

"MY THREE YEARS IN A GERMAN PRISON"

By HON. HENRI S. BELAND, MD., M.P.

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CHAPTER I. IT IS WAR.

It was the 26th of July, 1914. My wife and I were walking leisurely in the park of a village in the Pyrenees...

I stopped him, asking at the same time, "What war?"

"Why, the war between Austria and Serbia," he answered. "The paper will give you all the details."

As a matter of fact, the paper he was holding, "La Liberté du Sud-Ouest," contained the text of the now and forever famous ultimatum of Austria-Hungary to the little Balkan power.

The following day, at each important railway station we passed through on our way from Bordeaux to Paris, fresh editions of the French newspapers were brought to us, each containing strong, passionate comments on the diplomatic document which threatened the peace of Europe.

In the compartment of the train where we sat the conversation was animated. That Austria was at her perilous tricks again was the consensus of opinion generally, although the best informed ones realized that it was ambitious and treacherous Germany which inspired Austria.

We stayed a few days in Paris on our way to Antwerp. Our impression of the French capital was that even in that diplomatic torment, the city maintained a remarkable calmness.

Of course, the sole topic of discussion in the cafes, on the boulevards, in the buses and the trams was the war, but there appeared at her perilous tricks again was the consensus of opinion generally, although the best informed ones realized that it was ambitious and treacherous Germany which inspired Austria.

I wished to send a telegram to Belgium, but was told that all lines had been taken over by the military authorities, and that my message would probably be delayed a full day or more.

On the day of my leaving Paris for Antwerp I paid a visit to the Honorable Mr. Roy, Canadian High Commissioner, and asked him what he thought of the diplomatic situation. The eminent representative of Canada expressed grave anxiety, and said he feared a declaration of war between Germany and France was imminent.

At noon the same day my wife and I started for Antwerp on the Paris-Amsterdam fast express, passing through the territory of France and Belgium which within two months was to be the scene of horrors of war that have appalled the whole world.

Far were we then from thinking that those cities—actual beehives of industry—and those fine farm lands, bearing fast-ripening crops and inviting the harvester's scythe, would be within a few weeks devastated, pillaged, plundered and burned.

The agitation was great in Antwerp; the city serenity had been called to arms, and on this same evening, July 30th, rumors were already in circulation that Germany had sinister intentions and that she was actually preparing to violate Belgium's neutrality.

The mere mention of such an act, which meant trampling upon all international laws, stirred the Belgian people to a high pitch of indignation. The same evening we arrived at the village of Capellen, situated six miles north of Antwerp, on the Antwerp-Rotterdam highway.

On the following day, Saturday, August 1st, we started for Brussels, en route to Ostend, and thence to Middelkerke, a charming seaside resort, where we were to spend the rest of the summer season. Middelkerke is situated half way between Ostend and Nieuport, recently evacuated by the Germans, and which has been the division line between the German and the Belgian armies for four years.

An incident of which I have a per-



HON. DR. BELAND AS HE APPEARED IN PRISON.

An enlarged copy of a photograph of Hon. Dr. Beland, taken in the yard of the Stadtgeisel prison, Berlin, Germany, in June, 1917, after he had been in captivity two years. During that period Hon. Dr. Beland lost over forty pounds in weight. Shortly after the photograph was taken, Dr. Beland took ill, and the seriousness of his illness led to repeated efforts of the Canadian and British authorities to obtain his release, which was finally successful a year later.

sonal knowledge shows that Germany intended to violate Belgium's neutrality from the outset of the imbroglio between Austria and Serbia. We were about to leave Brussels for Ostend and had already boarded the train when a well-known citizen of Ghent and his wife entered the already crowded compartment where we sat. They apologized for their intrusion, but in such pressing times one had to travel as best one could, and it was with sincerity that we accepted apologies of the couple for intruding in such a way in the compartment allotted to us.

After exchanging cards, the gentleman related that the day before he and his wife were returning in an automobile from a tour in Germany, when, near the frontier, they were stopped by German military. Their papers were examined, but notwithstanding their credentials as Belgian subjects, and proof that they were on their way home from a holiday trip, their automobile was seized and they were compelled to stay the night in a hotel. The room assigned to them was on the ground floor, where they were unable to sleep owing to the tramp, tramp of German regiments marching to the German border. The troops were singing "Deutschland über alles," and the rattle of the drums never ceased from early evening until the following morning. This happened in a village situated within two or three kilometers from the Belgian frontier, on the night of July 31st. Germany's ultimatum to Belgium was not presented until two days later.

