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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 9.

CARRANZA CLIMBS DOWN.

William O. Jenkins, the American Government's consular agent at Puebla, Mexico, whose imprisonment by Carranza came close to bringing the United States and Mexico into an armed clash, has been liberated, and as a result an exceedingly tense situation has been relieved. Mexico climbs down in the face of the most direct intimation of "serious consequences" that has yet been sent to Mexico City from Washington. The patience of the United States Government, with the exasperating behavior towards American citizens and interests by the Mexican Government and individual Mexicans, reached its limit in the refusal to release Jenkins. Carranza dared not go to war with the American Republic, and has had to submit to such humiliation as his submission contains. As a matter of fact, "humiliation" means little to Carranza and his aides. They have "suffered" that way before at the hands of Uncle Sam. It has not prevented their resorting to new outrages whenever they have felt so inclined. Carranza has become skillful in backing down at just the right moment to prevent active intervention by the United States. No doubt, the present incident will work out, as have many others of a similar nature. There will be an exchange of notes assuring restored friendship between the two nations, and Mexico will be at liberty to think up some new way to goad its big neighbor, and get away with it. Meantime, Carranza has been able, through the jailing of Jenkins and a display of defiance towards Washington, to strengthen his popularity amongst his own, as a patriotic and courageous president, and to spread the impression that Mexico's internal troubles are due to interfering outsiders.

SET RIGHT.

The Christian Guardian accuses the Statesman of Toronto of favoring the separation of Canada from the Empire, and the dissolution of the Empire, and says that the Statesman considers itself the official mouthpiece of Liberalism in Canada. Whether or not the Guardian's charges are correct, here is a resolution passed at the greatest Liberal convention ever held in Canada, which makes clear what Canadian Liberalism thinks about the subject. Here it is:

This convention desires to place on record its devotion to the person and office of His Majesty King George the Fifth, and its appreciation of his untiring efforts during the war in promoting harmony throughout his dominions, and also its UNALTERABLE ATTACHMENT TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE and to our own beloved Canada."

JELLICOE'S MISSION.

The London Daily Post says that Lord Jellicoe's trip to Canada and the other dominions is to plan the formation of an imperial fleet. This is altogether wrong. Lord Jellicoe is in Canada to give the Canadian Government expert advice as to the future naval policy of this country, an entirely different matter. He has made it clear that he is not here in any capacity other than adviser and helper, not as an imperially-appointed organizer. Canada is at the commencement of a tremendous overseas trade expansion. Already we have started the building of a great mercantile marine. To keep this inviolate on the Seven Seas, a strong fighting fleet will be required, but this country is big enough to construct, man and operate its own ships, independent of any imperial control. About sea power, however, Canada has a lot to learn, and it is in this way the visit of the great British admiral will prove helpful. Lord Jellicoe in his addresses has made it crystal-clear that he is not here with any plan for the centralization of the Empire's navies. In view of Canada's stand at the war conference in London two years ago there could be no Canadian naval policy which in any way surrendered Canadian control of its fleets.

CANADA'S RAILWAY BILL.

The Montreal Gazette publishes figures relating to the operation of Canada's railways which should prove of unusual interest, in view of Parliament's decision to take over the Grand Trunk. According to the Government's official report, during the fiscal year 1918-1919, 3,556 miles were operated, 1,563 in the Intercolonial, and 2,003 in the Transcontinental. The capital cost of the two systems at the beginning of the period was \$306,000,000. The volume of the public accounts for the year ending with March 31 last gives the earnings and working expenses on the whole, as follows: Working expenses, \$43,696,936; revenue, \$37,905,797; deficit, \$6,791,138. When the Grand Trunk Pacific failed to live up to its contract, the Government was compelled to take over the two thousand odd miles of the National Transcontinental. The statements issued, the Gazette points out, do not show the proportion of earnings and expenses on the two sections. It is probable that the loss was incurred almost entirely on the National Transcontinental section. For some years the Intercolonial system has been in the relatively satisfactory position of earning enough from the traffic carried to pay operating and maintenance charges. Only the interest on the growing capital invested fell as a charge upon the national treasury, and had to be met out of the proceeds of taxes. Unsatisfactory as such a situation is, it is likely to be favorably compared with the record presented when the

