

Bulgarians in Trenches Will Not Bury Their Dead

Their Spirit Broken, They Will Not Even Allow Serbs to Bury Corpses

(By Herbert Corey, in N.Y. Globe)

With the Serbian army in the field, "What is the matter with the Bulgarians? Have they all gone mad?"

Wherever you go along the Serbian front that question is thrust at you. Serbian officers ask it in the most obvious sincerity. They discuss it at mess. The Bulgarians have recently shown themselves so blind to the most elementary considerations of decency and order that the question is justified. This is no attempt at abuse of the Bulgarian soldier, who has sufficiently displayed his bravery in a dozen wars. It is a strange forward attempt to describe a condition that is of as great interest to the psychologist as to the soldier.

"They will not bury their dead. They will not keep clean. Fighting men remain in the trenches with others suffering from typhus and cholera—for both have appeared in the Bulgarian army—and seem quite indifferent to the fact. What is the matter?"

Last night I rode down from Pozhar—which is a phonetic rendition of the Macedonian spelling—where the Serbs hammered the Bulgarians back inch by inch and all by all during the last month. The ground was literally impossible. Mountain-top towers over mountain-top, with deep gorges running between. Because they were in retreat the Bulgarians had the choice of positions, and yet the Serbs smashed their batteries and took their trenches and drove them from their positions. But this is not a tale of Pozhar. It is the story of the valley of death.

In Valley of Death

Between Pozhar and its neighbor lies a deep cleft, along either side of which the opposing trenches ran. Here the fighting was of a particularly desperate character, for traditional hate gives weight to the Bulgarian's arm, and the Serb is fighting to regain his despoiled homesteads. Trench lengths were taken by butt and bayonet. Over in the west the artillery does most of this work, but big guns cannot be pulled over mountains, until roads have first been built. Sometimes the operations will not wait for road-making. In the midst of this gorge is a length of 500 metres where the Bulgarians attacked again and again. Finally they gave it up. Six hundred of their dead lay between the lines.

There came three weeks of quiet in the valley of death. The fight had swept past its trenches and the two armies were battling on the mountain-top. In the cleft the men guard-

ing the trenches had little more to do than to lie on their arms and watch. The trenches had ceased to have strategic value. They were not worth the sacrifice of lives. The midday sun in Macedonia is almost tropical in fervor. It is easy to imagine the condition of the dead lying stark between the trenches. Although they had the advantage of position, the Serbs suffered great physical discomfort. They freely admit the nervous strain, although these were enemy dead.

"Bury your dead," they finally sent word to the Bulgarians. "We will not fire."

But the Bulgarians refused. They offered no reason and returned no thanks. They merely refused. Then the Serbs asked if the Bulgarians would hold their fire if a Serbian working party were sent out to do the burying.

"We will kill every Serb we see," was the reply.

This might be dismissed as an isolated case, but it is rather an example of the rule. English officers as well as Serbian officers have told me with amazement of the callous indifference of the Bulgarian to the presence of his dead, even when there are the most potent reasons why the dead should be buried. Yesterday a Bulgarian trench was taken in which the dead were actually mingled with the living. They might have been buried any day the last ten, but they had not. A small spur trench ran at right angles to the main trench. It was apparently an abortive spur, and was entered from the main trench just as any other trench length might be. There was not the slightest obstacle to free passage. That spur trench was jammed with the bodies of dead men who had been thrown there almost a fortnight before. No attempt had been made to bury them.

"I have seen lately what I have never seen before during the war," said Arnel Vargan, the New York newspaper man, who is the official photographer for the British forces. "When we went over the Bulgarian trenches we found behind them bodies of the dead literally being devoured by the birds and beasts. They had lain there for weeks, thirty yards from their living comrades. There was no possible reason why they should not have been buried."

