

OFFICIALLY:

It's Fall

ANDERSON'S

WOOL UNDERWEAR

Keep the cool Fall wind from the body these first-of-Fall days when the air is beginning to get that brisk Fall touch.

Get Wool Underwear—that's what's needed.

You'll find the Shirts with a double breast—which is of the first importance in protecting the chest.

All sizes, all prices, from

\$2.50

A SUIT UP.

See our Eastern window. Send for yours now.

FALL FELTS

GENTLEMEN:—

Any man to look his best at all times must have the latest in a a Felt.

But of course men not knowing the latest approved styles are at a disadvantage.

They need to be told. They like to be told.

We will now tell one and all—you who know, and you who don't know—we have the

LATEST FELTS

The authentic styles from the fashion centers of America.

CAPS

WHY NOT SEE OUR NEWEST ENGLISH SHAPE CAPS

They are **STYLISH—GOOD VALUE—LOW PRICE.**

STYLISH—English shape—some with crown in one piece.

GOOD VALUE—With band and full lining made of famous Scotch Tweeds.

LOW PRICE—75c. will get you a good Cap among these.

When sending state size.

Child's FELTS

Fall means Felts. We are now showing on our center table a regular 90c. Hat in Red and Grey for

55c.

They are turned up all around and have leather sweat bands inside.

The Red Hat has a Black Silk band with bow at side, and edge piped with black.

The Grey Hat has a grey band with bow at side and edge piped with grey.

Send for one for your Boy or Girl—state size.

NO PEACE MUST BE SIGNED WESTWARD OF THE RHINE

(By Horatio Bottomley, Editor of John Bull)

(From the London Pictorial).

Cursed be the Peace-monger: What is all this prattle of Peace which is making the air hideous. I was sitting next to two old officers the other day—two of those gouty, testy, 'dug-outs,' who, till this war came, had been on the retired list since the battle of Waterloo—or it may have been the Crimea! They had just been reading of the capture by the British of another village or wood and they started betting as to whether it would be September or October before the war is over! "Germany won't go on," they were saying, "when once we get them out of Belgium." And I couldn't help interrupting. "My dear sirs," I said, "Germany will have to go on—or else make room for us—till we reach Berlin. THE WAR HAS BEGUN!"

Well, if you find senior officers talking like that, can you wonder that ordinary folk fall into the same habit? And I have noticed lately a tendency on the part of the politicians to whittle down the sacred pledge of the premier, or the faith of which the manhood of Britain drew to arms. There is too much talk about not discussing peace "so long as one German foot is on Belgian soil." That was not the pledge. Prussia has to be crushed—pulverised, annihilated, wiped out. And the Kaiser and the Crown Prince have to be shot, or hanged, or deported. That is what the boys are fighting for.

Talk of Peace as much as you like, so long as you mean our Peace—the Peace which will come when, in the words of General Joffre, "the military power of the enemy will break down—to which I would add, "and when her navy either surrenders or is sent to the bottom of the sea." But, optimist as I am, I do not think that

will before a few months yet. When I used to say that the war would be over before now I really didn't know that the War Office had no guns and shells in stock, and wasn't even making any. But all that is altered now—and, as I say, the war has begun. And Germany doesn't like it. But she still lives in a Fool's Paradise, and hopes which will enable her to resume her ordinary business on her own soil—intact, and untouched. Did you notice that strange phrase in the Kaiser's latest message to his troops: "The desire for peace is in all our hearts?" How long has Peace been in the savage breast of the Butcher of Berlin? Who was it but the Kaiser who marked with approval that sentence in Bernhardi's book: "All efforts for the prevention of war should be discouraged; they are unworthy of a great nation?"

No, Mr. Kaiser, we either follow you or precede you, to Berlin. Yes, if it takes another year—or another ten years, and if it costs all the money in the world. You see, what we haven't ourselves, we can borrow. You can't. What food we cannot produce for ourselves, we can import. You can't. What men we want we can get—even if we have to put the black devils of Africa and other portions of the Empire on to you. They are yearning to have a go at you. And we're building more ships—and such ships! A nasty lot of people to go to war with, aren't we? And we are only just beginning!

And all the time we are keeping the ledger up to date. Apart from compensation for the violence of Belgium; the murders of sweet women, of innocent children, of defenceless old folk, of gallant gentlemen, and the torture of worthy and valiant foes—apart, I say, from all these things, there will be a nice little Bill for you to pay. Leaving our allies to settle with you direct, we shall want a matter of about—shall we say—five thou-

sand millions? No doubt we can arrange to take it by annual instalments, whilst an army of occupation looks after the collection of the money and sees that it is paid with regularity and despatch. Then, of course, your colonies and your fleet will have to be given up.

What is that, you say—you have plenty of good friends over here, who will see that you are not humiliated? Poor fool—do not deceive yourself. We will look after them. Not for a patched-up peace have we given of our best and bravest; every British boy who falls on the field of battle is

one more seal to our sacred and our solemn covenant to see this thing through. By their blood, and on their souls; and by the God of Battle, swear it. You little knew what you were doing when, on the fourth of August, two years ago, you flung your glove in the face of Britannia. Withered is your arm—and withered shall be your Empire and its power.