current year closes. To the deficit on the line operated in 1918-1919 will be added that due to the taking over and operation of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific systems, the former now owned by and the latter operated by the Government of Canada. Neither of these systems is in a position to meet its operating and capital charges out of revenue. The outlook is not pleasant for a country of eight and a half millions or so, with a debt of \$2,000,000,000 to carry. Thoughtful men who understand the railway situation have reason for feeling that the relief of the country from such a burden will be the task for a statesman at an early day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The street railway purchase appears to have been side-tracked.

Conservation of coal has now become a patriotic as well as an economic duty.

If Germany is aiming for further trouble, she has a good chance of scoring a bullseye.

Germany evidently considers that another peremptory Allied note or two is neither here nor there.

Looks as if the first session of the new Legislature might not be so peaceful as some people thought it would be.

The plot to assassinate Venizelos originated in Switzerland. Evidently Constantine is not spending all his time playing pinocle.

France is limiting dancing in order to conserve coal. We rather think that dancing might be used as a substitute for coal for purposes of producing warmth.

The United States may find nationalization of mines as necessary for public safety, as many in Great Britain believe it to be. The coal question is vital to each nation.

The British Empire must maintain a balance of sea power equal to coping with any enemy. The message is from Admiral Jellicoe, and it expresses the convictions of his countrymen.

Unionist ministers are preparing to stomp the country. Their addresses will have to be explanatory, rather than constructive. The country will want the reasons for a good many things that have been done these last few years.

The members of the Ulster Unionist Council of Ireland who have come to the United States to refute false Sinn Féin propaganda may expect lively opposition. The cause they are attacking has numerous advocates in the United States, who are not backward in voicing their assertions.

FOR ALL THE ROSES ON THE TREE.

[London Chronicle.]
For all the roses on the tree,
There's not a petal now to see;
For all the sweet scents on the air,
There's not a fragrance anywhere.

For all the sun that lit the skies,
For all the stars that lit the night,
The bare trees whisper of the snow,
And north winds through the garden blow.

Then will I banish from my mind
Remembrances of things more kind:
The summer's tranquil sunlit hour,
The rose trees bright with many a flower.

The fragrant wind's reluctant noise;
And, stripping from my heart soft joys,
Give to the day its sterner vow:
The courage of the naked bough.

PIE-THROWING.

[Peterborough Examiner.]
There is one redeeming feature about \$1 eggs. The cost of using them in the pies that are used as ammunition by and against Charlie Chaplin is so great that pie-throwing is to be minimized in the film productions.

DID HIS BEST.

Doctor—Did you open both windows in your sleeping room last night, as I ordered?
Patient—No, doctor, not exactly. There's only one window in my room, but I opened it twice.

FROM TEMPLE BELLS.

The song which Japanese workmen sing when raising the roof-tree of a new building ranks with the pulpit music in the world, according to Henry Eichman, a Boston composer, who is spending a year in Japan studying Oriental music, says the New York Evening Post. He said in Tokyo: "The Orientals have evolved by the process of elimination a perfect philosophy, a perfect art and a perfect music. If we could think as Orientals think we would realize the absolute simplicity and perfection of art life." As he goes about Japan he takes notes on the sound of temple bells, with their beautiful over-tones, with the view of making them themes for his compositions.

REAL REASON.

[Ottawa Journal.]
Real reason why most young men of Ottawa are afraid to get married is that they fear the presents will include twenty-five fruit spoons, two pickle forks and no bank checks.

HALDANE VS. SAZONOFF.

