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MARSHALL BROTHERS.

Do You Understand?

By Robert Blatchford.

We have received many requests from readers to reprint Mr. Robert Blatchford's famous pamphlet on "Germany and England," the publication of which in "The Daily Mail" aroused so much discussion nearly five years ago. Mr. Blatchford is now preparing a new edition, completely revised. It will be ready for issue on Monday. The price will be one penny.

We publish below some extracts from the new chapter which Mr. Blatchford has just written.

"The day" has come, Germany is making war with the most violence, and the destinies of five Great Powers are in the melting pot. At last the British people are obliged to own that the German menace was real, and that the "war scare" they laughed at was a danger and must now be met.

But do they yet understand how great the danger is and what it will cost to meet it?

A few days ago I was at Eastbourne and at Brighton, watching the holiday crowds in their innocent and placid enjoyment. Thousands of young men and women were walking on the promenade, thousands were lounging on the beach; children were laughing and paddling and building sand castles; the band was playing, the sea and sky were beautifully blue and serene. And this was more than a fortnight after our Government had declared war with Germany.

Who could realise that these people were engaged in the greatest war of human history? Who could realise that a few hours' journey across that smooth band of sparkling water the troops of four nations were at death grips?

We are at war. We are committed to a war that will be desperate and terrible in its action, and in its results appalling. And here are young men flirting, laughing, riding, swim-

ming—"feeling the hours away as men did in the golden age."

Every one of those merry, careless young men ought to have a rifle on his shoulder. Every one of those happy girls ought to be at work preparing for the hardest trial that ever came upon the British nation. This is no time for play. This is a time of war!

Do the British people understand it? Do they realise yet why we are at war and what war means to all of us?

Apathetic Millions.

Some of them understand the origins of this world war, some of them realise that the cost will be dreadful. Many perhaps have got so far as to suppose we are at war in fulfilment of the French entente or in defence of the neutrality of Belgium; but for most of them the situation is expressed by the John Bull contents bill: "To Hell with Servia."

To these puzzled, apathetic millions it cannot be too soon made plain that we are not fighting about Servia. We are not fighting for Servia, nor are we fighting solely or directly for Belgian neutrality, or for the honour and integrity of France.

No. This is a British war as much as it is a French war. We are fighting for our Empire and our Colonies, and our trade, we are fighting for our honour, for our liberty, and for our bread and butter.

We are not fighting because we want to fight, we are fighting because we must.

I say we must fight. It is not only the professional soldiers and sailors who must fight. We must fight or go under; more than that, we must win or go under.

This war did not originate in the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke. It arose out of the German desire to dominate the world. It is not a casual war, caused by some offence of yesterday.

We could not keep out of this war because, had we been so cowardly as to desert the Belgians and the French we should have had to fight Germany afterwards, and without allies.

Fighting Because We Must.

We are fighting, and so are the French, because we must fight; because Germany means to take our trade and Colonies and to reduce us to third-rate Powers under the heel of the Kaiser and his swashbuckling generals.

What is the Prussian ideal, put into plain words? Every able-bodied male must be drilled and armed, the army and navy of Germany must always be ready for war. Any nation that is weak or unready shall be attacked. Might is right. The rule is to the strong. Britain and France are played out, and it is the destiny of Germany to trample on them with her iron heel after she has crushed them with her mailed fist.

That is the German ideal, the German policy; that is the German menace.

And now Britain and her Allies must beat Germany on Germany will beat them.

It is too late now to talk of what might or might not have been. Let us understand and realise what is. Let

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us look steadily at the fact and prepare at once to face it.

We must look for trials and losses, for suffering and travail. We are engaged in a life or death struggle. We must fight for our Empire or lose it. We must fight for our trade or lose it. We must fight for our liberty or lose it. We must fight to a finish against a nation armed and desperate. We must know that victory will cost us dear, and we must understand that defeat will mean ruin and a shame as bitter as slavery.

I hope those responsible to the nation in this war will have the great courage to tell the British people the truth. The safety of the Empire depends upon the immediate and unconditional response of the whole of the people of the Empire.

"Arm Every Man."

It is the duty of the Government to call up and to arm every man capable of bearing arms. It is the duty of the people, women as well as men, to submit cheerfully to any sacrifice. Should the struggle prove a long one and the supply of food run short, it is the duty of the Government to commandeer all food supplies and put the nation upon rations as would the commandant of a fort besieged.

Germany will fight hard, and the victory over her must be decisive and final. This time the armed bully must be disarmed. This war must end the German menace for ever. This time Europe must put an end to the hope of kings or kaisers to win by force of an armed nation of robber bullies the domination of the world.

There are no classes now, no parties; we are all Britons, united for a common cause and in a common danger. It is our duty to trust and help the Government; and it is the duty of the Government to trust us.

There ought not, in a month's time, to be in these islands a single sound of man or boy between the ages of sixteen and sixty without arms and some skill to use them.

For theatrical patriotism, flag-waving, and the singing of foolish songs we have no use. But unless we are the cowardly decadents the Germans think us; it were well we

should unite in the great shout of the patriots of old France: "To arms, citizens, to arms."

For the foreign service army we may trust Lord Kitchener; but for any service which a sane and manly Briton may be called upon to do, the Government may trust the people.

Ty. Cobb.



Red McGhee

Red McGhee says: Well, greetings, Ty Cobb! You're the chap put Narrows, Georgia, on the map. Ain't that it? Am I right? It must have been some battleground or else they kept some cats around 'cause you sure learned to fight. Let's see—Augusta, nineteen-four—That settles your bush league score. One year—then big time stands. You hit Detroit in nineteen-five and made all 'em come alive an' bow with hats in hands. No use to tell you, Ty, ol' boy, the million ways that you annoy those other seven teams. Your batin', throwin', runnin', slides an' all that other stuff besides is just 'like talkin' dreams. No use for me to tell you these—the baseball world is on its knees to worship at your shrine. An' anyway, you'd beat me out—you know, Ty, you're our own best tout at tellin' how you shine.

