

London Advertiser

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The London Advertiser Printing Co.,
Limited.
LONDON, THURSDAY, DEC. 25.

CHRISTMAS.

It may not be quite so merry this year as for some years past in Canada. Reunions may be somewhat scantier or fewer because of the "stringency." We have been living almost free from care in this country since the opening of the great west. It seemed as though no want could come near us with vast spaces of land unfilled and constant railway construction to provide labor. But along came the shortage of money, and a certain temporary fringe of distress upon the prosperity of Canada.

However, the mass of our people have weathered the gale without much inconvenience and the great harvests make a fair prospect for the year to come. The mild open weather has so far lightened the burden of householders. The spirit of brotherly love will bring good cheer to some pinched or stricken dwellings that otherwise might have been darker on Christmas than are these December mornings. Our dear old Salvation Army has played its part. Nature has responded the zeal of men in preparation for the holiday of holidays. The Christmas snow spreads over the landscape and above it the gray skies frequently lighten and suffuse the atmosphere with a shining silveriness that is quite indescribable. It is a quiet, peaceful time, the evening of the year, before the sun is re-born.

So many things about Christmas suggest the child. The days begin to grow, and the storms and cold through which they have to struggle are like the troubles that beset the nursery. The head of our religion lay on this day an infant, receiving gifts from little pilgrim and from lowly shepherd. As he entered this world in such guise, so he laid it down, that one must enter his Kingdom, like a little child, without self-torment and worry, without misgiving or self-consciousness, but with trust and joy. Our Christmas rites are most of them ancient, earlier even than the religion which has adopted them, products of the imagination and dramatic spirit of the race's childhood. No wonder the children own or reap the day. The touch of divinity with which Christmas invests the child beyond his ordinary human character is peace superadded to his joy and goodwill. But only one child was the Prince of Peace. This is his day.

Is he having his way upon earth? Last Christmas was decorated with Balkan blood, but the Mussulman could in part be blamed for that. The picture in yesterday's Advertiser of Mexican children being shot to death in the back to too horrible for mere men to contemplate. What must such things be in the sight of the Man of Sorrows, who knew all grief, and can understand it with all his being, beyond the reaches of our imagination? The cause of peace moves most slowly on, and yet we trust it moves.

The Anglo-German war scare has left hardly a shadow of itself behind. The Ulster armeries most reasonable people merely laugh at it. It looks as though on the whole we were in for at least a safer and saner year from Christmas, 1913, to Christmas, 1914, than the year now ebbing out. Nowhere certainly will this present day be merrier, happier and more blest than in our favored Canadian homes.

THOSE WICKED REPORTERS.

Some time ago, the Hon. Mr. Crothers made a speech in Montreal at a meeting of the Master Builders' Association. The Gazette, and other Conservative papers, in their reports, made him say that he did not think much of trade unions, or something to that effect. Of course, when he saw his remarks in print, he promptly repudiated them, and declared he had been misreported. A few days ago he made a speech in Halifax, and the Conservative press reported him as saying that the high cost of living was a sign of prosperity, and that Canadians could only get cheaper living by having a spell of hard times. But as that looked silly in print, he again declares he has been misreported. It is too bad that these Conservative reporters will persist in putting the Minister of Labor in embarrassing positions. His character as a statesman does not rank very high as it is, and his own friends really ought to help him out by editing his public utterances. Those reporters appear to be lacking in party loyalty.

Everyone votes for Santa Claus anyway.

Dr. Flighty is a fidgets doctor in Buffalo.

This is the beautiful wonder day of the child.

This is the day of cheer and laughter,

ter, but oh look out for the morning after.

Thank you, dear, that was just what we wanted.

No falling through thin ice this winter, boys.

Out of our selfish pride we build many of the crosses we have to bear.

Cocaine tried to kill two persons in Brantford. Alcohol must look to its laurels.

It would do you good to see how we all enjoy that big chair we bought for mother.

A St. Louis man held up a goose for another man to shoot. The goose was shot.

