

London Advertiser.

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Managing Director and Editor, John Cameron

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Ald. Ross, Socialists and War.

The Advertiser has been asked what ought to be done with Ald. Ross, who, at the joint informal meeting of the Old and New Councils, not only voted against any grant to the departing volunteers, but spoke against war in general, and the South African war in particular.

At the outset, let us say that we dissent in toto from the positions taken by Ald. Ross. We do not think the couple of pounds of spending money granted to each soldier was an error on the side of extravagance; and as to the war in South Africa, it is simply a necessity, unless British supremacy is to be replaced in that continent by Dutch supremacy, and the British Empire is to be hauled down its flag after an insolent declaration of war on the part of the Boers.

But the British Empire will worry through all right, as is its custom; and meantime, our little local question, as to whether Ald. Ross shall be suppressed, or allowed the right of free speech, remains. The incident itself is not very important, but the principle involved is of considerable consequence. London is not a large city, but it is curiously cosmopolitan, and we know of few phases of political, economic or religious beliefs not here represented. Ald. Ross avows himself a Socialist, and appears to have the courage of his convictions. His views of war are shared by many persons, and nothing whatever would be gained by endeavoring to prevent him from exercising the right of free speech. Denial of free speech would injure only the opponents of Socialism.

The municipal councils of London, England, have usually a Socialist or two among their members, but no one goes into hysterics over the fact. In the last issue of the London Spectator, the British Government is commended for its magnanimity in appointing to an important financial position abroad one who was known to be a Socialist.

In Ald. Ross's case, we are inclined to think he should be encouraged to speak his mind freely, rather than the opposite. The people of London would then have some idea, by the time 1900 expired, as to the actual meaning to attach to the London variety of Socialism; for, as our readers are aware, there are in the world many varieties of Socialism, ranging all the way from the mildly innocuous to the blindly revolutionary. It would be the more satisfactory to hear from a man with the courage of his convictions, like Ald. Ross, because of the fact that his collaborator, Mr. Darch, in his capacity as a sort of permanent candidate, did not speak with equal openness during the late campaign, but on the whole, conducted his campaign more after the manner of the ordinary vote-potter, than after that of the stern and self-sacrificing evangelist of a new dispensation.

To conclude, then, The Advertiser does not concur with Ald. Ross in his views respecting the rightness and necessity of the South African war. It sees no need for hysterics because a Socialist with the courage of his convictions has been elected to the City Council. And, above all, it does not believe in the inconsistency, while sending men to extend British liberty in South Africa, of denying, or threatening to deny the right of free speech at home.

A Duty at Home.

Canada's duty does not end with the dispatch of a second contingent to South Africa. The stay-at-home patriots can give a more practical test of their loyalty than throwing up their hats and shouting for the departing heroes. Many of those who have gone to the front have left behind wives, children and other relatives, who will feel the pinch of necessity in the absence of the bread winners, the pay of the soldier being none too large. Public gratitude should shield from destitution those dependent upon the brave fellows who have gone to fight the battle of the empire. Old London is setting a splendid example, the Mansion House fund, opened by the Lord Mayor, for the benefit of the wives and children of the soldiers at the front, amounting now to \$250,000. In this country steps are being taken to form a national patriotic fund for the same purpose, and in a few days the organization, it is expected, will have taken definite shape. A generous start has been given it by Alfred Harmsworth, of the London Daily Mail, who has contributed \$5,000 to the Canadian fund, out of the sum raised by Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar." In the first Canadian contingent married men were as far as possible excluded, but it was afterwards found that a number of these had enlisted and had left dependents at home. Many members of the second contingent are drawn from the regular forces, the privates of which are not supposed to be married, but it is feared some of them have broken the regulations, and their wives and children should not be permitted to suffer. A large proportion of the non-commissioned officers who are going are married and have families, living mostly in barracks. These, too, have a claim on the loyal philanthropy of the country. While the particular fund has the first call upon the Canadian people, it is to be hoped there will be also a liberal response to the Red Cross Society's appeal for money to purchase surgical and medical supplies for the contingent about to sail.

A Domestic Quarrel.