But Ty, ol' boy, with all your class, you sometimes pull some stuff that's crass. You know the stunts I mean. That stuff don't help the Tigers none. You give your temper too much fun. Ol' boy it's time to wean. The fans have slipped you coon an' fame. They wanna see you in the game—to watch you hit an' steal. Suspensions, layoffs, all that junk appeals to fans as pretty punk. They want a near square deal.

CASH'S Tobacco Store.

In connection with our well known tobacco business we have recently installed an up-to-date Soda Fountain, and during the summer will dispense Arctic Soda Water: our syrups are the pure juice of the fruits and make a delicious drink.

Try a 5 cent glass and cool off.
JAMES P. CASH,
Water Street.

Says Corpses Choked Up the Meuse.

A French Writer Describes the Awful Slaughter of German Soldiers.

Paris, Sept. 10.—"It would be difficult to estimate the number of German killed last week. Whole regiments were annihilated at some points. They came out of the woods, section by section. One section, one shell—and everything was wiped out. At two or three places which I am forbidden to name corpses filled the Meuse until the river overflowed. This is no figure of speech. The river bed was literally choked by the mass of dead Germans. The effect of our artillery surprises even our dreams. The Germans use out-of-date grenades which the Turks used in the Balkans. Its damages are so slight that one of our artillery regiments fought for a week using only eight killed and fourteen wounded."

Where Responsibility Lies.

No matter how large, or how small, a business may be, nobody can deny that its Office is the nerve centre of the firm. Every transaction, important or trivial, must be recorded at the Office. An order is received at the Office, and finally payment is received at the Office. If the Office makes an error the firm stands the loss. That's why you must be sure that your office is modern and dependably equipped for the care of all important papers. To do this effectively you need the up-to-date equipment of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE CO." When sixty offices in St. John's have found this necessity this equipment can surely be of use to you. Mr. Percie Johnson represents this world known firm in Newfoundland. —ap17,14

Wedding Bells.

McLACHLAN-MOORE.

On Sept. 2nd, at Waskada, Manitoba, a fair daughter of Terra Nova, in the person of Miss May Moore, was united in the sacred bonds of matrimony to Mr. W. R. McLachlan, of Brandon. The ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, Rev. W. B. Ambrose, and who for many years labored here in the Newfoundland Conference with much acceptance. The bride was the recipient of many valuable and useful presents, amongst the list being several cheques from friends far and near. After the wedding feast, the party left Waskada en route to Winnipeg, from whence they will return to Brandon and make their home. The bride is the eldest daughter of our well known and popular citizen, Mr. Joseph Moore, merchant of St. Anthony. She was educated here in the city at the Methodist College, and finished her studies at one of the Western colleges. We feel sure that all her friends at home will extend both to Mrs. McLachlan and her good husband every good wish for their welfare in life's journey—and in this same wish the Telegram heartily joins.

YOUNGLOVE-HADDON.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in the Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock, when Mr. Ralph R. Younglove was united in marriage to Miss Daisy M. Haddon, the pastor Rev. A. J. Bolton, officiating. The only decoration was an attractive arrangement of house plants which lent color to the scene. The bride looked charming indeed in a tailored suit of navy blue serge with hat to match. The couple were unattended. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Younglove received the congratulations of numerous friends who were present at the wedding. The young couple then motored to Mr. and Mrs. B. Joyce's where a supper was served to the immediate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Younglove. Those present were B. K. Younglove, Lawton, Iowa, Mrs. Goodspeed and son, Atlanta, Iowa, R. Younglove and Mr. and Mrs. Joyce, of Drinkwater. The couple will take up their residence immediately on Mr. Younglove's farm near here.

Mr. Younglove came to Drinkwater several years ago, when this district began first to receive attention as an agricultural community, and was for a few years one of the most prominent operators of a steam plowing and threshing outfit. Recently he has devoted his attention almost exclusively to farming and has been most successful. During his residence here he has won the sincere friendship of the entire community and all unite in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Younglove a very happy wedded life.—Drinkwater News, B.C.

[The Miss Haddon referred to above is a daughter of the late Mr. John Haddon, of H.M.C., this city.]

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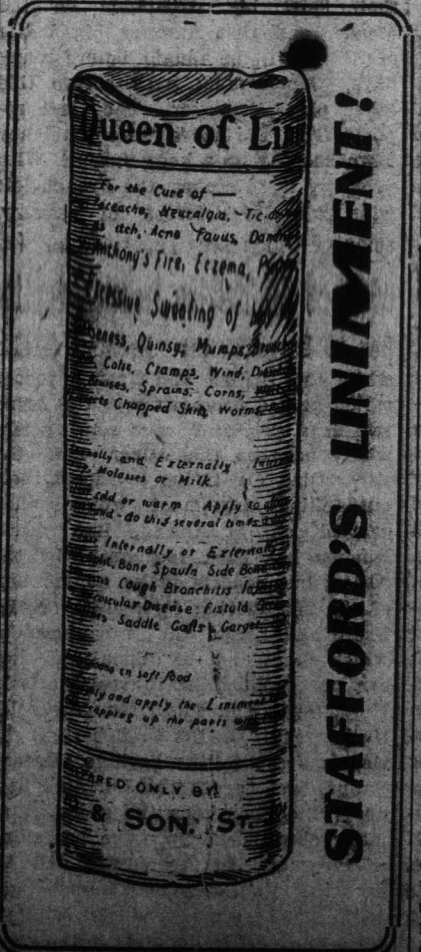
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