

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.
TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.
Business Office107
Editorial Department134
Job Department175
The London Advertiser Company,
Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, London, Ont.
LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 8.

Russia's Terrible Plight.

The almost impenetrable veil which has shrouded events in Russia for some days has not yet lifted, but the few glimpses permitted the outside world by means of dispatches transmitted from the Prussian frontier go to confirm the worst fears.

From many points come reports of pillage and massacre, indicating that the authority of the Government outside of St. Petersburg is in a state of collapse. The most discouraging feature is the failure of the so-called Liberals, represented by the zemstvo congress, to rally around Count Witte in his effort to convert the autocracy into a constitutional monarchy without convulsion or revolution. Between the revolutionary proletariat and the reactionary nobles there is a middle class, such as has been the center of political gravity in Great Britain, at once progressive and conservative, but this class in Russia is either too feeble, timid or unenlightened to attempt to hold the balance between the two forces which threaten to plunge the nation into a dreadful welter.

The discouraging response of the people to Count Witte's policy has played into the hands of the reactionists, and there are rumors of a dictatorship which will stop at nothing in the effort to re-establish the old order. It is apparent, also, that the leaders of the Social Democracy are working to make the Government's position impossible, and will be satisfied with nothing less than the destruction of the Romanoff dynasty; but there is a counter-movement on foot, headed, it is said, by Father Gapon, to draw the workmen of St. Petersburg away from the leadership of the "reds."

In the meantime the supporters of Witte are losing heart, and some of his ministers have asked to be relieved of office. If Witte should give up in despair, to whom could the Emperor turn? Not to the reactionists, without drenching the country in blood. Among the progressives there is not another outstanding figure. The conclusion is irresistible that the Czar and Witte must sink or swim together, relying upon the army to preserve a semblance of order until they can get the new constitution in working order. If they fail, utter dissolution of the ties of society may be expected, and a new despotism may arise out of anarchy.

Chamberlain's Finishing Stroke.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Bristol is credited with giving the coup de grace to the Balfour Government. The European mails bring the full report, from which we clip the significant passages:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are standing on the very brink of a general election. (Hear, hear.) There are many prophecies that have been made as to the result. I will venture no prediction. (Hear, hear.) But I will say this, if you want to win now or later—and I am not certain that it may not be more complete if it comes a little later—but if you want to win at any time, and if your policy is to bring with it—it is the important thing—the full application of the principles which you have desired to establish, believe me you must have a forward policy. (Cheers.) You must not suffer it to be whittled down by the timid or the half-hearted minority of your party. (Cheers.) You must not ask the majority, if it be nine-tenths, or as I think, ninety-nine-hundredths (hear, hear), to sacrifice their convictions to the prejudices of the minority. (Cheers.) No army was ever led successfully to battle on the principle that the latest man should govern the march of the army. (Hear, hear.) I say you must not go into the battle which is impending with battered swords merely in order to satisfy the scruples of those who do not wish to fight at all. (Hear, hear.) I think that is understood. I see in papers, I hear in speech, and I see in the divisions in the Unionist party, where are they? (Hear, hear.) There is a most grotesque exaggeration in the part of the people who make the divisions. (Hear, hear.) Of course, if there are a thousand people on one side and one on the other it is a division. (Laughter and cheers.)"

This is almost truculent in its defiance of the elements in the Unionist party which will not accept Mr. Chamberlain's programme. Even the London Times, which has supported him through thick and thin, thinks he has oversteered the mark. Says the Times: "Mr. Chamberlain is quite right in saying that the Unionist party must have a forward policy. But it is not to be translated into the totally different proposition that no forward policy will serve unless it is the most forward that can be devised. It is quite true that both the Union of Conservative Associations and the Liberal Unionist Council have given hearty assent to Mr. Chamberlain. He is entitled to insist as he does upon that gratifying fact. Yet it is not so conclusive as to the opinions of the Unionist party at large as to justify a too confident assumption that there is no substantial body of dissent. That is the justification for Mr. Balfour's address at large as to comprehensive policy, which in no way prevents the most active propaganda on Mr. Chamberlain's part or the proving of the general election

that the center of gravity has shifted further to the front." Mr. Chamberlain's allusion to lame leaders and blunt swords is a straight challenge to Mr. Balfour. They may preserve an appearance of co-operation in the coming election, but during the period of opposition to which the Conservative party is apparently destined, Mr. Chamberlain's aggressiveness and fighting qualities will undoubtedly make him its logical leader. His great opportunity is about to arrive.

Sarnia Branch Mail Service.

