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"My Three Years in a German Prison"

By Hon. Henri S. Beland, M.D., M.P. — Copyright 1919

CHAPTER IX.

A German Host.

"Do please hurry, and return to the house, my dear sir and madame, for the Germans are there."

It was a young lad who thus addressed us on the sidewalk midway between the church and the chateau. My wife and I were returning from church when we were thus apprised that the Hun was more than at the gate—that in fact he was beyond it, and actually in the house awaiting our return. We hastened our footsteps homewards. The first thing we observed was an automobile standing opposite the main entrance.

In the house we found ourselves in the presence of a German officer of medium build. He bowed very low to my wife and myself, and then explained that the automobile standing at the door in charge of three soldiers belonged to him. He spoke the French language and demanded lodgings.

Such an unexpected request was perplexing, to say the least. We could hardly refuse it, although, candidly, we did not relish the proposition in the least. I explained that the house was full of refugees, who were our relatives; that they had been with us for over a week, and that under the circumstances it would be difficult, if not quite impossible, to find fitting accommodation for him. He insisted, however, saying the three soldiers who accompanied him—a chauffeur, and orderly and a valet—could sleep in the garage, and he alone would require a room in our house. I thought that in stating my nationality he might change his mind; so I said to him: "I am very anxious to return with my wife to Caanda, for I am a Canadian, consequently a British subject."

"I know that," he replied. "I know that."

I have to confess that I was astonished to learn that he knew my nationality. What a marvellous service of espionage these Germans had!

"Yes," he added, "I can say definitely that you must not leave Belgium. There is nothing to prevent you remaining here, even if you are a British subject. I have also learned that you are a physician, and that as such you served in hospital at Antwerp. You need have no fear, then, in remaining here; you are protected under laws of military authority."

I exchanged a glance with my wife and together we reached the same conclusion. We would receive this officer in the house, find accommodation for his servants, and, for ourselves, we would remain in Capellen. As a matter of fact, we were very happy to be able to reach this decision, as Capellen, at that time, had no other medical doctor. Several of the local physicians had joined the army, and others had gone to Holland. I might, therefore, be able to render some service by remaining. My wife was at the head of a charity organization long established at Capellen, and which, in consequence of the war, had become of exceptional utility and importance. This was how we came to remain, and the children with us.

The German officer came from Brunswick. Goering was his name. For two years he had been attached to the German Embassy in Spain, and later he was for eight years at the German legation in Brazil. He had, it must be acknowledged, acquired a great deal of polish through his international experience. He spoke English and French fairly well. He had none of the haughtiness and self-conceited characteristics of the ordinary Prussian officers. But he entertained no doubt about the ultimate success of the German arms, above all at that moment when the world-famed fortress of Antwerp had just fallen into their hands. He professed to believe that German troops would land in England within a few weeks ,and this opinion was shared by his three military servants. The Germans were already in Ostend, and from that place an expeditionary force was to be directed against England. That project was on everyone's lips.

The officer remained with us for about three months, leaving at the end of December. I must acknowledge again that I never found in him the typical Prussian officer. This is easy to conceive when one recalls that for ten years immediately preceding he had lived in foreign countries, and associated with diplomats and attaches of embassies and legations of many countries. Naturally, he believed in the superiority of the German race. He boasted of German culture. He was convinced German industry was destined to monopolize the world's markets. He insisted that France was degenerate, that Britain had not, and would never have, a powerful army, and said Dunkirk and Calais would surely be captured within a few weeks, etc, etc., etc.

During October and November of that year, it was possible, although the frontier was guarded by German sentries, to cross into Holland on any pretext whatsoever. One might go there to buy provisions so long as the sentries were satisfied the party intended to return. It was only at Christmas, 1914, that the frontier between Antwerp and Holland was "hermetically closed"—if I may use this term. At the distance of about one kilometre from the frontier, a post of inspection and control was established. Here on Christmas day the most absolute control of passports was ordered. No one could cross unless provided with a permit issued by the German administration in Antwerp. We were, therefore, at that time cut off from all communication with the outside world.

Winter had come; distress was great in Belgium, and but for the foodstuffs and clothing forwarded from the United States and Canada—but for the charitably disposed rich families, who can tell what horrors the population of the occupied territory would have gone through.

(To be continued.)

AFTER

By Margaret E. Sangster.

When war is over, and a world set free,
And youth returns, triumphant, to our land—
Then, dear heart, you'll be coming back to me!
With eager lips, and tender outstretched hand,
You will be coming as you came of old,
At eventime, with laughter lilting gay,
Glad of the little things that life may hold—
And I will meet you in the self-same way.