In the journey from Brussels to Ostend, which was much delayed owing to the throng which, moved to fear by all kinds of wild rumors, were eager to reach home, another incident occurred. In the section of the train where my wife and I were seated were four other passengers in addition to the couple I have already referred to. They were three Austrian ladies—a mother and her two daughters—and a man—a well-known owner of racing horses from Charleroi. The three ladies apparently belonged to the

highest society. They were on their way to Ostend, where they intended taking a steamer for England, where the mother said her son was a student. The conversation between the sportsman and the three ladies turned on the tenacious of the situation then existing between Austria and Serbia. The man was very outspoken in his denunciation of Austria. The elder lady, naturally, defended her country.

"The Serbians," the man replied, "may not be above suspicion, but there are other things equally suspicious, and this war which you are about to declare on a small country may be the act of the Austrian Government directed to extend its territory in the Balkans. It is dictated above all by the Autocrat at Potsdam, who is holding the stakes and will direct every move to satisfy his insatiable ambition."

The lady, I must say, while moderate in her retorts, was nevertheless obstinate in denying that Germany had anything to do with the Balkan imbroglio, but the racing man was also obstinate, and with what turned out to be extraordinary accuracy he predicted that within a few days France, Russia and Great Britain would take up the cudgels on behalf of Serbia and enter the fray.

The conversation was still going on when the trainman announced Ostend. CHAPTER II. THE GERMAN TAVERN-KEEPER AND THE BRABANCONNE. Great agitation reigned on the beach at Middelkerke on August 3rd, 1914. The newspapers had just published the text of the Kaiser's ultimatum to the Belgian Government. The indignation was at its highest pitch. The population could not conceive that the German Emperor, who had been entertained in Brussels a few months previously, who had been the guest of the King of the Belgians and the Belgian nation, could stoop so low as to insult both King and people. From the villa where

we lived we could watch the crowds congregate on the beach. From time to time groups would leave the main body and, forming into a procession, would march to the front of a tavern, whose owner and noisy was a German. On the front of this tavern were three large signs advertising the merits of a certain brew of German beer. The crowd had to give vent to its indignation in some way, and the German signs were a tempting target for the irate population. It took but a minute to pull down the lower sign. The use of an adder was required to pull down the one above. While this rather comical performance was going on, the surging crowd yelled and hollered, and called upon the volunteer wreckers to pull down the topmost sign, which adorned the front of the third story. The ladder was too short. When this was realized, a delegation was sent to the tavern-keeper to demand that he himself go up and pull down the obtrusive sign.

At first the man demurred, but seeing the increasing excitement he decided to obey the summons. A few seconds afterwards his rubeund face appeared at a window near the roof of the building, and, not without difficulty, he succeeded in pulling down the sign, while the whole beach rang with the echoes of the crowd singing and a brass band playing Belgium's national anthem, "La Brabanconne."

The following morning the proud sportsman and the three ladies were circulating. A herald read the royal proclamation at all corners of the streets leading to the beach, amid the acclamations of the younger folks. Meanwhile sinister rumors were circulating. Some were to the effect that Vise was burning; others that Argenteau had been destroyed; that civilians had been executed; that devastation and terror reigned in the region situated east of the Meuse river; that the Germans, without even waiting a reply to their provoking summons to Belgium, had invaded Belgian territory—which fact the reader now knows to be true—according to the statement made to me a few days previously on that Ostend train by the couple returning to Ghent from a trip through Germany.

I particularly recall the anguish of a brave old lady, Mrs. Ancault, who owned and was staying at a villa

as I had heard him speaking English. I asked him, "Are you English, sir?"

"No," he replied, "I am an American."

"Well," I continued in English, "if you are an American we belong to the same continent; I am a Canadian."

He did not appear to relish my overtures, but when I began to admire the landscape from the window.

"May I inquire where you are going?" I ventured to ask after a short interval of silence.

"To Russia," he answered.

