

London Advertiser

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3670—Private Branch Exchange,
Connecting All Departments.
NIGHT CALLS.
6 p.m. to 8:30 a.m., and Holidays.
3670—Business Department.
3671—Editors.
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second class matter.]

The London Advertiser Printing Co.,
Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, DEC. 15.

UNGROUND FEAR.

The newspapers are grouped with all other printing offices and are required to pay premiums based on their pay rolls, by the proposed workmen's compensation bill, recently laid before the Ontario Government by its special commissioner, Sir William Meredith.

The application of the proposed law will impose a heavy burden upon newspapers, especially country weeklies.

If any newspaper employee is killed, whether a pressman engaged in his work, or a reporter in a fight with a politician, or a stenographer from blood-poisoning contracted in sharpening a pencil, the dependents, under the proposed bill, would receive compensation in the form of a monthly pension for life of from \$20 to \$40.

The above is from Industrial Canada, the organ of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

So far as we have been able to learn, by means of a count of noses in our own editorial rooms and by a close perusal of contemporaries, there has not been a reporter slaughtered by an infuriated politician in Ontario for the last two weeks.

Neither have we seen the alligator jaws of our press seize the familiar form of our genial pressman, to turn him out in last edition, his fibres and hide made, newsprint for our gentle readers.

It may be that some Frankenstein's monster of a politician has spirited away a reporter or two, with the devilish determination of disposing of their bodies in quicklime, and if that should happen after the act comes into force the office would have to deliver the requisite amount to the bereaved family. But consider the value of such a news item! It would be well worth the \$40, and no really zealous reporter would object to being the subject of such a "glorious end" story.

Industrial Canada might do well to reverse the warning and point out the danger of politicians, for we warrant that more politicians have been killed by reporters than vice-versa—killed figuratively, of course. The only thing that ever kills reporters is work, and that \$50 would come in well for the final arrangements; but if a reporter must be killed by a politician or be slain for misquoting someone there's slight opportunity for the near relatives to "cash in" as a result of journalistic tragedies. Reporters were invented to write tragedies and speeches; not to make them.

As for the pressman, we feel assured that with reasonable care he will escape the awful fate of being pressed into service to such an extent as to allow advertisements to be spread all over his remains. Newspapers aren't so careless now as to allow a pressman to slip between the cylinders. Why, it might as well be the press!

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

The news that egg prices will go down is welcome, and the fulfillment by the hens and others of this prediction will be still more gratifying. Let the slogan be a two-cent egg before Christmas, just to put the aim as high as possible for our feathered friends and merchants in the mood of good-will.

Has not the public been, however, a little captious about the price of eggs? It is true, eggs have a taste and value that is hard to supply, and nearly everybody wants them in some form, children and invalids particularly. But still, there is a tendency to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. We submit to smashing increases in the price of many commodities, we endure any price they have a mind to clap on to beef and bacon, apples may be one or five dollars per barrel, and nobody clamors, and the people who in some cities start egg boycotts have their 50 or 60 cent oranges for breakfast with a relish. We stand for the grand larceny of our various combines. Here in London the fresh-egg producer deals largely with retail vendors, who make no great profit, or with the public straight. Is there not something petty in the outcry, of the well-to-do at any rate, over the particular case of eggs, when the hens are taking a holiday and the hen-wife sees them eat their heads off?

It is something the same with milk. A milkman's life is positively "the limit" for unremitting monotony. He has to be, or should be, the most careful man in the world, about his cows, his stables, his cans, his bottles, and the railway crossings, and his day seems to be about 16 hours long, and he never has a holiday. He is a middleman of the most indispensable kind. A cent extra on the quart may be hard on some of his humbler customers with large families, but it is a small thing for the milkman himself. He earns it.

A milkman of this city said some time ago that he proposed to his cus-

tomers to install a pasteurizing plant if they would agree to pay one cent more per quart, but although a number of his poorer customers having children agreed, the more well-to-do rejected his proposition.

