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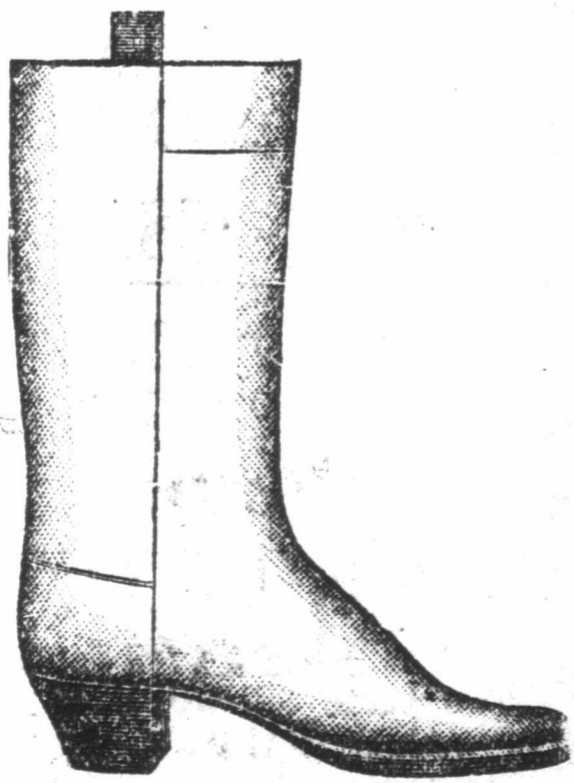
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ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

The Kaiser's Trained Peace Disturbers.

How Our Strikes are "Made in Germany." Stirring Up Sedition and Rebellion—The Kaiser's Secret Agents—Peeps Behind the Scenes.

Continuing her wonderfully graphic story of "Seven Years at the German Court," Miss Edith Keen contributes to the current number of the "London Magazine" a further illuminating and intimate chapter of her experiences in the inner circle at the Court of the Hohenzollerns.

A Strange Establishment.

"There was," says the writer, "a strange establishment in Germany known as the Monitors, which was an institution for teaching men in the Emperor's service the art of stirring up sedition and rebellion, and giving trouble to foreign Government generally. I was told that it was the only sort of institution of its kind in the world.

The students in this institution were all ex-Army officers, and were most carefully selected by the Emperor himself. Lectures were given to the students at a room in a barracks. I had a leaflet that was circulated among the students, but it was taken from me after the outbreak of the war, when my papers and letters were examined.

The leaflet set out the general principles in which these students were instructed. It stated, I remember, that in every state and country there were men of some importance who were discredited with the Government, and that wherever it was found desirable to stir up trouble, it could often best be done by encouraging such men to upset the Government. Where it was impossible to do this, it was pointed out that at all events such active discontent might be created as to give cause for great trouble to the Government of the country.

The Emperor's Vanity.

The Emperor's extraordinary vanity, his exaggerated sense of self-importance, his violent temper, his boastful disposition, and his love of talking—to ladies especially—of the latest achievements of his agents at different Courts in Europe, made it extremely difficult for these about him to handle successfully all the many delicate and difficult missions which they had on hand.

I can give at least one remarkable example of how the Kaiser's professional disturbers of the peace carried out their work, though I only learnt about it after the outbreak of war. In the April of 1913 some German officers, who were on a holiday at Nancy, were coming out of a music-hall one night, when a quarrel arose between them and some of the audience.

The German officers, according to the German papers, were grossly insulted and subjected to very violent treatment by a number of French students and other members of the audience. According to the French papers, the German officers had been subjected to nothing more than a little hustling, on account of a dispute that had arisen between one who was not quite sober and a French student. But the German papers made a tremendous fuss about the affair.

It was stated that the occurrence was a deliberate insult to the Emperor and the German Army, and that an official apology must be demanded from the French Government. Baron von Schoen, the German Ambassador in Paris, was instructed by Von Jagow to obtain a full account of the affair. Von Schoen's report was very considerably altered in Berlin, so I heard, before being published. To judge from the published report one would certainly think that the German officers had been most wantonly and deliberately attacked and insulted by the greater part of the audience.