"But why?" I said; "my dear man, you will never reach Russia; Germany is at war with Belgium, and I don't see how you can get through to Russia."

"Oh," he said, "I shall go by way of Holland."

His abruptness and reserve convinced me that he had no desire to continue the conversation. I began to entertain suspicions of the stranger, and my wife, who occupied the seat opposite to us, indicated by a significant glance that she, too, thought there was something extraordinary in the demeanor of our travelling companion.

The train was running at express speed, and a few minutes later we reached Bruges. On the station platform an expectant, excited crowd had gathered.

The passenger I had addressed took up his suit case and was hurriedly leaving the train when fifty voices in the crowd cried together, "C'est lui! C'est lui! C'est lui!" "It is he! It is he! It is he!"

On the platform the man was immediately taken in charge by four or five gendarmes who asked him abruptly, "Are you German?"

He made no reply, but nodded his head affirmatively.

He was surrounded by the irate crowd and several individuals attempted to take him by force from the custody of the gendarmes, who, however, maintained their guardianship and protected the stranger against the threatened assault, though with difficulty and at the risk of their own lives.

"What happened to this man, or where he was placed, I do not know. Was he the belated traveller he pretended to be, or was he actually a spy? I cannot say, but if he was a spy in the employ of Germany, and if he ever goes back to his country, may one story he will be able to relate will describe the narrow escape he had at Bruges from the violence of a crowd of Belgians whose righteous indignation had been aroused by the insult to the nation's honor and dignity by the great Central Empire.

CHAPTER IV. Doing Hospital Work. It is unnecessary for me, I think, to insist here upon the patriotism displayed by the Belgian nation. All classes of the population, rich and

poor, young and old, of all ages and of both sexes were anxious to help the national cause of their country threatened by the German monster.

During the first days of August, 1914, on all sides I was asked the question: "Mr. Beland, what do you think England will do?" And I had from the outset a sincere conviction, which I expressed freely, that if Germany failed to execute her threat to violate the neutrality of Belgium Great Britain would declare war on the invader.

I recall most distinctly a demonstration which took place on the beach at Middelkerke, on the day Germany's ultimatum was published. In the North Sea in the offing the people could see what, to the naked eye, looked like a bank of clouds. Through the glasses, however, one could plainly perceive a squadron of British warships. When the news was announced the reassuring effect it had on the population was touching, and when I promptly called for three cheers for the British squadron the response was fervid and prolonged. From the moment it became known that Great Britain had signified to Germany that she would enter the fray to avenge the honor of Belgium and uphold the sanctity of treaties—a tremendous confidence, an atmosphere of serenity, replaced the anxiety, depression and fear that had occupied the minds of all.

It was then that I went to Antwerp and offered my services as physician to the Belgian Medical Army Corps. I was given a cordial welcome and I took up my duty at St. Elizabeth Hospital, directed by Dr. Conrad, one of the most prominent and celebrated physicians of Antwerp, indeed of Belgium.

This hospital was in charge of Sisters of Charity whose name I now forget. Let it suffice to say that these noble women showed a devotion beyond human praise and reward. They were indeed martyrs to their cause.

It was towards the middle of August that the first wounded began to arrive at the hospital, coming from the centre of Belgium. All the physicians, except myself, were army physicians and had been engaged for nearly two years ago.

The death took place in Mons on Wednesday, of Charles F. Neld, who a number of years ago was a resident of Brockville. The deceased was born in England eighty-two years ago.

WAR PUZZLES



RUSSIANS TOOK

1,061 German prisoners northeast of Czernowitz, three years ago today, January 4, 1916.

Find another prisoner. YESTERDAY'S ANSWER. Upper right corner down, eye at left shoulder.

listed at the outbreak of the hostilities.

It was on August 25, if I remember well, that the first German air raid was made on the City of Antwerp. It is difficult to convey an idea of the manner in which this event filled the citizens with terror. The Zeppelins were then unknown to the ordinary population. Twelve civilians—men, women and children—were killed by the bombs dropped by the raiders. On the following morning there appeared in La Métropole, an Antwerp newspaper, an article advising the burial of the victims at a certain place in the city, and the erection of a monument bearing the following inscription: "Assassinated by the German barbarians on the 25th of August, 1914."

