

Britain is Fighting for Empire's Honor and 'Scrap of Paper.'

SIR WILLIAM GOSCHEN RELATES STORY OF RUPTURE OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN GERMANY AND ENGLAND—BROKE HIS WORD—VIOLATED THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING

London, Aug. 27.—The British Foreign Office issued to-night, in a white paper form, the report of Sir William Goschen, the former ambassador at Berlin, on the rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany. The report is dated August 8, and says that, in accordance with instructions of August 4, from Sir Edward Grey, secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the ambassador called on the German Secretary of State, M. Von Jagow, and inquired whether Germany would refrain from violating Belgian neutrality.

"Her Von Jagow," the report continues, "at once replied that he was sorry to say his answer must be 'No,' as in consequence of the German troops having crossed the border that morning, Belgian neutrality had already been violated. Her Von Jagow again went into the reasons why the Imperial Government had been obliged to take this step, namely, that they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations, and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life or death for them, as, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the condition of the roads, and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition entailing great loss of time.

"This loss of time would mean time gained by the Russians for the bringing up of their troops to the German frontier. Rapidity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was the inexhaustible supply of troops.

"I pointed out to Her Von Jagow that this fait accompli of the violation of the Belgian frontier, rendered, as he would readily understand, the situation exceedingly grave, and I asked him whether there was still not time to draw back and avoid possible consequences which both he and I would deplore.

"He replied for reasons he had given me, it was now impossible for him to draw back."

Second Appeal Made to Germany.
The British ambassador proceeded to the German Foreign Office again the same afternoon, and informed the Secretary of State that unless the Imperial Government could give assurances by 12 o'clock that night that they would proceed no further with the violation of the Belgian border, and stop their advance, he had been instructed to demand his passports, and to inform the Government that His Majesty's Government would have to take steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and the observance of the treaty to which Germany was as much a party as Great Britain.

"Her Von Jagow," says the report, "replied that his Government could give no other answer than which he had given me earlier in the day, that the safety of the Empire rendered it absolutely necessary that the Imperial troops should advance through Belgium.

"I gave His Excellency a written summary of your telegram, and pointing out that you had mentioned twelve o'clock as the time when His Majesty's Government would expect an answer, asked him whether, in view of the terrible consequences which would necessarily ensue it was not possible, even at the last moment, that their answer should be reconsidered. He replied that if the time given were 24 hours or more his answer must be the same.

"I said that in that case I should have to demand my passports.

"The interview took place about 7 o'clock. In a short conversation which ensued, Her Von Jagow expressed his great regret at the crumbling of his entire plans and that of the Imperial Chancellor which had been to make friends with Great Britain, and then through Great Britain to get closer to France.

"I said that this sudden end to my work in Berlin was to me also a matter of deep regret and disappointment but that he must understand that under the circumstances, and in view of our engagements, His Majesty's Government could not have acted otherwise than they had done."

Scrap of Paper a Solemn Pledge.
The ambassador then went to see the Imperial Chancellor Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, and he found him in a very excited condition.

"The Chancellor," says the report, "began a harangue, which lasted about twenty minutes. He said the

steps taken by Great Britain was terrible to a degree. Just for a word, 'neutrality'—a word, which in war time had been so often disregarded; just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation, who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. All his efforts in that direction had been rendered useless by this terrible step, and the policy to which, as I knew, he had devoted himself since his accession to office, was tumbled down as a house of cards.

"What he had done was unthinkable. It was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants. He held Great Britain responsible for all the terrible events that might happen."

Great Britain's Honor at Stake.
"I protested strongly against this statement, and said that in the same way as he and Her Von Jagow wished me to understand, that for strategic reasons it was a matter of life or death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate the latter's neutrality, so I would wish him to understand that it was, so to speak, a matter of life or death for the honor of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality, if attacked. A solemn compact simply had to be kept, or what confidence could any one have in engagements given by Great Britain in the future?"

"The Chancellor said: 'But at what price will that compact have been kept? Has the British Government thought of that?'

"I hinted to His Excellency as easily as I could, that fear of consequence could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking a solemn engagement. But His Excellency was so excited, so evidently overcome by the news of our action, so little disposed to hear reason, that I refrained from adding fuel to the flame by further argument.

Herr Von Jagow the Excuse Maker.
"As I was leaving he said that the blow of Great Britain joining Germany's enemies was all the greater because, up to almost the last moment, he and his Government had been working with us, and supporting our efforts to maintain peace between Austria and Russia.

"I said that this was part of the tragedy that saw two nations fall apart just at the moment when the relations between them were more friendly and cordial than they had been for years. Unfortunately, notwithstanding our efforts to maintain peace between Austria and Russia, war had spread, and brought us face to face with a situation which entailed our separation from our late fellow-workers. He would readily understand that no one regretted this more than I."

Buying in large quantities for the household sometimes leads to wasteful use, and is a doubtful economy.

Clippings from cloth garments make excellent fillings for cushions. They should be finely shredded.

Divorced Life

by Helen Hanson Fuent

The Super-man

Marian found Mr. McCarrens extremely interesting. She was a possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key, which is the insignium of high collegiate scholarship. Marian had been long enough at college to have developed almost an awe of those able to win their way into the circles of the order.

Marian found in Mrs. McCarrens a woman, as well as a scholar. Being a woman, she was primarily interested in the man-and-woman problem which runs through our tangle of civilization. Her frequent references to the research of Ellen Key into the problems of love and marriage, threw much light for Marian upon a subject which to the modern woman is charged with intense fascination.

McCarrens, Marian learned, was a broker, apparently successful, finely built, good-looking, and extremely fond of his wife and of Johnny. She concluded that her new-found friend must be very happy. She was surprised, on the contrary, to find that she was not so.