Yes, in the shadows by my oaken door,
I will be waiting as I used to wait—
And I will feel that you are come, before
I hear the clicking of the garden gate,
And, in the darkness there, my pulse will leap,
Reviving dreams that long have lain asleep.

—January Good Housekeeping

The Biological Democrat.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley in the January Good Housekeeping.

We have been fighting for world-wide democracy. The autocratic military power that stood in the road has crumbled. We see the light of the morning of victory bright in the east. But we should not relax in any way our efforts until the sun of democracy is fully risen. There is another problem of almost equal importance. When we have at last a democratic world, shall we have democrats who are fit to live in? What matter justice, right, and autonomy to the democrat with a sunken chest, a bleary eye, syphilitic blood, and spindle shins? The democrat fit to enjoy democracy is full-blooded, full-chested, robust, and free of paint. We should have a well-rounded biological democrat as well as a well-environed political democracy. In our zeal for the ideal political conditions, we should not lose sight of the ideal individual. The world is full of biological beings. The figures from the draft returns are not collated, but apparently some fifty per cent. of the adult Americans whose ages were suitable for military service were found physically unfit. A campaign for health should go hand in hand with any war for democracy.

The Truth is sometimes painful. For instance when the doctor says one must give up the dearly loved cup of tea or coffee.

Happiness follows however, when one finds out how delicious and health making is the pure cereal drink

INSTANT POSTUM

THE LATEST STYE

Tillie Turtle—Say, how do you like my new fur neckpiece?

At the Theatres

(Continued from Page 8.)

"Turn to the Right."

Peach jam plays an important part in "Turn to the Right," the play of mirth and morals which comes to the Grand Opera House on Saturday, matinee and night, and one of its most important scenes is that in which Sam Martin, the country bumpkin, explains how the peaches in "Ma" Bascom's orchard would make a fortune if converted into the toothsome preserve and sold through a New York wholesale grocer. Sam glibly rattles off the number of peaches on a tree, the number of trees to the acre, the amount of jam they would make, the cost and the profit, while the audience howls with laughter over his enthusiasm. It is doubtful that anyone in the audience could repeat any of the figures a minute after Sam's speech, though the speech is important to the development of the plot. But Winchell Smith, the author, is a stickler for accuracy, and before he wrote that scene he consulted William C. Robinson, of the Fairview Farms, near Mr. Smith's Connecticut home. Mr. Robinson is the leading authority on peach culture, and the figures used in the play were furnished by him after the author described the orchard that he had in mind.

Coming, Harry Lauder.

The welcome announcement is made that Harry Lauder, who has been aptly described as "the world's greatest entertainer," will appear at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14th, for the one night only. This will be a surprise, for there has been a very prevalent belief that this past master of homely song characterization would not be seen in the United States again owing to his well-known desire to retire. Having yielded, however, to insistent demands for a tour of Australia, he has consented to pay a few dates en route to the Antipodes. The American tour covers a period of only twelve weeks, part of which will be devoted to Canada. At the close of the American tour he will sail direct to Australia, where he opens at Melbourne on April 30th of next year.

For this tour Mr. Lauder has written a number of new songs. The principal ones are "Back, Back to Where the Heather Grows," "When I Was Twenty-one," and "There is Somebody Waiting for Me." He will, it is announced, also revive several of the old favorites that have become so thoroughly associated with his name and which never lose their flavor for American audiences. Mr. Lauder will be assisted by his own company of entertainers.

AN EPICURE

Ostrich — Ah how I enjoy a few nuts for lunch.

Died at Clarendon.

Clarendon, Jan. 7.—The death took place at Clarendon on January 6th of Mrs. Arthur White, following an attack of influenza and pneumonia. Deceased was thirty-four years of age, and was born at Gananoque. She was ill nine days, all members of the family being confined to the house with "flu." Much sympathy is extended to the family. A young daughter had pneumonia and is in a critical condition. Deceased is survived by her husband and six children. The funeral took place on Monday, interment being made at Zealand cemetery. Rev. H. Pringle, of Sharbot Lake, officiated at the funeral, which was of a private nature.

Lieut. H. E. Matthews, Trenton, of the 3rd Tunneling Co., Canadian Engineers, has been awarded the Military Cross for distinguished conduct on the field.

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Zam-Buk

MARSHAL FOCH IN ENGLAND

Heroes met at Charing Cross station by the Duke of Connought, representing His Majesty, and they were snapped leaving for their motor.

Music in the Home

Were Getting Lazy Musically.