The assertion by a local contemporary that there was no agitation for a change in the Grand Trunk service on the Sarnia branch will be news to the people of Sarnia, Stratroy, Petrolia, Wyoming, Watford, Kerwood, and other towns and villages which were deprived of their afternoon mail by the October time-table. The boards of trade, and business men generally, in these places, petitioned the Grand Trunk and the Postmaster-General for a restoration of the afternoon train out of London. The Postmaster-General, upon inquiry, found the mail service inefficient and made representations to this effect to the Grand Trunk. The service as it now stands is not unfavorable to the city of London, as represented. Although the early morning train into London has been canceled, there is one arriving here at 11:10 a.m., stopping at Wynding, Watford, Stratroy, and also at Kerwood when flagged; and others arriving at 1:25 p.m. and 4:10 p.m., stopping at all stations. Any of these trains are highly convenient for people along the Sarnia branch who wish to shop in London, as they can catch the 8 p.m. train going west, which stops at Kemoka, Stratroy, Watford and Wynding, and on Saturday nights at Kerwood. Watford is the distributing point for mails for Walnut, Sutorville, Warwick, Burnham, Arkona and Wiesbeach. Stratroy and Wynding are also the mail centers for several country postoffices. The service as it now stands has given immense satisfaction to all of these communities, and is not detrimental to the merchants of this city.

"Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar." The truth of this was never more apparent.

The Hamilton papers are quarreling over the tonic sol fa system, without the delusion that it is a new brand of blood bitters.

Money is rolling into the provincial treasury. The Whitney Government can thank its lucky stars it inherited a financial policy instead of having to construct one.

John D. Rockefeller, jun., is grieved to think that nine out of ten men go into politics to make money. "The Standard Oil Company has never entered politics except from philanthropic motives."

Did you notice those pictures of the old and new license inspectors of Toronto in last night's edition? If the change is really in the public interest, as Mr. Whitney says, then there is nothing in the principles of physiognomy.

The Christian Guardian, referring to the adoption of the spoils system, says the party pot has boiled over and the effervescent scum has forced the lid, which Premier Whitney had not sufficient weight to keep down. This is a just and lively metaphor. The Government appears to be going to pot.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier showed true French chivalry in his telegram to the divine Sara, and incidentally heaped coals of fire on her head, for Sara says she never heard of him till the other day. If she has found bad manners among French-Canadians, she will also find the best. She rebukes Canada, with some justice, for the absence of artistic progress, but Canadian culture would be much the poorer but for the educated circles of Quebec.

Hard Lines.
[Punch.]
"Arry—H, there! You, there! H! Come off the grass, can't you? Don't you see the notice? It's the likes of you trespassin' chaps as makes 'em shut their parks."

Noble Owner—Oh, I beg pardon. I forgot the notice. I'll come off at once.

That's Why.
[Nashville American.]
"Who is that fellow that's foaming at the mouth about Russian oppression?"
"That's old Henpeck."

Uncle Eben.
[Washington Star.]
"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "keeps so busy tellin' what dey knows dat dey neber gits time to learn anything wut tellin'."

Cause for Joy.
[Philadelphia Press.]
"You seem happy, old man."
"I am. I own a bicycle now."
"Why, I thought you put your wheel away several years ago and stopped using it."
"So I did, but I just paid the last installment on it last week."

A Costly Postoffice.
[Brandon Postoffice.]
While the Canadian postoffice department is reveling in surpluses, Uncle Sam seems unable to get along without huge deficits, that for last year

being placed at \$14,725,964. But this by no means represents the actual deficit, which is much larger. Postmaster-General Cortelyou's estimate for the field service or postal appropriation proper in the coming fiscal year is \$155,000,000, which is an increase of 6 per cent over the present year. Bills indicating that postal business is increasing three times as fast as population. Rural free delivery alone will cost nearly \$30,000,000 for the next fiscal year. This is an increase of nearly \$4,000,000 over the current year. Bills will be introduced before Congress is a month old, which, if adopted, would raise the postal budget to \$300,000,000.

What's in a Kiss.

[Marian Phelps.]
What's in a kiss?
In kisses lightly given, naught but this:
A monetary thrill, when lips meet lips,
Sweet as the nectar that the wild bee sips
From fragrant chalice, but soon forgotten—this,
Just this, and nothing more, is in a kiss.

What's in a kiss?
Ah, when for love the kiss is given, this:
Truth, purity, abiding trust, the seal
Of loyalty to love, come woe, come weal,
Unspoken promise of a soul's allegiance—this.