I remember this incident very well, because this was the first occasion on which I heard war between Germany and France talked about as an immediate possibility.

The really amazing part of the whole business, however, was that it was deliberately caused by the Emperor's trained peace disturbers. The insulted German officers were all students at the school I have mentioned, and had been instructed to go to Nancy to do what they did. The affair was worked up in Berlin by the Emperor's agents in order to test the war spirit of the country, and how the sudden prospect of a war with France would be received.

The Kaiser and his advisers were apparently satisfied with the results of the test.

A Great Ruler.

One thing that struck me very much, after I had been some few years at Potsdam, was that, although the worst qualities in the Emperor, such as his

vanity, his love of boasting, and his violent and brutal temper, were well known to his relatives, advisers, and all in his immediate entourage, yet they all appeared to see in him a great ruler, and had in a peculiar sort of way a certain mingled fear and affection for him.

Among the attendants on the ladies at a State banquet was a girl who had formerly held much the same position in the entourage of the German Empress as I did in the household of the Princess Leopold. I was talking one morning to her about the wonderful admiration and respect that the Grand Dukes, and other Royalties had for the Kaiser.

"I suppose," I said, "he must be a very wonderful man?" "I don't know," she answered with a laugh. "I never saw anything very wonderful about him except his vanity, and that really was wonderful. You know what your own late King once said to the Emperor?"

"I shook my head. "Well when King Edward and Queen Alexandra were at Potsdam on a visit to the Kaiser in 1909, the Kaiser was one evening talking to your King in his private smoking-room about the great veneration the German people had for him. 'To them,' said the Kaiser, 'I am a god.'"

"Well, you make a more imposing god in uniform than you do in tweeds, Wilhelm!" said your King.

It is said the Kaiser never forgave King Edward for this remark.

Germany's Destiny.

Describing a visit to the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, Miss Keen says:—There was a tremendous contrast between this Royal establishment and that of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha or any German Royal household. The Crown Prince and Princess lived in a wing of the castle occupied by the King and Queen of Sweden, so that practically both families were under the one roof.

One of the Kaiser's agents whom I have mentioned had been at the Swedish Court on two or three occasions, and he certainly had left the impression behind him that the day of a great expansion in Germany's Empire and power was at hand.

I heard nothing of this sort of talk in the Crown Prince's establishment, but some of the official of the King of Sweden's household had evidently been impressed by the Kaiser's agent. One of them, I remember, told me very seriously that my country would soon be no longer the greatest Power in the world.

"Germany," he said, "is the coming nation of the world. Her wealth and her commerce and her influence are everywhere expanding." And he added, rather as if repeating his lesson: "It is Germany's destiny to rule the world."

About the doings of the Kaiser's agent in Sweden I heard a curious story one day from a cottager employed on a farm by the King of Sweden. I had been out cycling in the afternoon, and went into the cottage for tea on my way back to the castle. The cottager was a German, and his wife a Swede, but both spoke German. The cottager, when he learnt I was English, and that I was in the employ of the Princess Leopold, seemed much surprised.

"Why shouldn't a German princess employ an English girl?" I asked.

"Well," he said, after some deliberation, "we had a German here lately who came from the German Emperor, and he told us that the German Emperor had made it unlawful for any German to employ an English man or woman, and that all the English were leaving Berlin. He said all the English in Germany were spies, and that they were going to be turned out of Sweden also."

Of course I knew this statement to be absolutely untrue.

The Kaiser's Meanness.

The writer concludes her article with a neat pen-picture:—"The Kaiser's meanness in the way of tipping is notorious. There is not a Court he has ever visited where he has not left behind him the reputation of being the most miserly monarch in this respect in Europe. I heard that all he gave in the way of tips to the servants at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle during his last visit to England did not amount altogether to more than £7.

"I heard that some of the most violent quarrels that took place between the Kaiser and Kaiserin were over the household bills. The Kaiser is one of the biggest gluttons in Europe; the rarest and most costly dainties were sent to the German Court from all

Pen and Bayonet in Trenches Idyls of a Poet-Soldier—In a Just Cause—The Passing of War.