Look your municipal candidates over carefully. This business of running a city is quite a serious matter.

A noted New York man-milliner has become insane. Well most of the new styles are maddening, all right.

Why, friend, how well that Christmas spirit fits you! It's a thing that must be discarded; it will not wear out.

This is the day of thrills and throbs and even some tears, for there is a happiness so acute it brings a mist to the eyes and a filling up of the throat.

The Broadway vice drama is driving the public from the theatre, says De Wolf Hopper. Perhaps it was too much of a mirror for the "Great White Way" folk.

"Secretary Hanna has thought out a sharp slap on the wrist for the Yankee trust which gobbles up our good Ontario fish. He is going to buy direct from the fishermen, enough fish to supply the prisons and asylums over Friday."—Toronto Star.

Why not, when the fishing's good, preserve a whole bunch in Standard Oil.

A little message of Christmas sent to its newspaper brethren by the Ottawa Free Press sings of the Children's Christmas, of "the patter of a multitude of diminutive feet." The man who is kind to children will not harm the world much. So with the Free Press, to the children and to all of those who smooth the way for children, we clink glasses!

STILL EXPRESSIVE.
[Don Augur in Judge.]

The world of slang advances very fast.

Last year's pet phrase lies buried in the past.

Yet there is one will linger to the last.

For when you catch her ogling.

That maid whose glance is soft, yet rather wise,

Can anything compare with "Goo-goo eyes?"

HUNTING CHESTNUTS.
[Washington Herald.]

Upon a hunt for chestnuts, I wandered through the wood.

I found eleven chestnuts, And two of them were good.

BLAME IT ON DAD.
[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"My dear, I think it is your duty to marry him."

"I wonder, I'm sure I never shall learn to love him."

"For goodness sake, do you expect to have love and money, too? You must inherit your absurd ideas from your father. He always is expecting the impossible to happen."

BAD NEWS.
[Harper's.]

Excitement is oftentimes the cause of queer remarks as well as the cause of strange telegrams.

A man who had been one of the passengers on a vessel which had been rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegram he forwarded the following dispatch to his partner:

"I am saved. Try to break it gently to my wife."

NOT SO BAD.
[Houston Post.]

"You look cheerful for a man whose chauffeur has just eloped with his wife."

"I guess this is the worst. It was a last year's model."

"Your wife a last year's?"

"Oh, no, no! The auto is a last year's model."

CENTRE OR LITERATURE.
[Kansas City Journal.]

"Spain is the land of story and song. What of traditions of daring knight-ship, of old England! France, too, is the realm of ancient romance."

"I know. But Indianapolis is the clearing-house."

DEDUCTION.
[Kansas City Journal.]

Wife bought my Christmas gift today; I guess this is every day.

I know it was my gift because she asked me for a dime.

HE HAD.
[Yonkers Statesman.]

Yeast—You know all signs fall in dry seasons.

Crimsonback—Nonsense! Didn't you ever try wining at a drug clerk in a prohibition town?"

SPOILED HIS VISIT.
[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"Did you have a good time in New York?"

"No. I was entertained by some people who have always lived in New York and they insisted on having me at their home instead of letting me stop at a hotel where I could mingle with visitors from Chicago, Pittsburg and Cleveland and let them show me the town."

HOUSES CROWDED AND OTHERWISE.
[Guelph Mercury.]

Toronto is at present furnishing some interesting examples of the products of the present "system." They grade all the way from Sir Henry Pellett's family of three in a house of 100 rooms to some of the poorer people, who, Dr. Hastings declares, are living ten families in one house of 10 or 12 rooms.

LEARNING FAST.
[London Answers.]

When little Willie's mother opened the door to the vicar her face beamed with joy and welcome, in spite of the fact that it was washing day.

"This is a real pleasure, sir," she began. "I've been waiting to thank you

for the good you've done our Willie by your evening classes. Home's as different again since he attended the plumbing and gas-fitting—very!"