According to the Toronto Mail, there are traitors in the Conservative camp, who are knitting certain leaders of the party. The Mail does not entirely lift the veil from this awful conspiracy, but in naming Mr. E. F. Clarke as one of those who got the cold steel, it squirts violently in the direction of W. F. MacLean, M. P., and John Ross Robertson, M. P., whose newspapers, the World and the Telegram, respectively, gave a warm support to E. A. Macdonald, Mr. Clarke's opponent for the Toronto mayoralty. Mr. Clarke was the candidate of the Conservative machine, and the World and Telegram simply refused to hug it. The Mail also charges that the knifing process is being applied to Mr. Whitney "by the gutter press which professes to be Conservative." The Telegram has always been a friendly critic of the Ontario Government, but the World has been its most savage enemy, though not equally ardent in its admiration of Mr. Whitney, whom it has more than once accused of being too subservient to corporate influence. In rebuking Mr. Whitney on this score, while embracing Sir Charles Tupper, the corporation champion, the World certainly shows inconsistency; but there are different opinions as to what constitutes party treason. Mr. Foster, for instance, has one view, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell another. The Mail is quite positive about the matter, and sees dangers everywhere. "Mr. Whitney is knifed to-day," it says, "just as Mr. Clarke was knifed and slandered yesterday. Every Conservative will get his turn at this sort of thing. The attempt was made upon Sir John Thompson, upon Sir Mackenzie Bowell, upon Mr. Foster, and upon Sir Charles Tupper. No respectable man has escaped, or will escape, the efforts to destroy him, or to discredit his party, provided that party is Conservative. Liberal Conservatives can allow themselves to be crawled up to and knifed at the critical moment if they please. On the other hand they can prevent the treachery if they want to—and they should."

As this is purely a family jar, it is not for Liberals to call in the police. They can simply look on and watch the fur fly.

No Ground for Pessimism.

Mr. Richard Garnett, late of the British Museum, reminds us that in 1847 there were fearful omens, both at home and abroad, who saw in the commercial distress of great Britain the portents of an early collapse of the empire, just as we recently had in Canada trade restrictionists who were preaching the speedy downfall of the mother country because she would not return to the system that caused such terrible privations among the workers prior to the repeal of the Corn Laws. To the alarmists the great post-philosopher of the United States, Emerson, who happened to be in Manchester at the time, gave his impressions of the mother country in these eloquent sentences:

"I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in a storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of man require in the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous who are born in the soil. So be it. So let it be. If it be not so, if the courage of England goes with the chances of a commercial crisis, I will go back to the capes of Massachusetts and my own Indian stream, and say to my countrymen, The old race are all gone, and the elasticity and hope of mankind must henceforth remain on the Alleghany ranges, or nowhere."

These words were uttered over 50 years ago. How great has been the triumph in the interval! The difficulties that confront the race today are little more than pebbles under the chariot wheels of the empire, and cannot impede its progress, so long as its goal is liberty and justice.

Carrying babies is a totally new experience for many of the Canadian troops at the front. After this they will feel equal to anything.

For the third time London has said farewell to her sons who have gone to the front. May they all return, safe and sound, to enjoy the welcome which awaits them "when the war is over."

President Diaz is likely to be re-elected head of the Mexican republic in the coming elections. No one has done more to promote the progress and stability of Mexico than Senor Diaz.

The war in South Africa is costly to the newspapers. The special dispatches sent to the British metropolitan press cost, for cabling alone, something like \$25 a column. Sometimes, when a war correspondent has a "scoop," he sends it at "urgency" rates—12 shillings (or \$3) a word!

There were 107 lynchings in the United States last year. The chief cause is not far to seek; it is the unsatisfactory character of the administration of justice in many of the states. If justice were as certain to be meted out to murderers over the border as it is the case in Canada, there would be few, if any, lynchings. It is so far satisfactory, of course, that the number of lynchings in the United States last year was less than the average for the past fifteen years, but it is still deplorably large. The best way to revolutionize the habits of the people in this regard is for the authorities to show that they are determined to carry out the law in relation to all classes of the community without fear or favor. In Canada no one is tempted to lynch an offender against the law in order to make sure that he is punished for his crime.

Horatio J. Sprague has held office as United States consul at Gibraltar since 1848. All is not bustle and change in the service of the republic, but nearly all is, and the country is not the better for it. The British diplomatic service is the best model.

The ratepayers have got, by their decision at the polls yesterday, just what they wanted, namely a council of business men of varied occupations and good standing, and they are to be congratulated accordingly. — Belleville Sun.

In Belleville the aldermen are elected by general vote, as we trust they will be in London next year.

To lack of canvassing the defeat of Ald. Black is due—the best alderman in last year's council.—Ottawa Journal.

The ward system gives the door-to-door candidate a big pull. Under a general vote the canvassing abuse would be wiped out. No aldermanic candidate could button-hole the entire city.

What Others Say.

