

The UNDOING of Germany.

HOW TO MAKE A SECURE PEACE.
(By the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, P.C., M.P., Ex-President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches.)

The gloom which gathered over Great Britain and her Allies a year ago has drifted to Central Europe. It is now the German Empire and its dependencies which have lost their former place in the sun. The Power which determines destiny appears no longer propitious to them. "The Lord looked . . . through the pillar of fire and of the cloud and troubled the host of the Egyptians."

This will presently bring about a crisis demanding caution and self-control. It is to this country that Europe will look for a decision. To what ultimate point should our victory be pressed? Now the British are the paymasters to whom the Allies look and without whom further progress would be impossible. We have risen from a modest beginning to be the leaders in the combination—a great naval and military Power whose judgment is decisive. This responsibility imposes upon us a conscientious estimate of the object to be attained in proportion to the sacrifice to be made. We have not suffered as some others have done; our territories are practically intact, and no fear of exhaustion tempts us to make peace.

For the moment we are hacking our way through the hard shell of the German trenches, but all Flanders and Northern France is not honey-combed for defence, and when an evacuation becomes inevitable it will proceed far more rapidly than many anticipate in order that the enemy may save men and material for the defence of the Rhine. A strong man may keep a fever at bay up to the last, but he capitulates more completely than one apparently weaker, and his sudden collapse means death. It is hardly likely that Germany will retain her grip of Belgium at the expense of a German province. When the Russians cross the eastern frontier the western defence must weaken.

With the retirement of the German armies from Belgium a military raid of these islands will have become so remote that it may be left out of account. Our home garrisons will then be available to a greater extent than hitherto for foreign service, and we shall probably not maintain so large a number of men in this country. In spite of our misfortunes in the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia, Turkey must know that she is doomed. Between the upper and nether millstones she will be ground to pieces, thankful for any terms which would include the Calliphate, if indeed it is not late to recover the Holy Places.

With the retirement of Austrian troops from the Balkans, which is certainly imminent in face of the in-

vasion of Hungary, Bulgaria may be expected to atone for her past misdeeds by sacrificing her dynasty and changing her alliance. These developments, which are probably approaching, would set free the garrisons of Salonika and of Egypt, and bring us reinforcements from the east. But Germany herself will be compelled to concentrate in order to save her reserves. Even when the crisis approaches she will have large armies in the field, and probably a good supply of munitions. But she would never have permitted Austria to invoke the help of Turkey, even temporarily, if she had been in a position to sustain her ally. And in spite of the rumours of Turkey's support it hardly credible that Turkey would suffer herself to be weakened against the advancing Russians.

German Man-Power.
Everything points to an approaching depletion of German man-power. Even if she has still two to three millions whom she can draw upon in her desperation, the waste of war will account for these before many months are over. There can be no doubt that Russia can make good her losses, however long the war may last. Great Britain is on the ascending scale in numbers and efficiency. France is safe with the co-operation of her Allies, and Italy has plenty at her disposal.

Sooner or later, in months few or many, perhaps quite soon, Germany will have to admit to herself that she is beaten and will offer such terms that neutral countries may be impressed, and an opinion favourable to a settlement may crystallise into a limited party of peace within the belligerent countries themselves. This is the time when men of good will must guard against a premature benevolence which would be fraught with future danger to the world. It will be said with plausible effect, "We have done what we undertook to do." The invader has been driven out of Belgium and of France, Poland has been recovered. The Russians are within sight of Constantinople and of Budapest.

Germany has seen the error of her ways and is preparing to make good. She will compensate Serbia and France for the injury done to their civil life. She will throw Alsace-Lorraine into the bargain. She will offer her colonies in lieu of further indemnity. She will assent to new conventions by the gross for maintaining the future peace of the world. We shall be fed up with Hague Conferences hardly worth the paper upon which their conclusions are written. To save her empire, to preserve her territory, she will stay at nothing. Her failures will be attributed to bad diplomacy. She will take care not to enter into any future war at such a disadvantage. Give her time and she will recuperate.

What Must Be Done.

It may be asked, What more can you expect? You cannot destroy a whole people; Germany must continue to exist; to be reckoned with, at last to be reconciled. That is true, but you are dealing with the German Empire and its military organizations. The empire is not fifty years old. Before it came into existence Germany was not formidable, yet the German people were governed according to their own ideas, or so believed. German culture and learning then existed, influenced the civilized world, and has lost rather than gained by the diversion of national energies into more ambitious channels.

We must face the fact that no lasting peace can be secured while the German Empire exists. The service which Greek and Roman civilisation has rendered to the world did not depend upon political aggrandisement, and has far outlasted the political existence of the Greek States and of the Roman Empire. But the German Empire will never be destroyed except by defeat upon German soil, followed by disarmament and a political rearrangement. Relieved from the cost of her enormous armies and of her navy, she will be able to pay her way, readjust her finances, and to compensate the territories she has ravished.

No one suggests that purely German soil or a German people shall be placed under an alien government. But there are territories which she has annexed and Germanised within the last half-century from which she is bound to withdraw. In the west a federation of the little States from Luxembourg to Denmark would form a fairly compact empire commanding the North Sea, while Hamburg and the mouth of the Elbe could probably be neutralised under its supervision. The Slavonic countries on the eastern side, including Poland, the Danubian kingdoms, and the Balkans would fall into independent groups.

The Other World.

It lies around us like a cloud
A world we do not see;
Ye the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.
Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitate the vein between
With breathings almost heard.
And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.
To close the eye and close the ear,
A dried and vanished stream;
And gently laid in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.
Scarcely knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarcely asking where we are,
To find all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.
Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Let our thoughts, and our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.
Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Real Friend In a Large Bottle.

