

"My Three Years in a German Prison"

By Hon. Henri S. Boland, M.D., M.P.

Copyright 1919

CHAPTER XIV. In Germany.

Overcome by the tidings of what was to be my fate, I had no inclination for lunch before I left Antwerp. In the evening I was seized by the pangs of hunger, and as there was a dining-car on the train I suggested to my guardian that we should take dinner. My companion, however, did not understand one word either of English or French. I was unable to speak German at that time, so our only mode of communication was by gesture and signs. The spectacle must have been quite comical to an onlooker. Finally I made the man understand that I wanted something to eat. In the dining-car we met with little encouragement. I understood the conductor to explain that the tables were reserved exclusively for officers and persons accompanying them. As my escort was but a non-commissioned officer we were politely but firmly refused refreshment. At Cologne our every attempt to reach the station restaurant failed. The place was overcrowded, and my guardian naturally was very apprehensive that I might escape amid the throng. In this event he would have been severely punished. There was nothing to be done, so we returned to the train. What a night was spent in that compartment among German travelers, taciturn or snoring! Happily the nights in June are short. Soon dawn appeared radiant; I marvelled at this wonderful re-awakening of nature. As early as four o'clock I was able to resume my reading. At nine o'clock we reached Berlin and I saw for the first time the capital of the German Empire. On the station platform a man whose name I was never able to ascertain gazed

beside us. He was dressed in civilian clothes, and after exchanging a few words with the non-commissioned officer it became manifest that he had assumed charge of the party. Outside the station this civilian, in all probability an officer of high rank, motioned me to get into an automobile. Then, addressing me in excellent French, he said: "Is this your first visit to Berlin?" "Yes," I answered. "Berlin is a very beautiful city," he asserted. I made no reply. We proceeded to drive through the streets—where to, I did not know. I had been under the impression that I was to be conducted to Ruhleben, the international camp for civilians. I wondered whether I was being conveyed to a hotel or a boarding-house, where prisoners en route to the camp were temporarily lodged. My chief hope was that I might obtain some food. It was now more than twenty-four hours since I had anything to eat. On our way to Berlin the non-commissioned officer had nibbled some bread he had in his knapsack, but I had no opportunity to break my fast. The automobile was passing along a beautiful avenue. "This is Unter den Linden, the finest avenue in Berlin," said my new companion. One can be anti-German, and at the same time acknowledge that this thoroughfare is a charming one to behold. It stretches from the Brandenburg Gate to the Imperial Palace on the river Spree. We passed the Imperial Palace and immediately afterwards turned into narrower streets. After a drive of about fifteen minutes we arrived in front of a huge building whose walls were a dirty grey. It was, as the reader will have guessed, the jail. I had arrived at my destination. (To be continued.)

WAR PUZZLES



ITALIANS REPULSED AN ATTACK Of Austrians in Monte Asolone region, one year ago today, January 16, 1918. Find another Italian YESTERDAY'S ANSWER Left side down nose at right shoulder

"How long? O Lord! How long?" but the dawn was surely drawing nigh, even though the night was at its blackest. Of us who are at the daybreak of the world, and able to glimpse the high Providences in the war, should be reverent before the faith that held out throughout the midnight experience. A Stubborn King's Hard Lesson. Kings do not learn easily; that is why their ranks have recently been so dramatically thinned. Pharaoh would not listen to the plea of Moses, the divine ambassador, that the overworked Hebrews should be permitted to go off for a period to worship their deity; he who will not heed God's pleadings and warnings must be made to feel His judgments. There is no escaping God, who is incarnate and inevitable justice. Great aggregations of material wealth have thought themselves above the law, and immune from those obligations which society lays upon individuals; but they have been brought to book in a manner not dissimilar from the experience of Pharaoh. The inevitableness of God should be accepted as a basal principle by whoever seeks a life of peace. No one can evade Him or defy Him or ignore Him. The plagues of Egypt are but incidents in a long train of historical events, chief among them the war, which signify that God is bound to have His way in the world. The ten plagues which God sent upon Egypt were natural events supernaturally administered. Each of them had at some time or other, in a lesser measure, been felt by the Egyptians; so they were fully aware of the dreadfulness of these visitations, which came and went at the bidding of Jehovah's messenger, Moses, by the way was the first man in the Scriptural history to bear a commission to others, and the first to work miracles for mankind. The plagues undoubtedly were, although each had its natural analogy. Then followed the crushing blow which broke Pharaoh's proud spirit and accomplished the deliverance of the Hebrews. This time there was no display of the rod, no intimation of high heaven's aid, no instrumentally to impress the people, no awesome warning. Silently and unseen by any mortal, the final blow was delivered in this audacious duel between a proud earthly monarch and the almighty King of kings. In all the mystery of unexpectedness and midnight darkness, by no visible sword, the first-born of all Egypt perished! Pharaoh had doomed all the male infants of Israel to die; now his own son (the Pharaoh of the oppression) was succeeded on the throne by his widow, according to some authorities, and the first-born of every family, down to that of the slave toiling at the mill; yes, down to the first-born of every beast, was suddenly smitten with death. Terrible indeed was the measure, but nothing less could bring Pharaoh to his knees and accomplish the deliverance of His chosen people. And God must be God at any cost; they who will not follow His shepherd staff must be driven by His kingly sceptre. A Sign of Escape. Here we find the beginning of an institution which has been kept up ever since, wherever the children of Abraham have dwelt. It was the divine design to pass over His own people in this dread visitation; therefore He appointed the sign of the blood and the sacrificial feast, crowded with the significance of a fuller, greater Passover and its Lamb yet to come; and this memorial continues to this day, a historic practice more eloquent than the monuments. A keen writer, (Leites) two centuries ago found in the Passover institution four marks which are never lacking from any event of proved historicity: "visibility, publicity, memorial observance and contemporaneousness of institution." More impressive than any comment is the moving narrative itself, as found in Exodus: "Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, Draw out and take you lambs according to your families, and kill the passover. And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the basin, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts with the blood that is in the basin; and none of you shall go out of the door



