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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, December 23.

THE SPECTACLE AT OTTAWA.

What has taken place at Ottawa this last week is an amazing instance of indifference to the welfare of the country, as contrasted with striking solicitude for the preservation of a political group out of touch with public feeling but determined to hold on to office as long as possible. If Premier Borden and his associates had any real concern for the welfare of the country at this time when questions most vital to its future are demanding attention they would never have pursued such a course as placing the reins of power once again in the hands of a man who, for an indefinite period, can have no part in the government of the country. Not all the sentimental pleading of the Unionist press can hide this fact, that the real reason why Sir Robert Borden remains on as premier is that the members of his Cabinet would be at each other's throats in a week if he left. And they themselves know this so well that they have agreed to let the business of the country mark time so that they may remain on, in the hope that some turn of fortune's wheel will improve matters.

Either Sir Robert is essential to the carrying on of public business, or he is not essential. If he is essential the business of the country is evidently going to stand still pending his return, the date of which is now more indefinite than ever. If he is not essential there is no possible reason why he should not retire and allow some one of the aspirants for leadership within his Cabinet to have a try at it. There is young Mr. Meighen, for instance, of whom the Conservative press has never ceased to claim that he would make a good successor to Sir Robert. There is Mr. Calder, equally fitted for the job, according to good Conservative estimates. Mr. Rowell might even have some supporters, since only last week a newspaper that has supported the Unionist Government said that he was the ablest man in the Cabinet. Surely all this fine material should not be allowed to rust out simply to hold the job for Sir Robert Borden. These are no village Hampdens, according to their own estimate, but real potential statesmen, and it is really not fair that the young men should not have a chance.

Evidently there is something other than concern for Sir Robert Borden that actuates the Unionist Cabinet in deciding to remain on as a government with its directing head absent and entirely out of touch with what is going on at home. The weakness that is manifest in the whole proceeding is about as pitiable an exhibition of political intrigue and chicanery as this country has known in a generation. The Government at Ottawa is rapidly drifting into a condition similar to that existing at the capital after the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891. The spectacle of a dying party trying to function, which this country witnessed with utter disgust in the period just before 1894, is being repeated in the case of the Unionist group who call themselves a government, but who have shown themselves incapable of any bigger ideas than holding themselves in their jobs.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

Emma Goldmann and her paramour Berkman, arch-anarchists of America, along with several hundreds of lesser Reds, under impulsion of Uncle Sam's boot have left for dear old Russia. It is to be profoundly hoped that their departure is not a case of an au revoir.

The new world is well rid of these champions of an infamous political system, if anarchy can be called a system. The patience and tolerance of the American people is as amazing as it is fine. For 20 years Goldmann and Berkman have been permitted to openly preach revolution by violence, and have been directly associated with many treasonable conspiracies. No wonder they fought desperately to prevent deportation. They found America "easy," ridiculously tolerant. No other land could furnish such a happy hunting ground for destroyers of government. United States immigration authorities report that each of the deported carries away at least \$5,000 in good American cash, and that all are well fed and clothed. Russia, bankrupt, starving and industrially ruined, must loom a dismal prospect. Death, sudden and terrible, is always at hand there, too, as Goldmann and Berkman may find when they attempt to aid Lenin and Trotsky rule. But, of course, that's their funeral.

It would be well if the Dominion Government would follow Washington's example and clean out the Reds' nests. The Montreal Star has discovered that Bolshevik agents plan to launch a revolution at the metropolis in the spring. The extent of this conspiracy may have been exaggerated by the Star, but, nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that throughout Canada there are not Lenin emissaries busily stirring up active hostility to constitutional government. Nothing in the shape of an organized revolt is possible in this country on any large scale, for the simple reason that there isn't the human material necessary for the inauguration of savagery and outlaws. Canadians are too prosperous, too contented, too inherently decent, and too busy, to fall in behind the red flag, but there is a rapidly increasing foreign population that is easily led, and that might be stirred by professional Bol-

shevists into regrettable, if momentary, outbreaks. Russia is where these agitators belong. Send them there!

A REVOLUTION IN SCIENCE.

All the attempts on the part of scientists to express in understandable language the new conception of space and its dimensions, which has just been set forth by Professor Einstein seem but to belittle the subject and make it more mystical than before. Science has always held that space and its dimensions were absolute and calculable, but the inference from the Einstein hypothesis is that space, under certain conditions, may vary widely from our conception of it. Probably we shall have to rest content with some such statement as that until the physicists and mathematicians get it clearer in their own minds and can pass it on to the lay mind. In the meantime we can, at least, be interested in the originator of the theory that is upsetting old views, and which may be the starting point of a fundamental change in our conception of the universe.

Dr. Albert Einstein is a Swiss Jew, about 50 years of age. He has for many years been recognized as one of the leading physicists of the continent. He was for some years professor of mathematical physics at the Zurich Polytechnic, and afterward while at the University of Prague he was elected a member of the Emperor William Scientific Academy at Berlin, where he was able to give his whole time to research. When the war broke out and German professors generally joined in a manifesto supporting the war policy of the country, Einstein disagreed and protested. At the conclusion of the war he approved the revolution. It is said that when he offered his last important scientific work to his publishers, he warned them that there were not more than a dozen persons in the whole world who would understand it. The publishers seem to have been confident that there would be some readers, even though they were non-understanding readers, for the work appeared. It has not yet been translated into English.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Premier Drury says Toronto has had its say too long. Also too loud.

In order to save the bad ship Union, Sir Robert accepts the position of honorary captain.

One of the assassin band who attacked Lord French was named Savage. He is well named.

A lot of folk who trusted Forta would get a good deal more satisfaction out of trusting Providence.

Lieut. Maynard, the "Flying Parson," is to return to his pulpit, which, of course, is the proper place for a "sky pilot."

Reports from Montreal state that liquor dealers there are being "flooded, deluged and inundated," with orders for liquor. Looks like a "wet" spell all right.

It is an excellent indication of a proper and much-needed popular interest in public affairs that yesterday's nomination meeting was one of the largest held in years.

Few incidents of recent date so spectacularly illustrate the uncertainty and irony of life or the vagaries of destiny as the accidental death of Sir John Alcock, aerial conqueror of the Atlantic. Alcock's leap of the ocean was a stupendous gamble with disaster and death, yet he wins through this splendid adventure unscathed and untroubled to meet his end a few months later while negotiating one of the simplest manoeuvres of aviation. Fate ignores the tremendously dramatic setting that would have been furnished had Alcock perished while driving across the Atlantic, with the entire world's attention centred upon him, and sends him to his death after a trivial, uninteresting fashion. Life and death are no respecters of persons. An enlisted tramp dies radiantly leading a charge into the Hun lines, while a field marshal stubs his toe and is fatally jarred. Mankind is ever in the relentless grip of circumstance, a toy of fate.

THE EBB AND FLOW OF THE LUMBERJACK.

Everywhere there is restlessness in the ranks of the ordinary lumberjack, especially the foreigner. He seems imbued with a spirit of moving here and moving there, and getting nowhere. How to correct this tendency to travel and to make these men remain in camps after their transportation has been paid to the destination, is one of the big problems that lumbermen have to face. The constant shifting is setting to be a matter so serious as to call for legislative or other restrictive action. The camps are comfortable, the food substantial and varied, and wages the highest ever known for this class of work, yet the practice of "jumping" is as pronounced as ever.

The country is crying out for more lumber and larger production. Operators are willing to open up more camps. They have the virgin material, but if they cannot get someone to tell the standing timber the quantities available are of no use for construction or manufacturing purposes. Increased output simply resolves itself into getting the men and in some centres help is reported as being decidedly scarce. But everywhere there is one general grievance, and that is the elusiveness of certain types of woodsmen, which seriously impedes operations, disarranging internal administration and general efficiency in the camps.

The situation now and then has its amusing side. One lumber company applied recently to an immigration centre for assistants in the bush. Back came the reply: "We have no one that we can recommend. All around here now are either thieves or chugs." One manufacturer, whose mills are still busy, inserted advertisements in the country newspapers to the effect that he required men for the woods, and was willing to give them \$70 a month, with board and transportation, and if they remain three months to pay their fare back home. This has resulted in calling forth a representative class of young farmers who are expert in handling a team, and while they may not know all about the intricacies of the sawmill, they are confident to receive this liberal wage and come out in the spring with several hundred to their credit, eager to assume the work on the farm again. This plan is eliminating the foreigner and resulting in greater efficiency and augmented production.

A FORTUNE FROM SHELLS.

Sir Marcus Samuel, who has purchased from the Earl of Berkeley for the sum of \$25,000,000 a parcel of the fashionable residential section of London, known as Berkeley Square, started in business life keeping a little shop in one of the poorer quarters of the British metropolis, where he made and sold a shilling or two ornamental boxes made of shells from the seashore. Later he invested his savings in oil, made money and started a company, called the "Shell," thus identifying his big new venture with his original struggling business.

From Here and There

THE GREAT HOUR.

[Stephen Chalmers.]
From the peaks, drifting,
Diss the last light,
Dark pinnons, lifting,
Fill all heaven's height,
Down drop the wind's wings,
Still falls the sea,
Hills melt and merge, and calmly
Slumbers the sea.

Born of the last slow
Smile of the day,
Earliest stars glow
Faint—far away;
Jewels of tears shed
For Beauty passed,
As o'er the veiled body
Night creeps at last.

Day for life's living,
The night for sleep,
Day for full giving,
Night ours to keep,
After the day's wage
Against men and odds,
Forth fares the quiet sleeper,
One with the gods!

Yet in that pause 'twixt
Sunset and night,
Something is felt—seen,
Pregnant with might
Something the soul knows,
Out of some vast
Peace—as of perfect being,
There at the last!

WHILE PUBLIC PUFFS.

[Halifax Chronicle.]
Excessive profits, says the Boston Herald, invite strikes, which compel bigger wages, which excite lifted prices, which restore the balance, and so on, the higher level and meanwhile the poor public puffs like the bottom performer in a pyramid of acrobats.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The "Zoo" has been enriched, for a time at least, by a number of birds secured in New Guinea and the Malay Archipelago for Lord Tavistock. Four lesser Birds of Paradise are among the prizes. Their plumage is bright yellow, tipped with white, and variegated by a few stiff scarlet feathers. The head is marked with green and black. A rich brown, washed with golden yellow and straw color, is the shade of the general plumage. In captivity, these brilliant little fellows are attracted to the depths of their being by the offer of a meal-worm, which induces them to show off their fiery in the way characteristic of Birds of Paradise. They resemble human beings in that an appeal to the palate enables them to betray the very best side of their nature.

SHE LED HIM ON.

[London Tit-Bits.]
"Woman," he hissed, "woman, do you thus spurn my heart after leading me on?"
"When did I lead you on, as you call it?" asked the girl.
"Did you not tell me that that fortune-teller had told you that you were to wed a handsome blond young man, with the grace of a Greek god and the voice of an Aeolian harp?"

FAMILY ALBUMS.

[Saskatoon Phoenix.]
Every family has its album, as well as its black and white photograph. But the family album, which is moved out for visitors to behold as soon as they have found seats. In fact, the family album ceased to be popular with the passing of the old-fashioned parlor. Most of the family photographs are now in the hands of the young people, who are proud to show them to their friends. The album is now a thing of the past, and the family photograph is the only thing that remains. The album is now a thing of the past, and the family photograph is the only thing that remains.

"How dear to my heart is the old family album. And the fond recollections it brings to my view: The likeness of grandpa and grandma and uncles. Each clad in the garb of 1862. There's father with hair oiled, in sideburns repleated. And wearing his first boughten collar and tie; Never dreamed he'd be laughed at by any descendant. But each time I view it I laugh till I cry."

That isn't all of the poem, but it will suffice for purposes of illustration.
It is reported, on what seems to be good authority, that a society woman in Kansas recently paid an exorbitant sum to a blackmailer who threatened to publish an early portrait of her. He explained that he recovered it from the ash can, where she had thrown her family album one day when she expected visitors.

CHRISTMAS FACTS.

The turkey has formed a Christmas dish in England ever since its introduction in 1524. The Christmas pantomime was first introduced into England in 1702 by a dancing master of Shrewsbury.
Holly is a corruption of the word holy. In Germany it is called Christdorn, and in Denmark and Sweden Christtorn.
Plum pudding was originally a sort of thick porridge with plums in it, and was used in the sense of force-meat or stuffing.
Christmas and Epiphany were once celebrated as one and the same feast. The separation took place at the Council of Nice in 325.
Mince pies were derived from the pastry images and sweetmeats given to the fathers of the early church at Rome on Christmas Day. They used to be called "minced" pies.
The first Christmas carol was the well-known hymn "Gloria in Excelsis" sung by the angels to the shepherds at Bethlehem on the first Christmas morning. The first printed one was published in England in 1521.

About 3 o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day, in some parts of Wales, the people assemble in church, and after prayers and a sermon, sing psalms and hymns until daylight dawns. This is called the "crowing of the cock."
Waits was the name originally given to the minstrels attached to the king's court, whose duty it was to guard the streets at night, and proclaim the hour. They were also in the habit of serenading the inhabitants as well, hoping at Christmas to receive their reward.

Christmas candles, in some parts of England, must be so large as to burn all day, otherwise it will not be considered a good omen for the coming year should they fall in their light. They used to be presented by the poor as gifts to the rich.

PROFITEERING BRINGS ITS PENALTY.

[New York Times.]
Bitter as must be the grief felt by everybody who reads about the terrible pecuniary losses about to be suffered by the men who are the present possessors of intoxicants in enormous quantities, sympathy for them does have one slight mitigation in the minds of at least a few people. For those few remember, and at least as many more will do so when the fact is recalled, that in the weeks just before prohibition went into effect the men who now make their whimpering appeals for pity put exorbitant prices on their liquid wares.
Every one of them, after the manner of the most ruthless of profiteers, exploited to the uttermost the thirst of drinking folk, and the vague but compulsive apprehensions of the much more numerous people who still cling to the delusion that health and even life may depend some day on having a few bottles of wine, brandy or whiskey "in the house for use in case of sickness." The American Medical Association long since made formal official announcement, warning consumers of medicine that alcohol serves no purpose in medicine, that other and safer substances do not serve better, but the laity doesn't know that, and few of the doctors—doctors of the kind that all over Europe have been giving up their practice in the discovery of the circulation of the blood—yet believe it. The result was that practically everybody—many for the first time in their lives—laid in at least a stock of liquor in preparation for statutory dryness.

And didn't the liquor dealers make every one of them shell out. Had those dealers been decently considerate, content with less than the very highest price the panic-stricken public would pay, and in reality of the millions of barrels now full, and in reality or pretence worthless, would have been emptied at a reasonable profit.

Whether people would today be better off with more whiskey in their closets is questionable, but there's no doubt at all that the liquor dealers could face the future with a composure they now lack.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

OH, FRENCHIE!

By Vincent G. Perry.

Mademoiselle Marie le Fontaine's dainty Dresden cap shook tremulously as she rose to her feet and extended her free hand to Monsieur Jacques Prevot. The word in acknowledgment of the introduction slipped insensibly from her almost tightly-closed lips, but was less indistinct even than the little mumble that came from Monsieur. He was agitated, too.

"It must be grand to meet someone from your native land," enthused Doris Lackert, pretty daughter of the hostess, who had brought her French teacher home to spend the vacation. "How thoughtful Monsieur was to bring you, Monsieur Prevot. Buster never is very thoughtful either!"
"It is see army make been thoughtful, sweet Mademoiselle," smiled the Frenchman, as he bowed in the manner of his countrymen. "He was the brightest of 20 pupils as I have."
"Oh you speak English," came in evident surprise and perfect United States from Marie. "What a relief! I do so like the American's speech. I hate to talk my native tongue here."
"I agree, Miss le Fontaine." This time Prevot's English was almost devoid of accent. Marie scanned his features carefully, but before she could think on the subject he had broken into a wild mixture of excited words and gesticulations that pronounced him French without a doubt. What had started out to be a perfectly glorious vacation was going to end in a horrible time for her, Marie thought, unhappily, but there was no one to blame but herself.

As the afternoon went on Marie noticed more and more that Prevot was watching her and making mental note of her unblemished pronunciation of English words. He seemed to be avoiding her, especially conversation with her.

