

OUR MOTTO: "Suum Cuique."

The Mail and Advocate

Issued every day from the office of publication, 167 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, Union Publishing Company Limited, Proprietors.

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("To Every Man His Own.")

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, DECEMBER 23, 1916.

BEHOLD
I
STAND
AT THE
DOOR
AND
KNOCK



IF YE
LOVE ME
KEEP
MY
COM-
MAND-
MENTS

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

GOOD Friend of Mine
For thee I pray
All goodly things
This Christmas Day.
All goodly things
Thy life to Bless
In these two words
Just Happiness.

AND right at the first, let us say how we dislike the corrupted form this word takes often, namely Xmas. We know the X signifies the Cross, but we think the word spelt in that way is rather too much a concession to modern hurry and new spelling. There is no time of the year to us just like Christmas. The children look forward with joyful eagerness to the hanging up of the stockings, and the emptying of the same in the first dawning of Christmas Day. And it is right that they should so enjoy this season. We should like every home to have its Christmas Tree, however poor the trimmings on it may be, and however few the toys and presents. The older ones can scarcely spend an unalloyed Christmas, with loved ones far away and some, alas, never to come back, but let everyone keep up heart for the sake of the children and not dampen their enjoyment. Make the atmosphere as bright as possible, for mourning ill becomes a child.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
Like trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our Home.

And who, having the privilege of living with a child, can deny it anything? As Bishop Jones has put it: "God looks down and smiles at His image in the happy face of a child." And so the first consideration at Christmas is the Child, and not only your own, but the Child of your neighbour and especially the Child of the poor. It is not the expensive present of one wealthy man to another that typifies the Christmas spirit. The right spirit is to do good to others, and to those from whom you can expect nothing in return.

THE principle of Peace and Goodwill is not in question at this time, although the world is at war. As a working theory in the conduct of life, it has always been found to bring good results. But the mischief is that the nations have not been trained in the moral principles of their religion. Had we been wisely taught, for instance, that human beings, whatever their class or nation, are inter-related to all others; that one class or nation has no true interest apart from the welfare of all, this war had not been. It is true, however, that a study of historic and diplomatic data must assign the chief guilt to Germany, who seemed oblivious of the fact that strength and power are given to individuals and nations that they may be used to help others not so advanced. Perhaps other nations are not altogether guiltless, for whilst there is nothing blame-worthy in honest pride of family, sex or nation, yet that sentiment must always be subordinate to the essential one-ness and mutual dependence of the race. And progress must be sought along the path of service and of self-improvement rather than of strife.

AND now we take this opportunity to wish all our readers a right Happy Christmas indeed, and we venture the hope that next Christmas will find us enjoying, if not a world-wide peace, a condition in which the British Empire at least will be at Peace.

OUR WISH When that glad day comes, we shall unite more joyfully than ever in the Christmas Hymn:



Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
Oh! come ye, oh come ye, to Bethlehem!

**REVEILLE
BY CALCAR**

IT IS not easy for one whose thoughts have been so long running to a contemplation of his country's woes to turn easily to reflections on the glorious festival on which we are now entering. The mind long accustomed to dwelling on political or economic matters is like the garden o'er run with exoteric rankness. The flora may be useful, even to some extent beautiful, but the roses overrun and neglected hang pensively only in hidden and isolated blooms.

From amidst the briars it is difficult to gather a number sufficient to make a presentable floral offering on an occasion like this. Where I to regard this as an occasion for just space filling the problem were an easy one. No difficulty presents itself to him who would be content to spoil a printer's hour in the setting up of inane stuff, in the matter of filling a short newspaper column.

Enough hypocritical gush and superficial commonplace might be summoned in an hour to keep both my hands busy driving this pen to keep up with the flow, but I consider it would be better to present this column "white and unsullied still" with never a printed word to mar its purity than to fill it with words that do not come from the innermost recesses of my heart, at such a time as this.

This is a sacred hour, too sacred for words indeed; an hour for holy contemplation rather than garrulity. Such a thing as levity of thought should be most remote from our minds as the sacred hour approaches when man commemorates the birth of Him who is the salvation of the world.

Let us in all humility bow down in silent adoration and gladness before the cradle wherein reposes the Infant who great enough to fill all the universe to overflowing is yet held within the confines of an humble little manger in a cradle at Bethlehem, where Mary, His mother brought Him forth because there was no room for Him at the inns. No room for the mighty king at whose word made all that is made, and at whose word all things would crumble into nothingness.

What a stupendous example of humility. Is there any wonder that I shrink from speaking at all in this column to-day. On me devolves the duty of filling this column with the thought children that crowd around me as they march in the great procession of the universe. Only a little eddy of the current strikes upon the very restricted littoral of my mind, but I am always standing on the shore to salute them as they go by, or to gather the thoughts which they fling to me. Only the best of these do I give at any time to those who wish them, if they are but humble flowers they are at least the best I have to offer.

