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enough. She must dismiss from her army officers whom Austria should subsequently name. Those officers had emerged from a war where they were adding lustre to the Serbian arms, and he wondered whether it was their guilt or efficiency that prompted Austria's action. The officers were not named. Serbia was to undertake to dismiss them, and the names were to be sent on subsequently. "Can you name a country in the world," the Chancellor said, "that would have stood that? Supposing Germany or Austria had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country. (Laughter) You must dismiss from your army and navy—(laughter)—all those officers whom we shall subsequently name." I think I can name them now. Lord Kitchener—(cheers)—would go. Sir John French—(loud cheers)—would be sent about his business. (Laughter.) General Smith Dorrien—(cheers)—would go, and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe—(cheers)—would be one of them. There is another gallant old warrior who would go—Lord Roberts. (Cheers.) It was a difficult situation for a small country. But how did Serbia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters; it is the way in which you face it. (Cheers.) Serbia faced the situation with dignity. She said to Austria, "If any officers of mine have been guilty and are proved to be guilty I will dismiss them." Austria said, "That is not good enough for me." (Laughter.) It was not guilt she was after, but capacity. (Laughter.)

Then came Russia's turn. Russia had a special regard for Serbia. Serbia was a member of her family, and she could not see Serbia maltreated. Austria knew that Germany knew that. And Germany turned round to Russia and said, "Here, I insist that you shall stand by with your arms folded whilst Austria is strangling to death your little brother." (Laughter.) What answer did the Russian Slav give? He gave the only answer that became a man. (Cheers.) He turned to Austria and said, "You lay hands on that little fellow and I will tear your ramshackle Empire—[loud cheering]—limb from limb." (Cheers.) And he is doing it.

That is the story of the little nations. The world owes much to little nations and to little men. (Laughter and cheers.) This theory of bigness—you must have a big empire and a big nation and a big man—well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. (Laughter.) Frederick the Great chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations. She will only allow six foot two nations to stand in the ranks; but all the world owes much to the little five foot five nations. (Cheers.) The greatest art of the world was the work of little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great empire. (Cheers.) The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. (Cheers.) Ah, yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries the choicest wines to the lips of humanity to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and to strengthen their faith, and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down through the everlasting ages. (Cheers.)

But Germany insists that this is an attack by a low civilization upon a higher. (Laughter.) Well, as a matter of fact, the attack was begun by a civilization which calls itself the higher one. Now I am no apologist for Russia. She has perpetrated deeds of which I have no doubt her best sons are ashamed. But what empire has not? And Germany is the last empire to point the finger of reproach at Russia. But Russia has made sacrifices for freedom—great sacrifices. You remember the cry of Bulgaria when she was torn by the most insensate tyranny that Europe has ever seen. Who listened to the cry? The only answer of the higher civilization was that the liberty of Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier. But the rule of barbarians of the North, they sent their sons by the thousands to die for Bulgarian freedom. (Cheers.)

What about England? You go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany and France, and in all these lands I could point out to you places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of these countries. (Cheers.) France has made sacrifices for the freedom of

other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which the modern Prussian has ever sacrificed a single life? (Cheers.) The test of our faith, the highest standard of civilization, is the readiness to sacrifice for others. (Cheers.)

I would not say a word about the German people to disparage them. They are a great people; they have great qualities of head, of hand, and of heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, there is as great a store of kindness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world. But he has been drilled into a false idea of civilization. It is a hard civilization; it is a selfish civilization. It is a material civilization. They could not comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment. "France," they say, "we can understand. She is out for vengeance, she is out for territory—Alsace-Lorraine. (Cheers.) Russia, she is fighting for mastery; she wants Galicia." They can understand vengeance, they can understand you fighting for mastery, they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; they cannot understand a great Empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence to protect a little nation that calls for its defence. Cheers. God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the region of the spirit. German civilization would recreate him in the image of a Diesel engine—precise, accurate, powerful, with no room for the soul to operate. That is the higher civilization.

What is their demand? Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy, I advise you to buy it; they will soon be out of print, and you won't have any more of the same sort again. (Laughter.) They are full of the chatter and bluster of German militarists—the mailed fist, the shining armor. Poor old mailed fist; its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armor; the shine is being knocked out of it. (Laughter.) But there is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. You saw that remarkable speech which appeared in the "British Weekly" this week. It is a very remarkable produce, as an illustration of the spirit we have got to fight. It is his speech to the soldiers on the way to the front:

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me, as Gerran Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His Vice-gerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers."

