

### KING GEORGE'S VICTORY SPEECH

From the London papers of November 22 inst., to hand we extract the full text of the speech of His Majesty King George delivered on November 19 at the Palace of Westminster in the presence of the members of both Houses of Parliament, representatives of India and the British Dominions, officers of the Navy and Army, and other leading British subjects.

#### THE SPEECH

I THANK you for your loyal addresses of congratulations on the signature of an Armistice and on the prospect of a victorious peace.

At this moment, without parallel in our history and in the history of the world, I am glad to meet you and the representatives of India and the Dominions beyond the seas; that we may render thanks to Almighty God for the promise of a peace now near at hand, and that I may express to you, and through you to the Peoples whom you represent, the thoughts that rise in my mind at a time so solemn.

To do this with a heart full of grateful recognition of the spontaneous and enthusiastic expressions of loyalty and affection which I have been privileged to receive, both personally here in the Metropolis and by messages from all parts of these islands, as well as from every quarter of the Empire. During the past four years of national stress and anxiety, my support has been faith in God and confidence in my people. In the days to come, days of uncertainty and of trial, strengthened by the same help, I shall strive to the utmost of my power to discharge the responsibilities laid upon me, to uphold the honor of the Empire, and to promote the well-being of the Peoples over whom I am called to reign.

After a struggle longer and far more terrible than anyone could have foretold, the soil of Britain remains inviolate. Our Navy has everywhere held the seas, and wherever the enemy could be brought to battle it has renewed the glories of Drake and Nelson. The incessant work it has accomplished in overcoming the hidden menace of the enemy submarines and guarding the ships that have brought food and munitions to our shores has been less conspicuous, but equally essential to success. Without that work, Britain might have starved and those valiant soldiers of America who have so much contributed to our victory could not have found their way hither across the foam of perilous seas.

The Fleet has enabled us to win the war. In fact, without the Fleet, the struggle could not have been maintained, for upon the command of the sea, the very existence and maintenance of our Land Forces have from the first depended.

#### TROOPS OF THE EMPIRE

That we should have to wage this war on land had scarcely entered our thoughts until the storm actually broke upon us. But Belgium and France were suddenly invaded, and the nation rose to the emergency. Within a year an Army more than ten times the strength of that which was ready for action in August, 1914, was raised by voluntary enlistment, largely owing to the organizing genius and personal influence of Lord Kitchener, and the number of that Army was afterwards far more than doubled.

These new soldiers, drawn from the civil population, have displayed a valor equal to that of their ancestors, who have carried the flag of Britain to victory in so many lands in bygone times. Short as was their training, they have imitated, rivaled the prowess of the small but ever famous force which, in the early weeks of the war, from Mons to the Marne fought its magnificent retreat against vastly superior numbers. Not less prompt was the response, not less admirable the devotion to the common cause, of those splendid troops which eagerly hastened to us from the Dominions overseas, men who showed themselves more than ever to be bone of our bone, inheriting all the courage and tenacity that have made Britain great. A hundred battlefields in all parts of the world have witnessed their heroism, have been soaked with their blood, and are for ever hallowed by their graves.

I shall ever remember how the Princes of India rallied to the cause, and with what ardor her soldiers sustained in many theatres of war, and under conditions the most diverse and exacting, the martial traditions of their race. Neither can I forget how the men from the Crown Colonies and Protectorates of Great Britain, also fighting amid novel and perilous scenes, exhibited a constancy and devotion second to none.

To all these, and to their Commanders, who, in fields so scattered and against enemies so different in Europe, Asia, and Africa, have for four years confronted the hazards, overcome the perils, and finally decided the issues of war, our gratitude is most justly due. They have combined the highest military skill with unsurpassed resolution; and amid the heat of the battle-field have never been deaf to the calls of chivalry and humanity.

Particularly would I mention the names of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, whose patient and indomitable leadership, ably seconded by his fellow Commanders, has been rewarded by the final rout of the enemy on the field of so much sacrifice and glory; of General Sir

Edmund Allenby, who, in a campaign unique in military history, has won back for Christendom the soil for which centuries had fought and bled in vain; and of General Sir Stanley Maude and his successor, who, in a scene of no less romance, the first resounding victory of the war for the Allied Cause.

While I mention those who have served their country till the end of the struggle, let us not forget the incomparable services of the leaders who, in the early days of the war, before Fortune had begun to smile, upheld the best traditions of British Arms by land and sea; of Field-Marshal Lord French of Ypres, whose title recalls the scene of his undying renown, and of Admirals Lord Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty, who have for four years been the spirit and soul, as they were the successive Commanders, of the fighting Fleet of the Empire.

