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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Monday, Dec. 23.

A HARSH DISCRIMINATION.

OR THOSE returned men discharged after November 11 the Dominion Government has made a generous allowance, not only for the post-discharge pay, but extending to the term for which it is to be paid from three to six months. Married men will receive \$93 per month, and single men \$63 per month.

But, if the discharges from Ottawa are correct, has not a monstrous injustice been done to those soldiers who were discharged prior to November 11, who include tens of thousands of men, and a great many of them the early volunteers of the Canadian army? They fought, God knows, as hard as any men who went to France, and have felt the need of a little money as sternly as most. Are they to be overlooked and discriminated against by a Government that, by the adoption of such a course would show not only the basest ingratitude and the most crass capriciousness, but a positive cruelty toward a body of men who bear their scars honorably and are justly entitled to every cent, in the way of honorarium, that any soldier may receive? The advertiser ventures the opinion that no man now in France would willingly accept the people's gift if he knew that the men who had gone before him were left without in the cold. Nor could the people of Canada wish such a niggardly treatment to be regarded as the true expression of their sentiments to the men discharged before November 11.

In truth the men who served and were discharged in the early years of the war have no reason to cheer for the generosity of the Government. The post-discharge grant was simply three months' pay, or half of the latest grant; the gratification allowance was then \$20 per month and has since been raised to \$30 a month, and the allowance for the purchase of clothing with which to re-enter civilian life was \$8 per man; it is now \$35 per man, as well it should be, when very ordinary ready-made suits cost \$25.

Protests should be lodged at once with members of Parliament and with the Government, over the seeming injustice of this discrimination. It is difficult to conceive how a cabinet council sitting down to frame the order-in-council, which was necessary to make the grant, could have been dull enough to forget the men who were discharged prior to November 11. It must have been deliberately parsimonious. There was much reason for it as for a hunchback Tory or a man to refuse some of his children Christmas gifts because they were born when a government of opposite stripe was in power. And it is just as out as harshly inconsiderate.

CHRISTMAS, 1918.

NE THOUSAND nine hundred and eighteen years ago something wonderful happened. At the time it was not proclaimed publicly a great event. Every day and almost every hour, in some part of the world a child is born, and to no one perhaps but the mother and father the little babe does the occurrence really mean an epochal event.

So, when, on this certain occasion, a child's weak cry broke the silence of the winter's night, only the anxious parents noted it. Besides, they were poor folk and had not even the attention and interest that are centred on the homes of the rich, when a new life is ushered into their midst. Yet the baby's birth was the greatest event the world has ever known, save perhaps the death that ended the life thus begun.

In a stable with cattle and mules He drew His first breath; on lowly shepherds, whom a vine hand had guided to the spot, His infant eyes first gazed; on the bosom of a simple village maid His tiny head first rested, and the next morn to hold Him were those of a poor carpenter.

In this manner, there stole upon a cold, hard world the most vitalizing influence it had ever known—the Spirit of Christ. The great and mighty, the rich and famous knew it not. For them the world was to go on as before. Only the shepherds' ears were attuned to the angel voices that sung from out a starry sky, "Glory to God, peace on earth good-will to man"—the first Christmas wish, and the ideal of man's relations with his Creator, and with his fellow-creatures.

From that first morn when He found Himself among the poor and humble, the Saviour of the world gave a benediction to those who live moved from wealth, fame and splendor. His thought and care were ever for the little, the weak, the lonely. "Suffer the little children to come unto me." "The poor you have always with you." "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

Can a world that has been saddened and humbled by years of war and pestilence forget the warnings of a divine redeemer?

Can the victory that finally is ours blind us to the fact that defeat so overwhelmingly near is turned aside by supernatural intervention?

Can those to whom Christmas means a season of festivity, a superabundance of good things, a time of reckless buying and useless giving overlook the significance of that first Christmas day, when God sent His angels to sing a carol of peace and happiness, and Jesus Christ came to be a companion to the poor?

