

The Toronto World

A Morning Newspaper Published Every Day in the Year.
MAIN OFFICE 83 YONGE-ST., TORONTO.

I, JOHN LANG, Circulation Manager of THE TORONTO WORLD, do solemnly declare that the following statement shows the net circulation of THE WORLD for each day in the month of November, 1907:

The following statement shows the net circulation of The Sunday World for the month of November, 1907:

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|-------------|---------|
| November 3 | 35,293 | November 17 | 35,074 |
| November 10 | 35,696 | November 24 | 40,566 |
| Net Circulation, four Sundays | | | 156,171 |

Net Average Four Sundays

39,043

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|-------------|-----------|
| November 1 | 44,091 | November 16 | 41,304 |
| November 2 | 44,854 | November 17 | 40,134 |
| November 3 | 44,413 | November 18 | 39,705 |
| November 4 | 40,207 | November 19 | 39,500 |
| November 5 | 40,688 | November 20 | 39,301 |
| November 6 | 40,512 | November 21 | 41,797 |
| November 7 | 40,581 | November 22 | 40,456 |
| November 8 | 41,009 | November 23 | 41,683 |
| November 9 | 41,009 | November 24 | 40,014 |
| November 10 | 42,196 | November 25 | 40,098 |
| November 11 | 40,114 | November 26 | 40,002 |
| November 12 | 39,875 | November 27 | 40,189 |
| November 13 | 39,523 | November 28 | 41,711 |
| November 14 | 40,498 | November 29 | |
| November 15 | | November 30 | |
| Net circulation for 26 days | | | 1,068,515 |

Net Average for 26 Days

40,904

The foregoing figures include all papers actually sold and do not include damaged papers, samples or returned copies.
And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1891."

Declared before me at the City of Toronto, in the County of York, this 2nd day of December, A.D. 1907.

(Sgd) JAMES BAIRD,
A Commissioner, etc.

(Signed) JOHN LANG

The Epidemic of Gladness

There is a contagion in the world during this holiday season. Every body has it. But its penalty is not unto death, but life. It is the epidemic of gladness.

The source is not to be traced to stagnant pools or ugly corners. Rather look for it upon the strong swell of the Christmas and New Year's tide. Still it is none the less supreme. For the human heart does not feel its ills more consciously than at this season its happiness.

It is not to be charged against weather, fortune or age. They "catch it" in snow and rain; debtor and creditor are alike liable; it comes with both Santa Claus and the postman. All are clear cases of the prevailing epidemic.

We have been watching it run its course over the children. What a reformation of manners! Every little fellow has been paying the price of goodness. Evil spirits have been cast out. He is as a new music box—tuned to every sweet note.

The first stage came with the closing programs of the public schools. It ran higher with the prizes and carols given at the church. Then came the climax, when, with all the stockings below the mantelpiece, they dreamed and awaited the "reindeer train" and New Year bells.

Thus the shouts of gladness echo thruout the world of children. It is the boon of Divine love to heal their pain and sorrow.

But was there anything ever so universal? The railways are witnesses. Nothing save death itself, brings friends so far across sea and land. Only marriage bells can ring as lively as those which announce that the family turkey and pudding are ready. And business may just as well take a rest—for it must. Glad hearts are out on parade. They have the city, the country and everybody with them.

