

GERMAN CHANCELLOR SKILLFULLY EVADES ISSUE

His-Long Awaited Speech on Peace Question Not What Was Expected— Notable for What It Does Not Say Regarding Subject—Designed to Raise False Hope in Minds of People by Exaggerated Picture of German Victories

Berlin, Dec. 9.—"If our enemies make peace proposals compatible with Germany's dignity and safety, then we shall always be ready to discuss them," said Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, in addressing the Reichstag today.

The chancellor made it clear that in his opinion it would be folly for Germany to propose peace, "as long as in the countries of our enemies the guilt and ignorance of statesmen are entangled with the confusion of public opinion."

Conscious of her military success, the Chancellor said, Germany declines responsibility for a further continuation of the war.

Germany, he declared, could not be charged with the purpose of fighting on to make further conquests.

The address of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, which has been waited with extraordinary interest, was made in response to the Socialist interpolation: "Is the Imperial Chancellor ready to give information as to the conditions under which he would be willing to enter into peace negotiations?"

The pretext that the war was being waged for the protection of small nations had lost its persuasive powers in view of recent events in Greece, he said. "Small countries are in a serious plight, since England has been fighting for them," he remarked.

The chancellor discussed the principle of nationality as applied by Germany's enemies. He asked whether the British colonial secretary knew that of the 1,500,000 inhabitants of Alsace more than 87 per cent, spoke the mother German tongue. He asked whether Poland by right of nationality belonged to Russia.

Regarding the theory that Germany can be starved, the chancellor said with particular emphasis: "We all agree that our food supplies are sufficient, that the only important point is distribution. We do not fling in order to subjugate other nations. We fight for the protection of our life and liberty. For the German government the war has always been what it was at the beginning—a war of defence for the German nation and for her future."

"The war can only be terminated by a peace which will give the certainty that war will not return. We all agree about that."

Dr. Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, told the Reichstag that it was impossible to starve Germany which possessed 20,000,000 swine and 55,000,000 kilograms of potatoes. This proved that there was sufficient food for all, he said.

The present moment, he declared, might become a historic one, since possibly Germany might gain the glory of having been the first to dare to speak of peace.

Among the statements made by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, which has attracted attention, was that the King of Bulgaria had redeemed the promise given after the second Balkan war in which he had declared that he had borne the brunt of the fighting and had then been abandoned by Russia. Serbia then had received her reward from Russia, because the Serbian vanguard had advised against Austria-Hungary, the chancellor declared, but today Bulgarian flags are floating over reconquered Bulgarian soil. Serbia has been crushed and this is one more small country which has been sacrificed for the interest of the Entente Allies.

The Danube is now free, the chancellor said, and the Turkish positions in the Dardanelles are now firmer than ever before, although Mr. Asquith last summer proclaimed their imminent fall.

"Thanks to the far-sighted policy of King Ferdinand," he continued, "a strong bridge has been constructed, uniting firmly the Central Powers with the Balkans and the Near East. After peace has been concluded this bridge will not recede from the steps of marching battalions, but will serve the works of civilization and peace."

Finds Way To Excuse Invasion of Belgium

The chancellor referred to attempts of the Entente Powers to improve their position in the Balkans by threats against Greece. He said the very nations which had raised a cry against "Prussian militarism" now threaten the Greek government with the powerful British navy. Having adopted this attitude they could not consistently continue to pretend that Germany had acted improperly in invading Belgium.

Discussing the military situation the chancellor stated that German forces held strong advanced positions in Russia, and that French and British attempts to break through the western front had failed, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of Germany's opponents there.

The chancellor then took up the administration of the conquered territories. He said the economic life of Belgium was reviving slowly. The coal mines were almost as busy as in times of peace, having produced 3,500,000 tons in the last three months.

Belgium, he continued, was suffering on account of the fact that England was preventing it from exporting goods overseas.

Newspapers of the Entente nations, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg continued, were full of sensational truths about Germany, announcing in head lines: "Germany defeated; Germany at her end; Germany begs for peace."

Many other nonsensical reports have been published, such as the as-

MONASTIR THE THERMOPYLAE OF A NEW CENTURY

(By J. Walter Smith in Boston Transcript)

Monastir—City of Sorrows! One day of supreme thanksgiving has been yours in hundreds of years.