Christmas in all the fullness of its happy meaning, with its beautiful sentiments and tender remembrances, will only exist this year for those classes—for children to whom the day brings as a birthright, and for those who, after sorrow of separation, have come to the happy land of reunion. When father, husband, brother or son is given back from the jaws of death, no expression of joy can be too great.

When the war cloud has been lifted from a whole world, the blue sky of peace is only clearer, and the sun shines more brightly with a promise of even better things to come.

Let not your joy be dimmed, you who have been blessed with glad tidings of safe return, by the thought of the sorrow that is the portion of others. But let your attitude toward them be rather a reflection of the happiness that is your own. Think, that in at least one house in every block, the dawn of Christmas Day opens the wound that time was healing; the hour for Christmas dinner marks too vividly the unfilled place at table; and in the singing of the sweet old songs the clearest voice is the one stilled forever.

If it be in your power to soothe the grieving hearts count it your greatest privilege to do so. In some way you who are knowing the fullness of Yuletide happiness take the keen edge off their suffering; if it means a word, say it; if it costs a gift, give it; if a kindly act will help, do it.

And the more poor and lonely and helpless those to whom your heart turns, the more worthy shall you be of sharing in the real Christmas spirit—the spirit of remembrance, of peace, of harmony and of love.

THE PRESS AND THE CONFERENCE.

NORTHCLIFFE only gives expression, perhaps, to his news instinct when he demands in the London Times that the peace conference shall be thrown open to the press. But he also expresses the desire of democracy for an end to the making of secret treaties. Even now the confusion of thought regarding what must and what must not be done arises from a babble of tongues, British, French and American, the speechmakers, have framed a dozen peace treaties already. But the men who will sit at Versailles have said little, and only they and the Germans, perforce, have held their tongues. It were better, as Northcliffe says, if the official leaders had cast some prophecy upon the waters, for the world is somewhat confused as to the manner in which peace is to be made.

At any rate, it is difficult to conceive of this peace conference being held in secret. The press could not be admitted in full force, for there are hundreds of journalists swarming to the gathering of such money, but a representative body should be chosen, the great agencies and the conspicuous writers admitted. Otherwise the world's Bolshevik will set up its cry of hidden alliances. The need for publicity of an official character on the preliminaries is already apparent.

THE IMPOSSIBLE GERMAN.

WILL THE German ever be able to comprehend the mental attitude of others? The world has had many amazing exhibitions of the Hun's inability to look at or consider things from any other point of view than his own. A new instance is the surprise expressed by Germans that liberated Alsace-Lorraine should object to their continued residence in returned provinces. A German official speaking of this feeling says: "I cannot understand why they do not like us after all we have done for them in improving their towns and bringing German culture among them."

A Britisher or an American would understand instantly how such a people as the French would prefer liberty and freedom to anything that could be introduced by conquerors no matter how beneficial they might be. Note, too, the difference between the spirit of the two nations. German officials are to be removed from office and all influence from Berlin will be wiped out, but there will be no reign of terror such as Germany introduced. The tyrannies of two score years that have been inflicted on the French inhabitants will not be turned against German residents. The latter, if they so desire, can remain, certain of just and decent treatment. The mayor of Metz, who was one of the first and heaviest sufferers at the hands of Germans when the war opened, beautifully expresses the spirit of the French people when he proclaims that, "We are French, and we place equity, duty and justice above everything else."

To the German mind, this showing magnanimity appears foolish, and it will be long years before the Hun is educated and converted away from his narrow, selfish and ruthless views.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mobilize for the last drive at Christmas shopping.

Some folk never learn the lesson. Here's Hindenburg talking of establishing another line.

Von Mackensen storms over being interned in Hungary. He's lucky in not being interred there.

Have you noticed these days how large a number are adepts in the gentle art of hinting?

Wilson while in London will no doubt sample some of the "roast beef of old England"—from Chicago.

Did you ever see such a lack of adequate hiding places as the modern house furnishes at Christmas time?

The Germans are reported greatly interested in the Highland pipers. They had better not forget they have to pay the piper.