[New York Tribune.]
Sazonoff's contention that if only Sir Edward Grey, in July, 1914, had warned Germany emphatically that an attacked France would find Great Britain on her side as an ally, the Berlin Government would never have risked war, is shaken by the testimony of Viscount Haldane, minister of war in the cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—a man whose testimony is all the more convincing as he has been reproached in his own country for cherishing sentimental sympathies for Germany. In the course of his recollections, extending over the years 1906-14, recently published, Lord Haldane tells of his much-discussed visit to Berlin early in 1912. It is interesting to learn that as early as February, 1912, a member of the British Government told Bethmann-Hollweg, then imperial chancellor, that "if France were attacked and an attempt made to occupy her territory, British neutrality must not be reckoned on by Germany." It may be that—as Herr Bethmann-Hollweg took good care the other day to emphasize before the committee on war responsibility—the German Government was aware of the unofficial character of Lord Haldane's "conversations," and discounted the authority of his utterances, but it is certain that Bethmann-Hollweg, both then and subsequently, gave them weight. Bethmann-Hollweg tried in 1912 to induce Great Britain to sign a neutrality agreement, and on July 23, 1914, just before the declaration of war against Russia, he offered to pledge no annexations at the expense of France if Great Britain would remain neutral; but he refused to make a similar pledge with respect to French colonies, and Sir Edward Grey naturally declined the proposal. The German chancellor plainly had the Haldane statement in mind. As to Belgium, the question was brought up by Lord Haldane in his first conversation with the chancellor, who was reminded that the English were "under treaty obligation to come to the aid of Belgium in case of invasion." It is all very well for the apologists of Germany to retort that these utterances were considered as lacking official authority. The warning was sounded, and the rulers of Germany ignored it. They may not have been absolutely sure of British intervention, but as they plotted for war they anticipated it, and hence argued that matters would not be made worse for them by a violation of Belgium.

From Here and There

THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES.

[A. St. John Adcock.]
There's a little house in a little street,
A little way from the sea,
And, oh, when I'm weary of all the world
It's there that I find I would be.

For the world is full of sorrow and care,
And the darkness lies before;
And the little house is full of the dreams
That were ours, but are ours no more.

In the little house, in the long ago,
In the little house by the sea,
We dreamed of the days that we've had no dawn,
Of the years that shall never be.

But you were young, and I was young,
And we dreamed, and had no care;
And dearer and better than life has been
Were the dreams that came to us there.

And so, when I'm weary of all the world,
Of its sorrows and its pain,
I think of the little house that was ours,
And sigh to be there again.

'Twas Heaven enough if we found our dreams,
And dreamed them again, maybe,
In the little house in the little street,
A little way from the sea.

NEVER AGAIN.

[Toronto Telegram.]
Canadians want the rewards of labor to stay up and the cost of living to go down. But Canadians, continuing to pray that the country may never again see a time when a dollar was worth so little as in the good old days of eggs three dozen for a quarter and butter 15 cents a pound.

BEYOND WARS.

[For the League of Nations.]
[Louisville Evening Post.]
Then will a quiet gather 'round the door
And settle down to life again,
Where women watch the slow, home-coming men
Across brown acres hooped and hurt no more—
The sound of children's feet on the lawn,
The sound of children's feet on the lawn,
When lamps are lit, and stillness deeper falls,
Unbroken, save the gentle rattle in their tails,
Keep munching patiently upon their store.

Only a scar beside the pasture gate,
A torn and naked stump of the hill,
What times remembered, will remind them still
Of long disastrous days they knew of late:
Till these, too, yield for sweet, accustomed things,
And a man plows, a woman sows and sings.

BIRTHDAYS FORBID MARRIAGE.

[Kingston British Whig.]
A curious idea among the Burmese is that people born on the same day of the week must not marry, and that if they defy the fates their union will be marked by much ill-luck. To prevent these disastrous marriages, every girl carries a record of her birthday in her name, each day of the week having a letter belonging to it, and all children are called by a name that begins with that letter.

