

HOW CHARLEROI WAS SACKED

Slaughter, Theft and Destruction Left Population in Pittiable State

When the German armies invaded the Judicial District of Charleroi, in Belgium, they killed 110 men, nine women, and eight children, they wounded 34 men, 12 women and 3 children, and they caused the disappearance of 300 men, 250 women, 249 children and 63 entire families. In addition they burned down 769 houses, pillaged or partially burned 2,221 others, and left more than 3,000 families without shelter. The total value to houses and property alone was 12,500,000 francs. In addition to that they made wholesale requisition of the food and provisions of the people, and on the top of it obtained by means of still farther horrors an indemnity of 10,000,000 francs.

These facts are just one instance in a long list of the horrors of the Belgian invasion published by the British government from sworn statements supplied by the Belgian Legation in London.

It is hard to realize the utter state of dependence on outside help to which the people of Belgium have been reduced. Facts like the above help to show the situation.

Self-sustaining communities have been utterly disorganized. Many of the men shot or carried away in imprisonment, houses burned, all food supplies stolen, and industries destroyed—these are the conditions which the Belgians are still facing.

It is to bring food and clothing to these people now so pathetically destitute that the Belgian Relief Committee is redoubling its efforts. The need is greater than ever in Belgium, for the nearer the day of deliverance comes to these people, the more do the Germans exhaust all the resources of the country.

The help of Canadians is earnestly sought through local committees, and subscriptions to these committees, or to the Central Belgian Relief Committee, 59 Peter street, Montreal, are welcomed.

The Supreme Court sitting at Augusta, Maine, decided in favor of John B. Henderson, of Washington, D.C., in a suit alleging breach of promise brought by Elizabeth Gardner, who sought damages of \$250,000.

Edward Berry, charged with killing Mrs. Fannie Brookbank, a wealthy woman, at Jeffersonville, Ind., last March, was found guilty in circuit court. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Mrs. Brookbank's body was found by neighbors in a closet of her home. Berry was connected with the crime through findings of Mrs. Brookbank's watch in a Louisville, Ky., newspaper.

V. A. Sinclair, M.P.P., has given a donation of flowers, shrubs and bulbs to the schools around Tillsonburg.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Thanks for the privilege of appealing through your columns on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, the great Provincial charity.

Our need of money is measured by the children's need of help, and you can judge how great that need must be when last year 3,945 sick little ones were treated as inpatients, and as will be seen from the 1915 figures, 592 patients were admitted from 242 places outside Toronto.

Last year 271 inpatients were treated for deformities, such as club feet, bow-legs, knock-knees, Pott's disease of the spine, lateral curvature of the spine, dislocations, infantile paralysis, tubercular disease of knee, hip, ankle.

Is the Hospital for Sick Children to take dollars out of your pocket, or is death to take babies out of their cradles? That is the question.

One gift more in the Hospital's treasury means one coffin less in the LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

The Hospital must be digging up help for little children from the soil of human kindness, or sections will be digging graves for little children in the soil of many a cemetery.

The Hospital for Sick Children can only volunteer its mery in so far as you friends of little children volunteer your money for service in the Hospital's never-ending battle for the lives of the little ones.

Let your money fight in the trenches of some mother's trouble and rescue some little child from the dugout of pain, disease and death.

Can the Hospital leave children to die because the fathers of those children have left home to fight for liberty on the British battle line, and can the Hospital help the children of Canada's soldiers with its care unless you help the Hospital with your cash?

You have money enough to help every other war fund without keeping back a dollar from the Hospital's war fund—the fund that helps the Hospital save the lives of little children, including the soldiers' little children.

Do not let the little children pay, in the loss of the Hospital's care, the contribution that should be given and must be given to the war funds.

Your money can send a message of cheer to some father in the trenches—yes, send that message from the cot where the Hospital nurses some little child back to life, the child of the father who is fighting your battle in the trenches.

Every dollar kept from the Hospital's power to serve the little children is a weight added to the burdens and a grief added to the sorrows of this war.

You can hear to have your pocket emptied of a little money easier than some mother can bear to have her home emptied of a little child.

Will you send a dollar, or more if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, or

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board of Trustees.



THE KING OF BEES.

