

London Advertiser.

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Managing Director
and Editor, John Cameron

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The Significance of Bethlehem.

The invitation that sounds in our ears at the present season is that expressed in the words: "Come and let us go even unto Bethlehem." In our land we may say that this call is pretty generally accepted. The Christmas Festival is no small sectarian monopoly. Bethlehem has a broader sound and makes a larger appeal than Rome, Canterbury, or Geneva. This pilgrimage of thought to the cradle of the Holy Child revives sacred associations and quickens new aspirations. It is the "Children's Hour," the festival of home, as well as a great day in the calendar of the Church.

As we think of the Prince of Peace, many of our bitter controversies and party strifes shrink into their real littleness. The union of the human and the divine, of the high and the lowly, calls to true worship and exerts a humane influence. This homage paid to the child, this recognition of the sanctity of motherhood, and the beauty of infancy, is one of the sweetest, kindest influences of the Christian faith. This will always be the central thought of this festive season, and should remind us that it is not an hour for coarse riotous indulgence, but for the unselfish satisfaction which comes from Christian service in the home, and to the poor and needy outside.

There are also subordinate lessons which ought not to be forgotten, and one in particular, which has a special appropriateness to us. Bethlehem, in the eye of the prophet, was distinguished for its smallness. It was least among the thousands of Judah, yet out of it the King was to come. The greatest hero and king that Israel ever had came forth from a small village. He gathered the scattered tribes into a united kingdom and gave them a new center of religion and political life. The name Jerusalem now means more than material city which has so recently been honored by the visit of the German Emperor. A Jerusalem under the control of the Turk may be a wretched place, but the real Jerusalem is the ideal city of God, which must still cope with the Babylons of worldly splendor and selfish lust. But before Jerusalem there was Bethlehem, the birthplace of the man of heroic mold who first gave to Jerusalem its real significance.

We are thus reminded that bigness and greatness are not necessarily the same thing, that size is not the ultimate test of influence. It is true that there is something inspiring about a great stretch of country, and something sublime about a magnificent mountain which lifts its snow-covered peaks to the sky, and we do well to rejoice in the breadth and grandness of this land in which we live. But in compiling the "reasons for thanksgiving," it is possible to dwell too exclusively on the material side of life. The greatness of a nation is not in its wide stretch of territory, in the number of its soldiers, or the wealth of its citizens. Greatness is a matter of life and character. "Great Britain" is one of the smallest countries so far as mere size is concerned, and as a matter of fact, the most powerful influences have gone forth from the lands that were small, but that had the power of sending out strong men.

The stamp upon our letters which comes unto us this day reminds us that there is a "Greater Britain" of which we form a part? That Britain, small in herself, has laid a strong hand upon the world, and is the center of rich manifold influences.

But we do well to remember that the power which created this great empire was not in the first place immense size or overwhelming numbers, but a free independent spirit, a courage to do and dare unto death, a strong sense of justice, and a realization of the fact that with increase of power goes increase of responsibility. If these are lost and forgotten, the greatest Empire goes to pieces and another great movement must begin from another Bethlehem.

The lowly origin of the Christ rebukes our vulgar pride and mere material bigness, and this one lesson is worthy of being pondered, "Lest we forget, Lest we forget."

Ex-Queen Lili of Hawaii protests against the appropriation of her property by the United States, without process of law or compensation. Her majesty's untutored mind is unable to perceive that appropriation is "destiny."

Crushed by the Combines.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times, in a recent dispatch, said:

"The strain imposed upon the Berlin money market by the forced development of German trade is beginning to tell seriously on German finance. For the satisfaction of seizing new markets, terms have been granted which German industrial enterprise is unable to afford. The abnormal condition has produced a situation which renders it advisable that the sympathies of the English and American money markets should not be estranged."