The indignation of the public was great. The presence of German subjects in Antwerp had become impossible. Most of them, however, had by that time left the fortified portion of the city.

Every morning I used to bring with me to the hospital a copy of the London Times, and when we had a few moments of leisure the other physicians would gather around to hear the translation of the principal items of news.

Brussels was occupied by the Germans on August 18; Antwerp had now become the centre of the Belgians' resistance; the seat of the Government and the general staff of the army had been transferred here.

In America one had not yet a full conception of the popularity of King Albert and of Queen Elizabeth among their subjects. Very few sovereigns enjoy to such a large extent the love and confidence of their people.

One day I had left the hospital and was running towards the wharves on hearing that detachment of German prisoners captured by the Belgians was to pass that way. I shall never forget the spectacle offered on that occasion by the entire population of the city crowding the main streets and avenues to get a glimpse of these German soldiers, invaders of the sacred soil of Belgium. And it was while wending my way through the streets to get nearer glimpse of the captives that more than ever I realized how the Belgians resented the insult inflicted upon them by the barbarian hordes. The prisoners looked tired and haggard; they were covered with dust and mud; the sight was pitiable.

When returning to the hospital I encountered half way down a narrow street leading to the cathedral, a group of small boys, who were making an oration of honor of a young lad, neatly dressed, and accompanied by a small boy eight or ten years of age. The boys were joined by adults who continued to cheer the Queen and the Prince as they passed. Through the "Place de Meir" towards the royal palace. For it was the Queen and her son walking unostentatiously on the street. From every door and every window men, women and children continued cheering: "Vive la reine Elizabeth! Vive le petit Prince!"

In the last weeks of August and during the three first weeks of September, the Belgian troops concentrated in the fortified positions of Antwerp, and made several demonstrations against the Germans, who then occupied Brussels and Malines. At the hospital we were notified in advance of their attack by the Belgian army, so that we might prepare ourselves to receive a fresh contingent of wounded the following day.

The wounded brought into St. Elizabeth Hospital was not, as a rule, very seriously injured, although at times and at first sight one would have believed them mortally injured. Happily up to this date there had been no artillery attack on Antwerp. It is wounds resulting from artillery fire that are the most dangerous and the most frightful to look upon.

(To be Continued.)

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM LOCAL BRANCH TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SEPT. 29TH, 1918.

Trains will leave and arrive at City Station, Foot of Johnson Street. Going West. City Arr. City

No. 19 Mail ... 12:30 a.m. 12:57 a.m. No. 13 Express ... 2:10 a.m. 2:52 a.m. No. 27 Local ... 2:45 a.m. 10:17 a.m. No. 1 Intern'l Ltd. 1:15 p.m. 1:45 p.m. No. 7 Mail ... 3:10 p.m. 3:47 p.m.

Going East. Lvs. City Arr. City No. 18 Mail ... 1:40 a.m. 2:17 a.m. No. 16 Express ... 3:10 a.m. 3:52 a.m. No. 5 Mail ... 12:30 p.m. 1:52 p.m. No. 14 Intern'l Ltd. 1:15 p.m. 2:16 p.m. No. 28 Local ... 4:45 p.m. 7:24 p.m.

Nos. 1, 13, 14, 16, 18, 19 run daily. Other trains daily except Sunday.

Direct route to Toronto, Peterborough, Hamilton, Buffalo, London, Detroit, Chicago, Bay City, Sarnia, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Portland, St. John, Halifax, Boston and New York. For Pullman accommodation, tickets and all other information, apply to J. P. Hanley, Agent, Agency for all ocean steamship lines. Open day and night.

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You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else from every trial. Usually stops the ordinary cough of chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Four 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16-oz. bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make 16 ounces of family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made-cough syrup. And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly seals the inflamed membrane that lines the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma. Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Buckskin and Oil Tanned Moccasins, all sizes.

Ladies' Black Rubbers, first quality to fit all heels at \$1.00 per pair.

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John E. Vincent, son of Mrs. E. L. Vincent, Cape Vincent, N.Y., expects to go to France soon for the Y.M.C.A. to assist in educational work among the American soldiers.



THE DIGUE AT MIDDLEKERKE.

Between Ostend and Nieuport on the North Sea. The cross shows the Cugel's villa owned by Mrs. Beland and now destroyed.