Effect of New York's Cheer.

[Windsor Record.]

We feel today as if we could lick the Boers ourselves.

Stratford Satisfied.

[Stratford Beacon.]

Stratford has reason to be fairly well satisfied with the result of its first election after the abolition of the ward system. The new council is composed of men respected throughout the city, men whose influence is not restricted to the holes and corners of any ward, but who are known of all the citizens.

He Ought to Win.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

The election campaign in East Middlesex which began this week is likely to prove a close and vigorous one. The riding has been held for two years by the Conservatives. In the last Legislature it was represented by a Faton, the result of a triangular contest. There is a fighting chance for the Liberals in such a constituency, with such a leader as George W. Ross, and such a candidate as Dr. McWilliam. The majority against the latter at the general elections was not so large that it cannot be overcome. He proved an exceptionally popular standard-bearer, and has, we believe, gained ground in that riding steadily ever since. He is a Middlesex boy, fighting for a Middlesex premier, in one of the ridings of Middlesex. The Conservatives claim to have put their strongest candidate in the field in the person of Captain Robson, a well-known stock breeder. This is no doubt correct; but still Dr. McWilliam's friends ought to be able to win a victory for the new premier, and the forward policy of the new premier. It will be all the greater credit to win over a strong opponent.

Light and Shade.

The thermometer enables the weather to become warmer or colder by degrees.

"Your wife says you have insomnia, Mr. Hobbs."

"Yes, indeed. I can't even feel sleepy when we have callers in the evening." —Chicago Plain Dealer.

Wife (to her husband)—I say my dear, how badly the tailor has put this button on your waistcoat! This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on again.

Brown—"So Meeks is applying for a divorce from that widow he married last week, eh? Whatever possessed him to marry her?"

Jones—"He was attracted by her wonderful conversational powers, I believe."

Brown—"And why is he applying for a divorce so soon?"

Jones—"Oh, same reason." —Chicago Daily News.

Affable Country Doctor (to former patient)—"And how are you, Mrs. Miggins? By the way, your son got into some sort of trouble a little while ago. I hope he got out of it all right."

Phil May's Winter Annual.

PUT TO DEATH BY CHINESE

Missionary Brooks Murdered at Ping-Yin.

Death of Two Missionaries at Calcutta, India.

French Lose Thirty Men in a Fight at Kawang-Chawang—Belgians Want to Meddle in the Transvaal War.

MISSIONARIES DEAD.

A telegram announcing the death of Elders D. A. Robinson and F. W. Brown, of Battle Creek, Mich., in Calcutta, India, they were Seventh Day Adventist missionaries.

REV. MR. BROOKS MURDERED.

The Rev. Mr. Brooks, of the Church Missionary Society, stationed at Ping-Yin, in the Province of Shan-Tung, was captured in that village and murdered on Dec. 3 by members of a seditious society called "Boxers," who have been active lately destroying many villages and killing native Christians. The governor of the province has dispatched a force of cavalry to the scene of the disturbances, but the soldiers arrived too late to save Mr. Brooks.

FRENCH FORCE LOST 30 MEN.

Mail advices which reached Victoria, B. C., from the Orient Thursday, report that another battle between the French and Chinese took place at Kawang-Chawang, and that the French were defeated with a loss of 30 men.

LOSS OF THE PATRIA.

London, Jan. 6.—The Patria is now more dangerous to shipping than ever.

Phone 1045

THE RUNIANS, GRAY, CARRIE CO. Phone 1046

Discount Sale

Ready-to-Wear Clothing for Boys and Men.

January 15, is our Inventory Day. Until that date our Discount Sale continues. This department has been specially busy the past few weeks. Many broken lots are the result of big selling. These odds and ends are being turned into cash, in some cases less than half the original prices. Discounts from 10 to 25 per cent off all lines of Clothing. Winter goods at prices that create enthusiasm and find satisfied buyers. This Great Sale continues a few days longer. The following special list of prices for Saturday and Monday's selling.

Men's Clothing Department.

Sixty pairs Men's Heavy All-Wool Tweed Pants, fit and wear goes with these goods; assorted lot; some were \$1.45 and \$1.50, and good value at that. Saturday and Monday, special price\$1.25

Ten Per Cent Off All Lines of Men's Pants.

