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LONDON, MONDAY DEC. 26.

CHRISTMAS.

The merry bells of Yule again are ringing. It is a unique anniversary. Some of us keep the birthdays of the great every hundred or fifty years, but there is only one Man whose nativity is celebrated year by year, by all the civilized world, as an event of joy and love, and to date our every day. Before Christ the Greeks kept time by the Olympic games, the Romans from the foundation of their "eternal city," but we reckon our years since "the Day when Hope was born," a more eternal thing than even Rome.

Perhaps it was not precisely on the 25th of December that the momentous event actually took place. The day has been fixed, apparently, in order to coincide with an old pagan festival for the Solstice. So the Sun of Righteousness is made to come in, by an ideal appropriateness, with the birth of a New Year, as the runaway sun of the earthly heavens pauses at last and then wonderfully swings back his course to those northern shores. The rejoicings, relaxation and good-will of Yule and the Saturnalia, with the round of gifts and games, are now less a revel for the sun's return than an acclamation to the New Year of the spirit.

In his Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, Milton writes of the snow upon the earth as a symbol of purity. If Milton had been a modern realist he would hardly have ventured upon this fancy in connection with a birth in Palestine. He was thinking of the English Christmas with its whiteness and stillness, such a one as we celebrate this year in Canada. And why not think of Christ as born in England or in Canada? So universal a fact cannot be tied, ideally at least, to the manger at Bethlehem amidst Palestinian conditions. It does seem, however, that Christmas belongs more naturally, if held on the 25th of December, to the northern than to the southern world. What has the feast to do with a sun at its height that turns away to depart? We associate the occasion with a lowly sun, with an infant sun, which turns to smile upon us and to grow.

But the only place in the world named from this day is a land under the Southern Cross, the British province of Natal. Four hundred and thirteen years ago today the Portuguese discoverer of the eastern route to India, Vasco de Gama, having rounded the Cape some time before, sighted the headland at the entrance to the bay forming the present port of Durban, and coming to anchor named the region Terra Natalis. Most of the land in the southern hemisphere belongs to the British Empire, and while last night our children were listening deep in blankets for the bells of Santa Claus and his reindeer, their Australian cousins expected just as eagerly the less tardy dawning of the happy morn, perhaps more restless and wakeful for the oppressive heat even of the night. So the English Yule is kept both north and south, and the primeval sun-worship is altogether lost in the Christian meaning of Christ's mass.

The spirit of the day has been sung by great poets, but with no improvement, upon the anthem of the angels recorded by Saint Luke:—"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace. The Nobel prize is a splendid pleasure," as Professor Moulton's edition improves the translation in the Authorized Version. The first part of the angel's desire has been apparently fulfilled: God has been always much glorified with the lips. As for "peace among men," no one until our day dreamed of actually bringing that about.

Much is now being said, however, of arbitration and disarmament. Mr. Carnegie and others have given vast sums of money to promote the world's peace. The Nobel prize is a splendid incentive to the direction of the best literary talent to this object. President Taft declares in his message to Congress that it is time for two great nations to agree upon arbitration as the mode of deciding all disputes whatsoever, which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter about such things even as "national honor"; the other countries would then quickly follow suit and be glad of it. Let us

pray for such a consummation. War waged for "national honor" is on a par with the old custom of duelling, or rather worse."

Only ignorance or a want of imagination can make any man love war. Probably, indeed, there are as few genuine war-lovers as there are athletes. But selfishness, ignorance and a misdirected imagination still hinder the extinction of war and still praise its glories.

"Peace among men" that is the motto for Christmas, 1910. Ring out the cankered hates and envies, ring in the better order of good-fellowship and mutual forbearance. Looking forward to better times than ever, The Advertiser wishes its readers a Merry Christmas as of old.

HOW MACHINERY BREATHES.

[Yotuh's Companion.]
An English writer on engineering subjects, Mervin O'Gorman, calls attention to the fact that a piece of machinery, such as an automobile, laid aside after being used, is in danger of internal rusting through a kind of respiration which affects cylinders, gear boxes, clutch chambers, inter-spaces in ball bearings, and so forth. Every inclosed air space "breathes" by drawing in air when a fall of temperature contracts its walls, and expelling it when the walls expand through heat. The moisture introduced with the air is deposited in the cavities, and may produce serious damage through rust. The popular belief that oil will protect the inaccessible parts of unused machinery is fallacious, since nearly all oils take up about three per cent of water in solution.