"This is, indeed, gratifying—very!" said the vicar. "Now, what improvement have you noticed especially in little Willie of late?"

"Well, he's arranged our penny-in-the-slot gas meter so that we got our gas for nothing. You see, he's moved it from the scullery to outside the front door, sir."

"But you still have to put your pennies in the slot, my good woman."

"Ah, but you see, sir, before he put the meter in the road our Willie wrote 'Chocolates' over the slot."

A DIFFICULTY.

[Le Canada.]
Mr. Borden would like to have Mr. Casgrain in his Ministry. But, alas! he is not able to find a department which would suit him or a county which would elect him.

AN ABSURD SENTENCE.

[Toronto Star.]
It is said that a hunter at Mississauga was sentenced to pay a fine of \$5,000 or spend 27 years in jail for possessing muskrat skins out of season. The sentence is the result of the proving of 110 charges.

It is not unlikely that the man will spend this time in jail or anything like it. It is doubtless wrong to catch or buy muskrats out of season, but you cannot get by plugging up one petty offence over another convert a petty offender into a great criminal.

WOMEN IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.

[Hamilton Times.]
The women of Ottawa and London, we are informed, are taking an active interest in municipal politics this year. At Ottawa they took part in a public meeting called to discuss the water supply question and other matters. The Free Press says that "they gave fair play at the Russell Theatre Thursday night to both the powers that be and the critics, and thus enabled the public to judge between the two policies, if the latter can be said to possess a policy." In London the women are actively engaged in the present campaign, and in Toronto there is a woman candidate for the school board.

LONDON'S FINE EXAMPLE.

[Toronto Star.]
London is to be congratulated on passing a bylaw to have all grocery stores close at 7 p.m. during the week and 10:30 p.m. on Saturdays. Will Toronto council help in this matter? Do they realize what the long hours mean to those employed in our groceries, as well as to the delivery boys, who toil night after night? Will they be the next city to adopt an early-closing bylaw?

THE "EXTRA HOUR" SCHEME.

[Hamilton Times.]
A London (Ont.) alderman wants to push back the clock an hour, with a view to make next summer's daylight last an hour longer each day. He thinks that starting with the summer of 1914, in the morning it will be a good thing by giving the people an hour's more leisure in the evening. It, of course, is not a new idea, and the time of the railways. One drawback would be that it would collide with the time of the railways.

DIVORCE IN CANADA.

[Montreal Herald.]
Application has already been made for 33 divorces at the coming session of Parliament. Every one of these applicants must have at least \$1,000 before there is any chance of their getting relief from impossible conditions. But what of the many others who suffer with equal intensity, but have not the money to obtain relief? Divorce should be accessible to all or to none.

HIS EXACT SOCIAL STATUS.

[Almont, Mich., Herald.]
We were misinformed in regard to Mr. Rogers, the section boss, having rented the McKoon house, on North Main street. He plans to keep "bach" in two freight cars that have been placed near the track by the tool-house.

ODD ONES IN THE DAY'S NEWS

Oh, Kick to Onct.
Chicago.—When your wife sits on another man's lap, you must kick right away. Hubert Johnson waited three weeks and was refused a divorce.

But Don't Give Santa One.
Chicago.—Hair-cuts were given 500 inmates of the Crippled Children's Home as Christmas presents by the Journeymen Barbers' Union.

Advertising Competitor, Too!
Smithtown, L. I.—Editor Robbins of the Smithtown Messenger is in bad. He presented a program of Christmas carols, among them "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

Doing Christmas Bidding Early.
Washington.—A branch of the Holy Thorn, of Glastonbury, planted at the National Cathedral, is in bud, carrying out traditions of a year that it does this at Christmas time.

Thorndale Pupils Were Given Medals

St. George's Sunday School Entertainment a Great Success.

