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BECAUSE:—We produce the best ready to wear suits in that they not only fit and hang well when you put them on but continue to do so until they are laid aside.

To turn out such suits it is necessary to have everyone experts in their line—Knowing their work thoroughly—Having a taste for their work—Qualified by Experience and Observation—and trained to do such splendid work.

Such Experts are to be found only in our Factory trained by a manager who has had over 25 years Experience in the Chief Clothing Centres of the world.

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BECAUSE:—We have Expert cutters and give careful attention to Linings, Trimmings, and inner Constructions.

BECAUSE:—British suits are the ones with the best fit and longest life of any suits sold in Newfoundland.

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WE are displaying in the Eastern Window of Our New Store—nearly opposite the General Post Office—special lines of Men's Soft Felt Hats that were purchased at a clearing price—a third and more off the manufacturer's price, and we are offering them now at a Bargain—amongst them you'll find many excellent samples.

These Hats are made of Extra Fine, Fur-Felt, of a superior quality, and are finished with high-class silk ribbon bands and a deep leather sweat-band.

Your choice of side or back bow, in Grey, Brown and Black. We have some special values in Men's Black Stiff Hats too.

All these Hats are certainly correct in style—this season's shapes. Come in and examine them—we'll carve your name on the leather sweat-band Free of charge. Come to-day while the sizes are complete.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's

The Graves Of British Heroes

London, Sept. 2.—In the course of a discussion of the projected law authorizing the French Minister of War to acquire, in the name and at the expense of the French State, a sufficient amount of ground for the burial of British and Belgian soldiers, who have fallen in the war, the "Temps" takes the opportunity of eulogising the British and the work they have done. It says:—"The French Government, by this law will undertake not only the acquisition, but the expense of the enclosure and upkeep of these cemeteries if, contrary to all belief, England does not wish to share the expense. On all sides, but particularly in the valleys of the Aisne and the Marne, the tombs of the British have been the object of the greatest care, which has deeply moved the British people, who are accustomed to reverence dead. No matter where, chance has placed these tombs, whether in a ploughed field or in a garden, they are tended with the same amount of reverence as those of French soldiers interred by the side of their comrades in arms."

Secretary To Bishops

Peterboro, Aug. 30.—Mr. M. O'Brien, for the past fifteen years Separate School Inspector for Eastern Ontario, has received the appointment of secretary of the educational council of Roman Catholic Church Bishops of Ontario. He will reside in Toronto.

Mr. O'Brien is well known in Brockville and frequently visits St. Francis Xavier school in his capacity as Provincial Separate School Inspector.

—WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES—**THE RISE AND FALL OF A BRUTE NATION—THE MASTER DEVIL**

BY A. G. HALES, IN "JOHN BULL"

There are moments in a nation's history when the hand of fate touches the dial-plate of disaster—then comes the end. It is the recorded verdict of history that such moments are usually heralded by glowing triumphs, vast achievements, dazzling successes; a nation is seldom so supremely powerful as in the hour that immediately precedes its downfall. It is the law of nature as well as the law of nations: all fruit ripens till it rots, then at its best it falls from the bough to mingle with the soil from which it sprang. Grain comes to perfection; then even the whisper of a storm will shake it from the husk. Green or unfinished grain will cling to the husk in the midst of a storm and uprear itself in the morrow's sunlight to go on until its allotted task is complete. It is that way with empires: it is history's unpeachable verdict. It is the way with Germany now; her course is nearly run; soon she will hear the clock strike, and the midnight of her existence will be reached; her dazzling destiny fulfilled, her power as a withered bough. She has reached the zenith of her destiny—and her star, that might have been a beacon for the world, will sink in abyssal blackness.

The Germanic Rise.

To the student of history, half-a-dozen generations are but as hours to a schoolboy, and it seems but yesterday that Germany stood an unconsidered trifle in the lap of the world: a race of white barbarians degrading the civilization of Europe—powerful in physique, brutal in features, foul feeders, deep drinkers, dull of brain, heavy of hand, coarse, common and cruel; yoking their women to the plow in the fields with oxen, compelling them to drag their heavy springless carts through towns and villages harnessed side by side with dogs. They had no manufactures worth speaking about outside of Saxony; no commerce, no trade; they were the most primitive "people on the map of Europe, living mainly by crude tillage of the soil; a brutish breed who had no souls, no ideals, no culture, no civility. Crude force, sledgehammer force, was their ideal of power. To throttle with great, strong, hairy, dirty hands all who opposed them was the bed root of German idealism. They were a breed of clansmen, who lived like beasts and died like brutes.

