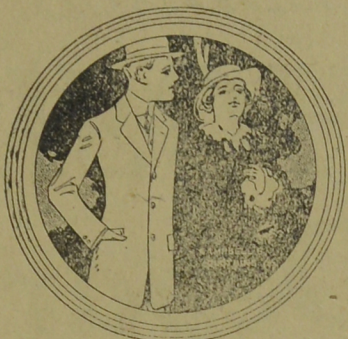




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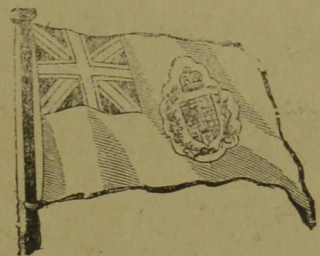
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Frequently the after effects of illness are more serious than the original trouble. This was the case with Mrs. James B. Moir, Mutana, Sask. Mrs. Moir says: "Some years ago while we were still living in Nova Scotia, was taken down with a severe attack of pneumonia. I had sufficiently recovered to be around, but had not been able to go out when I was attacked with diphtheria. In my weakened state it took a terrible toll on me, and neither my friends or neighbors thought I would recover. I did, however, pull through, but was a physical wreck. The muscles of my throat were paralyzed, so that even a sup. of water would flow back through my nostrils unless they were held closed. My voice was almost inaudible, and my eyes so badly affected that I feared I was going to lose my eyesight. I could only walk with assistance and it looked as though I would be a helpless cripple. Medicine after medicine was used, but did not help me. Then a neighbor advised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them but had the utmost difficulty in swallowing them owing to the condition of my throat. However, after a couple of boxes had been used I found it easier to take them, which was a sign they were helping me, and I felt greatly cheered. I do not know how many boxes I took, but continued their use until I was as well as ever, much to the surprise of all who knew me, as all thought could not get better. Since then I have several times taken the Pills when run down and have always been greatly benefited by them." For the after effects of fevers and ill-wasting diseases there is no medicine as equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood, build up the nerves, restore the appetite and bring back complete health and strength. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ENTRANCE OF ITALY

(Continued from page two.)

ginning of the war, she has diverted almost as many Austrian troops from other fields as will now be required to combat her advance. The actual beginning of operations will therefore involve but little alteration in the balance of forces throughout the various theatres of war. There is indeed some truth in these views, but there is still more fallacy. The Italian field force immediately available for attack is very largely in excess of a million men—it may be as high as 1,600,000. This army is very different from that which lost in the '60s or even from the bands which, after all, attained victory on the North African coast four or five years ago. It has had not only the advantage of further evolution during years of peace but also the feverish training and preparation for war which have marked the period since last August. Under new chiefs, provided with ample funds and backed by the impulse of the whole Italian people, it has been equipping itself, raising itself and hardening itself to the standard necessary for the trial that has long been regarded as inevitable.

When such an army as this gets into motion it will require much more than the largest frontier guard conceivable to check or stay it. The fortresses of the Trentino, however formidable, will be futile unless supported by a field force at least man for man with the advancing cohorts. And Italy's possible field of action is not limited to the Trentino. In Montenegro, on the Serbian fighting line and in the struggle for Constantinople and the open door to Russia's southern seaboard she may find opportunities for action exercising definitive influence upon the progress of the war. It is necessary only to ask, in conclusion, where the resources are to come from to meet this new dynamic factor on the side of the Allies. Has Germany 1,600,000 men to send against the Italian army, not to speak of meeting perhaps another million second line troops? Has Austria? How is this new attack to be met or parried? And then there is Rumania to be reckoned with. And what may Greece do now? Surely it is not too much to say that the decisive moment in the destinies of the near future of Christendom has been reached when Italy draws her sword.

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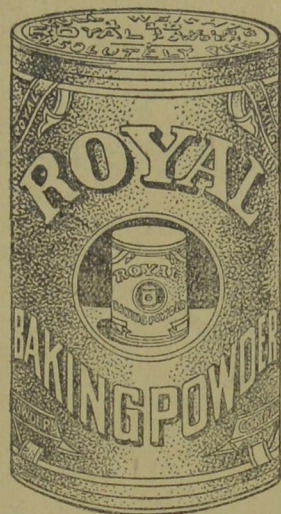
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FUROR TEUTONICUS AS SEEN BY A GERMAN OFFICER

The following article from the pen of Mr. George Kennan, the celebrated American author and war correspondent, is interesting:

Many times since the outbreak of the present European war I have tried in imagination, to get inside of the minds and characters of Germany's army officers and to form a reasonable theory that would explain, psychologically, their behavior. Are they homicidal monomaniacs, who take a morbid pleasure in destruction for the mere sake of destruction. Or are they sincere but misguided patriots, who have become mentally unbalanced from long brooding over what they regard as an international conspiracy to destroy their country? What were they before the war? Did they show, in time of peace, any tendencies that would explain, or throw light upon, the ravaging of Belgium, the bombardment of Rheims, the destruction of Louvain and the absolutely wanton and useless slaughter of non-combatants in the Lusitania? In short, is the average German officer a monomaniac, a tenth-century barbarian or a desperate patriot with his back to the wall?