[Special to The Advertiser.]
Thorndale, Dec. 24.—The scholars and friends of St. George's Sunday School put on a first-rate entertainment in Harding Hall last evening. A crowded house enjoyed the program provided, and the applause was generous. It was a lengthy entertainment, but all remained until the last number had been rendered. During the evening Miss Harrison, the secretary, submitted the annual report, which showed all departments in very flourishing condition, with prospects bright and hopeful. A pleasing feature of the entertainment was the presentation of silver medals to the successful competitors in the recent Scripture examinations. They were Marguerite Belton, Mary Hobbs, Marian Logan and Oscar Lee. As each medal was accepted, the recipient was heartily applauded. The reciter, Rev. W. H. Dunbar, was chairman.

Mr. T. A. Owen, principal of the high school, delivered a helpful address, appropriate to the occasion and season. The program included: Chorus, "Hail This Happy Day"; chairman's address; doll drill; chorus, "Way Down Upon the Swanne River"; dialogue, "The New Girl"; chorus, "Snowflakes"; pantomime, "Rock of Ages"; secretary's report; violin solo, Mr. Watson; presentation of medals; chorus, "My Old Kentucky Home"; dialogue, "How She Cured Him"; solo, "My Old Rag Doll"; Miss Evelyn Wood; scarf drill; duet, Laura and Mabel Mills; pantomime, "A Cheap Barber Shop"; chorus, "Chimes, Chimes, Chimes."

ABE MARTIN



Somebody has said that after the girls get their 'vests' we kin stop 'em occasionally an' borrow a match. Yes, an' maybe we kin get 'em 't strike it fer us, too. Th' less a feller deserves th' more he kicks when he's disappointed.

TRAVELLER PLAYS SANTA TO NEARLY-FORGOTTEN "KIDS"

Remembering His Own Youth, He Acts as Good Fairy to Children Who Waited in Vain for Chris Kringle to Come in On Trains.

Timidly standing among the jostling crowd at the Grand Trunk station last night was a wistful 8-year-old girl and her saucer-eyed brother. They scanned with keen eyes the departing passengers from all incoming trains, for they were looking for Santa Claus.

Their father had told them that Santa Claus had discarded his traditional reindeer, as his engagements and appointments were so many, he was forced to; so they waited. From late in the afternoon until well after 9 o'clock they stood waiting for the dear Kris Kringle, with the white whiskers and the red nose, who never forgot dear little girls and boys who believed in him.

The train from the east came in. The trains from the west came in, but no "Santas" came. The baby brother, whose name was "Bob," struggled with a persistent tear; his lips twitched and at last he broke down. "Santa ain't comin'," Mary, he cried between his sobs, but Mary, who was a Little Marchioness, kissed him, and with reassuring pats, said: "Perhaps old Kris was busy giving dolls and nuts and things to the little daughter of the Old Raggedy Man," so for a time Bob stopped his crying, but when there was one more train to come in from the east.

Sob Together in Sorrow.
The east and "Santas" are synonymous with children, for to them it is sunshine and a new order of things.

LOCAL CHICKEN FANCIERS MAKING GREAT SHOWING

Capturing More Prizes Than Ever in Big Shows of U. S. and Canada.

That London is more than ever the leading center of fancy for fancy chickens is shown by the returns which are just being completed by members of the London Poultry Association. The figures show that more prize fowls were sent to all parts of Canada and the States this year from London than ever before. High prizes were paid for nearly all the birds, and the chicken men are more than pleased with the year's business. Many of the prize chickens which were shipped across the line to lead- ing American fanciers sold for from \$50 to \$100 each. None, it was stated

BRALEY'S POEM TODAY

A PANAMA BALLAD

They captain the working army and manage the huge campaign,
Commanding the hosts who labor on shovel and dredge and train.
They study on plat and blue print, perfecting the vast design
And theirs is the word of magic controlling the busy "line."
Potent in thought and action, masterful men are these,
Doing a work exceeding the labors of Hercules.

Dreamers of true romance
Forming before our eyes,
Masters of circumstance,
Quiet and strong and wise,
Knights of the Modern Day,
Panama, U. S. A.