This is confirmatory of other information concerning the present monetary crisis in Germany. We hear much of the phenomenal industrial development of Germany, and the growth of German exports; but there is another side to the story. Light is thrown on it by the American consul-general at Frankfurt, who, in a report to the department at Washington, says:

"As an incident and condition of Germany's perfect organization and rapid industrial growth, its leading productive interests have been syndicated to an extent probably unknown in any other country. All great industries—the mining of coal, the manufacture of coke, pig iron, steel billets, machinery, seed oils, potash salts and many other products—have been for years governed by ably organized and managed syndicates, which control production, fix prices, both for the home and export trades, declare dividends, and apportion contracts. The remarkable efficiency of these syndicates in promoting exports of manufactured products has been largely due to the power which they exercise in maintaining the home price of any given class of merchandise at such profitable figures as to enable the same manufacturer to sell for export at whatever discount may be necessary to secure the contract. In this way, as English exporters bitterly complain, German manufacturers, secure in their organization and their protected home market, have been able to sell structural iron and steel and railway supplies in London and Liverpool, and to flood the British colonies with German-made goods at prices with which their British rivals, already in possession of the colonial markets, have found it difficult to compete."

In other words, by means of a high protective tariff, Germany's industrial system has become one of trusts and combines. The great monopolies which control production can fleece domestic consumers at will. "Industry" flourishes by legalized robbery of the German people. It plunders at home in order that it may sell abroad. The combines wax fat; but what of their victims? A section of the German population, in the midst of this so-called progress, has been reduced to eating cats and dogs, because protected interests keep out foreign meat. The agricultural, as well as the manufacturing interests, are monopolizers.

The commercial expansion of Germany is, therefore, largely abnormal. It is a case of bloat, not healthy growth. The present stringency is a symptom of this. The manufacturers have borrowed foreign money beyond their means. They are finding it hard to meet their financial obligations, and are draining the German banks of their gold.

The conditions in Germany are being rapidly reproduced in the United States. Under the Dingley bill, trusts, combines, syndicates, and other forms of monopoly are springing up all over the country. The smaller concerns are either absorbed by these combinations, or are pushed to the wall. Like the German, the American syndicates are quoting prices abroad lower than those they quote at home. Having absolute control of the domestic markets, they can flinch what they please from the people of the United States, and they are doing it right along.

The British people, who are secure against the pillage of combines, have little reason to fear a competition fostered by such artificial means. Their industrial fabric is reared on the solid rock of free trade and not on the shifting sands of protection.

The weather has caught the Christmas spirit.

The last of the election trials is over, and Mr. Whitney is not sorry.

London's Christmas market today was magnificent. Who would like to see it abolished?

Bolivia's Christmas box is a revolution. Few things are more popular in a South American republic.

Uncle Sam's colonial Christmas presents are very substantial, but Spain makes a sorry Santa Claus.

They always say of a man's downfall that there is a woman in the case, but in Hobson's there is an average of over 300 a day.

The primate of Ireland has the unenviable distinction of being the only Episcopal bishop to oppose the Czar's peace policy. His grace has missed his calling.

Manager Hays and the G. T. R. telegraphers have agreed to arbitrate their differences. This is sensible and businesslike. It reflects credit on both parties.

The Advertiser wishes its numerous family of readers a merry Christmas. The family has grown a great deal since last Christmas, and expansion is still the rule.

Hobson is making such a fool of himself that the navy department has ordered him to Manila. It is thought his kissing mania will be cured when he has only the dusky belles of the Philippines to practice on.

The Toronto News is hard up for an argument against the Government.

when it drags in the case of Peg-Leg Brown to serve that purpose. It alleges that officers with an itch for notoriety kidnapped Brown, and it blames the Canadian authorities for not interfering. This is a charge which the detectives flatly deny.

The public debt of Russia is \$4,000,000,000 or over \$30 per head of the population. This is a crushing burden for a country like Russia, where a great mass of the people is always on the verge of starvation. No wonder the Czar wants to lighten the load by reducing his military establishment. The nation must have money for productive enterprises.

The Christmas number of the Farmers' Advocate is very handsome and complete. It contains many fine illustrations of great farms in the various provinces of the Dominion. The frontispiece is devoted to the Ontario Agricultural College and Farm at Guelph. The reading matter is abundant, and pertains to every branch of agriculture. Special contributions from noted pens add to the distinction of the number, which in every respect is an ideal publication for farmers.