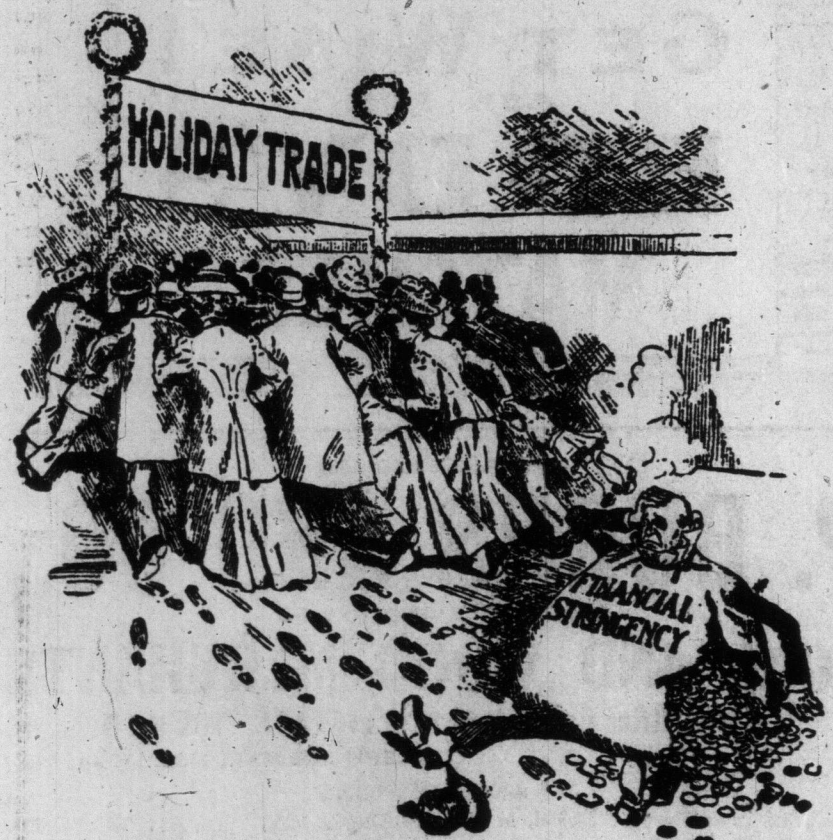
Mark the good effects upon every rank, office and estate. Joy has no pride or prejudice. Over the poor man's humble dwelling, as the family assort the beauty gifts and partake of their frugal feast, the angels are breathing gladness, such as is distilled in Heaven.

Stop a moment also at the mansion and palace. Too much have the fret and noise of the "strenuous life" prevailed upon them. Noble things have fallen into neglect, which is the heaviest loss of life. Love suffers, sacrifice becomes strange, mankind has no brotherhood. But the annual infection of gladness has been caught. Wife is sweetheart again. He has sought for gifts, ashamed that so few friends have been made in life. "Thank God," said he, "that I yet have a few." And in remembering them, his heart beats again like that of a man.

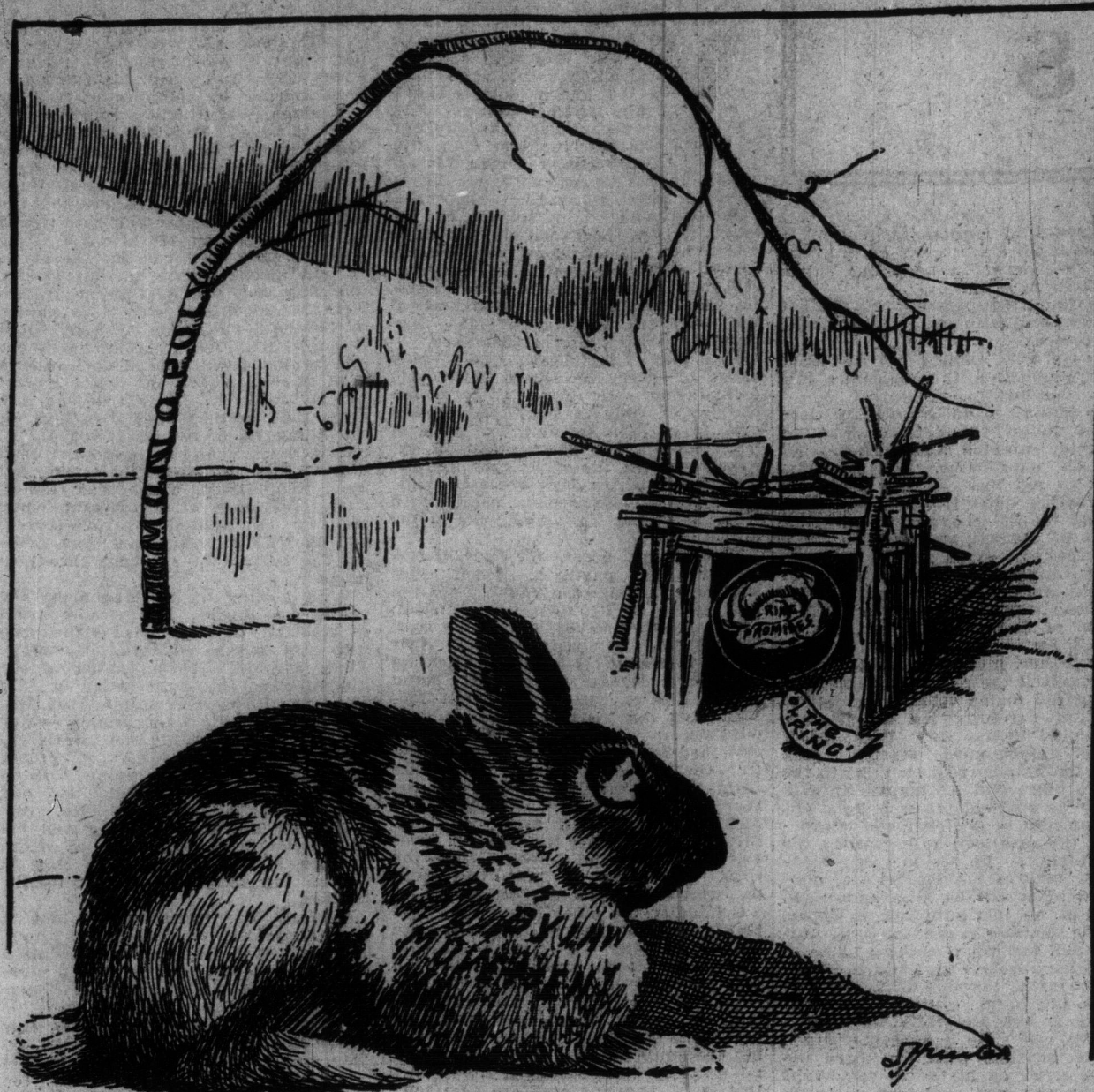
There may be one who never "takes" the festive fever. Avoid him! And pity!