The war has shown us many contrasts—some of them remarkable in their significance—but nothing more remarkable than the Monastir of that eventful single day when the city was bedecked with banners and crowded with holiday-makers, and the gloomy city that we read of in current prints living uneasy in the shadow of possible disaster. It is a contrast that shows how mutable is fate, how transient a people's joy, and how inscrutable the mysteries that surround a nation's life and affect its progress.

The day of thanksgiving in Monastir was the twenty-fourth day of November, 1912—this very day of grace three brief years ago. How short it seems, yet how much has happened since. On that day the ancient city, once called Bitolia, echoed to the sounds of joyful bells and salvos of cannon, for a hated yoke had been lifted from the necks of suffering men and women and the sweet spirit of freedom and a newer life was in the hearts of all. The hated Turk was no longer the master of their lives and souls, but was under the heel of a new and vengeful conqueror. A great battle had been fought in the far-off hills and after days and nights of questioning hope and doubt in falling snows and freezing rivers the Serbians had come! They had made their way southward to the Turk-infested city with a rapidity rarely seen in the history of military movement and had delivered to their ancient enemy a paralyzing blow. They

had taken thousands of prisoners, and on the passing of a single day passed also—it was hoped forever—the rule of terror in Macedonia by a sultan despised and abhorred.

The Serbian army with Crown Prince Alexander at their head had arrived at Monastir a few days before the formal entry was made on Nov. 19, 1912—and the inhabitants were enthusiastic in their welcome. It was not however until the 24th that the thanksgiving service took place, and the people were permitted to show how fully they understood the meaning of deliverance from the Turkish yoke. On that day a thanksgiving service, the memory of which still lingers in the heart of Monastir, one of the ancient churches of the city was crowded with happy worshippers, the Crown Prince and his suite among them, and a Te Deum was sung to the glory of a Christian God and the troops whom he had directed to victory.

After that a requiem for the souls of the poor soldiers who had been left dead and dying on the distant hills—victims of the blood of broken aspirations. Look for the noises of bazars and garrison! It is a city of sorrows, yes, but it tries to forget those sorrows in the knowledge of a geographical position which made it the second city of Macedonia, and might have made it one of the very greatest in the East. It stands at the end of the branch line to Salonika and its nearness to Constantinople and Vienna gave it a prominence in trade that was recently represented in an annual total of two to three millions of dollars. As a military centre its advantages were quickly discovered by the people of Monastir. The meeting-places of the roads from Salonika, Ustruk, Debarra and Adrianople, and in 1920 it was made the headquarters of a Turkish army corps. It is a city of barracks and army hospitals, of arsenals and mosques, of schools and dirty slums. Its bazaars and shops and factories have been the chaffering-ground for centuries of gold and silver wares, of wheat and tobacco, of woollens and costly silks. It is a dirty city, of smells—a slow-flowing mountain stream lies at the base of the high hills in a picturesque plain, and carries off in true eastern fashion the outpourings of the congested thousands of its inhabitants.

Monastir's Handful of Greeks.

It used to be called a Greek town, for it was supposed that the Greek population outnumbered the peoples of the other nations—Bulgarians, Serbs, Turks, Rumanians and others who traced within its gates. But it was discovered that the Greek aspect of the city's population was an artificial one—that a large percentage of the so-called Greeks were people of other nationalities and that parents were actually paying to send their children to Greek schools, thus making valueless the evidence of statistics. In 1903 a traveller who had just returned from the scene of the atrocities of that year, wrote that "the best informed of the consuls in Monastir" had told him that "he estimated the real Greeks—in the widest modern sense—among its 20,000 Christian inhabitants as certainly not more than 150. Another very important authority," he continued, "to whom I submitted this figure added the interesting information that the most intelligent of the residents had admitted to him that the number could not honestly be put at more than forty." But these forty were among the richest of the city's traders, and exercised an enormous influence over the rest of its mixed and seething thousands.

An Object of Pity.