Many sanitary regulations have been enforced upon dairymen, and like other distributors they have improved their general equipment at some cost. It is not the little poultry keeper or the poor milkman who should be so much attacked amidst the general rise of prices, as the big fellows who slay their tens of thousands. How about those combines that our Provincial Government refuses to prosecute and our Ottawa Government protects with a tariff on food? Perhaps some of the combines are beating the drum for the assault on milkmen and egg dealers.

TRADITION'S RULE.

Shakespeare's Coriolanus was a Conservative who talked almost like a Reformer, when it suited him:

"What custom wills, in all things should we do it.
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to o'er-peer."

Most of us, even the wildest radicals, are tenacious enough after all of custom or tradition. Who would venture to begin dinner with dessert and end with soup, though fruit comes first at breakfast? It is a bold man that goes to his office in July minus his coat and vest. One reason we rebel against 50-cent oranges is that we were not brought up on the former.

Our social order and morality, depend obviously on tradition. If free thinking on these matters prevailed everywhere and resulted directly in free individual action unhampered by custom, it is hard to imagine the anarchy that would result. People refrain from theft or from bigamy not so much in fear of the statutes and the prisons, as because of ingrained social custom. In childhood a "must not" is instilled without argument, and habit is formed.

In Great Britain at the present time all peace and order is seriously menaced by the refusal of Carsons, suffragette and syndicalist to play the game of politics according to the old-established rules. Mexican chaos is coming if parties and groups will not submit to parliamentary custom, but resort to violence. The lords and capitalists who support this sort of thing have most to lose, and they will lose. So much for the virtue of tradition.

Most men, however, profess too rigidly their father's politics and especially after 40 are apt to become unteachable. Unless one has belonged to a temperance society in his youth, or has had some shocking experience of the evils of the rum traffic, or trained himself in the faith of social reform, he is unlikely to become a really enthusiastic campaigner against the bar. So strong is the force of party tradition, for example, in Ontario, that men who were voting with both hands up, two or three years ago, in church conventions, for abolition of the bar, now, some of them, vote against the leader of the first serious political effort to realize that aim, because their ingrained party allegiance is challenged. They find it next to impossible to break with old party custom. Probably even if it were as clear a case of, say, reducing the cost of living, many would oppose a trust-buster of unquestionable sincerity and capacity, because he happened to be "on the other side."

When the famine was raging in India, a few years ago, distributors of food were much inconvenienced by the refusal of some districts to eat rice, of some to eat wheat. It was all a matter of custom, and some would almost die rather than eat anything new. The Canadian and the Hindu are not so different in fundamental nature as in color. Custom lies upon us deep almost as life. It rules us for good or for ill.

Oil clogs rather than eases the Mexican political machine.

It would be well for London to have a wireless municipal election this year.

Are you doing your share to get that Ridout street subway, Mr. South Londoner?

The titles of some recent novels sound like freak motor-horns: Tonobungay, V. V.'s Eyes, T. Tembarom, for example.

"Mona Lisa" has turned up after a long search, and if Mary Eliza, our long-lost house-cat, will come back, all will be forgiven.

An Iowa Congressman boasts that his picture has been printed 1,129 times by one newspaper. There is one man we know who beats him.

"Where are the stage stars of yesterday?" mourns a New York dramatic writer. Well, the majority of them are fat and forgotten and the rest are at Reno.

There isn't much to be said of South Lanark and Macdonald excepting that the Conservatives simply have to keep up appearances, to keep down suspicion, at any cost, just now.

GOOD CONTROL.
[Washington Star.]
"That man has a wonderfully well-trained memory."
"Yes. He can make it remember anything he chooses."

A NATIVE BORN NAVY.

[New York Herald.]
Out of the total force of forty-eight thousand more than forty-four thousand are native born and less than five thousand are of foreign birth, and of the latter seventeen hundred only

are non-residents of the country. This Americanizing of the service has been a sturdy plant of healthy growth. This should—though doubtless it will not—bury fathoms deep the absurd charge that our fleet is manned by aliens, and that among our splendid seamen and marines deserters from other navies, notably the British—are gladly welcome. If there be one thing more than another, drastically discouraged is the service under our colors of foreign men of war's men, for apart from all else these runagates are usually the offscourings and "die hards" of their native navies.