The spirit of the day is—make music. Make music yourself. Every one of us can sing or play. The trouble is we were getting into a lazy habit of letting other people make music for us. Music was beginning to be unconsciously looked upon by some as a sort of mild narcotic. It could be purchased at a nominal cost. It was sweetly soothing, capable of driving away dull care, resting the mind and giving one real enjoyment. Once one eased off in playing or singing himself it became doubly easy to sink into an easy chair and enjoy music without any effort at all if possible.

That music can produce this soothing effect is beyond debate, and it is a blessing for which humanity can never be too thankful. But the extreme must be guarded against. The spirit of to-day is—make music. It is not necessary to have a trained voice to sing. It is not obligatory for the adult to go back and pursue a course of piano study, the child's way, in order to play the piano. The invention of that wonderful player piano mechanism has overcome that handicap. So that to-day one loses any former self-consciousness about performing before others because music has been made a democratic pleasure. Grieg, and Chopin and Beethoven and Mendelssohn are possible for every one, not merely to hear but to execute. If people do not sing a one they sing in groups. The children sing. The trend of the times is to be active, not passive, musically.

Girls' Drum Corps to Rescue.

The employees of a large store, who were desirous of doing something to promote patriotic work, had several schemes in mind. Along came someone with the proposal—why not form a girls' drum corps. This could participate in parades, open air meetings and the like. The suggestion caught on at once.

In a few days applications began coming in to the originators of the scheme for membership in the corps. Soon eighty-five girls were equipped with drum and bugle outfits and rehearsals began in earnest. When the band became reasonably proficient, it paraded in the government loan drive and won widespread and favorable comment. Not content with their accomplishments to date, these young ladies are organizing themselves into a xylophone band. They will start with twenty xylophones ranging from the big bass fellows to the highest trebles. The twenty girls selected to start the band are those who have had sufficient piano training to enable them to begin intelligently on the xylophone. Again it is "hats off to the women."

Visiting Pays.

A teacher of piano who has been remarkably successful was asked by a friend how he managed to break through the crust of the usual routine and put some personality into his work. One of the means employed was what he termed "visiting." All his pupils came to the studio, but every week he gave one lesson in some pupil's home. This enabled him to meet the parents, to observe the conditions under which each pupil practised, and in many ways to gain a first-handed impression of the lines along which each individual pupil can most effectively be appealed to.

These visits revealed many things. In one case the pupil was practising day in and day out with the piano bench too high. In another the child sat at the proper height, but had no rest for her feet. It is a bad custom to allow a child's feet to dangle unsupported all through practice each day. In several instances the piano was poorly placed for the light to shine over the pupil's shoulder. In others the piano was loaded down with photos in frames, vases, curios and other odds and ends like the ordinary mantel. Again in other homes the music was allowed to lie around in a slovenly fashion instead of being put away neatly in the music cabinet.

In one or two instances the visiting teacher learned that a brother or sister or mother was capable of playing duets with the pupil. In another home the father played the violin very well for an amateur. These points were all noted. Where there were mistakes to be corrected a suggestion tactfully made solved the difficulty. And where it was found that other members of the family were musical, that fact was kept in mind in the pupil's further studies. The experience of this teacher shows clearly that for one who has the pupils come to his studio an occasional lesson at the home pays.

Some men have a mania for shutting doors in summer and leaving them open in winter.

It is not always common sense that counts—sometimes it's the uncommon kind.

A wise wife conceals nothing from her husband—except her own faults.

WAR PUZZLES

VILLA

NINETEEN AMERICAN EMPLOYEES

Of a mining company were taken from a train near Chihuahua and shot by Villa bandits, three years ago today, January 10, 1916.

Find an American.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

Upper left corner down above cap.

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1 lot women's grey kid, Havana brown other $9 and $10 shoes. Sale price, $5.95.

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1 lot women's corn color and one lot white overgaiters. Sale price $1.00

1 lot men's mahogany bals and bluchers, English last and round toe, fibre sole and rubber heels, $4.25.

1 lot men's black gun metal bluchers, heavy fibre sole and rubber heels. Sale price $4.49.

1 lot men's $9 and $10 shoes, blacks and dark browns. Choice, $5.95.

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The Home of Good Shoes

Reopen Operations On Canal.

St. Catherines, Jan. 10.—Baldry, Yerburgh and Hutchinson, contractors for section No. 2 Welland ship canal, re-opened their office here and will at once begin the organization of a new staff for a resumption of their section of the work which the Government has authorized after a shutdown of two years. Alex. Grant, formerly of the Trent Valley canal, who succeeds J. L. Weller, as chief engineer of the ship canal, was here today.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fulford, Manhard's, on Dec. 23rd, Rev. L. S. Throop, North Augusta, united in matrimony their eldest daughter, Edna, and Bruce Boyd, second son of Mrs. A. Boyd, of Lord's Mill.