DEMOLISHED.

[Cleveland Plain-Dealer.]
The four-faced man remarked, "I'm relieved."
That baby minds are so deceived! What will they think when up they grow if friends and parents cheat them so? How great the gain, how small the loss, if we should drop this Santa Claus!

Then from the doorway, sweet and wild, Arose the laughter of a child,
And flung the moral structure fell
Before the magic of her spell.

FUN IN ENGLAND.

[Walt Mason.]
The haughty British statesman went home upon a door. Tin cans were in his whiskers, his face flecked with gore. His decent British garments were torn and slashed in strips, and words of bitter anger came trembling from his lips: "I left the House of Commons with ladies in pursuit; they jeered and shrieked and hooted, and said I was a brute. I stopped a bit to argue, and show them where they're wrong—I never knew that ladies were so almighty strong! They dumped me in the gutter, they stood me on my head, they ruined all my garments, they sent me home to bed! I hear that sports people still seek, from place to place, a pugilist of promise to vindicate the race. This modest humbly I'll give them, if they are seeking yet. They ought to put in training the British suffragette." He closed his eyes in anguish when these sad words were said. A brick came through the window, and caught him on the head.

TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED.

[London Tit-Bits.]
"Of course, doctor, German measles are seldom serious."
"I never met but one fatal case."
"Fatal?"
"Yes; it was a Frenchman, and when he discovered we German measles that he had, mortification set in."

A MEAN INSINUATION.

[New York Evening Sun.]
The Houston Post goes off its way rejoicing in the fact that 4,000 bath tubs have been ordered for local delivery. If the Post will take a friendly bit of notice, it will touch a sore matter less some southern rival inquiry too closely into the previous habits of the 4,000 consignees.

CAUSE FOR PRIDE.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
"You seem to be particularly well-pleased with yourself."
"Yes; so far I have not once written 'Xmas.'"

OLD-FASHIONED COURTESY.

[New York Sun.]
Miss Adams has been playing "What Every Woman Knows" in Toronto, and to her Mr. Barrie has sent the manuscript of a new one-act play made for long hand, with the cost of characters, stage directions and diagrams of its scene designed by the author, with careful attention to minutest details. This goes as the playwright's Christmas gift to the actress. This is a graceful bit of courtesy, which must strike everyone as reflecting most pleasantly upon both the actress and lady. It is said that Miss Adams will mark her appreciation of the gift before the end of the present season by appearing in "Youth" upon a special occasion; and it is added that the royalties of this performance will be devoted to the Actors' Fund of America. The suggestion may not be wholly fanciful that the spirit of youth is the source of what we sometimes call "old-fashioned" courtesy, and of fortunate impulses which get stifled, later on, in the conflict of expediences and of pressing work. If the impression sometimes recurs that John Barrie's fairy god-mother gave him the faculty of growing up-in his heart—we may be glad, by the same token, that we all may share in the enjoyment of the Christmas gift which he sends to Lady Babbie that was. And he may even smile, shyly to himself, and remark, contentedly, with David in "The Little White Bird"—"I said that."

COL. JAMES MUNRO.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]
Whatever the causes may have been that led to the suspension of the Farmers Bank, there is one man whose name is prominently associated with the institution, for whom there will be nothing but the kindest sympathy wherever he is known. This is James Munro, of Embro, president of the bank, and is one of its heaviest shareholders.
No one who knows Col. Munro, and he is widely known, will even suspect that there was any deliberate fault on his part, whatever his official responsibility may be held to be. His reputation is that of a man of a very fine sense of honor and integrity in all his relations. No one who knows him well will doubt that his own financial losses, whatever they may be, are the least of his concern at this moment. His thoughts will be of others.

TWO KINDS.

[Chicago News.]
Little Willie—Say, what is the difference between a close friend and a dear friend?
Pa—A close friend, my son, is one who will not lend you any money, while a dear friend is one who borrows all you will stand for.

RIPE EGGS DECREASING.