"Happy?" exclaimed the other, when Marian naively put the question. "Not at all, my dear, I'm anything but happy. In fact, I'm miserable. There," she added, pointing to the lawn where her son John was romping with another youngster, "is the cause of my woe."

"Why, I thought he was a most excellently behaved child," returned Marian, puzzled.

"He's an excellent child," was the answer. "But what kind of a man is he going to be? He's got to be a super-man—otherwise I'll be overwhelmingly disappointed. And I'm sure to be disappointed. A woman who has had no children can't begin to understand the responsibility of bringing a child into the world, only to be overcome with the knowledge that he is going to fall short of her ideals."

"You expect too much," countered Marian, conscious of the other woman's earnestness, and comprehending in a measure the sinister under-currents of her disturbance.

Others have often laughed at me for my point of view. To me it's serious, tremendously serious," continued Mrs. McCarrens. "I've seen and learned to know too much about men to be able to deceive myself any longer about my son, once he grows up. The thing that hurts me most is the feeling that he may live to play havoc with some woman's life. There's hardly a woman I know to whom that hasn't happened. The knowledge that I have brought a man-child into the world, who is almost certain, according to the law of nature, to go forth and do the self-same thing, is dragging me down like a terrible weight."

The speaker talked on, and Marian listened, knowing that she was telling the truth. Heretofore, however, she had regarded her own experience with Frank, her former husband, as unusual, different, not at all typical. She had fancied that most of the women who married, and remained married, had found their mates and companions. Mrs. McCarrens' recital impressed her, on the contrary, as convincing and true. It came to her now, as never before, that the women who go to the divorce court for relief, take with them testimony that nearly every wife in America keeps locked in her heart, perhaps to reveal it one day to a divorce judge, perhaps to go right on through life, carrying the burden as well as she can, but keeping her misfortunes from the eyes and ears of the world.

Again Marian felt a surge of satisfaction over the fact that she at least had rebelled and been divorced. She gazed with freshened and sharpened point of view at the young married people at the Inn whom only yesterday she had found herself half-envious. She pitied them instead, men along with women.

To-morrow—Playing with Fire.

Bob Bescher.

He looks good for a hundred scores that any little hound — he'll weigh above 200 pound, an' six foot one, he'll rise. His hittin' isn't extra fine. It sticks below three-hundred line — but not too below. His outfield job he handles well — out there speed gets a chance to tell an' Bobbie sure does go.

Bob's played profesh since nineteen-six. An' yet by one o' baseball's tricks that crop out there an' here, he'd never left his native state until the Giants held out bait that lured him this year. Ohio had him all the time. He launched with Lima (no, not lime) an' then went with the speed or even wear his treads.

Always choose a rather thin fish for broiling. The best are mackerel, bluefish, bass, trout and fresh herring.

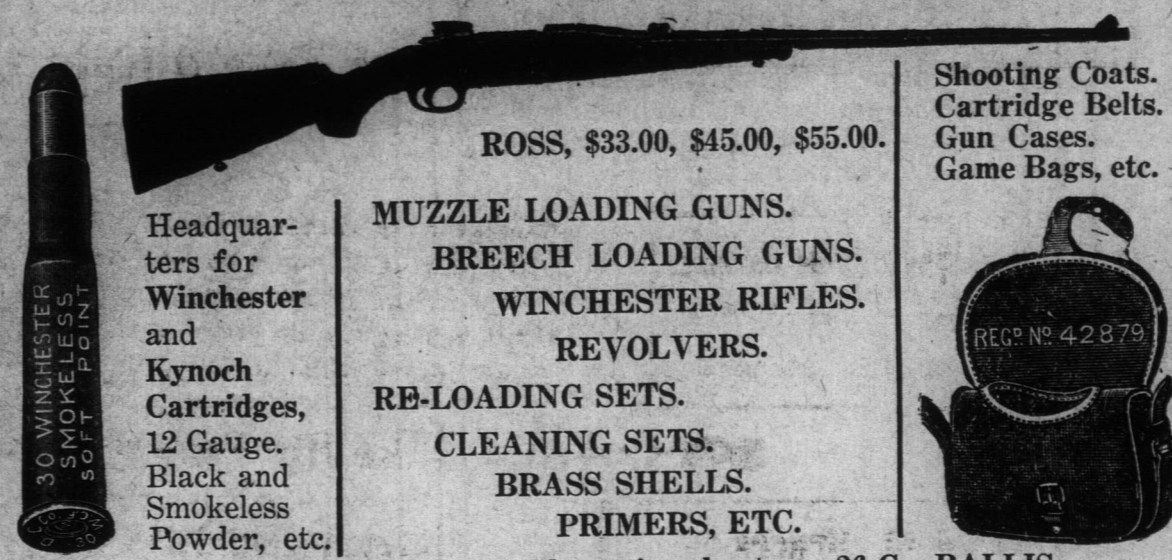
In making a fruit salad be sure to use a silver knife for cutting up the fruit.

Red McGhee

Red McGhee says: "O! Mugs — Mc Graw is bugs on speed an' he can't satisfy his greed for men with lighthnin' feet. Bo Bescher wears the Giant rags because he stole a swarm o' bugs for Tinker's C i n c y feet. M u g g s bought Bob's feet to cross the pan an' play the all-around thievin' man. He put him first at bat. An' while Bob doesn't lead yet, quite, he crowds the league head kud o' tight on runs an' steals, at an' over fifty steals. Some chores for one of Bobbie's size. 'Cause Bob ain't breed an' time don't seem to slow his Reds. He's sure the ol' quicksilver

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