Germany Finds Her Soul.

A race of noble poets sprang up, a school of fine painters, a cult of sublime thinkers, and the German brute was lifted out of his wallow and fashioned into something in the shape of a man, but below the surface the white savage still slumbered. A woman was never really the "angel in the house" in Germany; she was never more than "something handy to have about the place," and a nation that does not idealize its women is half savage at heart, for woman is more than the mother of a race—she is its saviour if it is to last. Germany under the new impulse began to stir like a giant child in the womb of time; she began to grow great, but the bristles never left the wild beast's back; the tusks of the forest ravager were always there; poets, artists, thinkers, writers, orators, all failed to do more than veneer the hide. A brute beast the German was born, and his brutishness will damn him.

The Master Devil.

Germany was escaping from the toils of her destiny when Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, was born. William of the Red Hand calls Bismarck the savior of Germany; he was the Devil's outrider, and Germany's curse. Had this man never been born, the German race might have fulfilled the laws of evolution, and become really great; their natural force, if trained and led aright, might have made the whole world glad. Bismarck was a throwback to the stone age; a man with a colossal brain and no conscience; and iron will and no soul. Before his birth he had been balanced in hell, and made perfect for evil. Massive in all things—even in crime—he was a mountain of infamy shapen like a man, a devil by destiny. There is nothing surer than this: that unseen forces guide men, as men guide horses. What there was of humanity in Bismarck's nature was bound up in two things—love of Germany and hate of Britain. In danger he was brave as a lion, yet he was a liar to the roots of his soul. His brain was big enough to conceive plans for the dominance of Europe; yet he was a forger, a trickster and a cheat. In all his dealings with the chancellors of Europe, he played with marked cards. He was

false friend. He played with loaded dice—even when a guest in friendly countries. He did not know the meaning of loyalty to bread and salt; the guest-chamber was to him a place of espionage; his kiss was the kiss of Judas; he would go to a royal kinsman's death-chamber and steal from dyings lips the secrets of the great. But he and Germany together mounted to the Alpine heights of power and prosperity. Germany became the colossus of the world, and might have been its master ere the sands ran out had honesty and righteousness been the national watchwords instead of trickery and brute force. The whole Germanic life has been a hideous lie for two generations. They were within an ace of world-mastery by virtue of their industry, organization, will power and brain force—they have thrown it all to the dogs. The gods have cursed them; they will fall when the clock strikes. They are rotten with unrighteousness. BUT THE HOUR IS NEAR.

SAYS IT WILL BE A LONG WAR

Opinion of D. A. Thomas, Who Discusses Munitions Orders

St. John, N.B., Aug. 31.—Before he left for Montreal Wednesday night, D. A. Thomas, munition commissioner for the British Government, gave out a brief statement on war order prospects, in which he said that he had cabled Lloyd-George explaining the progress manufacturers here had made with the orders on hand, and their capability of doing a great deal more.

Lloyd-George, he said, had now control of 580 factories in the United Kingdom, and the placing of future orders for shells would depend on the extent that these factories would supply the War Office demands. If shells were to be secured from any place outside the United Kingdom, Canada would be given the preference.

He was under the impression when he came to this country that Canada was behind in fulfilling the engagements already undertaken by the manufacturers here. He had found it to be different, however, and change had taken place since his arrival where factories were speeded up, while a splendid spirit of patriotism prevailed among the new makers of shells. There had, of course, been hundreds of complaints as to placing of orders, but Mr. Thomas said that the Canadian Shell Committee, under the difficult circumstances had done its very best. Canada had already 240 million dollars' worth of war orders, and future orders depended on the duration of the war.

"It will be a long war," he said "and talkers of peace at the present time would be better employed, as the Scotch say, in using their breath to cool their porridge. I am glad to see the spirit of the manufacturers here. It has gone past the question of making profits with shell manufacturers. Everyone is inspired with the desire to do everything he can for the Empire."

The Precise Reporter

Reporter—"There were 4,999 eyes turned on the speaker at the meeting."

Editor—"Why 4,999 eyes? Why not put it in round numbers?"

Reporter—"Well, I should have said 5,000, only I noticed that a man in the crowd was blind in one eye."

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