[Farmer's Advocate.]
The difference between fresh eggs and rotten ones is a matter of care and not

expensive care, either. At Chatham, Ont., the centre of a district from which come in summer the largest proportion of bad eggs of any section shipping to Montreal, with the possible exception of Prince Edward Island (distance of shipment having possibly something to do with the quality), a meeting was held this past summer, with a view to organizing poultry circles. None has been formed there yet, but after that meeting the buyers noticed an immediate improvement in the quality of the eggs shipped thence, and throughout the balance of the summer the losses experienced by one firm on rots and spots from that territory have been 50 per cent less than before. Why can't we all sell good eggs, and strengthen the market for this wholesome food product?

HUMAN EMOTIONS.

[Washington Star.]
"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theatre?" asked the man.
"I don't know," replied the woman.
"Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides to second base?"

THE TEST INFALLIBLE.

[Metropolitan Magazine.]
"God doesn't love us any more," sobbed Mary to her mother one day.
"Why, dear, God loves everybody; what do you mean?"
"Oh, no, He doesn't love me, I'm sure, for I tried Him with a daisy."

REQUEST TO CHURCH INVOLVED IN A CASE

The Gift of Cardinal Vaughan
Figures in a Montreal Suit.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—No less an issue than the administration of the sum of \$1,051,700, bequeathed by Cardinal Vaughan for investment in Canada for the welfare of the Roman Catholic Church in the Dominion, was involved in a judgment rendered by Mr. Justice Demers today. The defendant in the case did not appear to present his plea, and judgment was given by default, condemning Antoine Robert, a financier of Montreal, to pay the Royal Trust Company the sum of \$19,197.50.

The present action was entered on September 28, 1906, but it is only a part, and a subordinate part, of a much larger story, which goes back in the first instance to 1892. In that year, Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, left the defendant Robert the sum of \$1,051,700 for investment in Canada. The bequest was made in the will of the late Roman Catholic prelate and priest—John Cuthbert Hedley, Bishop of Newport; Edward Isley, Bishop of Birmingham, and the Rev. Fathers Henry, Slottor, Gilbert, Johnson, Russell, and Hill.

Mr. Robert did, indeed, invest the money, but with his administration two of the priests above named were not satisfied. They were the Rev. Father Henry, superior general of the Society of St. Joseph for Foreign Missions, and the Right Rev. William Anthony Johnson, provost of the diocese of Westminster, England.

Claim He Owed \$46,000.
The plaintiff in the case is the Royal Trust Company, and the declaration affirms that on February 24, 1905, the defendant, Mr. Antoine Robert, by deed of hypothec, signed in the presence of a notary, engaged himself to pay to Father Henry and to Provost Johnson in the sums of \$25,000 and \$21,000 respectively, payment of which debt was to be made to the Royal Trust Company. As security Mr. Robert hypothecated a large amount of property in Montreal.

Mr. Robert, in his defence, admitted that the sums of \$25,000 and \$21,000 are part of the bequest of Cardinal Vaughan, which he was entrusted to invest. He claimed, however, that he was under no obligation to account for them to Father Henry and Provost Johnson. Although they had concurred in the bequest, they were not executors of the will, and could not be ruled as creditors to Mr. Robert. He made a statement showing how he had invested the money, which was divided into a large number of portions of about \$10,000 and upwards, and some cases left and lent out to different bodies for the good of the church.

Claims Sum as Commission.
The sum so invested fell short of the total amount of \$1,051,700 by \$16,000, and Mr. Robert claimed that he was entitled himself to that amount as commission in payment for his services as financier. He declared that it was in error that he put his name to the deed, which transferred the liability to the Royal Trust Company.

TOGETHER IN DEATH.

New York, Dec. 25.—Send for Mary. I think I'm dying," said Thomas Cooley, 73 years old, to the watchers at his bedside in Jersey City Christmas eve; but the watchers only made a faint to tell Mary, for in the next room, she too, lay dying. Husband and wife had both been stricken with pneumonia, and both were so ill that neither had been informed of the other's danger.

"Send for Tom, I think the end's near now," said Mary, in the next room, an hour later, but the watchers only made a faint to tell Tom, for in the next room, she too, lay dying. Mary followed him twenty minutes later.

\$25,000 FOR DISHWASHER.

Cleveland, Dec. 24.—William Stumpf, a dishwasher in a restaurant, had a grand Christmas celebration. He was notified that his mother-in-law had died at Pinckneyville, Ill., leaving him \$25,000.