You might as well set beside a thorn tree as ask a share of his seat upon the train. One may find as much inspiration inside an asylum's gate, as looking into his cheerless face and hear his everlasting "wail of woe."

Let this epidemic have its course! Let us be sick with gladness!—Dr. Quill.



TIGHT MONEY DOES NOT PREVENT LADIES FROM HUNTING BARGAINS.



The Civic Bunny: My, it does look nice, but I think I'll girdle that bent sapling a little before I reach for the cabbage.

As Others See Us.

From a friend and reader of The Sunday World, a letter has been received, expressing the view that it is inconsistent and unwise to run in the same issue one page dealing with religious topics and another publishing advertisements of the liquor interests.

So many letters, running over with aged suggestions and crippled, rheumatic advice, come into newspaper offices, telling the editors how to edit, and managers how to manage, that, to devour them all, would give any normal person indigestion.

They must be sent to that home for incurables—the waste-paper basket.

But the one above-mentioned was apparently forwarded with the most kindly intentions. The public are not acquainted with the operations of large newspapers. They might as well tell a foundry how many moldings to make in the year 1908 as to tell a big journal what revenues to accept and what to turn away. Hence, in writing regarding advertisements, the correspondent no doubt had only good wishes.

But he has, perhaps, not studied carefully what it costs to publish newspapers, or what it means to be cosmopolitan in view.

Not infrequently, meetings are held to discuss ways and means by which some fastidious, racial, or denominational paper may continue publication. Such journals generally are as particular about the advertisements they accept as Beau Brummel was about the clothes he wore. They refuse legitimate advertising; refuse to publish articles which are broad and unprejudiced; refuse to do anything which does not agree with certain ideals nourished in armchairs.

The result is that there is not enough money brought in to keep either paper or reader alive, and the former has to go to the wall.

Experience has taught publishers what they must do to be successful. They get their experience from the

masses. Why, then, should they not follow along the lines laid down?

Because you happen to be riding in one end of a coach and a convicted criminal is in the other end, that does not make you and all other passengers criminals.

Because there are bad goods-alongside valuable ones on the market does not oblige you to buy all. You can take the good and leave the bad, if you have powers of discrimination.

It might as well be said that, because there are many passages in the Bible recording the immoral deeds of men, the other verses are corrupted and should not be published.

The aim of most newspapers, like the best books, is to diffuse useful information and views, to direct public opinion, and improve citizenship generally. To accomplish this means the expenditure must be made of vast sums of money. To balance the expenditure, a revenue must be received. It is the duty of the publisher to find out where he can get such revenue, to secure it, and to leave the public to use some judgment as to what they shall read.

All people do not like sports; all do not care for finance, nor European news, nor social topics, nor advertisements of any kind. But, to be most successful, a paper must give space to all these varied interests, for thousands are watching for them.

