

What Will Victorious Nations Demand When Struggle Finally Ended

IF THE ALLIES WIN.
Belgium will get Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg.
Alsace-Lorraine will be returned to France.
Britain may demand Island of Heligoland.
Russia will ask first and foremost for Constantinople and the Gallipoli Peninsula, with enough territory for the protection of the Dardanelles. She will also want the provinces of Galicia and Bukovina, part of the latter will be given to Roumania.
Bosnia, Herzegovina and part of Dalmatia will go to Serbia.
Italy will demand the southern Tyrol, the Gorizia Districts, Trieste, Istria and part of Dalmatia, thus cutting Austria off from the sea and securing undisputed supremacy in the Adriatic.
If Turkey-in-Asia is divided up, Great Britain will probably acquire the Holy Land, and Egypt, the Red Sea coast, including Mecca, while France will claim Syria.
IF GERMANY WINS.
Annexation of Belgium and Luxembourg.
The right to set up a Kingdom of Poland consisting of all the Russian Polish provinces, which would be an Austro-German protectorate.
Russian province of Courland and city of Riga.
Return of Finland to Sweden.
Cash indemnity.
For Austria:—The right to occupy all of Serbia and Montenegro.
Absolute supremacy in the Balkans, control of the eastern shore of the Adriatic.
For Turkey:—Undisputed possession of Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

In Memory of Composer of Immortal Hymn

(By Dr. J. K. Foran, K.C.)
(On the 14th July, 1915, the remains of Rouget de Lisle, author of the "Marseillaise," were transplanted from Choisy-le-Roy to the Invalides in Paris. It was the occasion of a monster public funeral. The heart of France seemed to beat in memory of the one who gave her that immortal hymn.
Dr. Foran composed the following stanza for the occasion and has received the thanks of the French Government for the effort. Joseph Noel, one of America's foremost critics, writes to Dr. Foran that "these verses deserve to have a place amongst the anthologies." Music is being composed for this poem.)
There's a hush of tens of thousands
That the streets of Paris throng;
Deep the silence, broken only
By the hosts that move along,
Bearing to their rest the relics
Of the author of their song.
Hark! the clash of martial music,
'Tis the hymn of France vibrating
With the soul of Liberty—
'Tis the Marseillaise—his requiem—
'Allons enfants de la Patrie."
From the Arch of Triumph slowly
Wends that cortege glittering, vast,
As the countless numbers gazing
Hold their breath as it moves past,
Towards the Esplanade, where darkly
Egypt and Tripoli, if possible,
Return of the islands taken by Italy
in Tripolitan war, and Greece in
Balkan war.
The inevitable result of this
partition would be that Greece and
Bulgaria would become mere Teu-
tonic vassals, and that Germany's
dream of control from Berlin to
Bagdad would approach realization.

Is the gold dome's shadow cast.
Some are pale as with dismay;
Hearts are beating, souls are burning,
All along that crowded way;
Half a million join in chorus—
"Le jour de gloire est arrive."
There's a feeling in each bosom,
There's a flash in every glance;
As they hear that hymn resounding,
As they think on the advance
Of their old barbaric foeman,
O'er the lovely fields of France,
And the ashes of the poet
Seem once more to hold his soul,
Flashing forth its notes immortal,
That through all a century roll,
As the casket, borne in triumph,
Nears the stately burial goal.
Hear the notes that stirred the Nation
In the wild, delirious days,
When the Revolution greeted,
All along the southern ways,
Barbarous red, furious patriots,
With their thrilling Marseillaise.
Hear them now at this great burial:
Hark! "Formez vos bataillons";
How the soul of France is shrieking;
How they chant again "Allons";
In this mighty war of nations.
It is France that cries "Marchons."
Sleep, great poet, near the victor
'Neath the Invalides' bright dome;
Sleep, your triumph through all ages,
Like a prophet's cry, shall roam;
In the heart of every free man
Shall it find a sacred home.
When the deeds of great Napoleon
Shall in Time's dark cavern sleep,
And the twilight of oblivion
O'er his memory shall creep,
France, within her heart, immortal!
Your great song will ever keep.
When the world's emancipated,
From the Prussian's iron heel,
When the nations all the glory
Of old France again shall feel,
In their hymn of freedom, surely,
They will blend thy name—de Lisle.
Yes, "Aux armes, mes citoyens,"
All our Empire sings the praise
Of the heroes France is making
In our own terrific days;