Article No. 4 Call on for Reference

Pensions

CANADA'S yearly pension bill is estimated by the Minister of Finance at \$30,000,000. This is a minimum figure. How is this vast fund to be administered? To whom will pensions be paid? Everyone is asking these questions. Here is the official answer.

The Organization

A huge organization has been built up to handle pensions promptly, smoothly, fairly. At its head is the Board of Pensions Commissioners. This Board is to be developed as a civil rather than as a military body. It consists of three men, each appointed for ten years, each devoting his whole time to his duties as a Commissioner. The Head Office of the Pensions Board is at Ottawa; and there are seventeen branch offices in the principal centres throughout Canada. An important branch is in operation in London, England. These local branches receive applications from soldiers' dependents for pensions; send "Visitors" to call on pensioners in their homes; hold medical re-examinations; handle complaints. The Board keeps a representative travelling from coast to coast interviewing pensioners and addressing organizations interested in their welfare. He has already conferred with more than 30,000 pensioners. At present 60,000 pensions are being administered by the Board.

A Pension—What it is

A pension is not a gift, gratuity or reward for service done. It is compensation—money paid as a right by Canadians, through their Government, to offset in a measure the handicaps suffered in war by their fellow-citizens—a debt that the country owes to our returned men, and to the dependents of those who have fallen. It is in this spirit that Orders-in-Council governing pensions are framed. It is in this spirit that the Board of Pensions Commissioners administers these Orders-in-Council.

To Whom Payable

Pensions are not awarded for service. Broadly speaking, any soldier or sailor who was disabled during his service is entitled to a pension—provided medical treatment fails to restore his full normal capacity. The amount of the pension is based on the extent of the physical handicap he has suffered. The physical condition of the disabled man is described on his discharge from the service by a Medical Board. Pension is awarded according to the amount of disablement from which he is then found to be suffering. The percentage of handicap has been carefully and thoroughly worked out for every disability. It is both accurate and fair. The relationship between the Medical Board and the pension applicant is that of doctor and patient. Every opportunity is given to have the man's condition judged from his point of view.

Amount of Pension

The pension is awarded to a soldier or sailor so that he can live in decent comfort, despite his handicap. The money he may be able to earn, or the money he earned before the war, does not affect the amount of his pension. The extent of his handicap alone in the general labor market is considered. Every man who has increased his income by Vocational Training will not have his pension decreased or discontinued. The amount of the pension varies also according to the soldier's rank; but his trade or profession is not considered. The minimum pension for a totally disabled unmarried soldier or sailor of the lowest rank is \$600 a year.

Pensions to Dependents

Widows of soldiers or sailors who have died during or as a result of service, are entitled to pension so long as they do not remarry. Children of soldiers or sailors are entitled to pensions up to the age of sixteen, if boys, or seventeen, if girls. Pension is awarded to the parents of a soldier or sailor according, (a) to the degree of their dependency on the deceased soldier and, (b) according to their needs.

Signature of J. Spaully, Director of Repatriation

A complete schedule of the pensions granted to disabled soldiers and sailors, and to their dependents, will be sent to anyone interested. Apply to Board of Pensions Commissioners, Ottawa.