Indescribable Ruth

The Bulgarian trenches I have seen are in a condition of filth impossible to describe. That is as much as one can write. One might hint at their state—one might say that their recent inhabitants had apparently lived with a slighter regard to certain basic needs for cleanliness than even some animals obey—but it is quite impossible to go farther. That this state of affairs is common along the whole Bulgarian front, I am assured by officers who are in a position to speak with authority.

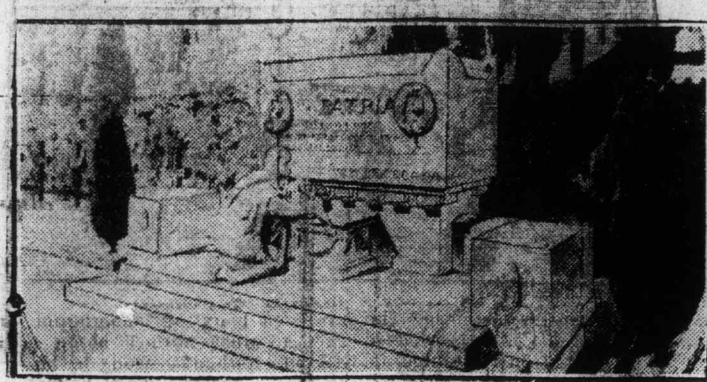
What is the matter—as the Serbians ask?—Are the Bulgarians a lower moral tone than any other nation in this war? Or is there a lessening of morale?

The Serbs say that the Bulgarian soldier alive and well is well treated, but that wounded or sick he is abandoned as heartlessly as though he were an old horse turned out to die by the roadside. They say that the Bulgarians have always manifested a disregard for human suffering that is on a par with that of wolves. If there is a sick Bulgarian by the roadside, they say, no other Bulgarian will ever go near him. If the others are asked to help, they give as an explaining reason for their refusal that: "The man is sick."

Morale is Breaking

But that testimony may be withheld as the evidence of the Bulgarians' bitterest enemy. What seems more likely is that the Bulgarians' morale is gradually breaking. Prisoners captured lately have sworn by their questions and answers that they know almost nothing of what is going on. They do not even know what the war is about. Some of them have the most absurd explanations. They seem a lot of dumb, driven peasants who have been set in motion by a moveable army. They, and have gone on mankilling in a sort of resignation to the inevitable. They hold their ground well and charge bravely, and are encouraged by ridiculous stories of successes told by their officers, as well as by the fact that their great losses of the last few weeks have been covered up. But men in their condition, fighting without interest in the quarrel, and whose only reward can be to live through, may conceivably become indifferent to positive discomforts.

It becomes a horse of a different color when the Bulgarian officers are considered. The trench conditions I have hinted at—I have not attempted to describe them nor to do more than indicate their extent—must be placed directly at the door of the officers. And if the morale of the officer is falling, the needs points to a serious break in the morale of the German officers. It is known that the Bulgarian army has been well stiffened with good German troops, while the commissioned branch of the service has been kept up to its job by a liberal admixture of German officers. Only yesterday I read an ausweis, found on the body of a dead German here on Pozhar, which contained the routine directions for a party of ninety German officers and men who came to join the Bulgarians on a special commission.



This monument, designed by a famous German architect and carved by a noted Teuton sculptor, has been erected at Glessen to the memory of those Canadian and British soldiers who have died while interned in this prison.

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible left over in the body which if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply cannot get feeling right are urged to take a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at their dining store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while bowel pores do.

SHOT UP HOUSE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19.—A detective named Kelly, employed by a private agency who has been doing duty at 5250 Walnut street, where Harry K. Thaw attempted suicide last week, became hysterical to-day and shot up the house. When the police arrived he was in a semi-conscious condition and was taken to a hospital. The police say he claimed that some one had struck him and that he then began shooting. Kelly told the police that he heard a knock on a window and then was struck with a beer bottle. Scratches and blood were found on him. According to the police, Kelly was sent to the house to guard it in the absence of the family, who have left the place temporarily.