FOOLSCAP.

[Quebec Telegraph.]
Several explanations have been given of the meaning of the word "foolscap" as applied to a certain class of paper. One of the explanations is that when Charles of England found his revenue short he granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain persons, who grew rich and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use the paper. At this time all English paper bore, in watermarks, the royal arms. The parliament, under Cromwell, made a jest of this law, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper and a fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were in their turn removed when the Rump Parliament was dismissed, but the paper for the size of the parliamentary Journal still bears the name of "foolscap."

MUST HAVE DIMPLES.

[Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Press-Post.]
An edict has been sounded against the wearing of "books" in the high school gymnasium in this city. No longer do pink knees peek from beneath "gym" suits as the students go through their exercises, but the knees are now covered with an expanse of black, for regulation stockings have been adopted.

WHY NOT?

[Brantford Expositor.]
New York rumpshakers have struck for \$33 per week, while school teachers in that city draw \$20 per week, and cannot strike. In this particular instance the pedagogues would seem to be justified if they decide to "chew the rag."

NATION'S WEALTH.

R. H. Coates, Dominion statistician, has an article on the wealth of nations in the Canadian Bankers' Journal. He places the capital wealth of Canada at \$14,658,160,736. In this amount the greatest item is the value of farm lands, buildings, implements and live stock, placed at \$5,078,208,763. The next is urban real estate, valued at \$2,500,000,000. Mines and forests are valued at \$1,200,000,000; steam and electric railways at \$1,150,000,000. The capital invested in the fisheries is over \$47,000,000, but no value is placed on the fish in the sea. Making provision for current production, Mr. Coates brings the total up to sixteen billions. The wealth of the United States is placed at 42,500 million pounds, or 424 pounds per head of population. The United Kingdom is placed at 14,500 million pounds, or 318 pounds per head; France is placed at 12,000 million pounds, or 203 per head; Canada is placed at 2,235 millions, or 200 per head; Argentina at 2,400 millions, or 340 per head; Japan at 2,400 millions, or 340 per head; Germany at 16,650 millions, or 85 per head; Australia at 1,530 millions, or 318 per head; Switzerland at 800 millions, or 205 per head.

THEY'LL UNDERSTAND.

[Ottawa Journal.]
Boarding house man wants to raise his prices, but does not know how to do so without giving offence to many old and valued patrons. He suggests he give each one a nice letter starting out like this: "U. R. Famished, Esq. Dear Sir,—Owing to the high cost of prunes, etc." That will settle them. They will understand.

BUY BOOKS.

[Syracuse Post-Standard.]
There has never been a day when so many people had so much money. Men in business, whether it is manufacture or merchandising, are making money. Men on salary or men whose investments are in public service corporations are not doing so well. But in the aggregate the people, when they have so much money, and in spite of the high costs of all the necessities of life, more than ever is spent upon the luxuries, little and big. Automobile sales tell the eagerness of the people, when they have money, to enjoy the recreation which the automobile affords. The hotel and the theatre businesses have grown in volume with prosperity. In all those lines which are just beyond the simple needs of life, from furniture to furs, the increase in profits and in wages has been reflected in unprecedented sales.

What of books?
A collection of books in the home, to suit the tastes of the owner, is comparable in comfort for time. It fills a place in education and recreation. It is companion for idle hours. It is continuous intellectual stimulus. Its constant enlargement by the addition of books you discover to your liking is one of the pleasantest of avocations. Its value is multiple as the number of your friends for the opportunity it gives to serve the pleasure of friends. The professional man and the man of affairs a generation ago had pride in his library. He devoted to it in proportion to his means far more than men devote today. The free public library may have had its part in the decline of the home library. The pursuit of pleasure alone of the reader rather than the printed page has been more noticeable. There are some symptoms of a revival of book buying by the mechanic and the clerk and the farmer, to get helpful books into the home, not as parlor ornaments, but as ready helps in the education of the children and the elders as well, as an investment in culture which pays dividends just as fast as the owner cares to collect, as a constant source of refreshment and enjoyment.