They think of steel by the fleet load, of coal in a mammoth pile,
Cement by the million barrels and dirt by the cubic mile.
Of drills by the scores and hundreds, and dynamite by the ton.
For that is the lordly manner the Isthmian work is done;
They are bucking a thousand problems that never were solved before,
And they've shattered the old traditions and are ready to smash some more.

"Couldn't be done," men said,
Gloom as an epitaph,
Therefore they went ahead,
Giving the mob the laugh,
Knights of the Modern Day,
Panama, U. S. A.

We frequently growl and mutter, we oftentimes kick and swear,
But we're proud of our able captains and proud of the work we share;
We stow through the rainy season, we work in the ooze and mud,
We labor in drenching downpours, we battle with slide and flood,
But months that are dry or rainy, the bosses are sharing,
And we're all good pals together—cutting the Isthmus through!

Bronzed by the blazing sun,
Hardened by toil and heat,
Thoroughbred, every one,
Captains who can't be beat,
Knights of the Modern Day,
Panama, U. S. A.

—BERTON BRALEY.

PETTY THIEVES LOOT WAGON OF BUTTER

Steal Butter While Delivery Stood on Market Square.

Petty thieves, visiting the delivery wagon of O. W. Cambridge, a grocer of 151 Rectory street, on the local market, about 7:30 Wednesday evening, removed five pounds of butter from a large quantity under the seat of the vehicle.

Mr. Cambridge left his wagon on the stand occupied by grocers when attending the market, and was making some Christmas purchases in a nearby store. He was only away from the wagon a few minutes, but upon his return he noticed that the covering over the butter had been removed and thrown aside. Investigation disclosed the theft.

The police were immediately notified and the culprit or culprits are being sought. Several similar cases were reported to the authorities yesterday, and it appears that someone is making a specialty of collecting butter.



WE extend to all our patrons and friends all the compliments of the season, and our best wishes for a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

The amount of business we have done this year, notwithstanding the inconvenience occasioned by our rebuilding operations, convinces us that the public is satisfied they are getting value received for their money.

We hope to give better service this coming year.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

Myrtle Cairns ably rendered the beautiful solo, "There Were Ninety and Nine" while pictures of the same were put on the canvas. Little Christie Simpson sang two pretty little pieces. An important lecture of the evening was the presenting of diploma for good attendance by Supt. R. S. Jardine. The tree was then brought out and the little ones made happy by gifts.

A BONANZA.
[Washington Star.]
"What I want to see," said the reformer, "is a city that knows absolutely nothing of graft."

"That's what I'd like to see," replied the ward politician. "Wouldn't it be a gold mine for the right parties?"

A DIFFERENCE.
[Washington Star.]
"That man who paid a fortune for a bogus rare book must be a very indignant bibliophile."

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "there are bibliophiles; and then there are what Josh Billings would have called 'bibliophools.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Neil and little son are spending Christmas with the former's parents in Plympton.

Miss Greta and Mr. Bruce Symington are home for Christmas.

Miss Kate Paton is spending Christmas with her parents.

Miss Coreta McCordic is visiting in Sarnia.

Miss Jessie Milliken and Miss Clara Alexander have gone to their respective homes for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carmichael and grandchildren have moved into the village.

Compliments of the Season—

1868 WESTMAN'S HARDWARE 1913

With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

A. WESTMAN, 121 Dundas St.

FOR GIFT UMBRELLAS

TRY PERRY DAVID

The Umbrella Man, and

SAVE 30%

Suitcase Umbrellas, silk and wool covering, English ribs, gold and pearl handles \$4.75 to \$9.00

251 DUNDAS STREET.

CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK CHILDREN

NEED "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

A Coated Tongue Means Sluggish Liver and Bowels—Listen, Mother!

"Figs" for children's ills. Give a teaspoonful and in just a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food, clogged in the bowels, passes out of the system and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless fruit laxative and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on each bottle.

Mother, keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." Then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no cheaper size. Don't be fooled.

Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has sour stomach, diarrhoea, remember a gentle liver and bowel cleansing would always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs."