

London Advertiser

MORNING Published by THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED, London, Ontario.
EVENING Published by THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED, London, Ontario.
 TELEPHONE NUMBERS: 3670 EXCHANGE, 3670
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 City, delivered—15 cents per week; \$2.00 for six months, \$5.00 per month for short term subscriptions.
 By Mail, Outside City—\$5 per year; \$2.75 for six months, or 50 cents per month for short term subscriptions.
 To the United States—\$8 per year; \$5.00 for six months, or 85 cents a month. The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation books of The Advertiser.

Too Small for Canada.

The Renfrew Mercury devotes space to dealing with the attempts of the Toronto Telegram to establish the fact that the Knights of Columbus were the backbone of the Liberal organization in the recent contest in Lanark.

One report of a meeting of a Catholic Women's League held on a Sunday afternoon, used in the Toronto paper, went on to state that Dr. Wickware, president of the Smiths Falls Liberal Association, went to the separate school hall, where the meeting was held, and remained inside for about half an hour. Now Dr. Wickware is a Methodist, but he is a good Liberal, and Smiths Falls Conservatives and Orangemen draw obvious conclusions.

Serious charge, is it not? The Renfrew Mercury says the report is quite correct except in one small detail, that Dr. Wickware was not at any time present at the meeting.

Not satisfied with this form of keyhole campaigning, the Toronto paper made its attack along racial lines: "The whole complexion of the Liberal organization in Lanark runs to one element. In Smiths Falls, for instance, the president of the Liberal women in an English-speaking community is Mrs. Raoul Girouard."

Could anything be smaller than such gratuitous slander? A woman of French origin president of a Liberal organization in an English-speaking community. To our mind it is the practical embodiment of toleration and the one and only spirit that will make Canada a great nation.

Just to clear the matter up the Renfrew Mercury supplies the names of those who were in charge of the Liberal campaign in Lanark. They were:

Mr. Findlay, Presbyterian.
 Dr. Dwyer, Roman Catholic.
 Hon. Thos. A. Low, Methodist.
 J. J. Hunter, Methodist, and Orangeman.
 Mrs. Girouard, Presbyterian.
 Dr. Wickware, Methodist.

Is it not time that we passed by and away beyond the state where we measure men according to their race and religion? The Toronto Telegram is in the center of Ontario's population. To the outside provinces its voice may be taken as the voice of Ontario. And yet we have it, for political and racial purposes, seeking to set up creed against creed and race against race.

London 76 Years Ago.

The London Times. Probably few Londoners would recognize that as the name of a paper that had been published in London, Ont. Complete files of the year 1846 are preserved. The style of paper 76 years ago was vastly different to that of today. For instance, when a large fire happens now the reporter's first duty is to state the amount of damage, the cause, and chances for a new building. The London Times of Friday, January 9, 1846, recounts a fire, starting in this way:

"About 2 o'clock on Thursday morning, being suddenly aroused from our slumbers by a cry of 'Fire,' we hastily proceeded to dress, and some time before we could effect our purpose we observed the fire engine passing, which indicated to us the direction in which the devouring element was doing its work of destruction." Near the end of the story it is mentioned that the fire was in Mr. Grant's workshop on King street.

George Goodhue was postmaster at that time, and used space freely to publish a list of letters received at the office, but not called for.

A line of stage coaches, offered communication from Chatham to Kingston, the distance from Detroit to Chatham being made by boat in five hours. The coach route "passes through the flourishing towns of Chatham, Louisville, Moreau, Town, Wardville, Delaware, London, Ingersoll, Beachville, Woodstock, Paris, Brantford and Hamilton, changing there for the boat and reaching Kingston in three days from Chatham."

In the world of politics, affairs at Washington were receiving attention in 1846, considerable space, as space went then, being devoted to an address by John Quincy Adams on the Oregon question. The Times presented, in turn, a long statement of the British claim to the state of Oregon, founded on discovery and settlement. Comments of Canadian papers on this question are quoted from the Montreal Courier, Kingston News Hamilton Express, none of which exist today under those names.

Police reporting was done in a very judicial sort of a way in 1846. There appears a large table, giving a tabulated list of all those who had found themselves before the magistrate. Names, offences, fines are all given fearlessly, together with a record of whether the fine was paid or not. Many of the fines were assessed for evading tolls, and against others for allowing parties to go on their property to dodge the toll gate. So it appears that the

man who was willing to assist his friends in dodging the toll gate found himself answering to his own name in police court.

Local politics were to the fore, and the various wards had nominated their candidates as follows: St. George's ward, T. W. Shepherd and John Bulkwell; St. Patrick's ward, James Grant and Mr. Robinson; St. Andrew's ward, R. Fennel, S. Morrill; St. David's ward, John Flynn, J. Talbot and Mr. Pettifer. The Times gives some right sound advice to the voters of that day, urging that in voting citizens should "at all events choose men who are at least possessed of a moderate share of common sense with prudent and sober habits."

