

Slaughter Sale

Furs! Furs!

Our cheap sale still continues and for the balance of the year all goods will be sold at HALF PRICE.

- Fur Ties and Collars from 50c. up
 - Men's Fur Collars \$2.00 each, worth \$6
 - Men's Dog Coats \$10.00 each
- Sale Room Open Daily, from 2 to 6 o'clock p.m.

ROYAL FUR Co. Ltd.
JOB'S COVE.

BELGIUM AND HER RELATIONS TO THE GREAT WAR

(Continued from page 3.)

gations which have become great have at the same time become decadent, because they have lost the faculty of self-sacrifice and have given themselves over entirely to the exploitation of tributaries for their own selfish pleasure? What of Spain, once mistress of the whole world? When the Spaniard was struggling upward from obscurity to greatness he was every whit a man, but once arrived at his goal, he became intoxicated with the sense of his own power and degenerated into a selfish, brutal tyrant. Tributary nations were to him as serfs to minister to his exacting desires; the Spanish rule meant tyranny and slavery to them and they took the earliest opportunity of declaring themselves free and independent. So, one by one, the brightest jewels were wrested from the Spanish crown and Spain is to-day reckoned amongst the lowliest of European nations.

Great Britain, too, has fought her way upward against adverse circumstances, until two little sea-girth kingdoms have become the heart of a mightier Empire than the Imperial Caesars ever knew. But midst all this great and growing prosperity Britain has kept the faith. She has been true to her highest traditions. She has maintained her loftiest ideals. She has taken circumstances by the hand at every opportunity that the bounds of freedom might be made wider yet. Principle has never been sacrificed to expediency; power has never been used oppressively; obligations have been fulfilled to the letter; conquered and tributary nations are unknown within the British Empire because in that vast circle of territories all are Britons—one with and of equal importance to those whose ancestors laid the foundation of the present British Empire.

Our pride has long been centred in Britain's power; it is reckoned our highest privilege to claim the protection of that power as symbolised by the Union Jack—but to-day more than ever before we realise something of the deeper significance of that proudest of all boasts—"I am a British citizen." For Britain has been true to herself. She has scorned the easy path of expediency and has chosen instead the hard, rugged path of duty and of honor, wherewith one enters through the strait gate of self-sacrifice.

Belgium's Heroic King, Albert

The entire manhood of Belgium arrayed itself in arms when the German invader violated Belgian territory. Every man of the little force proved himself a hero on the battlefield and it seems almost invidious to make distinctions where all won renown, and yet there is not a Belgian who will begrudge praise of the highest kind to King Albert, the modern David who brought to nought the Goliath of German militarism. Six months ago the present King of the Belgians was practically unknown outside of his own country or, at most, was recognised as the successor of King Leopold whose connection with the Congo scandals has branded his name with infamy. But when the great crisis came Albert of Belgium proved himself a great king and a great general.

To the German demand for right of way across Belgium, King Albert replied in substance: "If you want to use our territories you must come and take them by force of arms. As for us, we will defend them to the last man. And, in fulfilling his expressed determination he became a hero, not only for his own people, but to scores of millions of others who had never heard of him.

In view of the tremendous odds against him, King Albert could scarcely have been branded and he truckled to Germany. He has taken his wife and family to England or to some other country of refuge. And, deprived of a leader the Belgians would hardly have held up the original German invader's force, with such courage and skill. France, taken suddenly and almost unprepared, would have been humbled before she could complete the mobilisation of her troops, the French people who I have been to some extent dismayed and disheartened by the successes of Germany's initial blow, and the outlook for democracy in Europe to-day, would have been dark. Here it is now bright and promising to more than hopeful-ness.

What We Owe To Little Belgium

We owe almost everything we hold or hope for to Albert of Belgium and his gallant folk. France has measured up gloriously to the demands of these trying times and the grand principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, the significant basis on which French republicanism was placed by its founders,

have been maintained against the German menace. And the happy fact that the French nation of to-day is free, unshackled and greater than ever, is due to the sacrifice of home and lives made by her little neighbor, Belgium.

And Belgium fought our battle, too. Every democratic nation maintained with power enhanced or unimpaired is a bulwark to British power and British institutions. The success of the German attempt on France would have meant an ultimate attack on Great Britain and that struggle would have far exceeded the present one in intensity, duration and loss of lives and property, terrible though these have been in the present European struggle. The fight had to come and it was nothing less than a dispensation of Providence that it came just now that when the crisis arrived there was found in Belgium the man who, making the most of his unfavorable situation, did not hesitate to throw down the gauntlet for democracy and give his blood and his skill in its defence.

What Belgium Delivered Us From

Belgium has saved to us all that is best in our national institutions; all that makes life tolerable and enjoyable. What has she saved us from?