War is often productive of much good, though while the battle roars we see it not. It is rich in after-effects, benefitting humanity. Its main objects are punitive, destructive, and the righting of wrong. To unsheathe the sword in a just cause is a great virtue, and men who wield it courageously deserve our applause, as well as practical emoluments and emblems awarded to the State. The double characteristic of warrior and saint is often noted in the field of battle, as it has been demonstrated on many an occasion during the present great struggle. Even a perusal of soldiers' letters shows that a daily and hourly confrontation with death, or its chance, raises the mind above the trivialities and inanities of this world. Sorrow and uncertainty refine their natures, bringing out ideals, of which perhaps they were not conscious in the ordinary routine of a civilian life. The canopy of the blue heaven, the blinking stars, the whirlwind of tempest and fire, of gas, of shell, and flaming tubes induce thought and inspiration. The lone wife, the babe in its far-away cot, induce meditation and a frame of mind not easily acquired at desk or dock. The pathetic communications of men in the ranks are frequently admirable sometimes sublime. The recreation afforded by music is common, and literature of a commendable type is a solace to many. Suffering, sacrifice, and even readiness for life or death inspire noble thoughts. There are many instances of this coming to hand in the military mail arriving in the Old Country from the front.

There was a lad Most dignified, A way he had (Such topping pride!) To cut you dead, Or nod his head, With infinite condescension. But was it pride? And was he fop? The way he died On Spion Kop! With faltering breath He bowed to death With infinite condescension. The following lyric may please some:—

The Passing of War.

Enough of wars! The new age rings: 'Tis time that man left childish things.

Enough of wars, and leave to boys To play with military toys,

Enough of wars! Man has such foes: Let man save man from his great woes.

A Corporal Poet.

Another collection of "Ballads of Battle" is from the pen of Corporal Joseph Lea (published by Murray, London). There is a swinging martial ring and rhythm about them, and though by no means perfect, they read pleasantly and do much credit to a soldier. There is a rare smack of the trenches in the following lucubration, beneficial to slackers and conscientious objectors, if suspended over the tribunals, where the magistrates sit to pass judgment too often on fanciful pleas for exemption:—

The men who stay at home at ease, And go to bed just when they please, Have lots o' baccy and o' beer, And yet—'d rather be out here. And he goes on in the same strain:— The chaps that stay at home and dine, Have heaps of victuals and o' wine, With walnuts—shelled—and all good cheer—

It's better to be shelled out here! The duty of killing an enemy is often repugnant enough to soldiers. Their fraternization shows this, though the Germans is now excluded almost from the pale of the soldiers' pity—French as well as English. It was different in the first stages of the war when Germans and English frequently exchanged compliments and jokes. It was thus spirit among fighting men who had no personal antipathies which brought out this pretty morceau:—

A funny world— There's him, And me, Both thirsting, be it understood, To draw the other's bleedin' blood— And yet I'd bet A bob—and win it— That at this minute Both he And me Are thirstin' most—to draw our dixe lid o' tea!

At Some Listening Post

Among the "nocturnals" is a philosophical contribution, which makes one think of the author on duty at some listenin'-post with the stars in full glory overhead:—

I wonder are there stupid wars In any of them other stars?— Kaisers and kings, And mix o' things, And all this mess— Not 'alf, I guess; Not even in yon ruddy Mars.

The Kiss of Death

Douglas Goldring also lays the nation under debt of gratitude for a charming effusion in his "Moritara", which runs:— Leave the radiant sun, Of drowsy rest the giver; Leave the song of the birds, and leave The sob of the river.

Break loose from his passionate arms, And awake from thy dream of bliss: King Death hath marked thy charms, And fain would kiss.

We might go a long way before we encountered lyrics so well hung together, considering where they were written. The soldier poet was perhaps up to his knees in mud when his busy brain was at work among these enrapturing thoughts. Slacker, if you were there you might also become a poet!

Next To Nothing.

"Why does your wife dry the clothes in the cellar now? That isn't healthy, is it?" "To tell the truth, daughter is wearing so little that mother is ashamed to hang the stuff in the yard."

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