The 1922 candidates, though elected, might stand up beside the measuring stick of 1846 just to see what they'd have looked like three-quarters of a century ago. Nor was the social life of the community neglected. A Valentine's ball was taking place, being given by J. H. Joyce at the London Coffee House. The stewards were James Hamilton, sheriff; S. Pomroy, E. Leonard, E. S. Hyman, E. Adams, R. Mack, F. Oliver, J. Caldwell, A. Fraser, J. B. Harris and J. Daniels. Several lectures were being given, and one performance at the Theatre Royal fell under the stab of the editor's trenchant pen. Several Shakespearean sketches were attempted by local talent. Credit was given to some performers, but of others "it would give us great pleasure if we could report as favorably on the other parts, but a regard for truth compels us to say that some of the rest of the performance was far below their usual acquirements."

When it is considered that news from the outside world came in slowly, and that the means for recording it were limited, it must be allowed that papers of these early days served well their day and generation, and passed on to posterity a faithful record of the happenings of the time.

Nations Cannot Agree.

The premiers of Britain, France and Italy have failed to come to an understanding about German war debts and the method and promptitude of their payment.

The premier of France wants to take troops into Germany; likewise he wants the British to go along. Bonar Law has not been sold on the idea of making the British the spearhead for any French collection agency.

The one bright spot, if it can be called that under any guise, is that the premiers will sit again in Paris January 2 to see if anything can be found that looks like common ground.

Having disagreed in the present, as in former conferences, there seems little hope for success by changing the location from London to Paris and starting over again.

Pointers apparently cherished the idea that the covenant secure more sanction for his favour of Germany views from Bonar Law than he could from Lloyd George. Britain is not searching for anything that looks like war, and Britain, regardless of premiers, is opposed to sending an army of occupation in the Ruhr.

France might as well take it for granted that such will be the attitude of Britain when the next conference opens in Paris on January 2.

Note and Comment.

The young man with a \$25 salary courting a girl with a \$50 taste is out of luck in this festive season.

Women powder their noses in public, so why shouldn't men shave on the back of the street car in the morning?

Blessed be Kent. For of Kent it has been said that "less than a third of a mill will pay off our entire debenture debt."

No doubt the chickens have a real grievance to bring before the barnyard council, because there will be more of them killed if turkey is high.

"Pedestrian" submits this one: "Is it possible that in a few years from now we may be taken to court and fined for getting run into by an auto?"

The man who gives his wife a jardiniere for Christmas is looking for trouble. The first time there's a row in the house it's sure to get busted.

A man in Fulton, Mo., has his picture in the paper because he wore a pair of pants 25 years. But the picture shows only his head and shoulders.

Mrs. Santa Claus must get sick and tired of having her husband hanging around the house all the time, and going out only one night in the year.

Horse fell into the cold water at Boston a few days ago and swam in the harbor for 37 hours before being rescued. So, if you have half the grit of this horse you should be able to keep your head above water for quite a while yet.

Clemenceau visited Chicago stock yards. He was handed that fine old joke about everything being used but the squeal, following which he asked what became of the odor. The answer can be furnished by those who live within the two-mile broadcasting area.

We regard United States as a nation of wealth, but tax returns fail to show it that way. From June to November United States collected \$712,000,000 from taxpayers, com-

EVERDAY MOVIES.



O, the dear! What do you call him?
 "When he acts like this I can't tell yer!"

EXCHANGES

But Turkeys Can't Read.
 Brantford Exporter: Our advice to the Christmas turkey is that he go on a hunger strike and thus evade the axe.

Women Now Eligible.
 Ottawa Journal: In filling the post of official hangman it must not be forgotten that in Canada there is equality of the sexes.

Uses of Hunger Strike.
 Regina Leader: A woman in Ireland has just hunger struck her way out of jail and another in Maine is attempting to hunger strike her way into her husband's affection; but no one seems to have tried hunger striking as an antidote for the high cost of living.

It's Up to the People.
 Winnipeg Free Press: Sir Henry Thornton talks bravely. Let us hope that he has the courage to live up to his words. But however resolute he may be in his intentions he will fail unless the people of Canada back up his determination not to take orders from the politicians.

Troubles of the Farmers.
 Yorkton (Sask.) Enterprise: The farmers' difficulties are real and vital. They have every reason to be dissatisfied with conditions as they are. The numbers who have left the country during the past year are a warning to those in authority that these problems can no longer be ignored. The feeling persists and grows that the farmers are the victims of a lopsided economic system under which it is all but impossible for them to make a success of their vocation.