There has been nothing like it since the days of Mahomet. Lunacy is always distressing—(laughter)—but sometimes it is dangerous and when you get it manifested in the head of the state and it has become the policy of a great empire, it is about time that it should be ruthlessly put away. (Cheers.) I do not believe he meant all these speeches; it was simply the martial straddle which he had acquired. But there were men around him who meant every word of it. That was their religion. Treaties? They tangle the feet of Germany in her advance. Cut them with the sword. Little nations? They hinder the advance of Germany. Trample them in the mire under the German heel. The Russian Slav? He challenges the supremacy of Germany in Europe. Hurl your legions at him and massacre him. Britain. She is a constant menace to the predominance of Germany in the world. Wrest the trident out of her hand.

"More than that, the new philosophy of Germany is to destroy Christianity. Sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for other—poor pap for German digestion. We will have a new diet. We will force it on the world. It will be made in Germany—[laughter]—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone; the honor of nation has gone; liberty gone; what is left? Germany! Germany is left—Deutschland uber Alles. That is what we have got to fight—that claim of the predominance of a civilization, a material one, a hard one, a civilization which if it once rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes, and unless Britain comes to the rescue, and her sons, it will be a dark day for humanity. (Cheers.)

"The Prussian Junker," continued Mr. Lloyd George, "is the road-hog of Europe. (Cheers.) Small nationalities in his way are flung to the roadside, bleeding and broken; women and children crushed under the wheel of his cue car, Britain ordered out of his way. All I can say is this. If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will shrivel from his seat. (Loud cheers.) Were he to win it would be the greatest catastrophe that had befallen democracy since the days of the Holy Alliance, and its ascendancy. They think we cannot beat them. It

will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. But in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. (Cheers.) We shall need all our qualities—every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in council, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory, in all things faith and we shall win. (Cheers.)

It had pleased Germany to believe and to preach the belief that we were a decadent, degenerate, timorous, craven nation, but Germany was beginning to find out her mistake already. (Cheers.) There were half a million men who had already registered their vow to cross the seas to hurl that insult against British courage against its perpetrators on the battlefields of France and of Germany. (Cheers.) Another half a million men wanted. We should get them. But Wales must continue doing her duty.

I should like to see a Welsh army in the field. I should like to see what the race who faced the Normans for hundreds of years in their struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win the Battle of Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race give a good taste of its quality in this struggle in Europe; and they are going to do it. (Cheers.)

It is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come today to you, it has come today to us, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. (Cheers.) It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste, which has cast its shadow upon two generations of men, and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives. They have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honor their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength. (Cheers.) But their reward is at hand. Those who have fallen have had consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe, a new world. I can see the sign of it coming in the glare of the battlefield. The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present time.

But that is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict, a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old one. I can see a new recognition amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness—a new recognition that the honor of a country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its home from distress as well. It is a new patriotism. It is bringing a new outlook for all classes. A great flood luxury and of sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you, in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea, a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hills above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance and to be stimulated and freshened by the breeze which came from the hilltops, and by the great spectacle of that great range.

We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many perhaps, too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks of honor we had forgotten, duty and patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are unshaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war. (Loud cheers.)

German Cruisers Coaled By Colliers

BORDEAUX, via, Paris, Oct. 23.—The captain of a British steamer, which

has just arrived here from Mexico, declared that German cruisers are being coaled by colliers operating from Mexican ports.

Six colliers flying the Norwegian flag, according to the British captain, are used.

Writes to Son of German Atrocities.

Woman Known in St. John tells of Work of the Huns

Writing from Antwerp, Belgium, a short time before the siege was started, Mrs. Tuck Sherman, whose son, L. Tuck Sherman, is serving in the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, Vancouver, gives a realistic word picture of some of the anxieties and horrors of war, as well as considerable information. The communication is addressed from 62 Rue de l'Harmonie, and dated Sept. 15. It was opened and passed by the censor.

Here is an extract that gives an idea of the constant strain under which the residents labored: "I have been ill in bed; the last Zeppelin quite upset me and this morning a German aeroplane hovered over our house for some time. A French aeroplane chased it away and we heard guns being fired at it. We think it was destroyed. The cannonade was terrific—fairly shook our house to its foundations.