She was glad that he was. As long as he kept his distance, there was no danger of anyone finding out the deception she was playing. But he would find out, something seemed to tell her. He had been looking at her thoughtlessly brother of her fair pupil brought home this man? Just because he had been looking at her in French from him while in training for service in France. There was nothing attractive about the man's personality. Why he seemed afraid to move! Offering an excuse a severe headache, Marie managed to leave the party on the lawn, and retire to her room. There she fought it out. There was nothing to do but to pack up and leave before she was denounced as an impostor before everyone. She just could not bear it before them all. It was late at night, however, she made up her mind fully, and then she started in packing. Just before she put her hand mirror into her travelling bag, she settled down before the dressing table and started to make a change. Her appearance changed almost entirely. The foreign look that had been made mostly by her manner of speaking, she stopped to reflect. The balcony and the fire escape were the safest route, she resolved. As quietly as possible, she opened the French window and after a moment she stepped out on the balcony. There was not a single light in the house in view. Her plan was beating madly as she reached the fire escape. Her foot was in it when she saw a little shadow of fright. Someone had clutched her wrist.

"Mademoiselle! What means this?" It was the voice of Prevot minus the accent. His fingers were digging into the flesh of her wrist until the pain was almost unbearable.
"I was just leaving," she tried to explain.
"You had better go back to your room, Miss Spy. I've got your number."

Marie had never been ordered in such imperative tones before. Meekly she returned and retreated. When she flashed on the light in her room the Frenchman was right beside her.
"You think I am a spy," she gasped after she had sat in silence for nearly a minute.
"You are," he said, decidedly.
"I am not," she contradicted firmly.
"Not French," he ejaculated. "Then what are you?"

"What are you masquerading as a Frenchwoman for, and why were you stealing away like a thief in the night?"
"Because that is what I felt like, and I didn't want to be found out," Marie almost sobbed. "My story is silly to sound reasonable, but it is true."

"Let me hear it," he invited.
"Well, I am a school teacher—a teacher of French in a new school in France a day in my life, but I have had the advantage of good Parisian French, and I was teaching in a college in which I was teaching was closed on account of the increased cost of operation during the war, and I found myself in search of another position. To my dismay, I found there were so many French war widows of high intellect that had immigrated to this country and were easily obtained for all vacancies, that it was next to impossible for an American girl to be accepted by a faculty as a teacher of French. There was nothing for it but to go to St. Thomas, and change my name from Marie Fontaine to Marie le Fontaine, dressed my hair in 'Parisian' style, and put on out-of-date Parisian clothes and put on a Parisian complexion, with the result that I seemed to be a French girl, and have been living under the deception of being a French girl ever since. For goodness sake, what is the matter?"

Prevot had risen to his feet and was panting with excitement.
"Are you Marie Fontaine," he cried when she had finished. "Little Mary with the dark, dark hair and laughing eyes? Are you the little girl who told me you could never develop me because I was going to be an actor, and you were going to be a missionary? Tell me quick, are you my Mary?"
"There is only one man who ever talked that way to me," Mary cried with just as much excitement, "and that was my own Jack Tracey, the one and only man in the world; and you think I did not know him with a moustache and six years to his credit. With one movement, she tore the veil from her face. "Yes, Jack, I am your Mary—your forever yours, I still think I am Jack Tracey's wife." "But you thought I was a spy—perhaps you still think I am," she said reluctantly.

"A spy! Sure you are a spy—the spy that holds the key to my heart. Young lady, this is a serious offence. I am Jack Tracey of the secret service, brought here to investigate a woman who has, too, evidently masquerading as a Frenchwoman. I'm going to take you prisoner."

He had taken on the brisk official look of his office. For a moment Marie took him seriously, but as his arms opened up, and his face took on a smile that could not be mistaken, she sighed in relief. His arms had closed about her. She was his prisoner for life.

London & Port Stanley Railway
Time Table Effective September 5.
To St. Thomas—10:40, 11:30, 12:20, 2:20, 3:10, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20, 12:20 p.m.
To Port Stanley—10:40, 11:30, 12:20, 2:20, 3:10, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20, 12:20 p.m.
Daily except Sunday.
Limited train, London to St. Thomas.

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