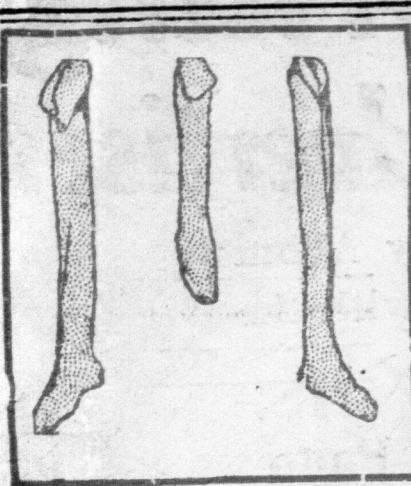
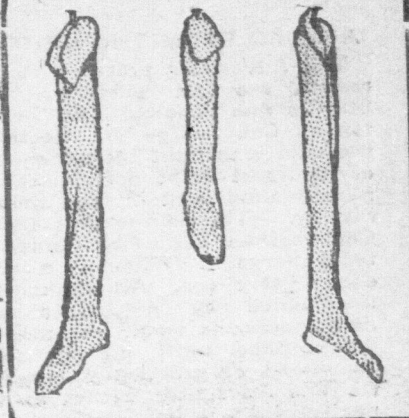


51st Year.



## Red Stocking Club - Volunteers Wanted!!



### HELP FILL THE EMPTY STOCKING OF SOME LITTLE LONDON KIDDIE; BE A DEPUTY OF SANTA CLAUS

Poor little empty stockings! Do you see how lonesomely and dismally they dangle in the picture at the head of this page? How much more dismal and pathetic they must look in reality on Christmas morning when the sun first rises upon a smiling, glittering, white-mantled world—when the Christmas bells peal forth joyously across the snow—and the trusting eyes of a child unclose in the frosty air of an unheated bedroom and glance eagerly and anxiously towards the corner where the ragged stocking was so hopefully hung the night before!

How painfully limp and empty it looks! The child cannot bear to gaze longer, but throws himself upon his scant pillow and weeps sorrowfully. But what a countenance of joy would have been his if some kind member of

#### The Advertiser Red Stocking Club

Had provided one of the gay stockings that are going to brighten Christmas Day for many a London kiddie this year.

Santa Claus had forgotten him again, sadly reflects the little lad on the pillow, although he had written him two letters and watched them breathlessly as they disappeared up the chimney of the kitchen stove, and mother had said she "almost thought Santa would be sure to come this time." It seemed all the harder to bear 'cause mother was crying last night. He wondered if the letter she had got from the big man at the store where she took the big bundles of sewing every week had anything to do with it! Perhaps that had something to do with Santa not coming!

It is not, alas, an imaginary tragedy. That is why we are providing the Red Stockings, and it

#### Will Require 100 Kind People

To fill them with Christmas goodies. In too many homes in London have little children been disappointed year after year by no visit from the good Saint Nicholas, who somehow never seems able to get enough toys and dolls and candies to go round. So that is why we have asked some of our genial-hearted Advertiser readers to come to the rescue.

The rules of the Red Stocking Club are very simple. All you have to do is to ask at The Advertiser business office for one of the gay "joy" stockings, leaving your name and address. Then when you have it nicely filled for some child, return the stocking with a slip pinned on the outside, stating whether the contents are for a boy or girl, and about what age the toys are suitable for. Our great desire is

#### To Fill 100 Red "Joy" Stockings

Will you help us?

Perhaps you ask how The Advertiser is going to find all the little folks who are not visited by Santa Claus. We are asking the Salvation Army to help us out. Somehow the big-hearted folks at the barracks on Clarence street always seem to know just when a little girl or boy is likely to be disappointed, and between the S. A. people and the members of The Advertiser Red Stocking Club, we are sure to find just the right places for the stockings to go.

Some will be sent to the wards of the Children's Aid Society, and without doubt the Social Service lady of the W. C. T. U., who goes into all sorts of homes in London, will know of many places where the Red Stockings will be appreciated. It is

#### For the Children In Needy Homes

And, of course, if any members of the Red Stocking Club know of a little boy or girl to whom they would like their stocking to be sent, all that is necessary is to indicate the address on the slip attached to the stocking when it is returned.

If you know of any poor child who does not have a very Merry Christmas, why not provide one for him this year by filling an Advertiser Red Stocking?

Even though your pocketbook has many calls at this season, to provide an Advertiser Red Stocking full of Christmas cheer for some little boy or girl will not be much extra strain, and think of the pleasant feeling it will give you.

Not too large; not too small. The Advertiser Red Stockings are just the right size for you to fill, and just the right size to please a child.

If you see a man with a lovely bit of bright red protruding from his overcoat pocket, don't put him down as using a red bandanna. It may just be that he is taking home an Advertiser Red Stocking to fill for some little kiddie.

Sure Cure For a Grouch.—Fill two or three Advertiser Red Stockings and make Christmas brighter in some of London's homes.

It's almost like a bargain day to see the way folks are asking at The Advertiser for the Red Stockings.

### Over, On and Beneath the Waters Britain Is Supreme, Says Churchill

First Lord of the Admiralty Declares Country Was Never So Ready to Cope With an Enemy As At Present—Supreme In Submarines, In Dreadnoughts and in Air Fleets, But There Is To Be No Let-Up In the Plans to Strengthen the Forces In All Branches.

At a banquet to a new lord mayor of London, in the Guildhall, both Premier Asquith and Mr. Churchill, first Lord of the Admiralty, made important pronouncements in regard to the army and navy.

Mr. Churchill's statements in regard to naval plans were especially important.