CATHCART

(From our own Correspondent)

Miss Pearl Thomas is visiting her sister, Mrs. Melvin Smith of Northfield.

Mrs. G. A. Aulsebrook spent one day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Lawrance.

Mr. J. G. Weir attended the funeral of the late Charles Huffman of Brantford on Wednesday last.

Mr. Van Horne of Burford is visiting his daughter, Mrs. John Chant.

Mrs. Bert Sibbick of Colley Pond, and Mrs. Wallace of Calgary spent Thursday the guest of Mrs. Aulsebrook.

Mrs. Francis is spending a week with her son in Brantford.

Mr. Richard Secord is confined to the house with mumps.

Miss Hazel Aulsebrook entertained a few friends on Friday evening.

Miss Sarah Reid is not improving as fast as her many friends would wish.

GROCERIES

2 Cans Corn 25c
2 Cans Peas 25c
3 lb. Figs 25c
20 lb. Bag G. Sugar \$1.65
Large Prunes, 1 lb 15c

Teas Are Going Up

We have a quantity at the old prices—
35c - 40c - 50c

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News From Terrace Hill.

(From our own correspondent)

The young people of St. James' Church, entertained the A.Y.P.A. of St. John's church, West Brantford, in the Parish Hall, Dublin St., on Tuesday evening last. Some twenty three young persons and the rector of St. John's, the Rev. E. C. Jennings, were present and a large number of the St. James' young people. A musical and literary program was provided by the visitors, after which games of various kinds were indulged in by one and all. Refreshments were served by the host and hostesses for the evening. Mr. Jennings voiced for St. John's the pleasure it had given them to make the visit, and the rector of St. James' suitably replied. The singing of the National Anthem brought a most successful evening to a close.

Miss Carol Good of St. George Road is paying a visit to relatives in Paisley.

There is a great deal of sickness on the Hill at present. Mrs. Willis of Dundas St. and members of her family, have been confined to the house for a week. Mr. Jno. Houghting and Private Arthur Tooke have been laid up.

Next Sunday is Rally Day in the Sunday School at St. James' when a visitor from Toronto, the Rev. R. A. Hiltz, is expected.

Mr. Isaac Davidson of St. Paul's Avenue, has rented one of his houses to a party from Hamilton, who moves in shortly.

The Women's Institute are preparing for their annual banquet in the Grand Hotel, when the Institute is doing a good work in the home life of its members.

ECHO PLACE NEWS

(From our own Correspondent)

Dr. Norris of the City will take the B.M.C. School at 8th Avenue S. S. next Sunday.

Mrs. Vansickle is very ill at her home on the Hamilton Road.

Ladies Aid held a "thimble tea" at the home of Mrs. Galleh, Wednesday evening.

Thursday evening, Mrs. Devereux and Mrs. Deagle's class go to the Children's Shelter to provide entertainment for the inmates.

Miss Snyder is in Toronto.

Mrs. Murray Smith is on the sick list.

Sergt. Tear is visiting at the home of Mr. S. Davidson.

VANESSA

(From our own correspondent)

Frank Robinson is ill with pneumonia in Paris, at the home of Mr. Wm. Marsaw.

Allen Bartholomew's body was brought here for burial on Thursday.

Mrs. S. Harling, of Wheatley is visiting relatives in this place.

Wm. and Mrs. Crow and W. West of Brantford, spent Sunday with H. F. and Mrs. Henry.

Norman and Mrs. Ferris, spent Sunday with J. P. and Mrs. Henry.

Geo. and Mrs. Robinson have been spending the past week with her brother, at Woodstock, attending her father, who has been ill.

Mrs. Alfred Hall is some better at the time of writing.

WINTER HARD ON BABY

The winter season is a hard one on the baby. He is more or less confined to stuffy, badly ventilated rooms. It is so often stated that the mother does not get him out in the fresh air as often as she should.