Long, long ago, when the head of the bald eagle wasn't white but colored like the rest of him, the bees wanted a king. So a great regiment of bees, bumble bees and honey bees and bees and bees and bees of every kind there is, marched over hill and dale with a bee-band humming music, to a mountain cave, where a black dwarf lived. This dwarf was so wise, birds and beasts and bees all said, that he could settle anything with the wisdom of his head and do anything with the magic of the black fire he kept burning in his cave.

"Well, oh, bees," said the black dwarf, "what do ye come seeking, drawn up thus before my cave in lines of battle?"

"It is not a battle that we seek, wiseman of black," said a huge bee, "we seek a king."

"Art thou not a sort of king?" asked the black dwarf.

"Nay," said the Bee. "We would have a bigger king than I. We would have a king like unto a bee—yet different. Let his hum be louder and his wings stronger. Let him be handsomer and bigger so that looking, one may see at once that he is king."

"There is no such bee," said the dwarf.

"That we know," cried the bees. "For we have searched and searched through Bee-land. We ask thee, oh king, with the magic of thy black fire to make us such a king. And, king, a queen that their children may be kings and queens in Bee-land."

"Bring me 100 rose-cups full of honey," said the black dwarf, "and it shall be done."

So the bees brought to the black dwarf 100 rose-cups of honey. And when they had done so, the dwarf brought forth a huge sea-shell and asked the bigger bees to hum and hum at the mouth of it. When he bottled up in the sea-shell all the hum he wanted he bade the bees begone and return when the king-moon smiled upon the Bee-land.

Then the dwarf caught a shooting star and dropped it in the black fire. He poured the hum from the sea shell into the black fire. He melted an amerald. He melted a sapphire. He melted a bit of forked lightning and all these he poured into the black fire. Then he journeyed far and returned with a bit of rainbow. And when he poured some honey into the fire he began to chant. Now while he was chanting a swallow flew into the cave and one of his feathers dropped into the fire and was gone in a flash. The angry dwarf chased the swallow forth, but the mischief was done. When he saw his wand and bade the king of the bees come forth—it had feathers!

But dear me! he was a beautiful king! His feathers in a ray of sunlight flashed emerald and sapphire and rainbow. His tail was forked lightning and he had the swiftness of lightning and of the shooting star. He was bigger than a bee and yet smaller than a bird. He was a little like a swallow and yet he was only a couple of inches long. His splendid wings for all they were tiny hummed and hummed. The dwarf brought a flower and it sipped honey like a bee. It could fly like a bird and yet unlike most birds it could fly backwards. Oh, 'twas a gorgeous king, but the dwarf was worried—worried about the feathers. Then he made the queen and when the King-moon shone on Bee-land the bees came to their king and queen and 'twas glad to say they didn't mind the feathers. But the dwarf knew he'd made a humming bird.

Tomorrow—The battle of the bees and birds.

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH BOGIE CAMERON

PUNISHING CHILDREN

It all the punishments that are visited on children in anger or irritation or annoyance were withheld, I think the average child's punishments could be cut in half.

It is really astonishing to see how even the well-bred, well-intentioned, conscientious mothers will let themselves be influenced by irritation or annoyance in the treatment of a beloved child.

And yet it is so astonishing when one remembers what have close contact with small children is apt to play with one's nerves.

Why Are They So Tiring?

Why is it, when they are so adorable?

Perhaps because they have so much more energy than we. You know grown up people who are too full of nervous energy are apt to be wearing.

I know some one will assure me by mail that right feeling mothers do not find their children tiresome. I beg to differ. There are some women who have the gift of dealing with children just as some have the gift of song or of skill with the needle, but I know many sweet conscientious women who are tired out by too-close contact with their brood.

She Found Herself Eager To Punish

Just the other day I found a young mother with tears in her eyes. "I was just going to punish Ruth," she said, "when I found I

was really taking pleasure in doing it so I stopped right off. How can I be so cruel to my own children. I must be a perfect brute."

"On the contrary," I said, "you are an unusually thoughtful, conscientious mother. Many women vent their irritation on their children every day without ever realizing that is what they are doing."

What Does Discipline Mean?

It all goes back to a question of motives. A child should be punished for discipline. Discipline means "to improve by corrective and penal methods." It doesn't mean to punish for vengeance's sake.