Let us remember also those who belong to the most recent military arm, the keen-eyed and swift-winged knights of the air, who have given to the world a new type of daring and resourceful heroism.

So must we further acknowledge the dauntless spirit of the men of the Mercantile Marine and the fishermen who patrolled our coasts, braving all the dangers of mine and torpedo in the discharge of duty.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE RACE

Let our thanks also be given to those who have toiled incessantly at home, women no less than men, in producing munitions of war, and to those who have rendered essential war service in many other ways. There are whole fields of service wherein workers, old and young, have toiled unknown and unrequited save by the consciousness that they were answering to the call of duty. Notable, too, has been the contribution made to the common welfare by those who volunteered as surgeons, physicians, chaplains, and nurses, fearlessly exposing themselves to danger in their tasks of mercy. While all these have labored with the same glowing spirit of unselfish service, may we not be proud also of the attitude maintained by the whole people at home? Unwonted privations have been cheerfully borne, and the hearts of those who were facing the stress of battle have been cheered by the steadfast confidence with which those whom they had left at home awaited the issue, and assured them of their unflinching devotion to the prosecution of the war.

While we find in these things cause for joy and pride, our hearts go out in sorrowful sympathy to the parents, the wives, and the children who have lost those who were the light and stay of their lives. They gave freely of what was most precious to them. They have borne their griefs with unrepining fortitude, knowing that the sacrifice was made for our dear country and for a righteous cause. May they find consolation in the thought that the sacrifice has not been made in vain. These brave men died for Right and for Humanity. Both have been vindicated.

In all these ways, and through all these years, there has been made manifest the unconquered and unconquerable spirit of our race, nourished on the glorious traditions of many centuries of freedom. This spirit, conscious of its strength, bore the trials and disappointments of these years with a fortitude that was never shaken and a confidence that never failed. It knew its motives to be pure, and it held fast to its faith that Divine Providence would not suffer injustice and oppression to prevail.

In this great struggle, which we hope will determine for good the future of the world, it is a matter of ceaseless pride to us that we have been associated with Allies whose spirit has been identical with our own, and who, amid sufferings that have in so many cases greatly exceeded ours, have devoted their united strength to the vindication of righteousness and freedom—France, whose final deliverance, achieved by one of the greatest of Commanders, Marshal Foch, has been the reward of a sacrifice and endurance almost beyond compare; Belgium, devastated and held in bondage for nine upon five years, but now restored to her liberty and her King; Italy, whose lofty spirit has at length found its national fulfillment; and our remaining Allies, upon whose horizon till lately so dark, the light of emancipation already dawns.

During the last one and a half years we are also proud to have been directly associated with the great sister Commonwealth across the ocean, the United States of America, whose resources and valor have exercised so powerful an influence in the attainment of those high ideals which were her single aim.

#### NEW TASKS BEFORE THE NATION

Now that the clouds of war are being swept from the sky, new tasks arise before us. We see more clearly some duties that have been neglected, some weaknesses that may retard our onward march. Liberal provision must be made for those whose exertions by land and sea have saved us. We have to create a better Britain, to bestow more care on the health and well-being of the people; and to ameliorate further the conditions of labor.

May not the losses of war be repaired by a better organization of industry and by avoiding the waste which industrial disputes involve? Cannot a spirit of reciprocal trust and co-ordination of effort be diffused among all classes? May we not, by raising the standard of education, turn to fuller account the natural apti-

tudes of our people and open wider the sources of intellectual enjoyment?

We have also, in conjunction with our Allies and other peace-loving States, to devise machinery by which the risk of international strife shall be averted and the crushing burdens of naval and military armaments be reduced. The doctrine that Force shall rule the world has been disproved and destroyed. Let us enthroned the rule of Justice and International Right.

In what spirit shall we approach these great problems? How shall we seek to achieve the Victories of Peace? Can we do better than remember the lessons which the years of war have taught, and retain the spirit which they instilled? In these years Britain and her traditions have come to mean more to us than they had ever meant before. It became a privilege to serve her in whatever way we could; and we were all drawn by the sacredness of the cause into a comradeship which fired our zeal and nerved our efforts. This is the spirit we must try to preserve. It is on a sense of brotherhood and mutual good will, on a common devotion to the common interests of the nation as a whole, that its future prosperity and strength must be built up. The sacrifices made, the sufferings endured, the memory of the heroes who have died that Britain may live, ought surely to ennoble our thoughts and attune our hearts to a higher sense of individual and national duty, and to a fuller realization of what the English-speaking race, dwelling upon the shores of all the oceans, may yet accomplish for mankind.