Twenty-five Men's Suits, all sizes, \$4 to \$42, for \$3.98. These suits are regular \$5 and \$6 suits, and are made by expert tailors. Heavy tweeds and serges, good weight, neat patterns, regular \$5 and \$6. Saturday only, special bargain, \$3.98

Men's Ulsters at One-Quarter Off

Special for Saturday and Monday—Men's Fine All-Wool Ulsters, Ulsters, high storm collars, with or without half-belt and slash pockets, tweed linings, black and brown; regular \$8. Special for Saturday and Monday\$4.98

Shoe Department.

The past season's trade has been most satisfactory. Our low prices, combined with goods that wear, has made us many friends. Stock-taking—just a few days off. Prices on all lines of shoes are discounted. Ten per cent means a lot off our already low prices. Still all lines of Men's Women's, Boys', and Misses' Shoes are subject to 10 per cent off. We handle dard in rubber footwear. Our Rubber sales have been big. Satisfaction to our customers always assured.

Ten Per Cent Off All Men's Rubbers and Overshoes.

Special for Saturday & Monday Selling

30 pairs only, Men's Laced and Congress Shoes; regular prices \$1.75, \$2.50, and \$3.00, at half-price.

Dongola Laced Boots, Kangaroo Congress Shoes and Cordovan Laced Boots, at85c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

35 pairs Men's Laced and Congress Shoes, specially selected box-calf, heavy sewed and standard styles, perfect fit, regular \$2.00, 10 per cent off, Saturday and Monday \$1.80

40 pairs Women's Fine German Felt Toilet Slippers, soft cushioned insoles, all sizes, regular 90c and 95c, Saturday, special price65c

Women's Fine Dongola Laced and Button Boots, extension soles, square tip, new opera toes. Also Women's Box-Calf Laced Boots, high cut, nickel eyelets, Goodyear stitched extension soles; very soft and flexible; regular \$1.75, Saturday and Monday\$1.58

Women's Skating Boots, fine oil leather, high cut, double soles, neat extension, with or without warm linings, regular \$1.25, discount sale 10 per cent off\$1.13

Reliable shoes at moderate prices—all subject to special discount.

Boys' Clothing Department.

Boys' School Suits, specially selected all-wool tweed, three-piece suits, first-class tailoring, good linings, etc., etc., regular price \$3.75 and \$4. Genuine Bargain for Saturday and Monday\$2.93

Boys' Heavy Navy Blue English Curi Cloth Reefers, good large collars; warm and serviceable; regular prices \$3.44 and \$4.50. Special for Saturday, 25 per cent off\$2.25, \$3.00 and \$3.38

Boys' Two-Piece Suits, sizes 22 to 28; well-made heavy tweed and serge suits; strong serviceable suits for school wear; not the worthless kind; regular price \$2 and \$2.25. Special, Saturday and Monday\$1.50

Men's Furnishings.

Men's Underclothing and Top Shirts are receiving special attention just now. Broken lots are being placed on our bargain counters, at prices that lean heavily toward the buyer. Men's Shirts and Drawers from 25c each to \$7 a suit.

Ten Per Cent Off All Lines of Underclothing.

Runians, Gray, Carrie Co.

208, 210, 210½, 212 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

Mr. Dooley On the War.

"What d'ye think iv th' war?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"I think I want to go out an' apologize to Shafter," said Mr. Dooley. "I'm like ivrybody else, be havin'; I thought war was like shootin' glass balls. I niver thought iv th' glass balls thrauin' a dinnymite gun on me. This a thrait an' Anglo-Saxons that we think iv an' inimy as a target. It ye hit him ye get three good segars. We're like people that dreams iv fight. In me dreams I niver lose a war fight. A man I niver before come up an' says something mane to me, that I can't rymember, an' I climb into him an' 'tis all over in a minit. He niver hits me, or if he does I don't feel it. I put him on his back an' bate him to death. An' thin I help myself to his watch an' chain, an' me frinds come ar-round an' say, 'Martin, ye haven't a scratch,' an' con-gratulate me, an' 'I wandher ar-round the streets with a chip on me shoulder till I look down an' see that I haven't a stitch on me but a short shirt. An' thin I wake up. Th' list iv knockouts to me credit, in me dreams, wud make Fitzsimmons feel poor. But niver a wan iv thim was printed in th' pa-pers."

