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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 26.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

THERE has been a tendency to believe that "after Christmas things are going to go flat." Nothing is more likely to depress business than the coming of this season in concert, and nothing will move to keep business as usual in London than the same cheerful attitude exhibited since the war began. There are always those who say and think that things are soon going to smash. It has been predicted that some of London's industries and merchants were certain to succumb within a few weeks after the outbreak of the war. Yet not one concern has been forced to close its doors since the war, and, in fact, quite a number of new places of business have been opened, in defiance of the opinion that business enterprise must take a rest.

We do not need to place our head in the sands and say there are no men out of work in London. There are many men without regular employment, but there are no men who cannot be taken care of. The right idea is to maintain cheerfulness and to remember that as the centre of Western Ontario, London is in a position that is of tremendous advantage in the long run. It has been complained that we are not on a direct water route. Just now the communities that are on the direct water routes are not so excessively prosperous, though this is temporary. But London is the centre of a little kingdom unto itself, which the ebb and flow of business affect in some degree, but not to a disastrous extent. The farmer stands behind us. There lies our safety. We are as close to the land as it is possible for a community to be, and we should foster the connection between the country and the other municipalities and this city. There will be a great galaxy of cities in this district some day. They are enjoying prosperity even now and the calamity howler has no place in our midst.

TRUE CULTURE.

THE following clipping from a Scotch paper is a good specimen of Scotch "innerliness," that feature of the Scottish character so powerfully brought out in Burns' "Cotters Saturday night":

"Abune Eighty-Three."
"Mrs. Barnes Kinninghall, who is in her fifth year, recently knitted five pairs of socks and forwarded them to soldiers at the front, per Mrs. Fyfe-Jamieson, Cavers. Inside one of the socks from a sheet of paper, on which Mrs. Barnes had written the following lines:
"Now since I've been spared to knit them,
"I hope your feet will fit them;
"And when you're sittin' at the rocks,
"You'll mind the soid body that knitted your socks.
"For I'm abune eighty-three."

BACK TO BULGARIA.

It will help things for the Allies that the territory taken from Bulgaria after the last Balkan war by Roumania is about to be restored. While Roumania has remained strictly neutral, there is no doubt but that the Czar's Government has great influence at the Roumanian capital, and it is likely that a whispered suggestion from Petrograd has been the cause of Roumania's action. It is now taken for granted that if Roumania should actively side with Russia, Bulgaria will not be on her back. And to have Bulgaria thus out of the way is a big factor. Bulgaria today has one of the best equipped and trained armies in Europe, and the way in which it disposed of the Turkish armies is still a vivid recollection. If she were to join hands with the Turk, the problem of Great Britain in Egypt and the eastern Mediterranean would be greatly increased. With the cause of friction with Roumania removed, Bulgaria can be depended upon to stand on one side. Meanwhile Roumania can console herself with getting a slice of Austrian territory at the end of the war.

AN HEROIC FIGURE.

THAT Premier Borden, representing Canada, has contributed to the King Albert Memorial Book, is pleasing to Canadians. The collection of tributes includes those of leading statesmen, writers, scientists, artists and scholars of the British Empire. In Canada there is the deepest respect and most profound sympathy for the brave young Belgian monarch, by the side of whose soldiers our own will soon be fighting in the trenches of Flanders. It is timely and fitting that Canada through its premier should express Canada's admiration for King Albert.

Of the striking figures that have been developed by the war, none stand out as does that of the Belgian monarch. From General French, we expected just what he has given, a masterly handling of the British Expeditionary Force; General Joffre has shown himself a consummate strategist, but his work keeps him in the background so that his personality does not appear as vivid as his achievements indicate; Jellicoe, Beatty, Sturdee, Holbrook, by spectacular feats under

and on the water have captured the public imagination, but King Albert stands supreme as an object of admiration and sympathy, flinging a splendid defiance in the face of the arrogant Kaiser, at the head of his little army battling for every inch with the Prussian hordes, losing Liege, Brussels, Antwerp, but always fighting, fighting. He has proven himself a real king and a real leader, ever fighting in the trenches with his men, taking all the chances and hardships of the firing line, modest of manner, simply uniformed and attended and avoiding all royal pomp.

Contrast this with the bombastic utterances and spectacular parades of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince with their claims of divine sanction. The Emperor of Germany is said to have sneeringly remarked, "Germany has Belgium, and all Belgium has is her king." But while King Albert lives, Belgium will still have her soul, and that can never be enslaved by Prussian "kultur."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Back to the war.
It was the greatest handkerchief Christmas on record.

And now we will begin to mobilize our New Year's resolutions.

The cold spell furnishes a fine excuse to muffle up some of those Christmas ties.

Christmas of 1914 will be known as the Christmas of the Great War for the Great Peace.

Perhaps the censors, mellowed by Christmas cheer, will loosen up a little with the war dispatches.

Reinforced by two hundred thousand of the plum puddings of Old England, there is nothing can stop Tommy Atkins now.

YES.

[Cleveland Leader.]

At that, Europe seems now to be doing all it can to reduce its armament.

SLOGANWISE.

[Washington Herald.]

"In time of peace prepare for war" is a slogan that chokes the cheers of the little army and navy men.

A SOLDIER'S HEART.

[Baltimore News.]

Where is the heart of a soldier. His thought, his hope, and his dream When the rifles ring and the bullets sing.

And the flashing sabres gleam? Oh, not on the field of battle, But far and away in the quietude of his heart is living the old, old hopes. While his sword is red in the fray!

Where is the heart of a soldier. And what does the bugle make. And what does the roar of the cannon mean

When the hills beneath them shake? Oh, not for the glory of the day. And the dash and crash of war. But his heart is away on a mission gay. Where they hear no cannon roar!

And there is the heart of a soldier— A little home on the hill. A white-faced woman, a little child That stand by the window sill; A little song and a little prayer. And a wonder in the face. And a "God save papa and bring him In the goodness of Thy grace."

And there is the heart of the soldier. Not on the field of fight. But steeped in a dream of a saddened home. Where a window keeps it light— That a soldier's feet may keep the path And his way may homeward lead. When under the flag of Freedom Land He has wrought the hero's deed.

Yes, there is the heart of the soldier. Where wife and baby are. Though his eyes and his will may follow The light of the battle star; Though his hand may swing the sabre And his bayonet charge the foe; The soldier's heart is away, away. In the home where they miss him so.

OH, VERY WELL.

[Cincinnati Inquirer.]

"A fact I'll rectify," Said old Mr. Prober; "When money is tight A man should stay sober."

HELPLESS.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Ether—He says that if I do not marry him, he won't know what to do. Drusilla—Hasn't he any trade or profession?

BLIND STAGGERS.

[Toronto Telegram.]

Quoth Admiral von Tirpitz: "The raid on the Yorkshire coast is but a beginning, and Germany's fleet will stagger the world."

Was it not Paul Kruger who iterated the boast that

"The Boers will stagger humanity?" When the staggering process is completed the German fleet may join the Boers and be exhibited in history as the victims of blind staggers rather than the authors thereof.

Letter from Nelson's Wife.

"Found in the cabin of the Victory, Nelson's unfinished message to his Emma is in the British Museum. Ten years ago we saw an ardent collector give £1,000 for the national hero's last complete letter to her who dominated his life like a second Cleopatra from the Nile to the end. Last week, at Christie's, it was the wife's turn," says the Telegraph. "Unknown, in the main, to most of Nelson's biographers, came a number of letters written to Lady Nelson from the days of courtship. In 1785, to the melancholy finale, in 1800, when the two parted for ever.

"The following is that which Lady Nelson sent to him in July, 1801, after the battle of Copenhagen:

"My Dear Husband—I cannot be silent in the general joy throughout the kingdom. I must express my thankfulness and happiness. It hath pleased God to spare your life. All greet you with every testimony of gratitude and praise. This Victory is said to surpass Aboukir—what my feelings are your own good heart will tell you—let me beg, may entreat you to believe no wife ever felt greater affection for a husband than I do—and to the best of my knowledge I have invariably done everything you desire. If I have omitted anything I am sorry for it. On receiving a letter from our father written in a melancholy and distressing manner—I offered to go to him if I could in the least contribute to ease his mind, by return of post he desired to see me immediately—but I was to stop a few days in town to see for a house I will do everything in my power to alleviate the many infirmities which bow him down. What can I do more to convince you that I am truly your affectionate wife?"

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



A Highlander on the field of battle. Find a German and a French soldier.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Left side down behind General. Upper left corner down at left shoulder.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

THE SPY.

There's a German in the closet, he's a sympathizer, too; He's all trigged-out-a soldier—he's dressed in red and blue. Little Jessie got him down last Sunday to parade. And said, "Ganpa, he ain't bad, me, too, ain't afraid! He can't shoot if he wanted to—my ain't he nice and small? I don't believe, Ganpa, he can fight none any way at all." It's many years since that old spy went up above the stairs. To bivouac by the wee toy drum, tin ships and broken chairs. It's many years, and, let me think, till I count up and see Since Tom, whose dead, first played with it—yes, sir! in Sixty-three.

Well, well! it's been up there since then?—All dust and rust and brown;

'Twould be there still but Jessie "clum" the stairs and brought it down.

And she is just as proud as Tom—I 'member all these years. The same young heart, the tender smart—the same old childish tears!

Well, let 'em play, she won't hurt him, I'm sure he will not her. Heigh! but just hear them at it now, they're making quite a stir! And when she's tired and rests her head or curls upon any knee, I'll lie her off to slumberland, and then we'll see what we'll see! I'll climb the old back stairs and take that little German spy. And lay him down just as Tom would, and gently say, bye-bye.

—DR. JAMES HENDERSON.

Ingersoll, Ont.

Kaiser's "Cub" in Argonne Luxurious Cave as Lair

[From London News.]
M. Gaston Deschamps, who is a well-known contributor to the Temps, and M. Lepine, ex-prefect of police, have been visiting Villers-aux-Vents and Revigny, on the outskirts of the forest of Argonne. It was here that, in the beginning of September, the crown prince and his staff distinguished themselves by acts of wanton cruelty prior to retreating along the east side of the forest.

"Of what importance," asks M. Gaston Deschamps, "could the existence of the 50 houses of Villers-aux-Vents be with regard to the outcome of this war undertaken by William of Hohenzollern and his worthy heir? The destruction of these humble erections could not have the least connection with strategic or tactical considerations. To drench with paraffin, by means of the fire hose, the walls and roofs of these poor rustic cottages; to stuff the nave of the church with straw in order that it might burn more quickly; to add to the fury of the flames by throwing on them the inflammable pastilles manipulated in his Leipzig laboratory by that astonishing chemist, Oswald, the doctor-professor, who signed the manifesto of the German 'intellectuals'; such monumental refinement of malice is an almost unique instance of that monomaniac of murder and destruction which the alienists call furor teutonicus, and which Julius Caesar defined very clearly in his reflections on a savagery of the Germans."

"Doubtless," says M. Deschamps, "this is one of the reasons why William II. let the heir to the throne loose on this bit of the Department of the Meuse. Did not Professor Yahn, a shining light at the University of Berlin, whose statue is on one of the squares, desire that France should become a desert tenanted by wild beasts? 'Thus,' he said, 'the old convents will be turned into nests for owls; the battlements of the towns consumed by fire will serve as eyries for eagles; and fires will prepare lairs for hyaenas.'"

Prince's Hasty Flight.

The Crown Prince and his staff arrived at Revigny on a Sunday morning. They requisitioned a house in the Rue du Vitry, and tied their horses to trees in the garden. After uttering threats against the owner of the house they took their boots off and called for champagne. They evidently intended to stay for some time, for they took possession of the bedrooms and had a telephone fixed up in the hall. They had no sooner sat down at table than a bomb, dropped by a French aviator, exploded in the courtyard outside the dining room windows. No one was injured, but there could be no question of tarrying at Revigny. Order was given to saddle horses. At the same moment, as though at the word of command, gangs of soldiers, who had been drinking heavily and pillaging, got to work with paraffin hose and "inflammable pastilles."

The Kaiser's son went and took leave of his hosts. The "Death's Head Hussar" kept that night in a sort of cave near Penthiere Wood outside the village of Villers-aux-Vents. M. Deschamps went to see the Imperial cave.

"It is," he says, "the size of an ord. nary bedroom, and the entrance is down a square hole. There is still a carved oak chair, taken, I was told, from the church, but which was broken up when the Crown Prince had no further use for it. The sides of the cave are hung with charts curiously

SERVIA

Away down in a corner of the Balkan States there is that fertile little country called Servia. It is one of the pawns in the great game of chess played by the European powers, and just what the ultimate outcome of this game will be no one can predict with any degree of certainty.

The treaty of Bucharest changed the map of the Balkans and gave Servia 1,200,000 more subjects, mostly Albanians. These people proved to be a set of scorpions, for less than two months after this treaty was signed, they former enemies of the empire, succeeded in regaining part of the territory and butchering several hundred Servian soldiers. This forced the little country into a third war while thousands of her soldiers were lying wounded and her land was being ravaged by cholera.

When the first Balkan war occurred Servia had money in her treasury and was able to furnish everything an army needed. This campaign was her last. When the second Balkan war broke out against Turkey, then came the division of the spoils, and the Servians who had fought so valiantly were given the share of the deal and they refused to submit to such injustice. Greece and Roumania felt the same way in the matter, so before the day's trading was over the first war began little Servia was plunged into one with Bulgaria which was even more horrible than the first.

Trained to the limit in the war with Turkey, yet Servia went into the second war with a vim that surprised the world, and old men and boys are now doing the powers intervened and forbade the further humiliation of the savage Bulgarians. Then present Servia went into the throes of trouble when the old men and boys are now doing the military service, not against their will, for they have come into the recruiting station begging to be taken.

One who has recently returned from Servia has watched these people as they came into the barracks. They know the awful trial they will have to undergo, with many times only bread and water for food, yet they are eager and ready to suffer even unto death for the glory of Servia.

Their Early History.

The fortitude the Servians have shown in battle is little short of marvellous, and their endurance, their patient suffering and their absolute fidelity to duty under all circumstances have placed the little country in a new light before the world.

No country on the face of the globe has more trials and tribulations than this little land, and her history reads like a romance. At the beginning of the seventh century the race of Slavs known as Servians were living on the northern slopes of the Carpathian Mountains and were divided into different states. During the tenth and eleventh centuries attempts were made to unite these provinces into one kingdom, but it was not until the last part of the twelfth century that this was accomplished. The family of Nemanja, the great Zupan of the province of Raska, then became the reigning family and ruled from 1169 until 1371. Servians took for himself the title of king but was never crowned, but this honor came to his son Stephen, who was formally crowned as the first Servian king in 1222. During the reign of the Nemanjich dynasty the little kingdom was constantly menaced by its neighbors and finally in 1389 it was subdued by the Turks when the tower of the Servian aristocracy perished in the battle of Kosovo in their final struggle against the enemy. The Sultan, however, did not take charge of the country until 1459, and from that time until 1867 was ruled by the Turks. During these centuries of Mohammedan rule the Servians were oppressed to such an extent that revolution and insurrections were almost yearly occurrences.

