

THE GERMAN FUTURE

A TRAGIC PROSPECT FOR THE KAISER'S EMPIRE.

In the Lifetime Of No German Living Today Will She Recapture Respect and Friendship Of Neighbors. Twelve Acres in London Mail.

"The twentieth century belongs to the Germans."—Pre-war German Proverb.

When the German Emperor takes a few days' respite from the war councils on his battle fronts, when the imperial train rumbles over a Germany that has become a haunted land of silent factories, shuttered warehouses, maimed men, broken women, and fatherless children, does he ever lift a mental periscope and look in to Germany's future?

Whether he wins the war or loses the war, or whether the war ends in a stalemate, the Kaiser knows now that the prosperity of his Empire has melted like snow on the face of the desert. He knows now that the Germany that was built by his grandfather and his father has crumbled before his mortars. He knows that half the life-blood of German vitality has ebbed away on battlefields. He knows that all the mighty commerce of Germany is a yesteryear's dream. He knows that the once boasted culture of Germany is so fouled that the very word "culture" has changed its meaning and become a synonym for bestiality. He knows, most of all, that the word "German" is a hissing and reproach throughout the world, and that Time will have to ply her sponge for a century before the German will again be unabhorréd among other peoples.

These are black days for us people of the Allied nations, but it is no mean mental tonic to borrow the Kaiser's periscope and look into this twentieth century that belongs so terribly to the Germans.

The Kaiser is not always surrounded by generals drunken with transient victory; he is not always surrounded by that camarilla of feverish decadents who a few years ago staggered Europe by their scandalous and nameless vice; he is not always upborne of foaming Pan-Germans who play on his megalomaniac ambition of the empire of Europe. There are other men in Germany who still have access to the Kaiser; the remnants of Germany's divines who have not yet abjured Christianity; the remnants of Germany's professors and philosophers who have not yet abjured reason; the remnants of Germany's business men who still cling to her foundering trade. Do none of these ever dare to hint to the "All-Highest" of the black dog that rides their minds? Does Kaiser-Jekyll himself never whisper in the night to Kaiser-Hyde?

Looking For One German Funnel.

"The twentieth century belongs to the Germans." There is one Herr Ballin who can come to his master with figures at his finger-ends to show how well founded was that proverb until August 1914. He can show

him that in that fateful summer Germany ranked second among maritime countries, with upwards of 2,000 large ocean-going steamers manned by 80,000 German sailors. He can show him that (in 1912) the exports of German merchandise were 484 millions, her imports 578½ millions, and that the normal growth of these exports and imports promised in a few years to outpass the exports and imports of her rival Great Britain. He can show that, before the war, Germany supplied one-quarter of the world's production of raw iron; that her chemical industry, employing a quarter of a million Germans, supplied four-fifths of the tonnage requirements of all other industrial countries; that the furriers' turnover at Leipzig alone was over five million pounds, and that the principal market for that turnover was the United Kingdom. He can point out also that the whole trade of Germany had come to depend largely on imports of raw materials, that the bulk of those imports have been entirely stopped, and all that trade is paralyzed. And all the history of the world records that commerce is like a man when paralysis has once stricken him; it can never wholly recover.

Herr Ballin can hold up the periscope for his imperial master and urge him to look through it over all the seas of the world for one German funnel. He can bid him look across the Atlantic and behold, vast even against the mammoth walls of New York, Germany's rusting seagory, the Leviathan Vaterland, eating up a millionaires' income daily in the bare interest on her cost. He can turn the periscope upon cobwebbed Hamburg and show his master, rank upon rank, bowsprit to stern, the fleet of Germany's commerce, waiting even more surely and ignominiously than that other German fleet at Kiel.

Does the German Emperor ever hold privy converse with that unhappy sinecurist his Colonial Minister? Dr. Solf has a sorry set of maps and statistics for the "All-Highest's" eye. Before the war the German colonies had a total area of over a million square miles. But Togoland has gone, German Southwest Africa has gone, Germany in the Pacific has gone, Kiau-Chau has gone, the Cameroons are going; German East Africa alone is left, marooned until Germany's enemies have time to crush it. The Kaiser's Colonial Minister must surely sometimes suggest to him that this twentieth century that belongs to Germany will be like those maps of the ancients that know no geography outside Europe.