Responding to the toast of "The Imperial Forces of the Crown," Mr. Churchill said that next year they would have in the regular professional service of the navy 150,000 sailors and marines—a total which for the first time would exceed the largest numbers ever raised for the Royal Navy since the great crisis of the Napoleonic war. They were met there that night more free from danger than was the case on other occasions when he had the honor of responding to that toast.

"We meet here tonight with a greater development of naval force and power, actual and relative, than was the case on those two occasions," Mr. Churchill went on, "but you must not suppose that any relaxation of our efforts is

possible at present; nor must we expect that the burden which we bear and which would be crushing for any other country but ourselves is likely to be diminished in the immediate future. (Hear, hear.) Measure the unbroken development of the German Navy simultaneously with the building by many powers great and small, all over the world of large modern ships of war, and it will undoubtedly require from us expenditure and exertion greater than those we have ever made in time of peace. And next year it will be my duty, if I should continue to be responsible for the Admiralty Department—(laughter)—to ask for estimates substantially greater than the enormous sum originally voted in the present year. (Applause.)

"Bane and Reproach of Europe."

"His Majesty's Government will embrace and will work for every opportunity of abating competition in naval and military armaments, which is the bane and reproach of modern Europe. (Applause.) But what is necessary has

got to be done, and we shall not hesitate for a moment, once we are satisfied of the needs, to go to Parliament boldly for those supplies of men and money which the House never refused to vote in living memory to the vital services of the state. (Applause.)

"The question has been often raised as to whether existing types will change, and whether the great ships of the Dreadnought era will some day follow the mammoth and the mastodon to a convenient and highly desirable extinction. Those who believe that that time will come point with a warning finger to the ever-growing power of the submarine and to the new and extended vessels of the air, and they ask whether the day will not come when, guided by information out of the sky, a blow may not be struck beneath the water which will be fatal to the predominance of great battle-ships, at any rate in the narrow sea."

"That time has not come yet, and the ultimate decision in naval war still rests with those who can place in the line of battle fleets and squadrons which in numbers, in quality, in homogeneity, in organization, in weight of metal, and in good shooting are superior to anything they may be called upon to meet. Still, it is satisfactory to remember that while we are maintaining the efficiency and superiority in capital ships we are also in a good position in both those novel forms of warfare which I have mentioned."

#### Submarine Superiority.

"Our submarine service, thanks to the foresight of Lord Fisher, is more than twice as powerful as that of the

(Continued on Page Eighteen)



### LETTERS TO CYNTHIA GREY SHOW MANY KEEN TO JOIN THE RED STOCKING CLUB

I don't care if she is Cynthia Grey, and not given to using extravagant language, somehow I have a "hunch" that she feels as if the ready response that The Advertiser readers have already given to her appeal for 100 kind-hearted folks to fill as many Red Stockings for Christmas, is "just too perfectly lovely for anything."

Why, to my own knowledge, the Wednesday issue of The Advertiser hadn't been delivered at the door of a certain London home ten minutes, before the lady of the house telephoned The Advertiser business office asking that two Red Stockings be reserved for her until the next day. Now what do you think of that for promptness?

#### LITTLE CALIFORNIANS HELP.

And first thing Thursday morning a Horton street lady called and asked for two stockings to be filled by her little nephews in California! Just fancy, two little chaps away off in the United States going to fill a pair of the gay "joy" stockings, as we love to call them, for two other little chaps living in London, Ontario!

And listen to this letter which reached the office also on Thursday morning, written the same evening of our first announcement. It is addressed to Miss Grey, and reads as follows:

ELSIE AND LESLIE WRITE.

"Dear Miss Grey: Mother has just read about The Advertiser Red Stocking Club, and as we should like to help other children to have a Happy Christmas, will you kindly send us two stockings and we will fill them. Thanking you in anticipation, Yours truly,

"ELSIE AND LESLIE P."

Isn't that the dearest letter? I only wish you could have seen Miss Grey's happy face when she read it.

A girls' club has volunteered to supply the contents of four stockings, and a sweet-voiced lady on the telephone Thursday morning asked that five of the Red Stockings be sent to her address.

Yes, indeed! The Advertiser Red Stocking Club is launched very nicely, and if everyone just "lends a hand," what a lot of happy kiddies there will be in the Forest City on Christmas Day!

The Normal

### READ THIS AND JOIN

"See, mamma! What pretty red stuff has the lady got?"

"That, my dear, is an Advertiser Red Stocking."

"But what is it made of, mamma?"

"Of bright red cambric, child—just the color for Christmas."

"But why are they called Advertiser Red Stockings, mamma?"

"Because, my dear, The Advertiser is providing them for kind folks to fill."

"And what will the kind folks put in the pretty Red Stockings?"

"Toys, my dear, and oranges, and sweets, and maybe nice warm mittens."

"And mamma, who will get the toys and oranges and the sweets?"

"Some little boys and girls whom Santa Claus is apt to forget on Christmas Day, my child."

### THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR THE STOCKING



An interesting if pathetic little story is connected with the accompanying picture, "Nothing Left!" Just three years ago, a Brooklyn, N. Y., lady was seated in her home when a dirty little letter, addressed in pencil, was left in her letter-box by the postman. In the letter was a copy of the picture which you see on this page—just a simple story of the heartbreak of two children, who crouch in their wretched bed whilst Santa Claus stands beside them holding his gift-bag. It is empty, and the kindly old saint is saying: "Nothing Left!"

With the picture came a scribbled note in pencil from "Jimmie." It asked if the "tenement lady" couldn't fix it so Santa won't forget us children this year like he's doing in the picture." The Brooklyn lady had been a faithful visitor amongst slum families, and you may be sure that upon receipt of "Jimmie's" pathetic letter she and her friends were able to "fix it," and "Jimmie" was not neglected.