hint and will conduct business relating to Korea through the Japanese legation.

Korea must henceforth be regarded as a Japanese colony. Japan was doomed to sink to a second-rate power unless she could find an outlet for her population, which is already pressing upon the limits of subsistence. Korea was her natural field for expansion and development. She has completed the commercial annexation of the peninsula, and will make it to all intents and purposes an integral portion of the Japanese Empire.

The Grand Trunk Time-Table.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has listened to the protest of the towns on the Sarnia branch, and next week will restore the afternoon mail train, going out of London. For 50 years there has been an afternoon mail service on the Sarnia branch from the east, and its abrupt cancellation some weeks ago was a hard blow to the business interest of Strathroy, Watford, Wyoming and Sarnia, and proved a great inconvenience to all the people served by the Grand Trunk in the district. The restoration of the train is a victory for public opinion, and the Grand Trunk is to be congratulated upon its disposition to oblige the communities which depend upon it.

Korea is being thoroughly Japanned.

Dr. Nesbitt can say with Louis the Fourteenth, "I am the state."

Apparently the Russians will not be satisfied until they destroy the remnants of their navy.

The Haultain-Langevin correspondence recalls a dramatic episode in the political history of Ontario.

The London Times insists that Mr. Balfour will resign in a few days. Probably he wishes to get out before the golf season ends.

Even Mr. Beck condemns the Government in the matter of the Toronto license inspectors. He says the inspectors were kept too long.

Messrs. Flavelle, Murray and Davidson are accused of overweening self-esteem. Certainly they have too much self-respect to please the spoilsmen.

A complaint was made before the tariff commission yesterday that whisky was too dear. There is no denying that it runs away with too much money.

The discussion at the local Conservative convention last night showed that patronage was the uppermost thought in the minds of the meeting.

Is this all a political party exists for?

Manitou.
[William Wilfred Campbell.]
Girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder,
Out on the drift and lift of its blue,
Walled by mists from the world around,
Far from all hate and passion and wonder,
Lies the Isle of the Manitou.

Here where the surfs of the great lake
Thundering time-worn caverns through,
Reared the Manitou's aged and ample
Reared the Manitou's mist-walled
temple.

Floored with forest and roofed with blue,
Gray crag-battlements scared and broken,
Keep these passes for ages to come,
Never a watchword here is spoken,
Never a single sign or token,
From hands that are motionless, lips that are dumb.

Only the sun-god rideth over,
Marking the seasons with track of flame,
Only the wild-fowl float and hover—
Flocks of clouds whose white wings
cover
Speechless spaces without a name.

Stretches of marsh and wild lake meadow,
Beaches that bend to the end of the world,
Morn and noon, sunset and shadow,
Wild flame of sunset over far meadow,
Fleets of white vapors sun-kissed and fured.

Year by year the ages onward
Drift, but it lieth out here alone;
Earthward the mists, and the earth-
mist upward,
Starward the days, and the nights bloom
downward,
Whisper the forests, the beaches make
moan.

Far from the world and its passions fleet-
ing,
'Neath quiet of noonday and stillness of star,
Shore unto shore each sendeth greeting,
Where the only woe is the surf's wild
beating
That throbs from the maddened lake
 afar.

Cheap.
[Chicago News.]
"But, Clarence, dear," she cooed, after
staring up the bargain-counter so-
litaire, "are you sure we can get along
on your salary of \$3 a week?"
"Of course, we can, Cordella," an-
swered the young financier. "I know a
place where we can get 21 meals for
\$2.50."

At the Reception.
[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"I feel quite lost tonight. Forgot to
bring me new glasses. Who is that
over-dressed woman by the mantel?"
"Oh! That's my wife."
"Beg pardon. And who is the scrawny
girl in blue standing by her?"
"That's my daughter."
"By jove, how stupid! And tell me,

please, who is that gawky-looking fel-
low with the big ears who is stand-
ing just opposite to us?"
"That's your own reflection in the
mirror, you idiot."

Rapid Development.
[Chicago Record.]
"Isn't it queer how quickly some
people develop?"
"Yes. There is Miss Flabbyson, for
instance. She was a but only a year
ago, and now she is a full-blown wall
flower."