But the truly terrible thing that the Kaiser beholds through that periscope that peers over the wall of the future is not political, financial, or material. It is concerned not with dominion, colonies, or commerce; it will be unaltered by victory or defeat. It is psychical.

What Germany Has Lost.

The twentieth century, to which the Kaiser belongs, is to witness the long account of the Kaiser and his people, with the Christianity



LORD AND LADY ASTOR.

American papers have been slightly peevish at the additional evidence of Astor's desertion of America, furnished by his elevation to the Peerage. He has lived in England fifteen years and owns several newspapers. His father made the Astor fortune "in America." His wife was Nanie Langhorne, one of the four famous southern beauties.

they have spurned, the humanity which they have outraged, the coral reef of civilization they have mined, and the common code of human conduct they have broken into shards.

There are night watches already of the New Attila when he must sweat at thought of the epithets that History, even a thousand years after this century that "belong" to him, will barb her pen with when she writes his name. There is a writing which flames on the midnight upon castle wall or field tent of the German Emperor, and the words of it are: "As long as men have pens and women have tongues to tell children of the world that you brought upon the world will your name be the most accursed of all human names except that of Judas."

No device or cajolery of the Kaiser or the Germans can alter that future. No repentance or conjuration can win her the stony and sickened heart of Europe. How many years will it be before decent men of this world will knowingly sit at table with a German, before they will shake the spotted German hand, or seek travel for either business' pleasure in the German land, or hold indeed any ordinary human comity with the Teuton? Will the Belgians, with their memories of Vise and Louvain? Will the French—even after Rheims has repudiated her shattered holiness? Will the Russians—with that picture ever red before their eyes of the massacres and the flights of Poland? Shall we British—with the ghost of the Lusitania still walling her spectral sirens?

Germany may breed again her population and outlive her tragedy of a Germany of old men, women, and children. Ten by ten she may recapture her old trade. Humbled and purged, she may even reset some little of that diadem of learning, philosophy, poetry, and song that she has trod into the kennel. But in the lifetime of no German living to-day will she recapture that only sweetness that makes the lives of nations, like the lives of individuals, endurable to themselves—the respect and friendship of their neighbors.

That is the twentieth century that belongs to Germany.

JAVANESE KEEP GRAND COURTS

Sultans Surrounded by Hordes of Uniformed Retainers.

Wide World Message.

Among Oriental monarchs none maintain such gorgeous courts as those of the two Middle States, the Sultan of Solo and the Sultan of Djokja. Java's two remaining native rulers. Surrounded by hordes of strangely-uniformed retainers, consisting of soldiers, musicians, singers, dancers and bearers of fan and umbrella, pipe and betel-bowl, the courts of these rulers present an extraordinary spectacle that recalls a comic opera on a colossal scale.

The monarchs referred to only rule in name, for the whole island of Java is in possession of the Dutch and is entirely governed by them. Indeed, these native kings are virtually political prisoners in their own extensive palace grounds, for they are not even allowed to receive visitors or to undertake a journey without the consent of the Dutch Resident. Nevertheless, they wield considerable influence and maintain their courts with all the barbaric splendor of medieval days, jealously observing customs that date back five hundred years and more.

Surakarta and Djokakarta, more commonly called Solo and Djokjo, where these courts are situated, are the capitals of the two Middle States of Java. The rulers of these provinces were the last to yield to the overseas usurpers, and as tributary princes enjoying a "protected independence," accepted an "advisory ruler" in the person of a Dutch Resident, who sits at their sovereign elbows and by "suggestions" rules their territories for the greater good of the natives and the Dutch exchequer.

All the region around Djokja and Solo is classic ground, and the oldest Javanese myths and legends, the earliest traditions of native life, have their locale hereabouts. As a result, Djokja and Solo have been the least affected by contact with Western methods, and here Javanese life has remained virtually unchanged.

It is said of the Sultan of Djokja that he has nine hundred and ninety-nine wives, one hundred and fifty state carriages, a stud of huge Burmese elephants, and a hundred fighting cocks. This, of course, is an exaggeration, though it is true that he has many wives, a host of carriages, some elephants, and a number of fighting cocks.