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Kaiser Anxious

PARIS, Nov. 15.—Anxiety to restore their troops' morale and their commanders' prestige is given today in the official summary of war developments during the week of November 12 as the evident explanation of the Germans' persistent attacks in the Artois and Champagne regions.
As an offset to the Teutonic disorganization resulting from the allies' recent offensive, the Kaiser, made liberal use of troops brought from the Russian front to reinforce the men previously on the western line. He failed, however, to deliver anything more than local attacks, all of which the French repulsed completely.
The French, on the other hand, made steady gains in the Champagne.
The German forces engaged in the latest fighting included many troops both of the landsturm and untrained young men.

Yes, all Europe's Hymn of Freedom Is the deathless Marseillaise.

One Year After.

Young man (over the counter)—If I should want to exchange this engagement ring for something else, it will be all right, won't it?
Jeweller—Oh certainly; with pleasure. We are always glad to accommodate patrons.
Same young man (over the counter, one year later)—I believe you told me when I bought this ring I could exchange it for something else?
Young man—Well, I'd like to exchange it for a barrel of flour, a bushel of potatoes, a ham and a load of coal.

I AM THE NEWSPAPER

Born of the deep, daily need of the Nation—I am the Voice of Now—in-carnate spirit of the Times—Monarch of things that Are. My "cold type" burns with the fire—blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that girdle the earth. I drink from the cup of every living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night nor day, nor season. I know no death, yet I am born again with every morn—with every noon—with every twilight. I leap into fresh being with every new world's event. Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on. I am Majestic in my strength—Sublime in my Power—Terrible in my Potentialities—yet as democratic as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny. I am the consort of Kings—the partner of capital—the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the epitome of the world's Comedy and Tragedy. My responsibility is Infinite. I speak, and the world stops to listen. I say the word, and battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace and the war lords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am dynamic force of Public Opinion. Rightly directed, I am a Creator of Confidence. A builder of happiness, in living. I am the Backbone of Commerce, The Trail Blazer of Prosperity. I am the teacher of Patriotism. I am the hands of the Clock of Time—clarion voice of Civilization. I am the Newspaper.

If you want the best light, burn "Briteslite" Kerosene. P. H. COWAN, Importer.

BEAR HUNTERS

ALL the talk is now war, hosts are gathered from afar; every mother's son you meet chat- ters, as he walks the street, how the British or the French (under Joffre) seized a trench. Every brave young British man hopes some day to lead the van on a gory battle-ground, baffled foemen strewn around. Still, in spite of war's alarms, some must work up- on their farms; wheels of com- merce in their groove somehow must be made to move. Winter's coming, don't forget, the streets are getting mighty wet; you must soon begin to choose just what brand of rubber shoes you will for that season buy for your wife, your girl, your boy. Sometimes you will buy a shoe which will wear a week or two, then you find the heels and soles quickly fill with jagged holes. Some may cost \$1.10, which will wear some days, and then, in through heel and in through toe you will find the water go: coughs and colds with speed will follow—your cheeks become both pale and hollow. Here's ad- vice we give you, friend: your rub- ber troubles you can end—in any part of Newfoundland you can buy the old Bear Brand. On the sole of every pair you'll find stamped the Polar Bear. The Bear means money saved to you, and likewise 'tis a stylish shoe. No more we'll say, my dear old chap, but add the proverb: "Verbum sap."—nov12,15

Specials! Specials!

WHAT is meant by Special? Generally speaking it means goods that have been purchased below regular selling prices. Sometimes this is due to manufacturers or the representa- tives having an oversupply of stock on hand at a time they do not desire and which in order to dispose of quickly they make a cut downwards on their ordinary prices. We have been fortunate in securing a quantity of these SPECIAL VALUE goods and offer them at such attractive prices that we know you will take advantage of YOUR OPPORTUNITY to save money which you can use for buying other necessities or else lay aside for a rainy day.

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Fancy Colored Jute Mats. All Fringed. 14c each.	White Shirting. A Nice Soft Finished Article, Free From Dressing. Thickens After Washing. Sale Price, 5½c. Yard.	Straw Mats. In Attractive Designs. Sizes 27 x 54. Only 27c each.	
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