I fear that many of us do not fully comprehend just what the menace of Germany and modern German institutions threatens. We breathe God's good air freely and unthinkingly, never dreaming that this necessity to the maintenance of our physical life could ever be curtailed or entirely withdrawn. And just in the same thoughtless, care-free way do we avail ourselves of the immeasurable benefits of British justice, British freedom, British institutions, without stopping to figure out our position were all these assets of our national life to be wrested from us by some great political cataclysm.

Yet this is what the German aspires to do. He would strip us of our independence and of our power because he covets them for himself and because he believes that he is powerful enough to successfully act the robber. "Might is right" is the doctrine of the modern Huns in whom human sentiment is replaced by their boasted "blood and iron."

And when German domination comes in, away goes our freedom of personal action and we become puppets moved hither and yon at the beck and call of some capricious officer whom we must reverence and respect as an altogether superior being, who must not be ignored, criticised or even smiled at.

This militarism brings into subservience every citizen of Germany; it replaces those parliamentary usages which give to us all an influence in the government of our country, which exceeds even that of the King himself. And the German press knows nought of untrammelled pronouncements on public affairs. An incautious editorial; even a mild criticism of flagrant official wrong-doing may mean the suspension of the offending journal and the imprisonment of those responsible for its publication.

And regularly as the years come round, your German of military age drops his work on the farm, in the shop or at the university and obeys the militarist order to present himself for so many weeks of drill at the military centres.

Germany, in the words of an American observer, "is a people blindfolded; its preachers and pedagogues are gagged and its officials subservient." She has proved that the only safety in the world for either an individual or a nation is to be loved and respected, and in those days no one respects slavery or loves threats."

What Belgium Has Had To Suffer

And it was because Belgium set herself to oppose the spread of this "cultured" variety of German tyranny

that she has been so cruelly punished. She was one of the most unoffending little countries of Europe—peaceful, industrious, thrifty, hardworking. And her cornfields have been trampled, her villages have been burnt, her art treasures have been destroyed, her men have been slaughtered—yes, and her women and children, too. Hundreds of thousands of her people, their neat, comfortable little homes destroyed, are wandering homeless in their own land.

"Germans themselves avow, admit, defend and proclaim the burning and massacring, the shooting down of harmless people. Why? Because, according to the Germans, these people fired on German soldiers. What business had German soldiers there at all? Belgium was acting in pursuance of the most sacred right, the right to defend its homes.

"But the Belgians were not in uniform when they fired! If a burglar broke into the Kaiser's Potsdam palace, destroyed his furniture killed his servants, ruined his art treasures—especially those he has made himself—and burned the precious manuscripts of his speeches, do you think he would wait until he had got into his uniform before he shot him down? The Belgians were dealing with those who had broken into their household," and according to the commonly accepted principles of human right and privileges they committed no outrage in resisting them.

Belgium fought for a principle and Belgium is suffering because of her courage and self-sacrifice. The millions of homeless and destitute bear witness to that fact. But these people are afflicted with untold suffering, they are homeless, they are starving because they bore the brunt of the struggle your sake and mine. They suffered in our stead and that we might remain free and independent.

WE Must Meet This Obligation

Our debt to Belgium is a huge one—what are we doing to discharge it? Well, we have given of the best of our manhood that our mutual foe might be conquered on sea and on land. Can we do any more? Aye, much more. We who cannot go to the battlefield ourselves can give of our means and of our labors that the Belgian sufferings may be in some measure mitigated.

But, you say, we are in distress ourselves. There are destitute in our own country who should first be succored. We face a hard winter and it is better for us to prepare against it rather than send money and food abroad. That is essentially selfish and it is pre-eminently un-British. Belgium has redeemed us from the necessity of undergoing our trial in the fiery furnace of actual hostilities and shall we be shamefully ungrateful to our self-sacrificing benefactor? Know you not that "man shall not live by bread alone"—one greater than aspiring local politicians has taught us that great truth, has shown us that it is only by crucifying self and submitting to hardship, to suffering, yea to death itself on behalf of others, that we can exalt and amplify all that is truly noble in our humanity.

"Greater love hath no man than this—that a man laid down his life for his friends," and the Belgians have been our friends to the death itself; have entered a very inferno of misery that they might show their practical desire to be true to themselves and to us. The most we can do for them will be but a small thing compared with what they have done for humanity in general and for you and I in particular.

Belgium endured the loss of all most dear to her and shall we, in this small corner of the British Empire—insignificant in power and influence, but co-beneficiaries with our fellow Britons in the noble work done by the Belgians—not rise superior to the petty differences of local politics, united by the noble desire to prove ourselves worthy of the great sacrifice made for our well-being by one of the smallest of all the European powers?

Destitution, aye, we may face it—we may have to endure it, but what of that? Do we expect to secure the permanence of our glorious institutions in this time of stress without making any sacrifices thereof? We sow in tears that generations to come may reap with joy and established in enduring safety and contentment, rise up to call us blessed. Let no man's heart fail him; let no man's heart betray him. The times demand more. God grant that every Newfoundlander may be strengthened to play the part in the highest, most ennobling sense.

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NOTICE.

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P. C. O'DRISCOLL, Liquidator.

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