

of the reign of "frightfulness" in Belgium would be to chronicle the incredible, were not the facts overwhelmingly substantiated in all their details. In that verified record we see, not merely that savagery is reduced to a science, but that the world can never be safe till this new cancer is cut clean out of the body of humanity.

The cold catalogue is enough: a baby crucified with hands and feet outstretched, nailed like a rat to a barn; another baby carried aloft, skewered on a bayonet in a regiment of singing soldiers; girls violated again and again until they died; matrons, old men and priests slaughtered; men mutilated in ways that one man can hardly whisper to another; women and children thrust forward as a screen between "the gallant troops of Germany" and their enemy; organised massacre; the abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag. Everything that we thought secure among civilised men was defiled and destroyed—fidelity to the pledged word, reverence for age, the sanctity of womanhood, child-

hood and weakness; standards of honour, of justice and of clean fighting. And they were destroyed, not in an access of passion, but on a deliberate and calculated policy of "frightfulness." The soldiers who had, when they went to China, been ordered by their Kaiser to emulate the Huns under Attila, now outdistanced their model. The orders of the General Staff and the execution of those commands stand without parallel.

The "frightfulness" was carried out to inspire a terror that would paralyse resistance. But the men of "blood and iron" had no imagination—they lacked elementary brain power in ultimate things. They had forgotten the soul of the world. So they are amazed that instead of inspiring terror they have lighted such a passion for freedom as the world has never known. The world now sees that a truly damned Thing is in the saddle in Germany, and if it is not unseated it will ride mankind, including the German people, with bit and bridle and bloody spur.

#### On Came The Huns.

So the grey armies of Germany, stretching across the Continent, "hacked a way through." Backed by a complete system of strategic railways, fitted with a plentiful supply of complete personal equipment, with every form of weapon in profusion from the rifle and the machine-gun to the monstrous cannon drawn by thirteen traction engines, with aircraft ranging from the Taube to the giant Zeppelin, and with a tradition of invincibility, stiffened by fine training and reinforced by great personal courage, it was the mightiest weapon of war that had ever been forged. And it was a weapon in the hand of the Great General Staff in which the finest brains of the specialised military caste were perpetually planning and replanning the very campaigns that were now being put to the test of reality.

The immediate sequel, the story of which has been re-written a thousand times, is one of the most amazing epics on a grand scale in the history, not merely of war, but of civilisation. The miracle is still inexplicable on rational grounds. The David of Belgium had hampered the giant's stride across Belgium, though the swift and unexpected fall of Namur left the Gideon's band of the British Expeditionary Force to fend the blow of five German Army Corps. Some 240,000 men converged on our exposed, unsupported, outnumbered ranks at Mons. The British flung back the advance attacks again and again. To have stayed would have

made Mons a British Sedan. News came that the French line had been broken on the Sambre on the British right, and that their armies were in retreat. So the perilous withdrawal began, the story of which even to-day leaves a man aching with the anguish of those intolerable fatigues and thrilling with pride at the unbroken spirit of the men. Back to the west and the south the tired troops moved, holding up the foes in the costly battle of Le Cateau, trailing away over the rolling hills and running rivers, and with the enemy always at their heels, till the Eiffel Tower revealed to German eyes the goal they sought. The line-up between the Marne and Paris began.

At that hour the world stood on the tiptoe of suspense and held its breath. From Shanghai and Sydney to Calcutta and Cape Town, from New York and Toronto to Petrograd and Rome, men waited in intolerable expectation of the fall of Paris. General de Castelnau on August 25th took the Germans in flank and won the battle of Grand Couronné. Von Kluck swerved to the centre, believing—it may well be—that the British Army was broken. The French armies and our own were locked in a deadly wrestle with the German line through those early September days—days that will loom larger and larger upon the mind of the world as they grow more distant. There has been no more decisive hour since the Turk was flung back from Vienna by Sobieski nearly two and a half centuries ago. At last the German grip relaxed and they turned their backs upon the Paris which lay so near and yet on that day for ever beyond their grasp. That it was so and is so remains and will remain a miracle. The allied advance began. We drove the German forces from the Marne across the Aisne into the trenches of that tortuous line from Dunkirk to Belfort which is now engraved with acid on the mind of the world.

The German victory as planned by the General Staff was smashed, although from Tannenberg to the Sambre they had fought successful and resounding battles. Victory in war is to put your opponent out of action either by smashing or containing his forces. Germany could never in this war do that. The Entente had fought for and secured time. It remained to use that time to the full compass of the event.

#### The Transformation of Britain.

The Allies had fought for and had secured time—time so priceless that to waste an hour of it was

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(Next to Pinsonnault the photographer)

treachery. Behind the thin line of tested steel in Flanders and France and behind the shield of her Navy, Britain began that transformation of her whole life which stands without parallel in history.

Britain's unpreparedness, which stood as an unimpeachable witness to her innocence of planning the War, made the needed change of her entire way of life greater than in any other nation involved in the War. The revolution transformed

(Continued on page 11)

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