All this, and more—ah, more!—is in a kiss.

Triplet.
[Judge.]
The drug clerk turned red
And the pretty girl blushed,
"A sponge bath," she said,
The drug clerk turned red,
"A bath sponge instead,"
She corrected, and the
Drug clerk turned red,
And the pretty girl blushed.

The Prevailing Hurry.
[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"Where are you rushing, my pretty maid?"
"Going shopping, sir," she said.
"What is your hurry, my pretty maid?"
"Only three weeks to Christmas, sir," she said.

Alibi Established.
[Baltimore American.]
Lawyer—You say you left home at 10:15?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Lawyer—And came back on the 25th?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Lawyer (severely)—What were you doing in the interim?
Witness—Never was in such a place.

Expensive Anyway.
[Philadelphia Press.]
"I suppose," said the bachelor, "it's mighty expensive to have your child sick in bed so long."
"Yes," replied Phyllis, "but then if he were well and hearty he'd be wearing out clothes."

On Seeing His Own Portrait.
[Boston Herald.]
When the late Thomas Whittemore was pastor of a church in Cambridge, the society persuaded him to have his portrait painted by Alvan Clark, father of the famous lensmaker. When the portrait was finished Mr. Whittemore was invited to call and see it, and Mr. Clark asked how he liked it.

After looking at it for some moments, Mr. Whittemore said: "How do my parishioners like it?"

"They say it looks just like you," replied Mr. Clark.

"I am very sorry," said the old gentleman. And then, noticing a distressed look on Mr. Clark's face, he added, "Not so sorry that it looks like me, but sorry that I look like the picture."

What He Knew.
[London Globe.]
"Ah, Lady, I had the pleasure of meeting you last year. And how is your dear little girl?"
"My little girl is quite well, thank you."
"Little boy? Ah, yes, of course. I knew it was one of the two."

Some Familiar Lines.
[Cleveland Leader.]
The boy stood on the burning deck,
His fleece was white as snow;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
John Anderson, my Jo!

"Come back, come back!" he cried, in grief.
From India's coral strands,
The frost is on the pumpkin,
The village smithy stands.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
From many a bloody plain?
Should aid acquaintance be forgot,
Where saints immortal reign?

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
Across the sand o' Dee,
Can ye forget that night in June,
My country, 'tis of thee.

Of all and words of tongue or pen,
We're saddest when we sing,
To beard the lion in his den,
To set before the king.

A BUNCH OF BOUQUETS

For This Great Home Journal—Bright and Newsy.

[Huron Expositor, Seaford.]
The London Advertiser has recently added to its plant a new, fast and improved press, one that will print two colors at the one impression. This is the only press of its kind west of Toronto. It has also added two pages to the size of its evening edition. The Advertiser has taken several long steps forward during the past three years, and is one of the brightest, neatest and newsmost of Canadian dailies.

[Aylmer Sun.]
The London Advertiser, among recent improvements made, have installed a fine new press, which will use a ton and a half of paper every hour, and print two or more colors at one impression. If the past policy of our respected contemporary is continued, yellow will not be one of the colors used.

[Alvinston Free Press.]
The London Advertiser can justly claim to be one of the most progressive newspapers in Ontario. The Times is recently equipped with one of the fastest and most modern presses manufactured, which prints two or more colors and has a capacity of 400 six-page papers per minute. The Advertiser richly deserves the patronage of London and Western Ontario.

THE BIRTH RATE IN GREAT BRITAIN

[From the Winnipeg Free Press.]
Bishops, statesmen and newspapers in Britain have recently been deploring the serious decline in the birth rate which set in some years ago in the old country. These authorities all agree that if Britain is to hold its own in competition with other nations, it must have plenty of children to furnish workers, and if need be, fighters on land and sea.

The London Standard has been wondering if these ecclesiastical, political and journalistic authorities have given any attention to the statistics relating to birth rates, or have any conception as to their significance. They are simple, and well worth the study of those who see in the decreasing size of families a national peril.

The population of England doubled in the first half of the nineteenth century; and in the second half it increased 81 per cent. In the decade between 1881 and 1891 there were added to the population three and a half million souls. This applies roughly also to the United Kingdom, (3,721,600) for the increase in Scotland was almost neutralized by the decrease in Ireland. But, besides adding 3,721,600 to the kingdom's population, 88,000 went as emigrants to colonies and foreign lands. Thus the natural increase during the decade was 12 per cent and the actual increase 10 per cent.