Stumpf has been a widower ten years. After his wife died he became a wanderer, finally coming to Cleveland. His prospects for the holidays were not very bright until late yesterday, when William Cowen, his brother-in-law, who had come from Pinckneyville, entered the kitchen of the restaurant, and apprised him of his good luck.

Of the total production of lumber in the United States last year soft woods contributed 76 per cent, and hard woods 24 per cent.

RAILROAD STARTS TEACHING FARMERS

Agricultural Expert Is Employed to Double Production From the Soil

REDUCE THE LIVING COST

Promoters of Plan Believe It Will Help Both the Public and the Railway Line.

[Associated Press.]

New York, Dec. 24.—Railroading is becoming more and more a complex problem requiring and using special skill and knowledge in these days far beyond anything dreamed of by the railway kings of the recent past. This is seen in the way the roads are reaching beyond their own field of transportation and operation into new departments of activity.

Artistic Word-Painting.

Some—most—roads now maintain literary and art-religious departments for the benefit of the general public or of employees. Others are busily engaged in painting with rabs of Hibernian tint the hill far away, and inducing homeseekers to take passage to distant climes or remote regions in search of the ideal. This artistic word-painting is held to be beneficial to the roads in a financial way, and it is liberally employed. But a new thing has developed which is not only the latest thing under the sun, but is calculated to keep farmers right at home digging unceasing quantities of produce from the reluctant earth. Of course, the bigger the crop, the bigger the haul of freight. And it is touted as a plan to reduce the high cost of living, which is a way to the heart of the average man and his cook. The new thing has been dubbed "railroad farming."

How the Thing Is Done.

This is the way the thing is done: The Lehigh Valley line employs an agricultural expert, F. R. Stevens, by name, who is a trained whither-soever he will. When any farmer wants to help reduce the high cost of living, check the drift of population from country to city, or wants advice on soils, crops or anything touching on all pertaining to agriculture, all he has to do is to notify the agent at the nearest station. In a way the expert's visit is like that of a physician; he asks questions, learns the "symptoms," and gives a prescription.

Expert in Action.

At one recent stopping place, a robust-looking farmer came out of his barn to greet Stevens. He was one who had decided to plant alfalfa and wanted to know which of his fields to select for it.
"Well, we'll have a look around, and find out," said the agriculturist. He took up a monster auger. When the pair had trudged a hundred yards or so, through the snow, to the middle of a big field, Mr. Stevens twisted the auger down into the ground four or five inches, and the moist earth clung to the threads. He fingered the earth, and looked at it with a critical eye.
"This seems to be stony ground," he twisted the auger down deeper and brought up more of the soil. The performance was repeated in three or four other spots. "I'm afraid that won't do," Mr. Stevens finally decided. "Suppose we try the field over there, across the road."

So they tried that one, and another. The third proved to be the most promising. The railroad's expert gave the owner direction as to the time of planting, the inoculation of the soil, and fertilizing.

"Sometimes when you are in the neighborhood," the well ahead of time, "drop in and spend the night with me."
One farmer gets Mr. Stevens to examine his soil and recommend the kind of fertilizer to use. Another seeks information as to the most approved feeding rations for animals. Another is concerned about the fallow of it, so that he may correct his errors next year and reap a full harvest. Another feels that he has not been practicing the proper system of rotation, and is anxious to make sure before preparations are made for the next planting. Each one of these receives the benefit of the years of study that the expert has spent.