Continuing her recital, she says: "We are always ready to fly to the cellar which has been fitted up as a refuge from the shells. We feel so upset and live such miserable lives. At 7 p. m. all lights must be out. All our windows have brown paper over them and dark blue blinds. The trams are stopped, all lights are out in the streets and no music of any kind is permitted. The hospitals are overflowing with the wounded. On Saturday [September 12] over 2,000 Belgians were brought into Antwerp. We heard the cannons roaring all day on Friday and knew there was a fierce battle raging near at hand. Donald [the ten year old son] is acting as interpreter in the large British field hospital. He attends to the sick men himself, feeds them, writes letters for them in French and Flemish and runs errands for the doctors and nurses, who are all English and American. He is there from 8 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock at night. Donald collected from different people 69 pairs of gloves, 60 shirts, 50 pairs of boots, six suits, 107 handkerchiefs, 13 sheets, 18 towels and other useful articles. Grand mother has been making bedroom slippers for the wounded. We are all busy.

"Donald found homes for thirty refugees who came in donkey carts from a place beyond Malines. They had been on foot for three days, and had nothing but dry bread to eat. We have had horrible atrocities happening in Belgium—really too dreadful to write about in detail. The newspapers dare not print them. Ville, immoral acts, too horrible for narration have taken place. Poor young girls in all the villages have been treated worse than animals in the open market place right before their parents and German officers, and then had their hands, breasts and feet cut off, or better and more merciful, had been shot. Newborn babies have been hoisted high on Prussian lances. A boy of five was nailed to a table. Old men and women have been shut up in churches for days without food, and then shot. Convents have been burned down and their inmates sent out naked to be violated and then shot.

"Of course, not a house stands in Louvain, Termonde or Dinant," the sad narrative continues. "Our once beautiful Belgium is a pile of bricks and graves no trees, no churches, no money. Antwerp is now the only place left in Belgium. Brussels is occupied by the Germans. Our brave Belgian soldiers, led by the grandest man on earth, have astonished the whole world. There are thousands and thousands of soldiers in town and I am proud to give one my seat in a street car. They are so modest with it all, they never stop smiling, how ever exhausted they feel. They are wonderful.

Mrs. Sherman is believed by her son to have escaped from Antwerp with the large batch of refugees who left the city shortly after the siege commenced in earnest.

[Mr. L. Tuck Sherman's mother is an English lady. Her husband is the American Vice-Consul at Antwerp. His grandmother's sister, Mrs. Brown of Lowell, was in St. John visiting this summer. His grandmother was a Miss Tack of Bucksport, Maine.

—St. John Globe.



SEAL BRAND COFFEE

The Finishing Touch To A Perfect Meal

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL. 147

The Queen of England on a Ladder.

As I sat on a summer balcony in Venice, writes a "Companion" contributor, I heard from a charming Dutch woman this pleasant story about Queen Mary of England. The husband of the Dutch lady was the founder of one of the largest lace houses in Venice, and she had always taken an active part in the business.

"Of course," she said with Dutch commonsense, "no one can say that lace is one of the necessities of life, so they who sell it must seek the places affected by the wealthy. We have a branch establishment at St. Moritz every summer. One year I was there with laces that cost us 200,000 francs, and I had with me a young woman to help me with the sale. The insurance company refused to insure us because they had lost so much through fire in that country. The wooden chalets burn like tinder, and the water supply is always inadequate.

"My chalet was often visited by very great ladies. The sister of the Emperor of Germany bought little, but she loved to look at the beautiful laces. The Princess Laetitia of Savoy was another habitue, but the most friendly were the Duchesses of Teck and her tall daughter the Princess Mary, then the Duchess of York.

"One morning I heard a great commotion in the street, and I stepped out to see what was wrong. A chalet was on fire not far away. A turn of the wind, and we should be caught. More than the flames even, I dreaded the thieves who take advantage of such scenes of confusion. I stepped back into my chalet and locked the door, that we might be undisturbed. I pulled out packing cases and trunks, and I and my assistant were beginning to pack up the laces and embroideries when the Duchesses of Teck and York came by.

"'Oh, let us help you!' they insisted 'It would be dreadful for those lovely things to be injured or lost.'

"They worked like Turks. The Duchess Mary was so tall that she could reach everything, and as she handed the laces to me I packed them carefully in the cases. The gentlemen in waiting went back and forth, and kept us posted as to the progress of the fire. The Duchess Mary even went up on a ladder and fetched down the mirrors herself. I have never had better or more energetic assistance, and it was all done with such simplicity, good sense, and good fellowship. Fortunately, although five chalets were burned, the wind did not bring the fire our way.

Steamer Florizel, with the Newfoundland regiment aboard, reached Plymouth mouth Friday, all well.

At a meeting of commandants representing all the Free State, north of Bloemfontein, held at Kroonstad, a resolution was unanimously adopted denouncing the rebellion started in the northwest of the Cape provinces by Col. Maritz as a blot on the honor of the Free State.