The greatest friend to sick people is the one that helps them toward health. But nearly every human friend had heretofore suggested a different means of regaining lost health due to nervousness, overwork, debility and worry. Now there are dozens of friends right here in your own town who will agree that the best friend to their health is Zoetlic—the health tonic. This already famous remedy for "nerves" and their consequent ailments is a combination of glycerophosphates—the actual elements of the human body—with Cod Liver Oil and delicious tonic wine. A short two weeks of faithful trial will put you fair and square upon the path of bounding health. We know this so absolutely that if you cannot report real progress at the end of that time we will refund the purchase price. You who suffer and suffer and suffer should not delay beyond to-day. Sold by T. McMurdo & Co., Sole Distributing Agents for Newfoundland.

PUT OFF THE TRAIN.—Saturday evening as the Trepassey train was leaving the station a man belonging to the Southern Shore who was greatly under the influence of strong drink, started to make matters lively in a second class car, much to the annoyance of the other passengers. Conductors Lee and Penney were quickly on the scene and removed the disturber to the station platform.

The School Girl Prophetess.

Mr. John Masfield, the poet, on a visit to the United States, recently offered some prizes for literary work done by students of Westover Girls' School at Middlebury, Connecticut. The poem here printed won the prize for poetry, and is surely a very remarkable national indictment—the utterance of a prophetess while a schoolgirl. The subject of her poem is her own country—America.

She goes and listens thrilled. She thinks it fine
That men should give their lives for honour sweet.
She tells her friends, "The lecture was divine—
I love it so!" and all the time her feet
Are beating out the measures of a dance.
The music teems with cries of dying men,
And still she dances on. She casts a glance
Outside. Good God! A moment only pauses, hen
She dances on, that light and froth-like thing.
Ah, to those feet that lightly tread this floor
Soon may the whirling years their sorrow bring,
And leave their mark of misery evermore;
That her great luxury and vice forgiven
She may at last stand with all Europe shdven.

Banks Must Advertise.

David Speer and Fleming Nevin, of Pittsburgh deserve the thanks of the newspapers fraternity for the stir they have made about the advertising by banks of funds left in their hands without claimants. It appears that these amounts are far longer than the public supposes; that it is only just and reasonable that the banks should be obliged by law to advertise for heirs or claimants and, failing to find them, to turn the funds over to the State.

It might at first appear that the advertising involved would be trifling for any individual paper, yet Mr. Speer claims to know that it would total \$250,000 a year for one county, probably Allegheny County, in which Pittsburgh is located. And for all Pennsylvania it is estimated that the banks would have to advertise annually 2,000,000 accounts, from which they had not heard in two years, each item containing name, address and amount or character of property, which at two lines, for four insertions, figured at an average of ten cents a line, would make \$1,600,000, as the amount receivable annually by Pennsylvania papers alone for this one sort of advertising. No wonder the banks are fighting the law. So much notoriety has been given the matter that probably all the States will sooner or later adopt some such law.—Newspaperdom.

Man Jumps From Train

As the Trepassey train was leaving Waterford Bridge, Saturday evening, a fisherman named Williams, of Bay Bulls, who was loaded up with fire-water, jumped from the train but fortunately escaped serious injury, with the exception of a few small cuts on his right cheek and forehead. The train was immediately stopped, and on picking up the victim he was placed on board the incoming express which happened to be passing at the time and landed back in the city. The Reid Nid. Co.'s officials are determined to carry out the rules relating to persons boarding the trains under the influence of liquor.

MAN BROKE LEG.

The Portia brought along two patients last night for the General Hospital. One was a man named Stoney, who broke his leg at St. Lawrence a few days ago.

Minard's Linctant Cures Diphtheria.

T. J. Edens

By express this week:
100 Crates
PRESERVING PLUMS.

Also due on Thursday by S. S. Florizel:
290 baskets PRESERVING PLUMS
40 half bris. PEARS
50 half bris. APPLES
10 crates TOMATOES.

By rail to-day:
20 Half Sacks
BLUE MOUNTAIN POTATOES
(Local), 90 lb. sacks, \$2.00 per sack; 16c. gallon.

20 cases
BAKE APPLES;
in This.

By S. S. Graciana:
50 sides IRISH BACON—Boned.
20 cases VALENCIA ONIONS.
ENGLISH CHEDDAR CHEESE.
PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS.
PRICE'S CARRIAGE CANDLES.
OLD HOME SOAP, 35c. bar.

FAMILY MESS PORK—Small rib pieces.
N. Y. CORNED BEEF.

Sugar is still Cheaper this week.

T. J. EDENS.

Dockworth Street and Military Road.

Fresh Cream—daily.

Bishop Sons & Co., Limited.
Grocery Department.

N. Y. Chicken, N. Y. Corned Beef

BELGIAN HARES
KILLED TO ORDER.

Silton Cheese.
Gorgonzola Cheese.
Cheddar Cheese.
McLaren's Cream Cheese.
Parmesan Cheese.

Vegetable Marrows.
Cucumbers.
Cauliflower.
White Table Onions.
Lettuce.
Radishes.
Celery.
Tomatoes.
Dandelion.
Spinach.
Asparagus.
Succotash.

Moirs Slab Cake.

Oxford Sausage in Tomato.
Wild Boar's Head.
Scotch Haggis.
English Brains Sausage.
Frankfort Sausage.
Veal and Ham Sausage.
Pork Sausage.
Liver Sausage.

AMERICAN BEAUTY BUTTER.

Royal Mint Sauce.
Red Pepper Sauce.
Green Pepper Sauce.
Chili Sauce.
Lea & Perrin's Sauce.
Sausages.
Oranges.
Table Apples.
Grapes.
Lemons.
Pineapples.
Grape Fruit.
Preserving Plums.

Abdulla Cigarettes.

Abdulla Tobacco.

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