The man of small means or large will never regret his investment in books. If they are carefully selected to meet his own needs and tastes, not for their transitory popularity or their ornamental findings. There is no cost of upkeep. There is little, if any, loss in value in succeeding years. They are always at hand for use, for the whole family. Therefore, buy books.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

BETSY'S STORY.

By Lincoln Rothblum.

It was such a small hall bedroom—way up near the top of the house—so high above the ground it seemed suspended midway between heaven and earth, somewhat after the fashion of those hanging gardens which are said to have required neither under nor upper support. But though the room by its elevated location strove for a place in the sun, that orbit reflected none of its rays at no time of day. For the one window looked, in unceremonious fashion, against the bleak and bland stone wall of the building opposite. Now, if one were as dexterous as Betsy Bond, a very good glimpse, albeit limited, could be obtained not only of the sun casting a seemingly forgotten beam of light down the murky courtyard, but also of the window in the other building one floor below. It is true the bit of light was only enjoyed on Sundays, when Betsy's exacting and onerous duties as salesgirl at the notion counter of Tilden's Inc. did not call for her exertion.

For Betsy's heart, starting at the compensation of seven dollars the week—startling how little might be procured on that amount in the way of daily necessities. And it is also true the window of the room across the court afforded little distraction, for up to the writing of this—Betsy's story—it had remained unattended.

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interminable climb of stairs. Up went the window, the courtyard sending forth its nightly quota of onion and other stench from the quarters below. Betsy had no taste for the articles of food on her table and listlessly adjusted herself in the oblique and uncomfortable position necessary to see the window in the building opposite. She leaned forward, glancing it stood forth, and not even the dirty panes concealed the yellow jet of gaslight which illuminated the room and its solitary occupant. Betsy laughed aloud.

"A neighbor," she mused and reached for the pillow from the bed to make her cramped position more durable. "Romance," her thought continued, and a smile exposed two pretty rows of even white teeth. It was in spite of, and not because of, her clothes that Betsy was considered attractive; for the worn serge skirt loudly proclaimed its age by a lustrous sheen and the white lawn waist no longer admitted further mending.

But there was little in the man's occupation to excite undue curiosity or romantic conjectures; laboriously he wrote, stopping to press his temples with his finger tips or pass a handkerchief over his forehead. Betsy slipped from the sill to the floor and protruded her head through the window into the court until she could almost touch the opposite wall, for up through space came the voice of the man faintly singing:

"When your ship of dreams comes in, dear,
With gold so fine, it will all be thine,
You alone I adore—"

And then abruptly stopped. Betsy climbed back onto the window ledge, and leaning far forward, peered down into the room. A gasp of consternation escaped her lips as she jumped to the floor and down the steps, the ascent of which had so taxed her strength. Out into the street she ran and up to the door of the next building.

Mrs. Slattery appeared in answer to Betsy's impetuous summons of the bell, and irritated by the supper so interrupted, eyed with a landlady's suspicion the unabashed and disheveled Betsy. She did not make a likely looking roomer.

"I am not looking for a room, but but," she stammered, "the window in the room across the court is so high above the ground it seemed suspended midway between heaven and earth, somewhat after the fashion of those hanging gardens which are said to have required neither under nor upper support. But though the room by its elevated location strove for a place in the sun, that orbit reflected none of its rays at no time of day. For the one window looked, in unceremonious fashion, against the bleak and bland stone wall of the building opposite. Now, if one were as dexterous as Betsy Bond, a very good glimpse, albeit limited, could be obtained not only of the sun casting a seemingly forgotten beam of light down the murky courtyard, but also of the window in the other building one floor below. It is true the bit of light was only enjoyed on Sundays, when Betsy's exacting and onerous duties as salesgirl at the notion counter of Tilden's Inc. did not call for her exertion."

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