There is something ludicrously pathetic in your moan that "the war continues only because the battle cry of the allies is still the destruction of Germany." Don't you understand, man what are the stakes for which we

are playing—your empire or ours? Who started the game—with marked cards? And now that you are found out, and all the trumps are in our hands, you commence to cry, and want to get up and leave the table. No, Mr. Kaiser, we will play to a finish, unless you like to pay forfeit—and the forfeit is your crown. And, by the way, who was it said that he would fight "till the last man—and, him gone, would arm the cats and dogs." No, we will have no Peace Prattle. Away with the Peace Pests. I am not now referring specifically to the pro-German cranks and traitors. What I have in my mind is the sudden

ecstasy of the pessimists—than when there is no more "fatuous optimism" in an access of good cheer. But, believe me, there is always danger when the croakers begin to crow. You all know the kind of man I mean. The highly critical military expert on the 9.15 to the city is in finer feather than he has been for many a weary month. The initial successes of the British armies on the Somme have set smiling many whose faces for nearly two years have worn a settled aspect of gloom. And, frankly, I am a little mistrustful of these mercurial spirits. We must be rigidly on our guard.

I sometimes think the spirit of the empire was at its best, and grandest at the moment of the retreat, from Mons, when, for the sins of the politicians, we came within an ace of unspeakable disaster. What a grim, ironic tragedy it would be if the stern resolution that withstood the shock of failure and disappointment should crumble beneath the Delilah kisses of success! As long as the Hun bestrode our path in the insolence of his armed might, we were ready enough to swear eternal vengeance and to repel with scorn the faintest hint of compromise. Shall we be just as firm when even the Kaiser himself whines "Kamerad!" and holds up his blood-stained hands for peace? If not, we shall fail in our solemn duty to God and man. If, with the foe at our mercy, we shall be traitors to the human race. To forgive the Hun will be to compound his felonies; pity will be poltroonery; mercy, worse than madness.

This war must be settled not "on points," but by the knock-out blow. There shall be no atrocities, no transgressions of the "humanities of war," souls that civilian population of Germany must tremble within earshot of the allied guns. The psychological effect of an actual invasion of German territory will be the finest possible guarantee for the future peace of Europe. Under the tutelage of mad professors, at the bidding of military pedants, at the instigation of a maniacal monarch, the German people have evoked a foul monster which, up till now, has appeared to them in the guise of a benignant fairy; they have never seen its hideous features; never felt its loathsome touch; never shuddered at its naked horror.

They have toyed with their great military machine as a child may play with a dagger. They have never felt its cruel edge. This immunity must cease. No peace can come to Europe till the Germans at last have quailed before the sword. That is why all talk of peace is treason until the tide of combat is rolled back to Berlin. It may be a calamity if the war lasts longer than it need; it will be a dire disaster if it ends too soon. We must be sustained by the firm faith that our heroes are fighting and falling in a work of world regeneration. Posterity will bless their name; history will honor their devotion, and will realize that each life has fulfilled its predestined function in the majestic economy of God, who will not forget.

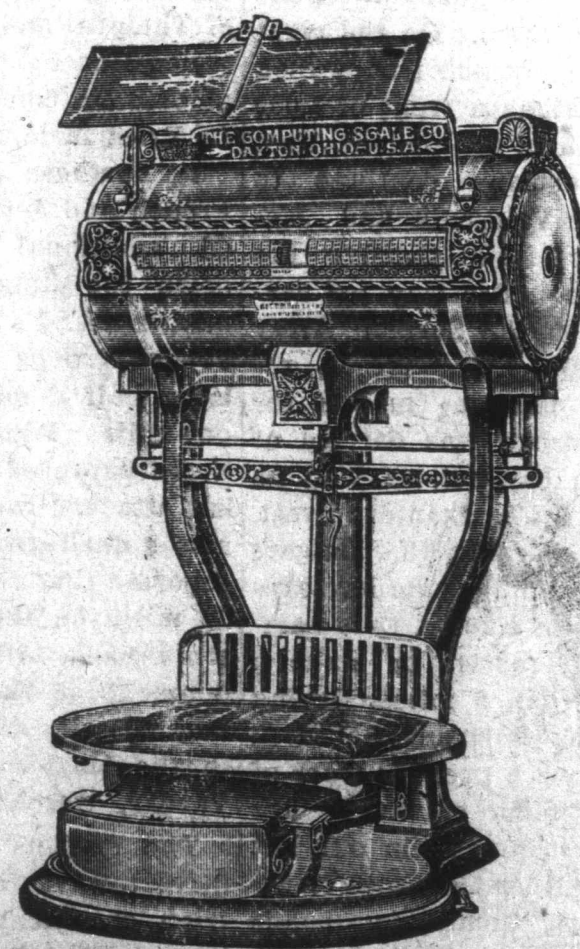
So let us bridle our grief. God grant that we have not built our courage upon the sands! The tragedy, the bitter chagrin—the cruel sham—if ever it should prove that the blood of our martyrs has been spent to no purpose—their heroism wasted; their sacrifice rendered of no avail through the folly and faithlessness of the politicians prematurely paltering with peace. Keep this thought ever in mind! Our Rolls of Honor are our hostages to Destiny. These brave fellows—our sons and brothers died trusting to all of us—trusting those who should follow them to death or glory—trusting to all of us never to sheathe the sword till their blood is finally avenged and their dying labors crowned with the laurels of everlasting victory. There lies our simple duty to the dead; to the living not yet born. There must be no peace signed westward of the Rhine.

OUTPORTS WAKING UP.

WILLIAM DUFF & SONS LTD., of Carbonara, have just placed their order for one of our latest type DAYTON MONEYWEIGHT SCALES.

William Duff & Sons Ltd., are an old and well established firm, and they realize that it does not always pay to wait "Till after the War" to get something they really need every day in their business.

Merchants are beginning to realize that there is no economy in delaying the purchase of something that is really needed, that is an added convenience, and that will save money every day you use it.



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