Music and Literature.

The Servians love music, both vocal and instrumental. Their prime musical instruments are the gossel and tambura. The former is made of maple, the cavity being covered by a tightly stretched skin and the strings are forced from horse-hair. The tambura is used to accompany singers and is not unlike the mandolin, sounding a note of the principal amusement, the favorite one being not unlike a quadrille.

Servia is rich in literature, both in prose and poetry, but unfortunately very little of it has been translated into English except the works of Doctor Cvish, whose geographical researches in the Balkan States have been translated into several languages. One of

the great electrical men of the age, Nikola Tesla, now a citizen of the United States, is a Servian. Few Servian women have been writers of any note. Zmay Zovar Vovanovich, who died in 1904, was successful as a writer of verse and translator, and one is surprised to find such poems as Enoch Arden in the Servian language in Belgrade bookstores. During the last years of his life, Vovanovich wrote poems of child life, which are highly regarded by his countrymen. We owe some of our best known poems to Servia, among them the following:

"It is better to serve a good man than to give orders to a bad man."

"It is better to be poor and honest than rich and dishonest."

"Who judges hastily will repent quickly."

"The fools build the houses; the wise men buy them when they are ready."

"Where the devil cannot cause a mischief there he sends an old woman and she does it."

ENVOIUS.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

An Oregon convict trying to break into prison was sent back home for his

Laws To Prevent Poverty.

No Servian peasant will suffer from poverty if he will work, except at the present time, when the country is in a state of war. There are three peculiar institutions which guard against poverty. First, there is a law passed in 1875 by virtue of which a minimum of a peasant's property cannot be sold for debt—five acres of land, a pair of oxen, a cow and other agricultural tools; second, an old law by which every peasant having some land was bound to contribute after every harvest some corn or wheat to the Municipal Provident Magazine. This magazine loans in time of need corn for consumption or sowing at a very moderate interest. The third is a custom known as "Moklo" in the whole population of the village going to help a poor peasant, cut his harvest and store it away in good time. This use of the law is attended with picturesque scenes, for after the day's work is done the peasants go to the home of the man whose harvest they have gathered, where, after a prayer, there is a meal—not always elaborate. This is followed by the young people spending the evening in singing and dancing.

The peasant's house consists of a large kitchen, with a square opening for the chimney, and one or two adjoining rooms. The kitchen has many times only bread and water for food, yet they are eager and ready to suffer even unto death for the glory of Servia.

That Servia is an agricultural country is evidenced from the fact that eighty-two per cent of her entire population (nearly 5,000,000) are peasants.

The Capital.

Belgrade, the capital, is the educational and social centre of the country. It is a pretty little city of seventy thousand, and is beautifully located at the junction of the Save and Danube Rivers. When war was declared against Turkey the Servians were busy beautifying their capital; the streets were being paved with concrete, a new palace and a new parliament house were in course of erection—in fact, Belgrade was in the heights of what we Canadians call a "boom," but the workmen had to be turned into soldiers and only the older men were left at the work. There is a fine university in the city, several good looking banks and a pretty opera house.

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A. M. SMART, Manager
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commitment papers. It would be just like some enemy of his to steal them while he's hunting around.

COWANS

SOLID CHOCOLATE
MAPLE BUDS

"Maple Buds" is a name which distinguishes a quality, a flawless standard of chocolate purity and deliciousness, rather than simply the form in which the chocolate is moulded.

"Made in Canada."

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"Ring Out The Old Ring In The New."

Let the New Year mark for you the birth of a new idea

----the idea of "Canada First."

Let it mark the death of the old notion that "imported" necessarily stands for quality.

Let the New Year place in its stead the new truth that "Made in Canada" stands for equality----equality of excellence and equality of price----and that it stands, besides, for patriotism and prosperity.

Let the future look back to

1915----THE "MADE IN CANADA" YEAR.

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