A Word for the Tyrant.
[Nashville American.]
Man invented the folding bed, the
carpet sweeper, the gas stove, the
clothes wringer, the meat chopper and
nearly every other labor-saving device
for women. Yet men are charged
with having no interest in women's
work.

Really Glad.
[Washington Star.]
"Those two women must be really
glad to see each other," said Miss Cay-
enne.
"What makes you think so?"
"When they met they had so much
to say to each other that they did not
stop to kiss."

To My Wife.
[R. L. Stevenson.]
Trusty, duty, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The great Artisan
Made me mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death conquer or evil stir,
The mighty Master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart whole and soul free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

From Bad to Worse.
[Chicago News.]
She—I wish I could induce you to
cease your attentions to me.
He—You can.
She—How, pray?
He—By marrying me.

Mabel in the Country.
[Philadelphia Inquirer.]
Mabel, who was visiting in the coun-
try, was sent to the barn, where the
fired man was shearing sheep, to look
for her grandpa. She soon returned
and said: "Him ain't out there, ain't
nobody there, but a man peelin'
sheeps."

His Self-Esteem.
[Washington Star.]
"Dar ain't no downin' de average
man's self-esteem," said Uncle Eben.
"When he wins at de races he gives
his judgment de credit, 'an' when he
loses he blames de boss."

A Modern Father.
[Puck.]
A worm will turn. Though not a worm,
I've turned, and turned I'll stay.
No clothes to wear! It's always so—
November, March or May.

I never thought that I was meek,
In fact, I hear them say
Down at the office: "Look out sharp,
The boss is hot today."

But here at home it matters not
If I was hot or cold,
White coats and shirts and ties are gone
It does no good to scold.

It's nice to have a healthy wife
And girls so tall and strong,
But this athletic fad's the worst;
It's lasted much too long.

My negligee shirts Ethel wears
To school and to the gym,
And Helen has my soft felt hat,
The one with slouching brim.

Virginia's worn my raincoat off,
Of caps I am bereft;
I need a walk for exercise—
My sweater's all that's left!

The time has come to call a halt,
They've worked me long enough;
I'll treat them like I do my clerks—
With language strong and rough.

Who's there? Yes, yes, wife! Come right
in. You'd like to go, you say?
You'll want this sweater and my shoes—
I'll change them right away!

Human Nature.
[Toledo Blade.]
When a horse balks all the bystanders
feel sorry for the driver. When an
automobile balks they look pleased.

No Provocation.
[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"Yes, judge, the man who has just
moved in next door threw a battered
can over the fence and hit my wife."
"Where was your wife at the time?"
"She was looking over the fence."
"And your neighbor deliberately
seized the can and smote her with it?"
"Yes, judge."
"Didn't she give him any provoca-
tion?"
"Sir?"
"Didn't she give him any provoca-
tion?"
"No, sir. All she gave him was a
piece of her mind and a couple of
clouts over the head with a clothes
pole!"

What About Laughing Jackasses?
[Pittsburg Post.]
The birds were giving an opera.
"We want things just like human
beings have 'em," declared the blue
jay.
"In that case," advised the owl, "put
the bald eagles in the front row and
parrots in the boxes."

Dirty Cheap.
[Life.]
Briggs—It seems as if everything
necessary had gone up in price—except
human life, that's cheaper than ever.
Griggs—But that isn't a necessity.

Everybody Laughed.
[Brooklyn Life.]
Rodney—You weren't vexed that I
told your good story, were you, Sid-
ney? Everybody laughed immoder-
ately.
Sidney—Of course not. I told it my-
self just before you came in.

Lord Palmerston's Prescription.
[Exchange.]
A woman once told Lord Palmer-
ston that her maid who had been
with her in the Isle of Wight, object-
ed to going thither again, because the
climate was not "embracing" enough.
"What am I to do with such a
woman?" she asked. "You had bet-
ter take her to the Isle of Man next
time," said Lord Palmerston.

Passing of Frenzied Literature.

[From the Washington Post.]

The faint light of returning sanity is
beginning to spread over the publish-
ing field. The last day of frenzied au-
thorship appears to have dawned. Com-
mercialism and literature may not be
absolutely divorced, but it is plainly
to be seen that the neck-and-neck
rivalry between books and breakfast
foods for pre-eminence in blatant and
shrilling notoriety is to cease. The
American public is beginning to per-
ceive that while the invention of won-
derfully predigested foods is limitless,
the making of books worth reading is a
somewhat more arduous task.