For centuries past Britain has led the world along the path of ordered freedom. Leadership may still be hers among the peoples who are seeking to follow that path. God grant to their efforts such wisdom and perseverance as shall ensure stability for the days to come! May good will and concord at home strengthen our influence for concord abroad. May the morning star of peace which is now rising over a war-worn world be here and everywhere the herald of a better day, on which the storms of strife shall have died down and the rays of an enduring peace be shed upon all the nations.

No sound was heard either during the reading of the message or after its stirring conclusion. The company stood again as the Royal party left the gallery and Lords and Commons at once proceeded to their respective Houses for the business of the day.

### KAROLYI, RADICAL, ARISTOCRAT

FROM Tisza to Karolyi; for the Magyar people these four words condense the political evolution of a century into four tempestuous years. They point to the catharsis of the tragedy that the mad ambition of her rulers brought down upon Hungary in July, 1914.

Tisza and Karolyi—the two names stand as the embodiments not only of two opposed political ideas, two different conceptions of governmental theory, but as the symbols of two worlds: the Old World dominated by the obscurantist dogma of the super-race and super-caste and the New World, not an ideal world, not an ideal world indeed, but one striving toward the light on the arduous road called democracy.

Was it not but yesterday that Count Stephen Tisza ruled Hungary with the power of a military despot and dictated the policies of the camouflage empire of the Hapsburgs? It was at his command that in those blessed days of peace volleys of Bosnian infantry mowed down the Magyar workers, clamoring for the right to vote, in the streets of the Hungarian capital. It was at his command that the leaders of the opposition, noblemen, privy councillors, and ministers of God among them, were literally kicked and dragged by gendarmes down the steps of the Budapest Parliament, the "temple of Magyar constitutional liberty." One of these leaders was Count Michael Karolyi, the cousin of the Premier, and the second largest temporal landowner in the country of limitless estates.

And to-day? Count Tisza is dead, his heart pierced by the bullets of Magyar soldiers whose brethren he had sent to the shambles by the hundred—thousand—crushed by the very forces he more than anybody else, not even the Kaiser excepted, had helped to turn loose upon the world. And his once derided and insulted rival, Count Karolyi, is the beloved leader of newly born Magyar democracy.

On the attitude of the Magyars toward the delivered races of the former Hapsburg realm depends to a large extent the peace of Europe. Not that the Magyars have even the remotest hope to reverse the verdict imposed by the complete victory of America and the Entente Allies.

The Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians of Hungary are free at last, and free they shall remain. But the choice is still up to the Magyar people: will they accept the outcome as the vindication of the democratic principle, as a surgical operation, so to speak, strengthening the Magyar state by severing the diseased parts? Or will prefer to submerge in fatuous dreams of revenge and restoration? Reconciliation with the surrounding free peoples is the paramount issue of Hungarian politics to-day, and a pivotal point, by raising the standard of education, turn to fuller account the natural apti-

parent leader of the Magyar revolution, Count Michael Karolyi, that the Magyar people will hit upon the right choice?

A good way to explain Karolyi is to contrast him with Tisza. Typical representatives, each in his way, of their race and caste, these two aristocrats have but one quality, in common—indomitable courage, physical and moral. Bodily valor, however, is the common heritage of Magyar aristocracy, whose life is a mixture of English outdoor exercises and the discipline of cavalry officers. The different manifestation in each of the quality called moral courage is the measure of the gulf that separated the two men. For Tisza, moral courage was an impenetrable armor behind which he defied the twentieth century in the terms of the fourteenth. He had a certain style, a simplicity of outline, which commanded the admiration even of his enemies. This style is not the property of cowards. Karolyi's moral courage helped him to battle his way through the Chinese wall of caste feeling and class interest, to face social ostracism for the sake of democratic ideas.

If sheer force of character and oneness of purpose are desirable standards, Tisza was by far the greater man of the two. He was a splendid specimen of Junkerdom—not of the Prussian variety, though. He had no use for the scientific methods of oppression, did not believe in bribing people into submission. He was all for the whip and the sabre as the instruments of political education for the masses—feudal baron merged into a Russian police general. His Magyarism was simply caste feeling and Oriental exclusiveness. His stern religion finishes the picture. He was a Calvinist crusader—at the same time a devout servant of his Catholic master the King. A Cromwell willing to fight and die for the divine right of James II.