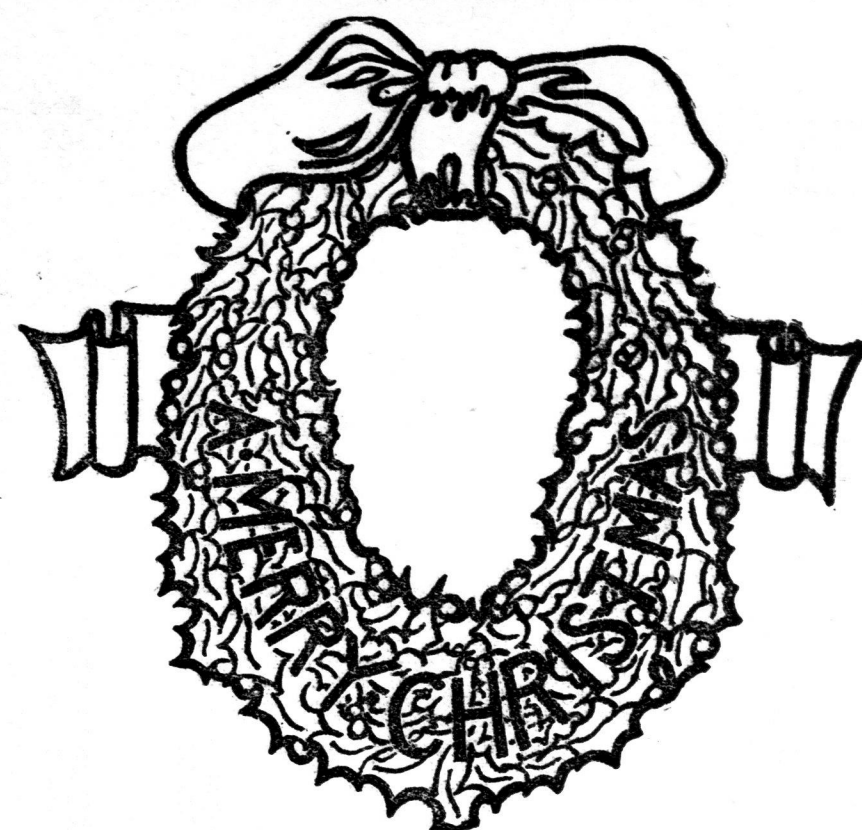
Uses an Automobile.

When he can't get right to the farm by special car, Stevens takes a horse and buggy. At other times he discards both car and buggy and takes a run in an automobile. The auto was bought for the purpose by the railroad company. It was painted olive green in the railroad shops at Sayre, on the front are the words, "Lehigh Valley Railroad," on the side, "Agriculturist," and on the rear, "Industrial Department."

Most of Mr. Stevens' work so far, has been done in New York State, but he is to extend it to Pennsylvania and New Jersey. His visits will be scheduled well ahead of time, so that the farmers, knowing when he is to come, will be able to arrange appointments with him.

From the railroad's point of view, increased tonnage in raw products

Kingsmills The House of Quality Kingsmills



THANK you for the splendid Christmas business you have given us. Yes! Perhaps we did deserve it, for we worked long and hard to select for you those thousands of little useful gifts which you so much appreciate. Our glove and hosiery departments, also the ladies' neckwear and belt departments have never before had such an excellent selling season. Thank you.

Kingsmills

will not be the only result of the agricultural work. The officials of the company believe that canning factories, bottling works and other industries will spring up with the increased production of apples, grapes, and other fruit along the line of the road.

CALLS SOCIALISM MERELY A DREAM

Prof. Laughlin Says It Means Forcing Will of Unsuccessful On the Successful.

[Associated Press.]

New York, Dec. 24.—Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin labels socialism futile and a dream in a discussion of its principles which he contributes to the Columbia Magazine. Prof. Laughlin says:
"Unless socialism proposes to abolish theft, skill, special knowledge, and the power of management over large concerns, there will be differences in wealth as well under socialism as under the present system. The truth is that socialism cannot permanently alter human nature; no external change in the institutions of society can alter the fundamental qualities of our race."

Can't Prohibit Big Fortunes.

"If, then, socialism cannot reduce men to a dead level of capacity, it cannot banish inequalities of wealth; and a great fortune cannot be prohibited any more than a moderate one, unless it has been gained by methods which are against the morals of society. But, without doubt, the jugglers of public opinion, those who try to mold the thinking of the day, and talk with demagogic assurance, are saying that large fortunes should be taxed more heavily than small ones, or otherwise reduced by law. On what principle? That they have been unjustly won? On this point there is little proof."

"In the main, since wealth is power, it is assumed that the possession of great power—whether in wealth or in the state—is a menace to society. This is the only tenable ground for a policy of equalization of wealth.
"Such a ground, however, is not the one taken by the socialists. The inequalities of wealth are to be removed on the assumption that the poor need more material satisfaction; or 'that labor has not received its due share.' Stated bluntly, if inequalities of wealth must exist due to differing abilities of men, then these inequalities should be removed by taking away from those who have and by giving to those who have not."

Means Confiscation.