FALSE ALARM.
[Washington Star.]
"What's this?" asked the dictator, nervously, as the courier handed him a document.
"An ultimatum."
"Another ultimatum? Then it's all right. I thought maybe they were trying to start something."

THE OTHER WAY.

[Boston Transcript.]
"So the Youngs and the Seagraves, I suppose it was because he couldn't support her in the style to which she was accustomed."
"Say, rather because she couldn't adjust herself to the style in which he could support her."

DIPLOMATIC MOVE.

"What makes you so anxious to send Three-Finger Sam to the Legislature? He isn't so very popular."
"No. We citizens of Crimson Gulch figured that it would be a great advantage to the general community to get a poker-player like Sam located somewhere else."

THE ANSWER.

[Brooklyn Life.]
Father, teaching his six-year-old son arithmetic by giving a problem to his wife, begs his son to listen:
Father—Mother, if you had a dollar and I gave you five more, what would you have?
Mother (replying absently)—Hysterics.

HARDLY BEGUN.

[Washington Star.]
"Your society started out to decide a number of questions of great scientific importance."
"Yes. We arranged to consider the manifestation of the psychic impulse in protoplasmic life and the molecular energy developed by the prismatic transmutation of light-waves and 'dark' forces."

"And have you done so?"
"No. We've only been in session a week. We haven't yet decided the question of who's boss."

OVERLOOKED.

[Dallas News.]
A bridegroom is a person who spends a lot of money buying himself a wedding suit that nobody notices.

EASY WAY.

[New York Sun.]
Knicker—The Administration wants to starve Huerta out.
Bocker—Then should bring him a New York and make him buy eggs.

THE RAZOR-BACK HOG.

[From Our Southern Highlanders.]
In physique and mentality the razor-back differs from a domestic pig in that a wild boar from a tame one. Shaped in front like a thin wedge, he can go through the laurel thickets like a bear. Armored with tough hide, cushioned by bristles, he despises thorns, brambles and rattlesnakes alike. His extravagantly long snout can scent like a cat's and yet burrow, uproot, overturn, as if made of metal. The long legs, thin flanks, plant hoofs, fit him to run like a deer and climb like a goat. In courage and sagacity he outranks all other beasts. A warrior horn, he is also a strategist of the first order. Like man, he lives a communal life and unites with others of his kind for purposes of defense.

The pig is the only large animal I know of, besides man, whose eyes do not shine by reflected light—they are too bold and crafty. I wit. The razor-back has a mind of his own—not instinct, but mind—whatever psychologists may say. He thinks. Anybody can see that when he is not rooting or sleeping he is studying devilment. He shows remarkable understanding of human speech, especially profane speech, and even uncanny guesses of reading men's thoughts whenever those thoughts are directed against the peace and dignity of his pigship. He bears grudges, broods over indignities and plans redresses for the most minor wrongs. If he cannot get even with you he will lay for your unsuspecting friend. And at last, when arrested in his crimes and lodged in the pen, he is liable to attacks of mania from sheer helpless rage.

BOTH BEHAVING.

[Puck.]
Mrs. Wombat—Mah husband ain't been around in 25 years.
Mrs. Cooley—Mine's up for life, too.

WEEPY.

[Birmingham Age-Herald.]
"How was the matinee, Pelée?"
"I have never before enjoyed a play so much. Just look at this handkerchief! It's soaked with tears."

GETTING IT STRAIGHT.

[Catholic Standard and Times.]
"After all," said Kwoter, "it's a true saying that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'"
"Not at all," replied Wise. "The really true saying is: 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts.'"

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature.

Brent's Good

Brent's Good

Brent's Good

Brent's Good

Brent's Good

ABE MARTIN



There hasn't nothin' as suspicious as a widow with a little dab o' money. A farmer wuz in town yesterday who couldn't complain.

ODD ONES

IN THE DAY'S NEWS

Turkey Trot to Greece.
New York, N. Y.—The American turkey trot and tango dancing are to be introduced in Greece. Demetrius Tirogious, a Greek dancing master, who came here several months ago to study these tervsichron innovations, sailed yesterday for Piræus, to teach his countrymen and women the latest dance Manhattanese. He fears that the new dances may be spurned by the classical set of Athens, but that they will find favor among the skittish soldiery of the country.