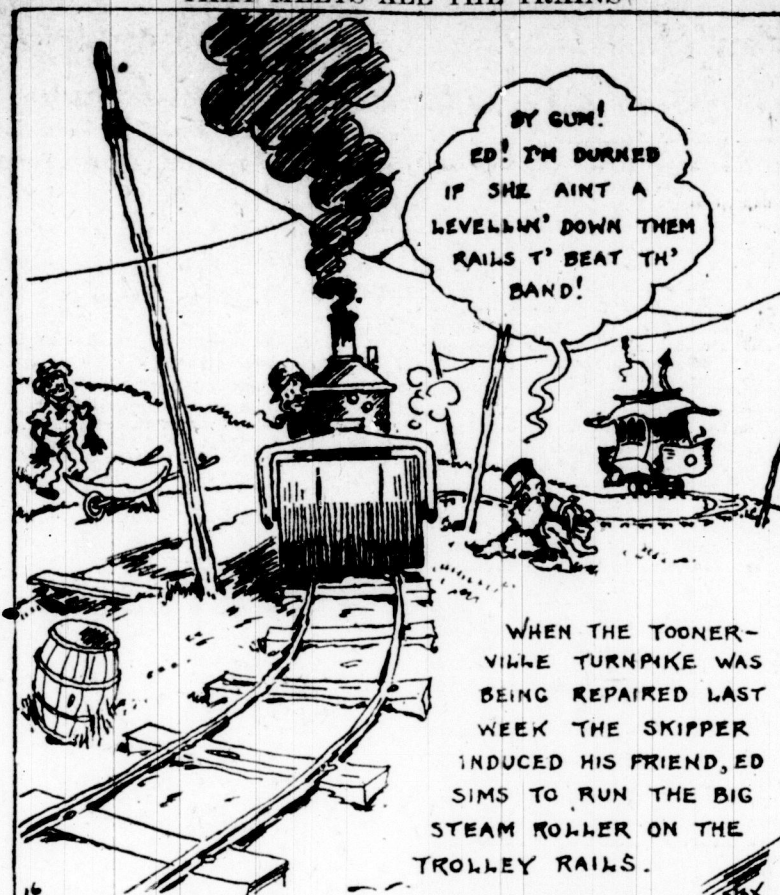
We refuse to worry further about freedom of the seas, Bolshevik, Bill Hohenzollern's fate or whether Ty Cobb will play again, until we find out what is in our sock Christmas morning.

"Self-determination" sounds splendid, but it looks as if a large section of central and south-eastern Europe will have to be told what is best for it, even if it is not what it wants, for some time to come.

TIMBER IN CYPRUS.

In ancient days Cyprus was known to be rich in timber, and its mountain districts were clothed with trees. In 1878, when Cyprus passed under British control, the condition of the so-called forests had become deplorable under centuries of Turkish misrule. Steps were at once taken to appoint Government forest officers with scientific knowledge in order to remedy this condition and to stop further destruction of the forests remaining. The forest areas were gradually delimited and settled. They now extend to some 700 square miles. Owing to the fact that very small sums were for some years voted annually to the department of forestry, the work of protection was the only course opened to the officers, and no progress in the re-afforestation was made for nearly thirty years after the British occupation of the island. Since 1907, however, special tree planting has made considerable progress, and there is no doubt that the forests of Cyprus are now on the high road to recovery, and are likely to become an added source of beauty and prosperity to the island.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS.



(Copyright, 1918)

—By FONTAINE FOX.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
FARM ADMINISTRATION—59.
By Jane Osborn.

If women students took courses in veterinary surgery and animal husbandry there was no very good reason why the men students at the short courses of the State Agricultural College should not select Professor Lucy Cummings' course known as farm administration—59. Still Professor Lucy Cummings was surprised, not to say a little confused, when off to the left side of the lecture-room, contrasting with the fifty or more young women's faces, she saw the four men students who had apparently elected to take her course.

It dealt, as the catalogue said, in describing it with "the psychological and sociological problems of the farm household," and considered in detail the problems of "making the farm home a centre for family recreation and neighborhood social activity."