It is a catch in the baby's little system; his stomach and bowels get out of order and he becomes peevish and cross. To guard against this the mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. They regulate the stomach and bowels and break up colds. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



TARIFF LEAGUE TO PUNISH CANADA

U. S. Concerns Would Adopt Restrictions and Prohibition

AGAINST CANADA

As Reprisal for Barring of Export of Spruce Logs To U. S.

New York, Jan. 18.—A resolution passed at the annual meeting of the American Protective Tariff League here urged Congress to adopt measures authorizing "reciprocal restrictions and prohibitions" against Canada, because of the action of the Dominion government in prohibiting the export of spruce logs to the United States.

The various industries identified with the league were asked to appoint a committee to prepare data which might be used "as a basis for an adequate protective tariff."

EARL OF ELGIN PASSES AWAY

Was Born in Canada During a Time of Great Storm and Stress

WAS PROUD

Of the Land of His Birth For Which His Ancestors Did Much

London, Jan. 18.—Victor Alexander Bruce, ninth Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, died at Dunfermline today.

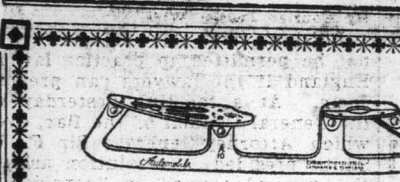
In the course of a lengthy appreciation the Times says: "His father at the time of his birth was Governor-General of Canada. It was a time of storm and stress. Three weeks before the son and heir was born the government house was burnt and Moncklands, his residence, prepared for siege. Lord Elgin's policy of constitutional impartiality between the French and British in Canada in the end was triumphantly vindicated. The son was always proud of his Canadian birth and cherished recollection of his father's courage and foresight under circumstances of extreme difficulty. Lord Elgin's Mother was Lady Hamilton, daughter of the first Earl of Durham, who was High Commissioner in Canada 12 years earlier and whose famous report laid the foundation for Canadian union and self government."

Under the auspices of the Natural History section of the B. C. Mountaineering Club, Mr. J. Davidson, F.L.S., is giving lectures at the University, Vancouver.

Farmers of Otter Point, B.C., passed a resolution opposing the establishment of a civic abattoir.

To Remove Dandruff

Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful dandruff will have disappeared. Two or three applications will destroy every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.



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Skates Ground, Best in the City
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Dyspepsia

Extremely Severe
Halifax (N.S.) Sergeant in the C.E.F.
Cured Completely by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

SERGEANT DUNCAN MACNEIL, of the CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, is 116, PLEASANT STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.



Sgt. MacNeil.

When the war broke out I joined the Expeditionary Force and came to England. I had not been long there, however, when my old trouble returned, and I had to go to hospital. While in hospital I was told of Dr. Cassell's Tablets and I decided to try them. The first box brought such phenomenal relief that I continued to take them. To make a long story short, a complete cure was effected.

"I am now as fit as a fiddle, and I have my old trouble returned to me."

The above is the frank, clear testimony of a Canadian soldier. He has been cured of extremely severe dyspepsia, which even the healthful life of the training ground could not overcome, and he wishes to tell others that he owes that cure to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Antiscorbutic, and the recognized remedy for all the following ailments:

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anaemia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Weakness	Kidney Trouble	Palpitation
Neurasthenia	Dyspepsia	Vital Exhaustion

Especially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Price: One table to 60 cents; six tables for the price of five. War tax 2 cents per table extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

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Our Wine Sales Show a Big Increase Since Sept. 16

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We have a good Port Wine at \$4.00 a case, while our "St. Augustine," an excellent Wine, 8 years old, only \$5.50 for one dozen reputed quarts or \$1.80 per Imperial gallon. War tax stamps are included in these prices. We have a score of other brands, all excellent value.

Buy a dozen and entertain your friends with pure juice of the grape.

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is possible only with good skates, well sharpened and strong, well fitted Hockey Shoes. For good Hockey Skates, the Automobile and Starr Models are the ones used by most professional and amateur skaters. These skates with the well-known Ames-Holden Hockey Shoes will make a perfect outfit for anyone.