The titful fever of bookmaking and
book-reading now drawing to an end
was a phenomenon worth studying. It
reflected little credit upon the victims.
Publishers and readers appeared to
have lost their mental balance at about
the same time. Devotees of a bogus
"culture" boasted that they were able
to keep pace with the latest books,
and publishers took advantage of the
sheepishness that constitutes such a
large proportion of the mental make-
up of the thoughtless and superficial.
They artfully exaggerated the value
of this class of readers that failure to
read the "best-selling book" of any par-
ticular week was a gross lapse into pro-
vinity and moral decay. If the frenzy
convinced himself that the latest was
necessarily the best, made such de-
mands that publishers became dis-
tracted. Authors became famous in a
day, and forgotten in a week. The
rivalry among publishers for the work
of successful writers was so keen that
famous authors were paid enormous
salaries as retainers, whether they
turned out any "stuff" or not, and fat
royalties in addition for whatever they
wrote.

The demoralization of frenzied litera-
ture affected everybody concerned.
Authors became producers of tinsel
and trash; publishers adopted unscrup-
ulous methods, and vied with soap
vendors in vulgar scrambling for no-
toriety, and readers acquired a false
and morbid taste. If the frenzy had
continued, the logical result would
have been the construction of books
in factories, by powerful syndicates,
and the call standards of art that have
been deemed eternal. But it was im-
possible that the craze should last,
and it is to the credit of the read-
ing public that it is beginning to re-
volt. As the sheepishness of the masses
disappears, there will be no more clap-
trap regarding the "best sellers," and
authors will be forced to return to the
old plan of putting their souls as well
as their wits into their work. Then,
when they win fame, it will be fame
and not notoriety.

"Old wine to drink, old wood to
burn, old books to read, old friends to
love," was the wise conclusion of an
old—not much more philosophical—
philosopher.

POEMS THAT LIVE

[Shakespeare.]

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by
the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he
woud fly,
Grasps in the corner—welcome even smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let
Him with his vigor of bone, desert in
service.

Love, friendship, charity, are subject all
To this change of fortune: but the heart
Of the true lover is like a rock—
One touch of nature makes the whole
world kin—
That, if his love consent, praise new-
born gods,
Though they are made and molded of
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More land than gilt or dust.

"One Touch of Nature."

[Shakespeare.]

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\$25,000 FOR A STORY.

Think of it! Twenty-five thousand
dollars for one story! The highest price
that has been similarly paid in America
to any author. And this for just the
story that is being printed in this
one publication. It is the only story
in book form being included.

Consider the quality of merit; the
intensity of interest; the story must
possess to command this extraordinary
price. The "White Company" has
ever been accepted as the greatest
work of any author, and for far super-
ior to his own "She-Hermit," but
"Sir Nigel," says Conan Doyle
himself, surpasses them all.

Conan Doyle receives this fabulous
sum for his "Sir Nigel," which begins
in the Sunday Magazine part of next
Sunday's Record-Herald. Buy the
Chicago Record-Herald next
Sunday, December 3, as this great ro-
mance by the world's greatest writer
of romantic fiction will be the sensa-
tion of the literary world for months
to come.

A REQUISITE FOR THE RANCHER.
—On the cattle ranges of the west, where
men and stock are far from doctors and
apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
is kept on hand by the intelligent as a
ready-made medicine, not only for many
human ills, but as a horse and cattle
medicine of surpassing merit. A horse
cattle rancher will find this oil
greatly simplified by using this Oil.

The Russian Zemstvos, or country
administrative bodies, supply agricul-
tural implements to peasants on credit.
All is well that ends the way you
want to have it.

A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions
of the skin and the blotches which
blemish beauty are the result of impure
blood caused by unhealthy action of the
liver and kidneys. In correcting this un-
healthy action and restoring the organs
to their normal condition, Parment's
Vegetable Pills will at the same time
cleanse the blood, and the blotches and
eruptions will disappear without leaving
any trace.