Three of the young men who had elected it were spectacles and took notes copiously. Lucy discovered that they were fitting themselves for the profession of agricultural subjects and were apparently going straight through the catalogue as part of their preparation.

The fourth member took no notes—he was, in fact, not taking the course for credit. He was just there to see the attendants of the agricultural college who apparently came to a few lectures merely as a matter of diversion during the winter months when time hung heavy on their hands.

The fact that he was the only one of the class who was not taking the course for credit and that, therefore, his was the only pair of eyes left to study Lucy as she delivered her lecture made his presence loom large in the lecture-room.

Sometimes it seemed to Lucy—who was but twenty-five and just in her second year at the college—that her lecture seemed as if the room contained but those two smiling, rather amused, kindly, always attentive brown eyes.

Lucy herself had never lived many months on the farm, but she had specialized in agricultural housework because it combined her natural interest in domesticity and things rural with the problem of the farmer's wife or had even the remote idea of some day studying that faced the farm woman in her domestic relations.

Lucy frequently felt handicapped, because of her lack of practical experience, but never did she feel so much so as when in the course of a lecture she would give utterance to some highly optimistic and theoretical ideas as to the charms of farm-house life.

She would see the eyes of the room registering a degree more of amusement. The lecture that Lucy planned to give the day before class disbanded for the Christmas holidays was a practical talk on Christmas in the farmhouse. When she worked this lecture up the year before she felt that she had achieved her masterpiece, and in fact many of the students of that year had told her that it had proved immensely helpful.

In the lecture she gave practical—based on no actual experience, to be sure—advice on how to bring Yuletide cheer to the farmhouse, how to set up the Christmas tree and how to deck it with ornaments that could be all produced on the farm—string popcorn, cranberries and rosy apples.

She took occasion to draw a contrast between the Christmas season in a city home and that in a farmhouse, with all the advantage scored in favor of the latter. In order to keep her eyes steadfastly turned away from the side of the room dominated over by the two brown eyes. Then came the end of the lecture and Lucy knew that she had said something that had brought an anticipatory thrill of Christmas spirit to her class.

She was almost overcome with happiness as she heard the many voices giving their Christmas best wishes. They had actually clapped to show their appreciation. This Lucy knew to be most unusual tributes at the college.

And Lucy needed this encouragement sorely, for after college had closed all that was left to her was the little deserted boarding-house in the college town. Almost every one had left for the holidays, but Lucy had no place to leave for. Her only relatives, very distant cousins, lived across the continent, and Lucy had grown used to solitary Christmases, the one day in the year when people so seldom include anyone but their own family in their joyification.

So a snowy Christmas came and went and all the yuletide cheer that Lucy got was in the recollection of the spirit of Christmas that she had put into that lecture and the applause of appreciation that came afterward.

Lucy went out for a solitary stroll over the snow the day after Christmas, and it was there that she met the two brown eyes for the first time out of classroom. All she had learned about the owner of them was that he was a well-to-do and prosperous farmer who was taking the course merely for a diversion.

As far as actual knowledge of agriculture went there wasn't a specialist in the college to whom she could not give practical pointers in the specialist's own subject—so Lucy had been told.

Before Lucy knew it she had accepted the invitation offered to her from her interesting student to get into his sleigh, and then she realized that she had actually consented to accompany her companion to his farm five miles away.

"I'd like to have it fixed up the way you told us farms ought to be fixed up," he smiled, "but it's pretty hard for an old bachelor like me to get any of that fine spirit into farming. When my mother was with me there we used to have a lot of them know or care about the higher psychological aspects."

Lucy flushed. She was afraid that her student was laughing at her, but when she looked at him she saw that he was looking very serious.

"I'm surprised, though, that you are here for the holidays," he went on. "I had an idea you were off having just the kind of Christmas time you pic-

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE MCLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Scared.
She saw us go
And lick the Dutch.
Now Mexico
Ain't saying much.