By ancient Javanese law, which the Sultan rigorously follows, he has one chief lady consort, known as the Ratu, or Sultana, and eight legitimate wives of the first rank. In addition to these there are twenty-four wives of the second rank, and another twenty young girls who may be described as aspiring wives. The total number of his female servants is one hundred and twenty-five. When they are on duty, as on all festive occasions, they wear a "knife of service"—the kris, or native dagger—in the side of their belts. Their dress on such occasions, too, is indicative of their position, the wives of the first rank being gowned in the most gorgeous of

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915
Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

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SHE is one of some Three Million Belgians who, since they refused to sell their honor to Germany, have lived on the brink of starvation. A thriving industrial people, used to life's comforts, they have been reduced to a state where they dream, not of luxuries or pleasures, but of having enough to eat!

True to their character as the war has unmasked it, the Germans callously refuse to help the starving. The task of feeding them has been undertaken by Belgium's Allies and Neutral Nations, through the

Belgian Relief Fund

provided by voluntary contributions and administered with wonderful economy and efficiency by a neutral Commission.

Absolutely none of the supplies go to Germans, and most of the food taken into the country is paid for by Belgians who have still a little money. But to feed those who cannot pay, nearly \$2,500,000 a month is needed!

Surely no people ever deserved our sympathy and aid more than do these starving Belgians!

They face a winter of necessity, while we are living in plenty. The Fund needs regular weekly or monthly contributions rather than larger but spasmodic gifts. Let us plan to deny ourselves, if necessary—share with our needy Allies—and help to save their lives.

Send your contributions to Local or Provincial Committees or to the

Central Executive Committee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

\$2.50 KEEPS A BELGIAN FAMILY A MONTH

Cheques to be made payable to "THE TREASURER, BELGIAN RELIEF FUND, 59 St. Peter street, Montreal, or to local committees.

The Internal Nerves

The Nerves Which Drive the Machinery of the Body—the Heart, the Lungs, the Digestive Organs.

You prick your finger and know that it is the nerves which carry the painful sensation to the brain. You move your hand, and realize that the idea of movement started in your mind. But did you ever think that every beat of your heart and every breath of air faken into your lungs is dependent on a constant supply of nerve force?

It is the internal or sympathetic nerves which drive the machinery of the body, and from their derangement or exhausted condition arises weakness of the stomach, feeble action of the heart, or inactivity of liver and bowels.

When nerve force fails every organ of the body becomes more or less deranged. Indigestion, sleeplessness, headaches, irritability and nervousness are some of the first indications.

You lose energy and ambition, find your work a drudgery, and grow weak and listless. As time goes on you become more and more helpless, until nervous prostration or collapse bring you to the sick bed, and long months are often necessary for the restoration of the exhausted nervous system.

Even in this extreme condition Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will usually cure if its use is persisted in, but how much wiser it is to heed the warning in the early stages and keep the nerve force at high-water mark.

No restorative has ever proven its worth in so many thousands of cases as has Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. What it has done for others it will do for you under similar conditions. By forming new, rich blood it nourishes the starved and depleted nerves back to health and vigor, and thereby overcomes the cause of weakness and diseases of the nerves.

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FARMER, LEGLESS, BUT HE DOES ALL KINDS OF WORK.

Michigan Man, About 45 Years Old, Example of Pluck and Energy.

New York Sun.

As an example of pluck and energy consider Myron L. Briggs of Battle Creek, Mich. Mr. Briggs, who has no legs, does practically every kind of farm work, and is prospering.

Briggs is about forty-five years old, strong and healthy. He hitched up his three-horse team and cuts his own hay, wheat and oats, then goes out and cuts more for neighbors who have no binder.

He can climb up a ladder over the high cross beam into the hay mow and throw down or mow away hay almost as rapidly and as well as any able-bodied worker.

He can hitch up his team and drive out into the field alone, and plow or harrow all day, using seats on each implement.

He rides a two-horse cultivator, and cultivates corn and potatoes by a hand-stick attachment that operates two cultivator gangs.

Mr. Briggs lost both legs in a street car accident sixteen years ago. For eighteen months he lay in a hospital hovering between life and death. Then he slowly recovered.

Some of his friends thought he would try selling novelties on the streets, but he was too ambitious. So became a farmer.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

FOR LAME BACK LUMBAGO SCIATICA RHEUMATIC PAINS NEURALGIA

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