It is this rate of increase concerning which complaint is made. Yet if that rate of increase is maintained and that emigration increases proportionately to population, the population of the United Kingdom will have doubled in slightly less than 70 years, and the census of 1971 will show a population of 82,000,000 in the British Islands.

Can the United Kingdom support that vast number? Obviously it cannot unless some change that it is not possible to foresee, comes over the conditions of life. And the farther the calculation is carried on, the worse becomes the congestion. In 2041—138 years hence—Britain's population will be 158,000,000. And looking ahead a thousand years—and from present appearances the nation bids fair to last that period, which is less than that elapsed since William the Conqueror landed in England—assuming that, as now, four-fifths of the people remain at home, and one-fifth emigrate the population of the United Kingdom at the present birth rate will aggregate the colossal, the incomprehensible total, of 827,749,000,000, or more than 800 times the estimated present population of the globe!

The present density of population in London is 8,570 per square mile. In the year 2001, at the present rate of increase, the number of people to each square mile throughout Britain, including mountain, forest, bog and every inch of dry space, would be 4,925,000. To each acre of ground there would be 107 people. The density of population throughout the whole kingdom would be 808 times greater than that of its great metropolis at the present time!

The vital statistics of Britain in 2001 A. D. would read something like this:

Births 23,402,000,000
Deaths 15,288,000,000
Natural increase 8,114,000,000
Emigration 1,423,000,000
Actual increase 6,691,000,000
The authorities deploring the decreasing birth rate insist that the figures are misleading, because, as years go on, there will be a vastly increased emigration to Canada and other colonies and to the United States. But it may be assumed that those emigrants abroad as at home. And it may be assumed that Canadians, Australians, Americans, French and Germans will also be adding to the world's population. At present, the highest birth rate is in Hungary, Russia and Romania; the lowest in France and Ireland. The world's population doubles in 70 to 75 years. If, therefore, the same rate of increase is maintained long before another thousand years have passed people will be pushing one another off the earth. A statistician has calculated that each inhabitant of this earth will have on an average a space just nine and a half yards square to dwell on—a space just three yards wide by three and a half broad—that each will be just as many people on each acre of the earth as there now are in each square mile of densely populated England. Evidently, then, emigration will not solve the problem.

The statistician's arithmetic is trustworthy—and it seems to be incontrovertible—the decrease of the birth rate is a blessing rather than otherwise. Already many European countries are baffled by the problems of poverty. In a few decades colonization and immigration will have settled the bulk of the earth's productive vacant lands. In the lifetime of our grandchildren, at least, the questions of profitable employment and location will be world wide and acute.

POEMS THAT LIVE
The Fool's Prayer.
The royal feast was done, the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now for us and make a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells
And stood the mocking court before;
He did not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted face he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart,
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The red must stain the fair, but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away."

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Can crush the good and crush the end;
These hard, well-meant hands we trust
Among the heart-stings of a friend."

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,
We know how sharp it pierced and stung;
The word we said, O Lord, we say,
Who knows how gladly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chattering stripes must cleanse them all;
The words we said, O Lord, we say,
Who knows how gladly it had rung?"

J. H. Chapman & Co. J. H. Chapman & Co.

"Make Hay While the Sun Shines"

You have not long for selecting gift things, just fifteen days. We'll give you an antiquated adage—
"Make hay while the sun shines."

Cold Weather Gloves.

—Any kind you want:
—Kid, Plain or Lined,
—Wool, Plain or Lined,
—Mocha, Plain or Lined,
—Made right, in sizes to fit every hand.

All gloves are not alike, as you'll quickly learn after wearing those we sell. Our stock offers the best values to be had.

These are just a few numbers:
WOMEN'S 2-Clasp Cashmere Gloves, in black, navy and brown; at a pair only 25c
SAME, in better quality, at a pair 50c
WOMEN'S Silk-Lined Black Gloves and Pleece, Gray and Beaver Gloves, 2-clasp, at a pair 50c
WOMEN'S French Kid, Mocha and Suede Gloves, lined and unlined; all shades; prices from \$1.00 to \$2.00
Fur-Lined Mocha Gloves, 2-clasp, at \$4.00

Men's Fur Caps.

Saturday Special.
Men's Genuine Prime Electric Seal Caps, high, full-wedge shape, satin lined; very best \$5.00 quality; selling here at \$3.98

Women's Sateen Petticoats.

5 dozen Black Sateen Petticoats, rich gloss, deep flounce, pleated ruffle; only 85c
Women's Black and Gray Cheviot Walking Skirts; good for winter wear; length, 38 to 42; regular \$1.00; value Saturday \$2.10

You Save on These Furs.

