

My Three Years in a German Prison

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CHAPTER XVIII. Acting Jail Physician. During the three years of my captivity in the jail at Berlin I frequently had occasion to exercise my profession as a medical doctor. Medical care was supposed to be given to the prisoners by an old practitioner of Berlin, a Dr. Becker. He visited the jail every day between the hours of nine and ten o'clock in the morning. Sick prisoners, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, went to him in his office, which was situated in a section of the building adjoining the jail proper. Exactly at ten o'clock the aged doctor would leave his office, not to return until the following morning. For twenty-four hours every day I was the only physician in the section of the jail I occupied. The adjoining sections, which were likewise of triangular shape, were occupied by German soldiers who had been accused of breach of discipline. On several occasions I was called upon to give medical attention to some of these soldiers while they were waiting trial before a court-martial. During the daytime I was free to visit these patients, going from cell to cell. At night, however, I was locked in my own cell like the other prisoners, and if something happened in the neighboring section a non-commissioned officer would arouse and conduct me to the place where my professional services were required. This happened very often. I was in this way not infrequently called to attend to a prisoner who had attempted suicide. In no fewer than ten instances it was a case of actual suicide, committed in some cases with a revolver; in other cases with a razor and sometimes strangulation. No experience was more appalling than to hear in the dead of night the report of a gun. The walls would vibrate, the prisoners would be aroused from sleep, and one would ask the other who now had preferred a sudden end to a continuance of misery? A few minutes after the report my cell door would be opened by a non-commissioned officer. He would request me to follow him in order to ascertain the cause of death or render medical aid to an injured prisoner, as the case might be. Services which I rendered to prisoners of all nationalities, and oftentimes to non-commissioned officers, placed me in a favorable position with the guards. There was no attempt to restrict the freedom of my movements inside the prison, and in this way I was able to aid less fortunate prisoners, either with medical attention or by providing food where the need was most urgent. I received cordial co-operation from my fellow captives, more especially from the English-speaking. One had only to make an appeal on behalf of a prisoner to at once receive from others tea, biscuits, margarine or any little delicacy that was available. No sacrifice was too great if these men could only relieve, if only in a small measure, the distress of their fellows. One of the most pathetic cases which came within my personal observation was that of Dan Williamson. Twice he had escaped from

carried him into a distant padded cell, locked the door and left him for the rest of the night. Before I left him, however, I asked if there was anything I might possibly do for him. Williamson, poor fellow, looked at me with a blank stare and said nothing. I urged my request, but it was in vain. He would not say one word. My mind was preoccupied with the man until the next morning, when I asked one of the non-commissioned officers to accompany me to the cell where Williamson had been placed. Arriving there we found the prisoner standing in the middle of the cell. He fixed his haggard eyes upon us, but he remained mute to my "Good morning." "Well, how are you feeling now?" I asked him. "No answer." "Did you sleep?" "Again there was no answer." "Come, come, my dear, good fellow," I said, "cheer up; I have brought you some warm tea and some biscuits. Do you wish for anything else? If so I may be allowed to bring it to you." Williamson still stood silent, with his cold stare fixed upon me, unmindful of all I said to him. I placed the cup of tea and the biscuits on the mattress, which was the only commodity in the cell, and once more I tried to make him understand me, but it was of no avail. His lips were as though sealed. And so we left him—the officer and I. A report was at once made to the prison doctor, Dr. Becker, who, when he arrived at nine o'clock that morning ordered Williamson into hospital. Three weeks afterwards he came back to the jail, looking much better. But the same night I was again called to his cell by a non-commissioned officer. Williamson lay stretched on the floor near his bed suffering from an acute fit of epilepsy. After we had him calmed down we placed him on the bed and I talked with him for an hour. He was calm and self-contained. He gave me news of some British prisoners of war—some of whom were wounded—whom he had met, at the Alexandrine Street Hospital where he had been a patient himself during the three preceding weeks. It was then that I resolved to apply to the German authorities for permission to serve at this hospital as surgeon to the British prisoners. I communicated my intention to Williamson.