"'Tis so with me frinds, th' hands across th' sea. They want to sleep an' had a dream. An' they say, 'We will send down to South Africa thim gallant troops that have won so many hard-fought reviews,' they says, 'captained,' they says, 'be th' flower iv our arms,' they says, 'An' whin th' Boers come out ar-armed with rollin' pins an' Bibles, they says, 'we'll just go at thim,' they says, 'an' walk through thim, an' that night we'll have a battalyn at Pretoria, to which all frinds is invited,' they says, 'An' so they deposit their intellects in th' bank at home, an' th' absent-minded beggars goes out in transports iv pathos, iv th' cabinet, an' 'tis decided that as th' war will on'y las' wan week 'twill be well fr to begin renamin' th' cities iv th' Transvaal afther poplar English statesmen—Joochamberlainville an' Rhodesdorp an' Beilfontein. Fr they have put their hands to th' plow an' th' spongy is squeezed dry, an' th' sands iv th' glass have r-run out an' th' account is wiped clean."

"An' what's the Boer doin' all this time? What's me frind th' Boer doin'? Not sleepin', Hinnissy, mind ye. He hasn't any dreams of con-quest. But whin a man with long whiskers comes a-ridin' up th' road an' says, 'Jan Schmidt or Pat O'Toole,' or whatever his name is, ye'er wanted at th' front,' he goes home an' takes a rifle from th' wall an' kisses his wife an' childer good-bye, an' puts a Bible in th' tails iv his coat an' a stovepipe hat on his head an' thramps away. An' his wife says: 'Good-bye, Jan. Don't be long gone, an' don't get shot.' An' they say: 'Not while I've got a leg under me an' a rock in front iv me,' he says. I tell ye, Hinnissy, ye can't bate a man that fights fr his home an' country in a stovepipe hat. He might be tempted to come out fr'm cover fr his native land, but he knows if he goes home to his wife with his hat mused he won't like it, an' so he sets behind a rock an' plugs away. If th' lid is knocked off he's fatally wounded."

"What's th' raysult, Hinnissy? Th' British marches up with their hands playin' an' their flags flyin'. Fr 'tis a tradition iv th' British ar-my that war is bein' shot at. That's wrong."

War is shootin' at th' other fellow. An' the Boers squat behind a boulder or a tree, or set comfortable in th' bed as a river, an' bang away. Their only tradition is that it's better to be a live Boer thin a dead hero, which comes perhaps, to th' same thing. They haven't been taught fr hundreds iv years that 'tis a miracle fr to be an officer an' a disgrace to be a private soldier. They know that if thence they'll have their names printed in the pa-pers, as well as th' Markess iv Doogieberry, that's has his eye-glass shot out. But they ain't lookin' fr notoriety, all they want is to get in some safe, with their country, an' their honor protected, an' th'ir mates in good order. An' so they hammer away, an' th' inimy keeps comin', an' th' varyous editions iv th' London pa-pers printed in this country keep standin' a line iv type beginnin', 'I regret to state.'

"All this, Hinnissy, comes fr'm dreamin' dreams. If th' Britons had said: 'This unclean an' rapacious people that we're against is also very tough. Dirty though they be, they'll have cartridges in their fists. This be in' England an' th' inimy we have against us not bein' our frinds, we will frget th' glorious traditions iv th' English an' Soudan ar'mies, an' instead iv rushin' on thim, sneak along wot kindly fence and hit them on th' back iv th' neck, there'd be less 'I-regret-to-states' an' more 'I'm-plazed-to-reports.' They wud so, an' I'm a man that's been through columns an' columns iv war. Ye'll find, Hinnissy, that 'tis on'y ar'mies fights in th' open. Nations fights behind threes an' rocks. Ye can put that in ye'r little book. 'Tis a saye.' I'm med as I wint home."

"We done th' same way, ourselves," said Mr. Hennessy.

"We did that," said Mr. Dooley. "We were in a dream, too. I on'y thing is th' other fellow was in a dream. We woke up first. An', anyhow, I'm goin' to apologize to Shafter. He may not have any medals fr standin' up in range iv th' guns, but he's havin', he niver drove his buckboard fr a river."

BACKACHE

And Kidney Disease for Five Years—

Couldn't Turn in Bed—Made

Well by Two Boxes of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Mr. Fred Meggs, general merchant, Wolverson, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for five years with Kidney Disease and a very lame back, and was so bad I couldn't ride in a buggy. At times I could not turn over in bed, and there were brick dust deposits in the urine. In vain I took medicines of various kinds. They seemed to do me no good. Samples of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills helped me, and two boxes completely cured me. They made my kidneys healthy and vigorous, and I am now a well man. I can recommend them as the world's greatest remedy for backache, kidney disease and sick headache."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills make healthy kidneys, active liver and keep the bowels regular. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Ed-manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Mr. Ed Ryder, Acton, Ont., says: "I had a severe cold and sinus in all my bones when I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and was entirely cured."