The Cost of Audits.
 Newmarket Era: Oshawa is finding out by bitter experience that provincial audit of corporation accounts is an expensive luxury. The bill of the auditors amounts to \$8,000. When Colonel Allen was mayor, Newmarket had the pleasure (?) of paying \$600 for a provincial audit. He discovered a discrepancy of 1 cent in the accounts for a period of several years. Better to appoint a new treasurer and start over again than throw away money on a provincial audit.

THE BOOKSHELF

"To Tell You the Truth," by Leonard Merrick. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. Price \$1.75.

"To Tell You the Truth" is a collection of short stories as delightful as the title is appealing. The novels, the majority of which are laid in France, are written so simply and so charmingly that it can be easily understood why the works of this accomplished author are so much in demand. The assortment begins with a fascinating little French story in which Marie Lamonde is the heroine, Marie, born in Chauville-Le-Vieux, whose mother was a piano tutor and her father "professor of the violin" has her whole life obscured by the overwhelming fact that she used the receipts from a successful lottery, which she had given to a friend who had given her the money to buy a road accident, leaving a young son, for whom Marie feels it is her duty to provide.

This tale, as are all the others, is written in a fascinating manner, a satirical story revolving round Alf, a British soldier wounded in the war, and his sweetheart, Nelly, who has been unfaithful to him, having found rich men more to her liking than poor ones such as Alf.

"To Tell You the Truth" is a first rate book of light fiction which intrigues the reader into wishing there were more of it, and makes it impossible for one to resist getting the catalogue of this author's works to make sure that one has not missed any of his productions.

Your Health

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.
 Commissioner of Health, New York City.
 U.S. Senator-Elect from New York State.

When you think of Christmas you think of the children. It is a day for the young ones. But it also is a day for the rest of the world because on Christmas Day we are all children. Christmas is a day of gift giving, because it is a day when we dedicate ourselves to the children in our homes. We will make every Christmas a day of giving. We will shower upon them every good and desirable gift.

When we consider suitable gifts, why should we confine our thoughts to material things, breakable and destructible? Is it not better to reach out for spiritual things, for lofty ideals and noble aspirations? Of what value are all the other gifts if the body is frail and if life hangs by a slender thread? There must be a foundation of health and vigor, or everything else turns to dust and ashes.

Let us bring gifts of knowledge, of proper habits of temperance and of joy in right living and right thinking. What the man will be in his body and soul depends largely on the gifts bestowed upon him as a child by his parents.

What better day is there to begin this sort of gift-giving than Christmas Day?

Children must be taught how to live and the reasons for the simple rules of hygiene which make for health and long life. They should love the sunshine and the fresh air. It is just as easy to make a child healthy as it is to make him fat. Play can be made of the toothbrush drill. Cleaning the finger-nails can be turned into a joyous game.

What finer gift than to give a child than to teach him to breathe deeply? This practice gives pinkness to the cheeks, redness to the lips, warmth to the hands and feet, good digestion, nourishment of the body and resistance to disease.

Neatness, orderliness, cleanliness, thoroughness—all these qualities can be taught a child and can be bestowed upon him with all the tenderness of a loving spirit which accompany the giving of a Christmas gift.

No one more than Jesus taught the love of little children. "Verily," he said, "I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me."

On this Christmas Day, then, we may imitate the wise men and with them bring to the Christ Child gifts of gold and frankincense and myrror. By giving good gifts to our children and to those who would have nothing but for our thoughtfulness we are giving to Him.

Answers to Health Questions.
 M. L. Q.—I have red hair and would like to bleach it. Will you kindly tell me how to accomplish this?

A.—Meddling with your hair may cause you to lose it. Do not be foolish and try to change its color.

D. M. J. A. Q.—I am a girl 21 years old and for seven years have been troubled with a cough. I eat and sleep well and do not experience pain. What would you advise me to do?

A.—Have your throat examined and your chest X-rayed. If nothing is found, the cough is probably nervous in origin.

MRS. B. C. J. Q.—I have been troubled with a nervous heart, although I have been advised that there is no organic trouble present. What shall I do about it?

A.—Go on about your work in your usual way as long as you feel no discomfort. If he thinks it necessary your doctor will prescribe treatment for you.

A READER. Q.—Will you please tell me whether it is good for an eyewash?

A.—I cannot advise you about the preparation you mention, as I do not know anything about it. Boracic acid solution makes an excellent eyewash.

The Daily Story

By H. IRVING KING.

The engagement between Gertrude Kendrick and Ernest Marsden had been broken off. The fact made excellent tea-table talk for two whole weeks in the most select circles. It was all the more interesting because no one knew anything at all about the details of the matter and so everybody had his, or her, own version—which was quite as authentic as the version of anybody else—and could give fancy a free hand at embroidering it.