Madrid is grief-stricken over the death of an elephant which was expected to fight two bulls on Christmas Day. The information would be amusing if it did not reveal such a mixture of frivolity and brutality in Spanish character. The people of Spain ought to be sobered by recent crises, but the national mind is incapable of reflection or intelligent ideals. It is not even serious when it is most dejected. The Don is a creature of moods and impulses. He will weep and rave over the misfortunes of his country, and then rush off to a bull fight before his eyes are dry.

The Globe boasts that a baking powder factory is removing from London to Toronto, but inquiry here fails to verify the statement. The Globe is also astray in speaking of Toronto's advantages over this and other cities. London has more railway connections and better transportation facilities than Toronto. It is a cheaper place to live in. It is located in a richer farming district. The only inducements which Toronto offers are those which come dangerously near violating the law of the land in respect to bonusing industries. Hamilton can testify to that.

Archbishop Bruchesi's denunciation of sensational journalism has the right ring. It is addressed to the press of Quebec, but the offenders are not confined to that province. "Those daily recitals of crime and pictures that illustrate them, finally make upon the mind a terribly deleterious impression," says the archbishop in his open letter. He admits that readers like and ask for such reports and such pictures, but says this is a reason more why they should be absolutely refused. It is to be hoped his advice will not be thrown away. Newspapers have an educative mission, and should cater to the highest, not the lowest, class of their readers.

The London Free Press records, with apparent satisfaction, the failure of municipal ownership in Hamilton, Ohio, a city that has become practically bankrupt. This is no argument against the principle of municipal ownership. The Ohio city failed to make a success even of its waterworks system, but who, in this city, would advocate a return to private ownership of the waterworks? In Glasgow taxes have almost disappeared since the corporation took over the street railway, gas, lighting, and other such franchises. Municipal control is right in theory, but municipal business ability is another thing. In this city a radical change in the system of government must take place before civic socialism can be carried to the desired stage.

SHED SKIN 20 TIMES

Little Boy's Terrible Eczema.
Mass Running Sores From Head to Foot.

Not an Inch of Body Unaffected.
Skin Came off With The Bandages.

Screams Were Heart-Breaking.
Four Doctors and Medical Institute No Avail.

Improvement After the Second Application of CUTICURA. Now Completely Cured.

My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse, until we could not try a certain medical college, but his treatment did not do any good. At the time I was induced to try CUTICURA REMEDIES, he was so bad that I had to cut his hair all off, and put the CUTICURA (ointment) on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores, and the stench from him was frightful. The bandages used to stick to his skin, and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of CUTICURA, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES for his blood, and now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to day.

You can use this testimonial in whatever way you please, and if any proof outside of my word is needed I will refer to any of our neighbors.

ROBERT WATMAN.
Dec. 13, 1897. 4723 Cook St., Chicago, Ill.
SPECIAL CURE TREATMENT FOR TUBERCULAR AND DISSEMINATED ECZEMA.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle skin cures, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures. Sold throughout the world. Forster Drug and Chem. Co., Ltd., 100, Princes Street, London. How to Cure Baby Eczema, etc.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

The Tobacco Knight.

[Hamilton Spectator.]

Sir Macdonald is none of your common pluggs.

How Cruel.

[Boston Globe.]

Professor Garnier is going back to Africa to study monkey talk—and yet the society season in New York is just beginning!

Canvassing Candidates

[Hamilton Herald.]

The London Advertiser says that Mr. Teetzel's plan of conducting a campaign without canvassing is excellent in theory but isn't practicable. Well, it is being put in practice by Mr. Teetzel. Whether it will be successful or not is another question.

Halifax's Bright Outlook.

[Halifax Chronicle.]

With the terminal facilities at Deep Water completed, the I. C. R. furnished with modern locomotives and freight cars, the canals deepened to fourteen feet, and I. C. R. western connections perfected, the future of Halifax will be very largely in the hands of her own people. It is steady, persevering enterprise that tells.