Sent.
This knowledge isn't in a book.
But I am here to say
You'll find a fellow is a crook
Because he's bent that way.

No.
"A woman is usually shy about telling
her age, isn't she?" remarked the Old
Fogey.

"Yes," replied the Grouch. "Several
years shy."

No Joke.
"With their wives all men should agree,"
Said wise old Mr. Beesons:
"For, though a man has reason, he
Will find his wife has reasons."

How About It?
Now that the war is over the Club is
organizing a ball team for next season
and we want to know if Will Catch, the
Muskegon, Okla., oil royalty collector,
will catch for us?

Getch!
By gosh!
Old Foch
Did squash
The Roche.—F. P. D.

B-r-r-r-r-r!
Arthur Frost and Ada Blizzard were
married in New York city last week.
May their love never grow cold, and

may a flock of little icicles hang around
their home.

Wot's a Matter, Iva.
We don't know what she is scared
about. But Iva Pearing lives at 920
Richard street, Dayton, Ohio.

Wise Girl.
Because his name was Johnny True,
She said she'd be his wife;
Convinced that one with such a name
Would sure be true for life.—Brett.

Names Is Names.
Ray D. After lives in Dayton, Ohio.

Luke McLuke Says
Along about the fourth week of mar-
ried life the collector from the Furni-
ture House, the collector from the Rug
and Curtain House, the collector from
the Milk Company, and the collector
from the Phonograph House will call
on the same afternoon, and while Lovey
is having a good bowl the Honey-moon
will streak out of the back door.

The reason why Father raises so
much Cain when one of the children
objects to taking Castor Oil is because
it would take ten strong men, a
strait jacket and a dentist's gag to get
a dose of the stuff into Father's
system.

No matter how much they knock you
while you are alive, they will all have
a kind word for you when you are dead
—if that is any consolation.

A woman can't understand why
Nature gives a man who doesn't ap-
preciate it, naturally wavy hair.

For one man who wakes up and finds
himself famous there are ninety-nine
who wake up and find themselves in-
famous.

When a man brags that his wife pays
forty dollars for a hat you can bet
that if his wife ever paid more than



four dollars for a hat he would want a
divorce.

Father can sleep right through it when
Baby falls out of bed, but Mother is
hurt more and shocked more than the
Baby when anything like that happens.

The man who has always knocked his
too wife to marry only to exist.
The man who can't understand why it doesn't
grow.

Don't hoiler because you are poor.
Poverty is what keeps most men from
making fools of themselves.

There was a time when girls existed
only to marry. But nowadays they are
too wise to marry only to exist.

You might raise a lion and a lamb to-
gether on the same premises. But you
can't raise a small boy and a prize fern
on the same premises.

Don't get discouraged. Your tutor
was a student too, once upon a time,
and he didn't learn any faster than you
are learning.

Even the bitterest opponent of
the supreme court will never accuse
that august body with violating the
speed limit.

Our idea of the height of something
or other would be a blind man trying
to eat spaghetti.

One thing we can't understand is
why women can be so kind to other
animals and so cruel to husbands.

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY'S WORK

in these times of food conser-
vation is no longer a problem
for the man or woman who knows

Shredded Wheat

It is the whole wheat nothing was
ted. The most real Food for the
least money and it is ready-cooked
and ready-to-eat. No sugar is re-
quired simply milk and a dash of salt.

Nearly Everybody
uses CHARCOAL

How about you? Are you enjoying the comfort and convenience of
CHARCOAL for kindling your fires—for making toast—for taking the
chill off your kitchen when a big fire is not needed?

Order a week's supply from your dealer to-day. You'll wonder how
you ever managed to get along without CHARCOAL.

It lights so quickly—just a little paper—then a few pieces of charcoal
poured right out of the bag on top of the paper—touch off with a match,
and you have a clean, red, cheerful fire in a few moments. No smoke—
no clinkers—no dirt—just a few clean, white ashes remain when the fire
burns out.

CHARCOAL is the ideal home fuel for everybody. Your grocer
will supply you with CHARCOAL in strong, clean paper bags.

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