There was no scandal attaching to the severance of diplomatic relations between Ernest and Gertrude: the most malicious could not suggest that. He was a model young man and she was a model young woman, both of the best social standing and so publicly known and officially listed. The affair could afford at most no more than a pleasing opportunity for polite and entertaining gossip. Now, though no one at Mrs. Van Tappen's tea table had the true story—interesting and circumstantial as all the versions were—it was really this: Each party to the engagement had become convinced that the other party loved some one else and was only holding out to him or her a sense of duty and honor.

It all came about through Aunt Cynthia—Gertrude's aunt—who was a romantic old spinster and a bit of a meddler. The loves of Gertrude and Ernest were entirely too commonplace to suit Aunt Cynthia, who was a great reader of those triangular love stories in which the angles violate all the laws of plain and spherical geometry, and she just revelled in novels where two illustrious couples have Satan's own time in rearranging matters more to their liking without getting arrested for bigamy. To Aunt Cynthia a humdrum courtship, a prosaic marriage, and "they lived happy ever after" appeared entirely abnormal, she set about to mold the love affair of her niece a little nearer to the standard of her beloved fiction.

Gertrude knew that before she and Ernest had met and fallen in love he had been rather attentive to Flora Wardell, and Ernest was aware that when he appeared on the scene, she became the accepted suitor of Gertrude her heart was being besieged by Arthur Greene. But, bless you! these were mere youthful epiphonies gone with the snows of yesterday and seldom remembered even by the four young people who engaged in the affair. By talking first to Ernest and then to the other, she finally got Ernest to suspect that Gertrude still loved Arthur—something she had never thought of doing—and persuaded Gertrude that Ernest's affections still lingered about Flora Wardell—where they had been ever since Gertrude was the first to succumb. She wrote Ernest a letter telling him that he was free, their engagement had been a mistake, she was sure his heart was another's—and a lot more balderdash inspired by Aunt Cynthia. Ernest saw in this letter a confirmation of his suspicions that Gertrude's affections were really fixed elsewhere, and so replied, magnanimously releasing her from her engagement. Of course both the young people were heartbroken—but Aunt Cynthia was triumphant. A few days after the interchange of releasing letters, Ernest saw the names of Gertrude and Aunt Cynthia on the passenger list of an outgoing European steamer—and on the same list the name of Arthur Greene.

Two days later Ernest was speeding out of Jersey City bound for California's Golden Gate, the cherry blossoms of Japan and the sea breezes of the South Seas. And he didn't care whether the train ran off the track, the steamer sank or what happened to him. A year later, after restless wanderings in realms afar, he found himself at Algiers and at the Hotel Splendide, which from the palm-clothed heights of Mustapha Superior, looks down on the ancient city of the Barbary pirates and the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Turning over the leaves of the hotel register upon his arrival to see if by any chance any of his New York acquaintances were stopping there, he came across the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Greene."

It was a shock. He had expected it, of course. But not then and there. He strolled musingly upon the broad terrace, and there, leaning upon the parapet, looking down at the blue sea, was a well-memorable figure. As he approached Gertrude turned, and faced him with a little start. "This is an unexpected meeting," said he, raising his hat formally. "The fact is, I have been rather out of the world for the past year, but on my arrival just now I saw the names of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Greene on the hotel register, and I beg to offer by somewhat delayed—"

A look of comprehension came into Gertrude's face, and to Ernest's bewilderment, she put him up with a laugh and exclaimed, "Why, here they come now."

"Who?" said Ernest.

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Greene, to be sure. If you had looked back a little farther in the register you would have seen the names of Miss Cynthia Kendrick and Miss Gertrude Kendrick."

Ernest turned to see approaching him Arthur Greene and she who had once been Flora Wardell. That evening under the stars on that same seaward-looking terrace, Gertrude and Ernest had a long, explanatory heart-to-heart talk, on the breath of which was swept away forever the airy fabric of Aunt Cynthia's romantic imaginings. The sailing of Arthur on the same ship with Gertrude and her aunt after the catastrophe of the years before had been a mere coincidence.

Chaperoned by Aunt Cynthia, Gertrude had wandered about the geography trying to forget, but only succeeded in becoming more and more doubtful of the truth of her suspicions regarding Ernest's love for Flora, and more remorseful at what she had done in breaking her engagement. The arrival at Algiers of Arthur and his bride had confirmed her in her suspicions that she had acted like an idiot, and she had been dreaming and longing for Ernest when he had found her on the terrace.

The greatest satisfaction in the whole business was expressed over Mrs. Van Tappen's teacups: "Wasn't it a delightful little romance! They ran across each other again at Algiers and were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on their way home." Aunt Cynthia was highly elated—had she not turned a prosaic courtship into a charming little romance? Nobody, in short, had suffered but Ernest and Gertrude, and they had come into such happiness in the end that they did not have the heart to begrudge their friends and relatives the pleasure they took in a romance so entirely delightful to everybody except the victims.

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