One could write pages on the place which Monastir has held in the world's annals of misery as the scene of massacres. But everyone knows the torturing details, and in its period of present tribulation Monastir need not be reminded of its blotted record. Misfortune, murder, massacre—all begin with the letter M, which begins the city's name and the Macedonian monstrosities which have blackened its history. Mendacity may be added to the list as showing the manner in which that record has been distorted by the enemies of the city and its inhabitants for political and more nefarious purposes. But whatever may be said of it today, or whatever has been written of it in the past, Monastir at this moment stands as one of the world's objects of pity. And, in a week when it has forgotten its own brief day of thanksgiving, and we are about to enter upon ours, we may well extend to the fear-stricken inhabitants of unhappy Monastir the sympathy that lies within our hearts.

Today it is Monastir, the unhappy town on which our eyes are cast. Tomorrow, it may be the Thermopylae of the new century.

there lies a gloomy menace in the facts.

A Torturing Past—An Uncertain Future.

But enough of contrasts. It is hard to believe that the straggling city of low white buildings which lies before us so peacefully in our picture is the one that has lived through such a torturing past and now is facing such an uncertain future. Yet this is really Monastir, the city of monstrous massacres, of Turkish misrule, of modern hope, of broken aspirations. Look for it on the map and you find it just a little north of that new and dubious line drawn by the conquering Balkan Powers in 1912 to separate the new Serbia from the new Greece. Look at it as it is inside itself and you find it a typical city of the central East, active with trade, even in its present distress of uncertainty, and alive with the color of oriental costumes and the noises of bazars and garrison! It is a city of sorrows, yes, but it tries to forget those sorrows in the knowledge of a geographical position which made it the second city of Macedonia, and might have made it one of the very greatest in the East. It stands at the end of the branch line to Salonika and its nearness to Constantinople and Vienna gave it a prominence in trade that was recently represented in an annual total of two to three millions of dollars. As a military centre its advantages were quickly discovered by the people of Monastir. The meeting-places of the roads from Salonika, Ustruk, Debarra and Adrianople, and in 1920 it was made the headquarters of a Turkish army corps. It is a city of barracks and army hospitals, of arsenals and mosques, of schools and dirty slums. Its bazaars and shops and factories have been the chaffering-ground for centuries of gold and silver wares, of wheat and tobacco, of woollens and costly silks. It is a dirty city, of smells—a slow-flowing mountain stream lies at the base of the high hills in a picturesque plain, and carries off in true eastern fashion the outpourings of the congested thousands of its inhabitants.

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LOCAL BOWLING

Last night on Black's alleys, in the City League, the Sweeps and Ramblers rolled a good match, the former team winning three points. The scores follow:

Ramblers
Covey 85 126 119 330 110

Badminton Tournament

In the badminton tournament played last evening in Centenary court, out of eight sets Centenary won seven from St. David's, losing one of the gentlemen's doubles. Noel Sheraton refereed with satisfaction to all.

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HURRY TOMORROW—If there is any man or woman who is still uncertain about purchasing a Hoosier Cabinet after reading this advt. come in, today without fail, and convince yourself once for all whether you want to go on working as you are now, or whether a Hoosier Cabinet will save you in your home the miles of steps, the time, the labor and money it is saving for other women. It won't take you five minutes to decide.

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YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

If cross, feverish or bilious
give "California Syrup
of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that it's little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipation, poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of a counterfeit fig syrup. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs;" then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

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A Vegetable Preparation for
Assimilating the Food and
Regulating the Stomach and
Bowel of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-
ness and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor
Other Narcotic.
Drops of 100 DROPS
Perfect Remedy for Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Colic, Wind, Feverish-
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac-Simile Signature of
J. C. Hutchins
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
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35 DROPS - 35 CENTS
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CONSUMERS' SPECIAL ANTHRACITE
BROAD COVE SOFT COAL
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ended December 9, 1915, to \$4,893,775, as compared with \$7 for the corresponding week.

Winnipeg.

Dec. 9.—For the first time today led all Canada in the bank clearings. The total for the week ended today was \$63,809,531, considerably more than double the corresponding figure for the corresponding week of 1914, and a great advance on the corresponding figures for the corresponding week of 1913, \$30,172,844, and \$43,500,000, respectively.