Two or three years ago there was published in Germany a modest little volume entitled "Recollections of My Army Life" by Capt. Hans Pommer, retired, an ex-officer of the First Infantry Regiment of the Upper Rhine. In his preface Capt. Pommer says that his military career had been "honorable, if not brilliant," that he had no personal reasons for dissatisfaction or condemnation and that if he criticizes German officers, it is not because he hates the German army, but because he loves it and grieves over it. His criticisms, he says, are "notes written from a sorrowful heart."

Among the episodes of his army life that he describes is a farewell banquet given (apparently in Berlin) by the officers of the Elbeborn camp, to their brother officers in a cavalry division which was about to be transferred to another post. The scene of the banquet was the Officers' Club, which seems to have consisted of a suite of luxuriously furnished apartments and a picture-and-statue adorned banquet hall. The officers present were the cream of the Prussian aristocracy including a "prince of the blood royal." (Whether it was the Crown Prince or not, Capt. Pommer does not say.) After the dinner, the participants, excited by music, speeches and wine, were seized with the "furor

Teutonic" and proceeded to destroy everything in sight. First they broke all the dishes, then they smashed the tables and chairs, next they shattered the mirrors and destroyed the statues and finally they reduced to fragments everything that was breakable, not only in the banquet hall but in the adjoining rooms. Even the stoves, (massive structures of brick and tile) were not spared.

In describing this banquet, Capt. Pommer says:

"More than once I have witnessed manifestations of incredible vandalism which are almost beyond description. At the farewell dinner given by the officers of the Elbeborn camp to the cavalry division, I was an eyewitness of a furious orgy of destruction which extended not only to the dishes, but to tables, chairs, stoves, statues and furniture of every kind contained in the hall where the banquet was given and in all of the adjoining rooms.

"If we apply the saying 'in vino veritas' to the behavior of this corps of officers, we must admit the melancholy fact that the veneer of culture which covers the surface of our higher society is very thin; that it is, indeed, only a superficial varnish and yet, that corps of officers was composed of representatives of our highest aristocracy, including a prince of royal blood. A few extra swallows of alcohol were enough to transform these men into actual barbarians, although they were representatives of a race which is filled to overflowing with a consciousness of its own innate superiority. And even after they became sober, these barbarians recalled with pride their drunken exploits. Imagine the deep impression which must have been made upon the non-commissioned orderlies who served at the banquet and who, while sober themselves, saw this 'horde of barbarians' give themselves up, without shame, to such Teutonic fury. These witnesses undoubtedly described to their comrades all that they had seen. The sudden transformation of civilized human beings into savages could not have been kept a secret behind the walls of the Officers' Club. Is it not really time that an end be made of drunkenness in the corps of German officers? Should not a passion for alcoholic drinks cease to be regarded as a proof of an honorable and manly spirit?"

In this description of the "furor Teutonicus" as manifested in time of peace there seems to me to be some-

thing enlightening, as well as menacing, to the whole world. It explains, in part, the savagery and ferocity of the German campaign and shows what England has to expect if a German army, led by such officers, ever gets a foothold on her shores. These men, in a frenzy of excitement, reduced their own Club to chaos of splintered debris. If they thus behaved at home, in time of peace, it is not surprising that in the "furor" of war they ravaged Belgium, destroyed Louvain and ran amuck through all of Western Europe that was within their reach. Neither is it difficult to imagine what they would do, in the "furor Teutonicus" to London and Westminster Abbey, to Washington and to Mount Vernon, if they should get the power.

The description of the banquet in the Officers' Club is hot from the pen of the enemy; it is from the recollections of a loyal German officer who wrote "from a sorrowful heart." He frankly admits that the "veneer of culture" which covers the essential barbarism of militarism in Prussia "is very thin"—so thin, in fact, as to be "only a superficial varnish."

In the first paragraph of this article I asked the question whether the average officer of the regular German army "is a monomaniac, a tenth-century barbarian or a desperate patriot with his back to the wall?" In my judgment he is a combination of all three and a more dangerous and menacing combination the world has never seen because mania, savagery and patriotism are joined to science and the highest technical skill.

Capt. Pommer declares that even after the "furor Teutonicus" had been sated with destruction the German officers who wrecked their own Club, "recalled their exploit with pride." So Dernburg and Bernstorff in this country and a uniformed horde of tenth-century barbarians in Germany now dwell with pride on the destruction of the Lusitania and the mangling or drowning of helpless American women and babies. Was not the correspondent of The New York Times right when he said a day or two ago: "A wild beast is loose on the world? But from the 'furor Teutonicus' even wild beasts are exempt. They never tear to pieces their own dens and shelters merely for the pleasure of destroying something."

The Winnipeg Free Press says that it may be well to note that the members of Mr. Rogers' immediate following in Manitoba are certain that there is to be an election in June, and are going ahead rapidly with preparations for it. They have completed confidence that, despite the protests of the country and the doubts of Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Rogers will have his way. Let Liberals keep their powder dry!

Italy appears about ready to give way to her emotions.

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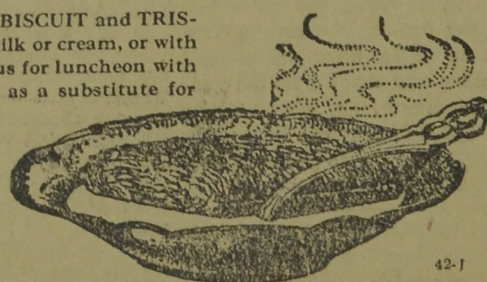
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