A Tender-Hearted Officer.

[New York Sun.]

The death in Michigan of the cat captured from the Crisobol Colon by the crew of the Oregon recalls many striking instances of the attachment which sailors have for all sorts and conditions of animals. To illustrate how far the sentiment sometimes goes, we take this from the London Times, where it appears in the column devoted to court and personal intelligence: "As Commander Lewis Blackburn of the cruiser Blenheim was leaving the hulk Royal Adelaide in Chatham dock-yard on the night of Nov. 24 a gazelle which he had recently brought from abroad ran to meet him, and while affectionately rubbing against

him fell overboard. Commander Blackburn, who was in full uniform, promptly plunged into the basin, although the risk was great, the night being intensely dark and there being chains between the Adelaide and other ships. Shouting for lights to be brought, he kept himself and the gazelle afloat until both were rescued."

The Doge's Palace.

[Montreal Witness.]

The reported subsidence of the walls of the Doge's palace at Venice reminds us of Byron's lines:

"O Venice, Venice, when thy marble halls
Are leveled with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken walls,
A loud lament across the weeping sea."

To others, perhaps, of a later school, will recur Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," but to all lovers of the romantic possibility of the sinking of those historic buildings will bring a pang of regret. It is pleasing to learn that the condition of the famous buildings is not as bad as at first reported.

A Canadian and the Pipes.

[London Outlook.]

A Canadian patriot was in the Empire Music Hall, Glasgow, recently, cheering Piper Findlater like mad. Someone dared to hiss. The Canadian angrily protested. "Why do they hiss him?" he exclaimed. "Because we don't want him." "But he is a hero." "What did he ever do?" "Why," exclaimed the ardent Canadian, "he was shot through both legs, and then sat down." "Could he help it," came the answer pat. "But he went on playing the pipes." "Second nature," said the dour Scot. "I'll just tell ye. This man did nothing unusual! Take the first ten Highland pipers you meet with. Start them playing; shoot them through both legs; down they'll sit and keep on playing." Thus does the practical Scot shiver in a few words the glamor surrounding the hero of Deceals.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Worried

"Henry, I wish you would let me give you your Christmas present now."

"Why, Clara?"

"I'm worn out changing my mind about it."—Chicago Record.

His Bad Company.

Smithson—You can always judge a man by the company he keeps.

Johnson—That's pretty tough on the jailer of a prison, isn't it?—Tit-Bits.

Somewhere

Somewhere, in some secluded spot,
That which I seek awaited me.
While I perspire and fret and groan,
Somewhere my labor and my pain
Will end, and end with joyful shout,
Somewhere—its rent extremely low—
I'll find a flat without an out.

I'll find the best of plumbing there;
I'll find the rooms just what I need;
That tenants are not made to bleed,
I'll find the neighbors fond of peace;
No cats or dogs, no things that jar;
The house not on the busy street,
But from the street cars not too far.

There'll be no girls who murder
"Palms."

Or tear their hair o'er "Ostler Joe,"
No small boy plays a martial drum
Within a mile of where I go,
A lawn, green vines, and things like that.

The rent? Ah, that will trifling be,
For somewhere, in a favored spot,
Steam heated heaven waits for me.
—Boston Globe.

A New Definition.

Little Mike—Feyther, phwat is an octogenarian?

McLubberty—An octogenarian, me b'y, is a mon that has eight toes on each fut.

No Need to Wait.

Mamma (to Ethel, who is telling an original fairy story while being put to bed)—Now, dear, stop your story for a little while; Francis is going to say her prayers.

Francis—Oh, mamma, can't Ethel please go on? I can hear her just 's well while I'm praying?

THE RUNIANS, GRAY, CARRIE CO.

TELEPHONE 1046.

Store closes at 10 o'clock tonight, and remains closed until

Tuesday
Morning
AT 8 O'Clock

Wishing all our patrons a VERY

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY
and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, we
are yours for all that is best.

The Runians, Gray, Carrie Co.,

IMPORTERS,

208, 210, 210½, 212 Dundas Street, - - LONDON.