The pragmatic test of social usefulness establishes the undisputable superiority of Karolyi. His is a flexible, developable, receptive mind—Tisza's opinions were of cast iron. He is as cosmopolitan in education and attitude as Tisza was parochial—as European as Tisza was Asiatic. Socially and intellectually, the two men compared as a granite statue of Sulla compares to a live Paris clubman.

It goes without saying that his activities as Radical leader did not tend to popularize Karolyi among his fellow-aristocrats. They affected not to take him seriously—deride him as a crank and a doctrinaire.

Now members of the ruling caste had a very legitimate grievance against the "Red Count." Heir to the Karolyi entail, second only to that of the Prince Esterhazy and reputed to be worth about \$30,000,000, Count Michael started public life as president of the Hungarian Agricultural Union, the representative body of Magyar Junker reaction. One day he announced to that distinguished gathering of Magyar Westarps and Reventlows that he was through with them for good, that they were all wrong, that the future belongs to democracy, and that he was going to fight for the rights of the common people.

Imagine Mr. Schwab announcing at the Union League Club that he joined the I. W. W.! Karolyi was as good as his word. To his advocacy of universal and equal suffrage he soon added a persistent propaganda for land reform. He went from bad to worse—from the Left toward the Extreme Left.

The question naturally arises: Why does Karolyi not live up to his principles and turn over his vast estates to the Hungarian people? This is the favorite question of his hecklers. But he has an answer. In the spring of 1914 he came to the United States to enlist the aid of Hungarians in this country in the fight for universal suffrage and other reforms. At a meeting in the Central Opera House the above question was put up to him. He replied:

"I will not give my estates to the Magyar people because I want the Magyar people to come and take them away. I won't give alms to my people, and I won't bribe them. The land rightfully belongs to them—when they will awaken to this, they'll go and seize it, and as far as I am concerned they are entirely welcome." His enemies charge he is a theorist. This is, to an extent, true. But it means only that he is able to see things in perspective, to recognize that whatever the demand of the moment, ultimate expediency always coincides with general justice. He preached that the German alliance spelt disaster for Hungary when to say it aloud would have cost an ordinary citizen his neck. He said, in effect:

"Berlin and Vienna tell the Magyar Junkers, 'You give us recruits and taxes, and we give you a free hand to skin the Slavs and Rumanians alive—the Magyar peasants, too. The Slavs and Rumanians will resent the skinning, and this you may point out to the Magyar people as the reason why they should give us recruits and money.'"

He did not hesitate to draw his conclusions. His overtures toward Paris and Petrograd, heartily applauded by all Hungarian radicals, were cut short by the outbreak of the war.

His record during the last four years is more or less known to the American public. In Parliament he opposed bitterly submarine warfare, demanded renunciation of all imperialist aims and a peace programme along Wilsonian lines, attack-

ed the Germans whenever he saw a chance, and professed pro-Ally sympathies with increasing frankness. His endeavors were duly honored when, early in 1918, he was indicted for high treason on a charge brought by his own cousin, Count Emery Karolyi. The German Government appreciated his activities by establishing at Budapest a special secret service to watch him. The thing came out; there was a big scandal in Parliament, and Major Consten, the German secret agent, had to make a hurried exit.

Karolyi advocated just treatment for the subject nationalities ever since he turned Radical. Nevertheless, he was denounced by Slovak and Rumanian spokesmen as a Magyar chauvinist because of his insistence on the indivisibility of the Magyar state. His stand has its parallel in the attitude of Russian liberals toward the Ukraine. But there is every reason to assume that Karolyi has at last realized that the friendship of the Czech-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians can be gained only through cooperation with their free national states. His whole

development points in this direction.

Even his best friends would refrain from calling Karolyi a genius of the first rank. But his good-will, his sincerity, his zeal to do the right thing, are coupled with a keen sense of justice, a European outlook and power to grasp the international foundations of genuine democracy. Above all, he lacks that cocksure, parochial, intolerant haughtiness which characterized almost all Magyar statesmen since the death of the two real Liberals, Deak and Eotvos.

Leon Gambetta has shown the world how a high-spirited nation can turn defeat into victory. Fate has put Count Michael Karolyi into a position where he might prove the Gambetta of Hungary. The interest of Europe and the world demands that he succeed.—EUGENE S. BAGGER, in *The New York Evening Post*.

"The purchasing power of money has decreased." "That's right," replied Senator Sorghum. "Out my way you can't buy one vote now for what used to be the price of two or three dozen."—Washington Star.



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