It is asserted by the British Medical
Journal that men's necks are longer
than they used to be. That's easily ac-
counted for. Women are dressing
different.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CHAPMAN'S STORE

JUST 21 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS.

Women's and Misses' Coats, \$4.50

Friday and Saturday a miscellaneous collection of Women's and Missies' Winter Coats,
that were \$7.50 and \$8.50, for Christmas clearing \$4.50—stylish tweeds, large
sleeves, 38 and 40 inches long. Special..... \$4.50

Great Embroidery Sale

Frequently we surprise our customers with Embroidery bargains, but at no time have
we offered a bigger surprise bargain than this.

11,360 yards Brand New Embroideries, obtained from the manufacturers away below
regular prices, regular prices worth 15c to 50c a yard. On sale tomorrow at

10c, 15c and 25c a yard.

Insertions match most of these. We don't need to say shop early.

Lace Curtains

You have our positive assur-
ance that these values can't be
beat.

50 pairs Nottingham Lace Cur-
tains, 3 yards long, 36 inches
wide—notice the size—for
pair..... 50c

100 pairs Nottingham Lace
Curtains, 3 yards long, 48 ins.
wide, remarkably good, per
pair..... 75c

50 pairs Nottingham Lace
Curtains, choice of three pat-
terns, full 3½ yards long, 60
inches wide, per pair..... \$1.00

30-inch Bobinette, deep
frill, at yard..... 20c

150 Odd Lace Curtains, singles,
used as samples, full length, each
15c, 20c, 25c and upwards

Suits

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits,
with long and short coats, in
black, blue and colors, were
\$18 and \$20, choice..... \$12.50

Black Dress Goods

Advantageously priced for Christmas selling. 25 pieces
Black Dress Goods, including Amazons, storm serges, Henri-
ettas, Rozanas, pure wool, 44 to 48 inches wide,
reduced to 50c

Costume Tweeds

Choice dark shadings in Costume Cloths and Tweed
Suits for dresses and suits, worth up to \$1.50
yard, Friday and Saturday 60c

BIBLES, 65c, \$1

Reference Bibles, clear type
on oriental paper, morocco
covers, lap edges, worth
more money, at..... 75c

Indexed Bibles, beautifully
bound, clear type, complete
with references, our low
price..... \$1.00

Presbyterian, Methodist
and Church of England
Hymnals, at reductions from
ordinary prices.

VESTS, 29c

Heavy Weight Fleece
Vests and Drawers, white
only, regular 35c each, Fri-
day..... 29c

TRIMMED HATS

Special for Friday and
Saturday: Ladies' Trim-
med Velvet Hats, with
pretty new trimmings, colors
in navy, green, brown and
gray, worth to \$5.00,
at..... \$3.85

Ladies' and Misses' Ready-
to-Wear Felt Hats, trim-
med, all colors, choice..... \$1.00

WALKING

SKIRTS

Black Broadcloth Walk-
ing skirts, tailor-made,
choice of different designs,
38 and 40 inches, regular
\$6.50 and \$7.50, at..... \$3.85

GEORGE OF GREECE

IS DEMOCRATIC

King of the Hellenes a Hard

Worker and Makes Excellent

Ruler of Islands.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—Journalists and

diplomats always like to attach

importance to royal visits. That of

the King of Greece to his brother-in-

law, King Edward of England, has

been ascribed to the present war scare

in the Near East, believing that the

ruler of the Hellenes was to be in-

structed as to the line of conduct in

the controversy between the powers

and the "Sick Man" of Europe.

The truth is that King George in-

tended to make a private call on his

sister, Queen Alexandra. It must be

remembered that they are the two old-
est children of the venerable King of
Denmark, and were the closest chums
up to the time of their marriage. The
King desired that the visit should not
be regarded as official, but his British
brother-in-law wished that it be
attended by all the state functions be-
stowed on other visiting monarchs. Thus
his state entry in London and his re-
ception at court was straight-laced and
etiquetted in the extreme, much to the
discomfiture of the Greek sovereign,
who is, perhaps, as democratic as any of
his subjects.

King George is an extremely active

man. Even in winter he is to be seen

in his study at an early hour. He gen-
erally stands beside a little table piled
with papers and documents in the last
of the three ground-floor rooms of the