Worth Being Caught.
New York.—When a thief grabbed the purse of Lillian Savage, lithe and 26, he overlooked a bet. She ran him down. Slit skirt did it.

Both Canna and Wilna.
London.—Harry Lauder sang for charity at the Coliseum, but the cunnin' Scot showed when he asked refund on can fare. "I canna be oot o' pocket, ye ken," he said with a pawky grin.

WOMEN LESS SCRUPULOUS.

Evansville, Ind.—Co-eds cheat in examinations more than boys do, reported investigators at Northwestern University.

A Tin to All Waiters.

Chicago.—Mrs. Francis N. Hurley, wife of a state senator, recovered \$100 damages against the Congress Hotel because a waiter spilled a bowl of soup on the train of her new gown.

The Jaws of Death.

New York.—"Most people die their graves with their teeth," said K. T. White, Canadian minister of finance, addressing insurance heads here. "More play, more sleep, less food, would help the insurance companies."

Taft's Sort of Patriotism.

New York.—Former President William Taft, addressing the New York Peace Society, said we must support the President "with prayer for the administration policy in Mexico, whatever that may be."

Savre! Savre! Who's He?

Paris.—Postcard pictures of the White House wedding are being sold in the streets, and newspapers are expressing the hope that Francis B. Sayre will visit France.

Work Must Be Scaled.

Pittsburg.—Thinking he heard burglar at the front door, Edward Triplett, 10, bravely went to drive him away. The "burglar" was a healthy, squawking infant, antecedents unknown.

GOING.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]
During revival meetings in a western city placards giving notices of the various meetings, subjects, etc., were posted in conspicuous places. One day the following was displayed:
Subject—"Hell: Its Location and Its Absolute Certainty."
Thomas Jones, baritone, will sing "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

NEW ALL SAINTS' RECTOR.

[Canadian Press.]
Winnipeg, Dec. 15.—W. M. Locks, formerly at St. Matthew's Church, Ontario, was yesterday inducted by Archbishop Matheson as rector of All Saints.

BRALEY'S ROEM TODAY

Where Away?

North, south, east, west—whither shall we roam again.
What's the trail to follow and the road to take?
Wonder of the purple hills? Glamor of the foam again?
(Hear the waves a-calling us for old sake's sake!)

East, west, north, south—sky's an azure dome again,
Where's the Great Adventure which we hope to meet,
Shall we find it close to us or on a foreign loam again,
On the Open Highway or the City Street?

North, east, south, west—whither shall we roam again?
What's our destination on the world-wide chart,
Shall we land in Capetown or the busy streets of Nones again?

Take the nearest pathway and we'll make our start!
North, west, south, east, joyous through the gloom again,
Joyous through the noontide and the night once more,
We shall gypsy onward till the trail shall lead us home again,
Home again contented to our own front door!

—Berton Braley.

CLAIMS FACE LOTIONS

CAUSE EYE TROUBLES

Committee on Prevention of Blindness Warns Against Barber Shops.

[Canadian Press.]

New York, Dec. 15.—The New York committee on the prevention of blindness sounds an alarm today by the report that more than half of the cases of eye weakness among men of this city may be traced to the barber shops. It is alleged that bay rum and other face lotions used in some shops contain wood alcohol, and that the inhalation of the fumes or drops of the liquid in the eyes cause serious trouble. There is already a law prohibiting the use of such lotions, but the committee on blindness has found it to be rarely enforced. The aid of the inspectors of the health department has been summoned in the crusade to be waged for enforcement of the laws.

Several barbers and proprietors of barber supply concerns were summoned for arraignment on such charges in the court of special sessions today, following two convictions for similar offences obtained last week.

Dr. T. V. Hutchinson, medical health officer, when seen by The Advertiser said: "To my knowledge we have never experienced any such trouble in London. The barbers of this city pay particular attention to all lotions, salves, etc., which they use, and the inspection is most rigid. I have never heard of a single instance of this kind."