The Sunday World has always aimed to give something worth while to everybody. Its growth and size are splendid proofs of how it has succeeded.

Advertisements are paid for. They are not debtors to a paper; therefore it is best to give the editorial and business management some discretion as to what to publish, so that both may co-operate in keeping a paper a distributor of news and useful information, as well as a practical business proposition.

The man who points to inconsistency may himself be wearing garments made in a foreign country, tho he constantly preaches that home industries should be patronized.

Responsibility of Parents.

The story of a man walking into a police station, holding his 19-year-old son by the collar, and saying, "Lock up this boy; I charge him with forgery, and shall prosecute him, so that, when he learns this lesson, he will lead an honest life," furnishes us with a good deal of food for thought.

It leads us to stop and ask: Was the father right? This is a hard question to answer. Some will say he made a mistake; that such treatment, and the disgrace following it, would antagonize any boy of spirit, and would probably do him more harm than good. But we do not know the entire circumstances. We do not know what the boy was, in his disposition and habits.

Perhaps this forgery was the climax of a series of misdoings. It isn't often that a boy chooses forgery as a beginning. Perhaps he was one of those boys who listen to parental correction with a sullen face, while, in his heart, he thinks only how unfortunate it is that "the old man got next."

There are boys like that. They look at their wrongdoing in all its nakedness only while it is being held before them in such a way that they can't avoid looking at it. To them it is not a thing to be sorry for; it is only a thing to forget, or, worse, to ignore. What shall you do with this sort?

If it were possible to answer offhand, innumerable fathers and mothers would give us credit for remarkable wisdom and goodness. But we cannot.

There is, however, another side from which to view the situation. Ten chances to one, the parents were to blame. They are usually responsible and should be more open to criticism and censure than the children.

If your boy is wild, who did it? Who permitted it? If he lies to you, who let him learn to lie? If his friends are bad, who allowed him to make those friends? If his ambitions are lacking, who failed to hold the best ideals before him—not in sermons, when he was caught, but in the everyday life and atmosphere of the home? If his entire idea of manhood and its responsibilities is perverted, are you sure in your heart of hearts that none of this can be charged to what you didn't do for him?

Precepts may keep mollicoddle boys out of jail; but real boys, with blood and strength and personality—you'll have to feed them something stronger.

If this thing that counts isn't in your life, only a miracle will ever put it in the boy's. It must be there actively—strong, dominating, unfailing; not only precept, but example; not only example, but ideals; not only ideals, but your own lifelong effort to attain them, which the boy must see and feel and know.

Boys and girls are often blamed and punished when they deserve no reproof. Parents seem incapable of recognizing that strict discipline (nothing harsher) is necessary with most children from their cradle up. If this discipline is given with sincerity and judgment, with love and power, little fear need be entertained of the lives of boys and girls when they mature.

Parents should think seriously about their own responsibility.

The Happy New Year

Thruout the Christian world New Year's is celebrated on January 1. We might imagine for the moment that this has been a fixed date for many a century, but it is not the case. January 1 has, in fact, been celebrated by the whole Christian world only since 1752, and then England was the last country to fall in line with the rest. Altho nations differed as to the time for beginning the year, yet, it has evidently been a custom from time immemorial as far back in heathen ages as the rudest calendar dates, to celebrate the first day of the opening year with festive rejoicing.

The early Romans divided the year into ten months, and, says legend, Numa Pompilius added January and February, with an occasional extra month intercalated in order to average three hundred and sixty-five and a fraction days in the solar year. January was dedicated to Janus, who had two faces, one looking toward the past and the other toward the future, indicating a regard for both.

Tradition dates the origin of New Year's gifts, the giving of which still prevails among Latin races, back as far as 747 B.C. Branches cut from the wood consecrated to Sterna, the goddess of strength, were presented to the King of the Sabines on the first day of the year as presents of good omens. In the course of time, however, gifts became varied and more elaborate and were extracted by the Roman Emperor till they became such a burden upon the people that Claudius put a limit to them.

Among the early Britons, also, the ancient Druids distributed as New Year's gifts branches of sacred mistletoe cut with solemn ceremony the night before from an oak tree in the forest dedicated to the gods. At a later period Henry III. set the fashion of extorting gifts which reached its height in the reign of Elizabeth and died utterly with the death of Charles I. and the rule of Oliver Cromwell.