The Repatriation Committee

OTTAWA

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLOOD

By William T. Ellis

\*The International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 19th is: "The Passover"—Exodus 11: 1—13:36.

Even a superficial consideration of the history of our own times reveals strange world tides, which find their explanation in—God. There are manifest movements of human life in contemporary events which betoken to the discerning observer the presence of that Spirit whose hand first shaped the spheres, and has ever since guided the currents of history. This is the deeper meaning of the day's news: it is consciousness of this tremendous fact which sobers and makes reverent many men who have been called upon to play an important part in the world's work. Every man from the trenches brings back a new conviction that God is doing things in the earth to-day. That is the present-day application of the great Old Testament story of the Passover: Jehovah is in the event. The awesome wonders of that still-celebrated night which witnessed the birth of a new nation, were merely evidences that then, as ever, "Standeth God within the shadow, Keeping watch above His own."

so dramatically emerged from slavery has had the longest distinct existence of all the peoples that have ever lived upon earth; and even to this day the persistence in undiminished identity and rejuvenated national consciousness is a witness to the providence of the God of Abraham and Moses. Remove Jehovah as a factor, and who can explain the Jew? A Hard Apprenticeship. More than four hundred years had elapsed between the day when Jacob and his train left the famine-scourged fields of Canaan for the granaries of Egypt, and the day when God spoke to Pharaoh through Moses, saying, "Let my people go." In those years the shepherd clan of Joseph had become a great host. Their strength had come to be regarded as a menace by the Egyptians, who had subjected them to onerous slavery and cruel oppression. In the furnace of affliction they were welded into oneness, awaiting God's hour of deliverance. There are no meaningless blank spaces in life or history. The providence in all these years of bitter Me-solation is now plain; even as we already see great blessings being wrought by the war. When He had prepared Israel, and had prepared a man for the hour, God moved for His people's deliverance. The divine clock may seem long in striking, but it always strikes. Like many mortals, groaning beneath a fortune which hardly can be borne, Israel cried in travail and discouragement.

of his house until the morning. For Jehovah will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when He seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side-posts, Jehovah will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you. And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and to thy sons forever. And it shall come to pass, when ye are come to the land which Jehovah will give you, according as He hath promised, that ye shall keep this service. And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of Jehovah's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when He smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses. "And the people bowed the head and worshipped. And the children of Israel went and did so, as Jehovah had commanded. Moses and Aaron, so did they." And it came to pass at midnight that Jehovah smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon, and all the first-born of cattle. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a

house where there was not one dead." The sanctity of the home. Every people, like every individual heart, has its anniversaries. It is not good to forget these, for they come laden with messages from the past which the present needs. And the great message of the Passover, which is perpetuated in the Lord's Supper, is that in the sign of the blood is salvation. "Christ, our Passover," who was sacrificed for us, is the only warrant we have for claiming the divine favor and protection. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." As I beheld our dear dead in a battlefield of France, more grievously shattered than I can tell, there swept over me the conviction, "These are our bodys, broken for you." In the train of Christ, our heroes have shed their blood for the salvation of mankind. In the shed blood of the whole world's sufficient Paschal Lamb there is safety, liberty and life in fulness. Charles E. Chapin, former city editor of the New York Evening World who on Sept. 16th last shot and killed his wife while she was asleep, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to state prison for a term of from twenty years to life. He desired to die.

Do This Each Morning, You Won't Need Cascarets

Great exercise! Keeps Stomach, Liver and bowels active. Nothing like it! Splendid! But if you insist upon taking your exercise in an easy chair you simply must take a laxative occasionally. The very, very best laxative is Cascarets—to cents a box. "They work while you sleep."



Nothing else works the bile, sour fermentation and poison from the liver and bowels like harmless Cascarets. When Headachy, Bilious, Constipated or if Breath is Tainted, Complexion Sallow, Stomach Sour, just take a Cascarets at night. Wake up next morning looking rosy and feeling fine. Cascarets never gripe or sicken. Cause no inconvenience!

Advertisement for Eddy's matches. Text: "TEN TO ONE THEY'RE EDDY'S". "When you are all out of matches, and you go to the nearest store for a fresh supply, 10 to 1 there're Eddy's." "The match box on the shelf above the kitchen stove, from which you help yourself so freely—10 to 1 it's Eddy's." "You strike a light—in the restaurant, the club or sleeping car—10 to 1 you'll find that Eddy's name is on the box." "EDDY'S MATCHES are practically universal use throughout Canada. A match for every purpose, and every match fit for its purpose. The next time you buy matches, see that the Eddy name is on the box. It is your best guarantee of satisfaction." "The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited, FULL, Canada. Also makers of Industrial Blowers and Paper Specialties. C.S."