"You may make your application, doctor," he said, "but it will be refused." "Why do you say that?" I inquired. "Because these people will know that, in the position you seek, you will see too many things and get to know too much." Williamson's prediction was right. My request, made a few days later, was refused. In the meantime Williamson had another fit of epilepsy. He was at that time in the cell of a Mr. Hall, another Englishman. It was between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Non-commissioned officers hastened to the cell, and, frightened by the serious turn Williamson's illness had taken, they made a joint report to the officer in charge, who at once interviewed Dr. Becker on the subject. The outcome was that Williamson was released from the jail. I never was able to ascertain where he was taken, I believe he was sent to an asylum, and from there he would be exchanged. One night we were awakened from a series of detonations coming from outside the jail. What could it be, we wondered. There we were right in the heart of Berlin, and there was unmistakably a serious disturbance of some kind. Was it a riot? Was it the noise of an encounter between the gendarmes and a band of workmen on strike? We could obtain no answer to these questions at the time, but soon afterwards I was informed of what had taken place. Shortly after hearing the noise of the first shots I was called from my cell to ascertain the cause of the death of a soldier who had been brought from the battle-front to Berlin to be locked up at Stadtvogel pending trial before a court-martial. This refractory soldier, the guards reported, had behaved himself well all the way from Flanders to Berlin, but directly he reached the front of the jail he became unruly, broke from his guards, and escaped. The guards went in pursuit. There was an exciting chase around the walls of the jail, which are seventy-five feet high. The fugitive soldier was gaining on his pursuers when one of the latter fired on him. Thus it was a dead soldier, and not a live prisoner, that the guards brought into the jail. He had been struck by five bullets, and the only duty I was called to perform was to declare the man dead. I did this in the presence of the doorkeeper, the night watchman, and the two guards. Early the next morning, aroused by some commotion, we all stood on our chairs and stretched our necks in order to get a glimpse from the windows of what was going on below. The men had come to remove to the morgue the body of the soldier who had been killed by one of his former companions-in-arms.

(To Be Continued.)

The Salvation Army fund campaign is in full swing all over Canada. The Alberta Liberal convention urges immediate repeal of the War Time Elections Act. James McGarr, a highly esteemed resident of Prescott, died on Sunday.

WAR PUZZLES

PRES. WILSON



PRESIDENT WILSON. Upset Senator Chamberlain's proposed War Cabinet of three to take war control away from the President, one year ago today, January 21, 1918. Find another politician.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER. Left side down nose at right shoulder.

News of Merrickville, Jan. 16.—The churches and schools have reopened again. The town has decided to erect a suitable memorial to commemorate our brave boys who have done their part in the world war. Our skating rink has been taken over by a new overseer and will soon be ready for skating. The council is going to spend \$10,000 in building cement walks. E. Baker and J. MacLean have returned from Ottawa honorably discharged from military service.

Gray Hair Hair Health. A preparation for restoring natural color to gray or faded hair, for removing dandruff and as a hairdresser. It is not a dye. Generous sized bottles at all dealers, ready to use. Philo May Co., Newark, N. J.

DRAUGHTS OVERHEATING



are responsible for the majority of colds. You cannot always avoid these winter evils, but you can, by using Peps, stop the colds and chest troubles they cause. Peps contain absolutely no harmful drugs and can be taken with perfect safety by elderly people and young children.

As soon as dissolved in the mouth, Peps liberate a pleasant, yet highly medicinal vapor, which mingles with the breath, and is carried to the remotest parts of the nasal passages, breathing tubes and lungs. These fumes destroy all the germs of cold, influenza and bronchitis which otherwise would develop in consequence of the body's vitality and power of resistance having become lowered. Peps strengthen the delicate membranes and make your throat and breathing passages cold proof. By being prepared

with Peps you can save yourself a great deal of suffering and expense, as well as time and inconvenience.

Mothers should always keep a supply of Peps on hand for children's coughs and colds, which should be treated immediately, as neglected colds in childhood often lay the foundations of weak constitutions. Get a box to-day. It will certainly repay you for the small expenditure—50c box, all dealers.

Where a cold has been allowed to develop, Peps will be found equally effective. Also for coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, laryngitis and asthma.

FREE TRIAL. Send this advertisement and 1c. stamp (for return postage) to Peps Co., Dupont St., Toronto, and receive free trial package.



Yes, Madam, your favorite sugar, as much as you want.

One of the most satisfactory material pleasures of Peace is that we may again have plenty of

Under war conditions we were unable to supply anywhere near the demand for Canada's favorite sugar. Few ships were available for bringing raw sugar from the tropics and a large part of the product of our refinery was needed for our soldiers overseas.



Lantic Red Ball will again brighten the shelves of stores throughout the country and housewives may have as much as they need of the famous Lantic "FINE" granulated, the perfect sugar for baking and the table; also there will be plenty of the Lantic delicious Old-fashioned Brown Sugars for the many dishes in which flavor is indispensable to success.

Happily, Peace has changed the white sugar situation. Unless unforeseen circumstances should arise the

Ask your grocer for Lantic Sugar, the sugar with the Red Ball on every Carton or Bag.

ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED MCGILL BUILDING, MONTREAL.

Mother! Look at his Tongue!

Give Him a Cascaret—Quick!

Won't eat? Don't scold! See if tongue is white, breath feverish, stomach sour.



TO MOTHERS! Nothing else "works" the nasty bile, the sour fermentations and constipation poison so gently but so thoroughly from the little stomach, liver and bowels like harmless Cascarets. While children usually fight against laxatives and cathartics, they gladly eat a candy Cascaret. Cascarets never gripe the bowels, never sicken. Each ten cent box of Cascarets contains directions for dose for children aged one year old and upwards.