The early Romans entered upon their new year with fresh hope and ambition. Each strove to make his words and conduct the keynote of the coming year. Visits were exchanged, feuds banished and friendships renewed. (But the wild orgies that were such a prominent feature in the revelries of the winter solstice threw a cloud over the whole season. After the anniversary of Christ's nativity was fixed on December 25, New Year's Day, which was exactly one week later, partook of a religious nature, altho it was never possible to banish the convivial element.)

So much confusion grew out of the old calendar that Julius Caesar undertook to rectify it, B.C. 46. He gave the months the number of days they still have and made every fourth year a leap year, thus having an average of three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter in the year which was more than eleven minutes too much. This style of reckoning lasted till these accumulated eleven minutes amounted to ten complete days, so in the year 1582 Pope Gregory ordained that ten days be deducted from the year, and to prevent the trouble from recurring, every hundredth year was not to be a leap year, except every fourth hundredth, beginning with the year 2000. Hence 1908 will be the first leap year since 1896.

Catholic countries at once adopted this change, but in protestant countries prejudice against everything connected with the Church of Rome ran so high that even this great improvement was refused. The protestants on the continent accepted it in 1700 and then eleven days had to be deducted instead of ten, and England acquiesced only in 1752, after enduring a great deal of unnecessary trouble. During medieval times the vernal equinox had become gradually accepted as the beginning of the legal year, but now again January 1 was the universally accepted date.

Among the different forms of New Year's greetings, perhaps that practised by the inhabitants of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine is the most unique and beautiful. Parties congregate on New Year's eve and spend the time in merry-making, but when the first stroke of twelve sounds from the cathedral bell, all windows are thrown open and all the people of the town lean out upon the sills and, with glass upraised, join in the cry "Prosit Neu Jahr," that bursts in one volume of sound upon the astonished air of night. Before the last clang of twelve has melted into silence the toast of the hour has been drunk, the windows have been closed and the hush of midnight has settled once more over the deserted streets of the city.

In France gift-giving has been reduced to an economical social convention. As, for instance, it often happens that when a person receives a New Year's present he immediately despatches it with his compliments as a gift to some friend who, in his turn, passes it on to one of his friends. And thus it goes, doing the service of a social duty, till possibly it circulates back to the first donor. Beggars have their privileges, too, on New Year's Day, and are allowed to beg in peace and freedom. Thus in Paris, the beautiful, they often congregate at the entrances of the great churches.

A curious feature of the season in China, Korea and Japan is that it is a common birthday for the community. From the moment a child makes his appearance in the world he is spoken of as a year old, and so continues until the beginning of the next year, when he is credited with another year.

In Scotland New Year's Day takes precedence over Christmas as the time of gift-giving and feasting. In retired towns of Scotland it is the custom for children of the poorer class on the morning of the last day of the year to swaddle themselves in a large sheet doubled up in front in the form of a large pocket, and then go in little bands calling at the doors of the richer inhabitants for a dole of wheaten bread. Each child gets one quadrant section of oat cake and sometimes a bit of cheese. This is called their "hogmanay." A favorite hymn used on the occasion is:

"Rise up, gude wife, and shake your feathers,

Donna think that we are beggars.

We are bairns come to play

And to seek our hogmanay."

Fifty years or more ago in some districts of Canada the year was ushered in by the "New Year Shooters," a band of young men whose number was reinforced as they went along until it became sometimes a small army of perhaps a hundred persons. They went from house to house, halted outside the door and with one united voice exclaimed, "We wish you a happy New Year." Then the captain of the host delivered in a whole-souled style the New Year's speech, which was followed by a general shout of "Three cheers for the Queen," and the firing of a gun. This finished, the door was usually thrown open and all were invited in to partake of such refreshment as hot toddy and cake. Cheered by the welcome they proceeded on their way until the midnight hour was passed and the old year had given place to the new. The custom degenerated, and, like many another, has passed out of use and almost out of memory. Perhaps the most widespread of all ways of welcoming the New Year is by the ringing of bells—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring happy bells across the snow;

The year is going, let him go,

Ring out the false, ring in the true."

The early Dutch settlers brought the custom of New Year's visiting with them to America, and in New York it became so popular and was so badly abused that it died out about the middle of the nineteenth century. No matter what customs prevail in different lands, the one universal and distinct feature of the day is the "Happy New Year" greeting.

Katharine Reid.