I could heap blooms of a sort upon you, commonplaces and simpering platitudes till you are fairly smothered in the petals, but this would be no good to you and afford me no satisfaction. There are flowers that bloom within the desolation of the polar regions, pretty to look at, but odorless. What if I load a heap of these upon you. No, I would rather, as I said before, present you with this column blank.

Odorless blooms from the garden of thought no doubt serve their purpose, they serve to redeem the desert waste from utter barrenness, but there is a time and place for everything. All that is trite should be kept in the background, and particular guard kept about them at this hallowed season. It is with the utmost reserve that I approach this task to-day. It is too great a time and suggests too exalted a theme for my humble genius.

As my mind travels back to the stable at Bethlehem and I hear the angels sing "Peace on Earth" I turn my eyes to the scene that Europe presents to-day and am filled with disgust at the scene there presented; a scene to shame the very fiends of hell. Proud man creeping like a worm upon the bosom of earth is using such little gifts as he possesses to invent means whereby he may murder other poor worms and bring triumph to himself stained with the blood of others, soaked in the tears of widows and orphans and burdened with anguish untold. Who that thinks of his transitory stage at all and the eternal futurity could glory in such a thought? Who can rejoice at this holy season while the very negation of its spirit is being worked out in Europe, and is even working in our own spirits here far away from the bloody fields?

But we can be happy if we turn not to mundane but to spiritual considerations. Every Christian may rejoice on this glorious anniversary of the coming to earth of Him who lead captivity captive and took from death its sting, and opened the way to heaven for all who will follow faithfully the rules of life by Him laid down.

**THIS DATE
IN HISTORY**

DECEMBER 23
New Moon—24th.

Days past—356. To Come—8.
SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT born 1732. Becoming interested in mechanical problems he succeeded in inventing an improved cotton-spinning machine. In 1771 he established the first spinning-mill that was worked by water power.

ALEXANDER I., Emperor of Russia, born 1777. He played a prominent part in the Napoleonic wars in 1805 and 1812 and often taking active part in the military movements.

SAMUEL SMILES born 1812. The author of "Self-Help," a reproduction of short lectures which

he delivered in 1859 to a class of young men.

DECEMBER 24
Christmas Eve
New Moon—24.

Days Past—357. To Come—7.
MATTHEW ARNOLD born 1822. Son of Dr. Thomas Arnold and achieved a high reputation as poet and critic. As the proponent of the principles of "sweetness and light" as well as by his graceful verse, he secured a high place amongst the literary men of the Victorian era.

W. M. THACKERAY died 1863, aged 52. The well known novelist. His first ambition was to be an artist and at one time he was seriously considering the illustrations of Dickens' works. His great successes were won in Vanity Fair, Pendennis, Esmond and The Newcomes.

GEORGE CRABBE born 1754. A poet of rural life and scenes, noted for his faithful pictures and characterization no less than for the soundness of his sentiments.

DECEMBER 25
Christmas Day

Days Past—358. To Come—6.
SIR ISAAC NEWTON born 1642. The great mathematician and philosopher whose scientific discoveries were of the utmost importance, including the law of gravitation which he deduced from the falling of the apple. He invented the modern sextant.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Come to us, Christmas, good old day,
Soften us, cheer us, say your say
To hearts which thrive, too eager, keeps

In bonds, while fellow-feasting sleeps.
Good Christmas, whom our children love,

We love you, too! Lift us above
Our cares, our fears, our small desires!

Open our hands and stir the fires
Of helpful fellowship within us,
And back to love and kindness

win us.
—Edward Sanford Martin.

THE OPORTO MARKET

	Past Week	Prev. Week
Stocks (Nfld.)	16,920	23,205
Consumption	6,285	7,402

MATER CONSOLATRIX

UP to the Gates came the cries of a Mother
Asking relief,
Trying her utmost, her utmost, to smother
Wild sounds of grief:
"Comfort! What comfort, oh, Christ! canst Thou give me,
Whose Life is done?
Thou hast not 'suffered in all things.' (Forgive me!)
Thou hadst no son!"

Christ at the Gates leaned Him, sweet in compassion;
Sighed with her sigh;
Stretched out His hands, too, in pitiful fashion,
Hearing her cry.

Then, as the words of her moan reached the Gateway,
Rose to His ears,
Started—did Christ—drew back sudden and straightway
Shrank from her tears!

Mary the Mother came softly behind Him.
"Hist!" she said, "Go!
This is my place!"—she seemed scarcely to mid Him—
"You do not know!"

Stretched out her arms full of love to the other;
Tenderly smiled:
"I lost a Child!"

—ETHEL TABOT.

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