"Whatever the subtleties by which the rearrangement of wealth is to be justified, under socialism, the naked truth is some form of confiscation. Certainly the attitude of hostility to wealth in most of the utterances of socialists is apparent, and seems to be aimed at forcible equalization—the poor to receive from the accumulations of the past. If so, the will of the unsuccessful is to be imposed on the world of the successful. That is a consummation not likely ever to be realized."

Leads to Dictatorship.

"The state has no miraculous power by which it can create capital. The state is all of us represented by some

of us. If the present representatives of the state make frightful mistakes, and make corrupt use of public money, what would be the results if they had all the wealth of the United States to distribute? The situation would be a disaster. It would offer bigger prizes than were ever before known in history, for the clever demagogues who could deceive the public, or open the way for the inevitable dictator. The honest attempt to work out the practical methods by which socialism could be put into operation, shows it to be a dream of visionaries—a beautiful ideal, but not a possible means to the end."

SCOTS WAE HAE

It is just one hundred years since a Scotchman originated the idea and founded the first savings bank.

With what suspicion this was viewed by the public is now a matter of history. He was obliged to have a safe built on a counter with a glass in it that people might behold that which they deposited.

What a change in that one hundred years! Think of the countless millions now deposited by the people moving the commerce of the world. Think of the vast amounts thus accumulated in small sums which now provide homes for the people.

It is for the latter use that THE PEOPLES LOAN AND SAVINGS CORPORATION accept deposits and pay 4 per cent interest. An invitation is extended to you to call, interviews strictly private. PEOPLES LOAN AND SAVINGS CORPORATION, 428 Richmond street, London, Ont.

GOAT THRASHED COP

Butting Animal Finally Killed by Well Directed Shot.

[Associated Press.]

Pittsburg, Dec. 21.—For assailing a policeman, breaking his mace, crushing his helmet over his ears, tearing his clothes and making him the laughing stock of the community, Bill Clark was killed. Everyone in Woods Run—or at least around Harland avenue and Sarah street—knew Bill. He was a goat owned by Patrick Clark, of 86 Sarah street, and the Clark children had him broken to harness.

At 9 o'clock at night the goat broke out of its shed and went to Harland avenue, where it drove many young coasters up telegraph poles, etc. Officer Michael Redman was told that "Bill Clark was on another tear," and he hurried to the scene. Bill was holding Harland avenue.

"Come here to me, Bill," said the officer very sweetly, and he approached the goat cautiously, with mace unsheathed. The goat "came" before Redman expected it and the officer sped for some distance along the icy pavement on the peak of his helmet, and his stomach. As the policeman sat up and looked around the goat made another charge. Redman struck the animal over the head with his mace. The mace was shattered and a piece of it flying through the air nearly broke a window, but it did not stop Bill.

The policeman then seized the goat by the horns. For the next three minutes the fight was even and spectators cheered. Finally Redman drew his revolver and killed Bill.

WANTS A WIFE

"Ladies Is Scars Out Here," Writes Oregon Man.

[Associated Press.]

New York, Dec. 24.—Far away on the Pacific coast there is a lonely man who is seeking a mate. He lives in Portland, Ore., and according to his pathetic appeal to Mayor Gaynor, "ladies is scars out there." His name is H. Higley and he says he will make a good husband.

The letter which was received by Mayor Gaynor was addressed to "St. Gaynor, City Hall, New York." The mayor doesn't know whether it is a hoax or not, but if it is no harm's done, he says. The letter is as follows:

"Sir—Will you do me a kind favor. That is this. I am 45 years old and want a good wife. Ladies is scars out here. Now if you no good laddy, that wants a good husband, tell to write to me if you please, H. HIGLEY, 'No. 221 Front street, Portland Ore.'"

Mayor Gaynor says he will forward the name of any New York girl to whom this message appeals to Mr. Higley, but it is likely, according to marriage experts, that women seeking husbands will scarcely take the trouble to write to the mayor as long as the mails to Portland are carried without interruption.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Opp. GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK CITY

Rooms \$1.00 a day and upward
Baggage to and from Station Free
Send 2c stamp for N. Y. City Guide Book and Map

Big G Borden's Catnip and Compound
A safe and simple remedy for
Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever
Inflammations, Irritations,
Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough,
The Eases of Children, and all the
Coughs, Colds, and
U.S.A.
AT DRUGGISTS 21
Treatise with each bottle
or mailed on request.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

GENUINE must bear signature:

Wm. Wood