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Starvation German

An Intimate Observer as They are and

P. M. Vander Kiel, who has just returned to the United States, after a sixteen month sojourn in the heart of Germany, tells the New York Evening Sun the real conditions, that country. The writer lived and worked in Germany under circumstances which he describes in a most possible for him to see them as they actually were. His article follows:

Germany wants peace—and must have it at once—because German people are starving. German Government wants peace because the German people are dying for peace.

I am not making these statements as a journalist, for I am not a journalist. In times of peace a journalist, as a trained observer, is position to see or report facts far more thoroughly and accurately than a civilian observer in time of war. In Germany a journalist is a poor person to turn to for peace, even the high portions of facts.

The foreign journalists in Germany live in hotels, converse with waiters, receive favors from ranking officials and report to the censor wishes them to report. Consequently as chroniclers of facts they are poor mediums.

I entered Germany on the 1st day of August, 1915, and left about seven weeks ago.

I lived in Germany nearly ten months; I travelled in Germany as far south as the Swiss frontier and I went through many hardships like an average German. I would not be taken to be a German had not been for the fact that I am young man and at large with being in the field and only crop are allowed to go about in the villan costume.

Neither did I travel through Germany as a spy. I went to Germany because it is well-known that Germany wants a trade. I am a journeyman compositor and was working at a trade when I was in Holland in philology at the Amsterdam University. I thought here was an opportunity to attend a Berlin University and work at my trade. I knew German newspaper editors to obtain students for the University of Berlin, so when I made application to the German General in Amsterdam I simply declared the second part of my obligation to go to Berlin.

Aix la Chapelle. I obtained a passport to Germany promptly. I entered Aix-la-Chapelle—the frontier city of Germany—for the first time it began to dawn on me that Germany was at war with us and with several million foes. As I approached the German frontier city, Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Germans call Aachen, I began to realize the magnitude of the conflict of the world. But not the reality of Germany did I grasp this border. It was sixteen months ago, and Germany was bleeding. I was bleeding; she was bleeding profusely; but she was bleeding. Shortly before I left Germany I saw symptoms which unmistakably made me believe that she would be white.

When I entered Germany six months ago, only meat and bread cards were issued. About six weeks later—Oct. 2, 1915—the potato cards were issued. Two weeks later sugar and milk cards were issued. There are many other food items which cards have been issued, because these items cannot be obtained at any price.

When I left Berlin the price eggs was 9 cents per egg in Amsterdam. The fresh eggs brought as high as 20 cents per egg.

When I entered Germany weighed 120 pounds. I made money, saved none, and my position was not as a soldier. The situation was the quality and quantity of the food that I was permitted to obtain that told effectively on health.

Yes, Germany is starving. She is starving on mass, and for that reason she may be able to tolerate privations a little longer.

On reaching Aix-la-Chapelle I was informed that I must submit to a two-hour rigid personal search examination. Not only the linings of my coat were ripped open and heels of my shoes removed and placed and the soles of my shoes slashed and replaced, but even white linen was examined by a certain X-ray process. I advise all prospective political agents and spies to consider anything on their persons. I assert that nothing can be taken away from me. The situation was taken away from me. anyone wishes to send to Germany or out of Germany anything important, it is safer to send it through the regular mail route.

German War Signs.

When finally I was permitted to proceed the first thing that attracted my attention was the numerous signs warning all Germans to be careful in conversing with strangers. One of these huge signs read "Germans, call the attention of the police to any person whom might suspect, and be careful in conversing with strangers."

I do not believe I will ever be able to forget my first impression of the Aix-la-Chapelle station scenes. Later during my long stay in Germany I have seen scenes times more horrible, but by the sickened me. The station was crowded with women—every one black—either waiting for their ones return from the front or there to bid them—they were

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BUT—we can supply a very important part of your armour, viz., WARM FOOT-WEAR.

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