45-inch Natural Sable Ruffs, nicely-fitting, full ruff, finished with tails, \$5.75 and \$7.50
Also \$14 Sable Muffs for \$11.75
Dark Brown Jap Mink Neckpieces, stole effect; at \$3.50

Leggings and Hosiery

Warm Kinds Needed Now.
CHILDREN'S Knitted Wool Leggings, cream, scarlet and tan; per pair, only 35c
Women's, Misses' and Children's Heavy, Ribbed, Black Overstockings, according to size, a pair, 35c to 60c

Hose for winter, heavy worsted yarn, ribbed; splendid value; at 25c
Fine All-Wool Cashmere Hose and Pleece Cashmere Hose, plain; our special; at 25c

Confirmation Suits

For Women and Misses, winter-weight, soft, ribbed, wool, full fashioned; worth more; at \$1.00
"Zentil" Unders, white, ribbed, wool, unshrinkable, vests and drawers to match 75c
All sorts of winter underwear.

\$4.50 for \$7.50 to \$9 Coats.

Fitting and full mixture coats—just a few at this price so splendidly significant. Sizes are broken. You'll be lucky if your size is here.

Carpet Special-Saturday Only.

Union Carpet—Never sold under 40c yard, reversible; fawn, green and red colors, yard wide. Tomorrow only, per yard, 29c
Our 60c Alexandria Tapestry Carpet—For any room. Tomorrow, made and laid, at 50c

JOHN. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

126, 128, 128½ DUNDAS STREET

LIBRARY BOARD SURPLUS \$1,000

That Sum Will Remain in the Treasury at End of the Year.

A balance of over \$1,000 will remain at the end of the year to the credit of library board.

At the regular meeting of the board last evening the finance committee gave out the above statement, which goes to show that the affairs of the library have been carefully managed.

The library committee's report covers the work for October and November. It was shown that 181 volumes of new books had been purchased during that time at a cost of \$223.

The library's report showed an average daily circulation of 227 books and 26 magazines. For the two months, 6,206 books on fiction were issued, 1,514 juvenile works, 3,025 miscellaneous and 1,264 magazines.

The average amount of fines for November was 75 cents a day, the total amount being \$315. Two hundred and eighteen cards were issued, bringing the total number of cards issued since the opening of the library to 12,544. The total receipts for the two months from fines, sale of cards, damaged books and incidentals, was \$43.85.

On motion of Mr. Macklin, the board unanimously granted the librarian two months' leave of absence, owing to illness.

Those present were Messrs. G. C. Gunn (chairman), Henry Macklin, E. Manigault, T. J. Murphy, J. C. Hazard, O. Labelle and R. R. Bland.

Inside Information

London Readers' Chance for Profit—Everyone Ought to Grasp the Opportunity.

To have even a simple case of indigestion is to have "inside information" of suffering that warns of serious trouble in the future. The digestive system is strengthened.

If you cannot eat and digest three good, square and satisfying meals each day, without discomfort, your stomach needs Mi-on-a tablets. They are not a mere temporary relief, but are composed of valuable medicinal agents which strengthen the digestive organs, and cure and prevent stomach troubles.

When there are pains or distress after eating, headaches, belching, flat gases, a sour taste in the mouth, dizziness, heartburn, specks before the eyes, furred tongue, sleeplessness, nervousness, or backache, the stomach needs the help of Mi-on-a.

Every reader of the city of London should grasp the opportunity offered by Mi-on-a. Just one little tablet out of a 50-cent box of this remedy before each meal for a few days, and you will soon have a strong stomach and perfect health.

If you cannot obtain Mi-on-a of your druggist, it will be sent by mail, on receipt of price. Write us for advice on your case from a leading stomach specialist, which will be sent free. The R. T. Booth Company, Ithaca, N. Y.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON) INDIA PALE ALE
The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite.
10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS

A MASSACRE SHOWN ON CANVAS
London, Dec. 4.—There is at the Graves' Galleries a colossal canvas by the Polish painter, Albert Horace Kossak, which should and undoubtedly will attract all London, as it has drawn all Vienna, until it was transferred to its present quarters.

The horrors of "Red Sunday" are too fresh in everybody's mind to need recapitulating, and it is enough to say that Mr. Kossak's picture, about 600 square feet of canvas, brings the terrible scene before our eyes without any melodramatic exaggeration—grimly impressive, and painted with an amount of breadth and ease which is not generally associated with works of this class.