Merry Chorus Girls

Re-Christen Station

Call G. T. R. Depot "Noah's Ark," After Looking It Over.

The poor old Grand Trunk station, which has been the butt of more jokes than Brigham Young, the famous Mormonite, had wives, received a new one Sunday afternoon when a burlesque troupe hesitated in "our midst" en route from Detroit to Toronto.

Looking the station over and failing to find the name of this city, one of the gay "young choristers" decided that at least the poor old station should have a name. A lot of the thingy stuff was brought forth and its contents sprinkled while the station was named "Noah's Ark."

A number of London Beau Brummels made the function, but failed to make any great hit with the "gay party."

After a five-minute stay, the special pulled out all aboard, vowing that they had enjoyed their stay in the Forest City.

GOVT. FUR SALE.

Buyers From All Over the World After Valuable Skins.

[Canadian Press.]

St. Louis, Dec. 15.—The first Government fur auction ever held in the United States will take place here tomorrow. Scores of buyers from Canadian and European markets will attend the sale.

Japan, England and the United States have entered into an agreement to protect fur-bearing animals. A limited number of seals and white and blue foxes, therefore, are permitted by the United States Government to be killed in Alaska. Heretofore the skins from these animals were sent to London to be sold at auction, and the finished products were returned to the United States. The department of commerce and labor recently ruled that the skins will hence be sold in the United States.

The property of the Government should be sold in this country. Being the largest fur market in the United States, St. Louis was awarded the auction.

MAY CLOSE BARS

Fifty Thousand Electors Must Vote Favorably in Saskatchewan.

[Canadian Press.]

Regina, Sask., Dec. 15.—Provided that no fewer than 50,000 parliamentary electors of Saskatchewan cast ballots at a pollsite on the second Monday in December next year on a bill for the abolition of the bar, the majority of the votes cast will insure the enactment of the measure. Its passage will mean the closing of every bar, but will leave the dealers alone.

NEW ALL SAINTS' RECTOR.

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132 LIQUOR LICENSES

HANG IN THE BALANCE

Temperance Forces Confident That a Big Reduction Will Be Made.

[Canadian Press.]

Toronto, Dec. 15.—One hundred and thirty-two liquor licenses will be attacked in the local option vote which there are at present 502 dry municipalities throughout the province on Jan. 1. The three most conspicuous places which are being attacked by the temperance forces are Sault Ste. Marie, Barrie and Cobourg.

In the Soo there are 14 licenses, with a total population of 10,880. There are 11 licenses in Barrie, population 6,420. Cobourg has 12 licenses, with a population of 6,000. Napanee has 8 licenses and a population of 2,500.

Other places voting, with the number of licenses affected, are: Arnprior 7, Aymer 3, Brantford 11, Brockville 3, Meaford 3, Paris 5, Tillsonburg 4, Wharfedale 1.

There are place in a number of municipalities in Ontario, out of a total of 835.

Of the total population of Ontario, 1,090,502 are under local option. Brantford is at present without any license, but local option must be carried at the forthcoming election or licenses will be issued again. The by-law carried before was upset on a technicality, and in the meantime licenses were withheld.

ENTIRE CREW IS CHINESE.

[Canadian Press.]

Vancouver, Dec. 15.—The Canadian Pacific Railway line Empress of India has dispensed with white sailors and now carries a crew of Chinese on deck as well as in the engine room. It is said the Empress of Japan will also arrive from the Orient with a Chinese crew.

SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVE, BILIOUS.

IF LIVER IS TORPID--DIME A BOX

You men and women who can't get feeling right—who have headache, coated tongue, foul taste, and foul breath, dizziness, can't sleep, are nervous and upset, bothered with a sick, gassy stomach.

Are you keeping your bowels clean with Cascarets—or merely dosing yourself every few days with salts, pills, castor oil and other harsh irritants? Cascarets immediately cleanse

and sweeten the stomach, remove the sour undigested and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight straightens you out by morning—a 10-cent box keeps your head clear, stomach sweet, liver and bowels regular and you feel bully for months. Don't forget the children.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

10 CENT BOXES—ANY DRUG STORE

ALSO 25 & 50 CENT BOXES

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

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