I think Seneca's ideal of punishment would be an excellent thing for every mother, the ruler in her little kingdom, to hang up over her desk.

"We will not punish a man because he hath offended, but that he may offend no more; nor does punishment ever look to the past, but to the future; for it is not the result of passion, but that the same thing may be, guided against in time to come."

A two and one-half cent piece is demanded by the country, according to the director of the U.S. mint, the annual report recommends passage of a law authorizing coins of that denomination from copper and nickel.

OUR DAILY PATTERN SERVICE

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Homemaker—
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GIRL'S COAT.

By Anabel Worthington.

If you will make this coat for your daughter she will have reason to be all puffed up with pride, for it has features that proclaim it stylish and jaunty.

There is just a little bit of French to it with its raised waistline where the body and skirt sections join with a felled seam. No one can help noticing that smartness is gained by extending the neck line at one side, carrying it over to yoke depth at the opposite side for closing with a large single button.

No waist can bow harm to the wearer because the body part is fitted. The choice of a cuffed sleeve or an unmodified one depends upon individual selection; the neck should have velvet or fur collar unless corduroy makes the coat, when a collar of self material will do. The three piece skirt is of voluminous cut and with ripple enough to rival that in a big coat.

Broadcloth, velvet, zibeline, velour and the like are suitable fabrics and if you will reproduce this design, you will decide there is more meaning in the word "Pattern" than you do.

The coat, U. S. S. G. L. cuts in sizes 2 to 4 years. To make in size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards 44 inch material with 1/4 yard contrasting goods.

To obtain the pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

SIGNS OF AGE

I realize with bitter grief, I'm in dren bread, and fire would be a thing of dread. But now I hear the statesmen roar the same old thunder as of yore, and not a tremor do I feel, and not a warning makes appeal. I know that when the fess is done, and A has lost, and B has won, we'll all plod on the same old way, and saw our wood and bale our hay, and love and laugh, and sing, and sigh, and woo and wed and work and die.

GERARD BEARS VIEWS OF WILSON

To Germany Upon Submarine Warfare and Deportation of Belgians

By Courier Leased Wire.

New York, Dec. 5.—James V. Gerard, United States ambassador to Germany, returns to his post today bearing the views of President Wilson regarding submarine warfare and the deportation of Belgians for presentation to the imperial government. Before boarding his steamer, the Frederick VIII, Ambassador Gerard, declared that he carried no peace plan back to Germany.

Mr. Gerard takes with him the equivalent of 100,000 marks which was raised through Thanksgiving appeals issued by the American relief committee for distribution through the embassy to needy widows, orphans and war sufferers in Berlin.

A new order has been put into effect at Windsor, forbidding foreigners to leave the city without a passport.

William Luttrell of Emo, had his left hand crushed in a wagon loaded with hay, losing the first and third fingers.

St. Paul's church, Lindsay, celebrated its 31st anniversary. Rev. Canon Hague, Toronto, was the preacher.

Don't Bake

It is penny wise and pound foolish to do your own baking when Butter, eggs, etc., are so high in price. Baking as we do hundreds of dozens and buying all the ingredients in large quantities, we are in a position to sell them at a price that is much cheaper than you can possibly make them for. Then you have an assortment of the best cakes and pastry to choose from, not only is the quality right but you are saved the trouble and annoyance incidental to baking.

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There is a splendid way in which YOU can help to save Canadian soldiers' lives.

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More and more munitions are needed as the enemy is beaten back to his lair.

Every Shell is a Life Saver

MARK H. IRISH, Director of Munitions Labor, National Service Board, Canada.

Dominion Over

Cardinal Mercier Bissing's Le Department

By Courier Leased Wire.

London, Dec. 6.—Documented here give the text of a reply of General Von Bissing, governor of Belgium, to Cardinal Mercier's letter of October 26, 1916, in which the Cardinal's rejoinder of Oct. 19.

General Von Bissing's reply, Oct. 26, begins by denying violation of the assurance that man commander gave at the time of the war that no man be removed from Belgium, that such removals had been made by the clandestine employment of large numbers of young men to join the Belgian army.

"The German authorities have been quite justified in using the example of Eastern France, but they have not done so," he writes.

Contending that the employment of Belgians unemployed in Belgium was not a violation of the assurance, he has nothing to do with the of the war, but is purely a economic measure. General V says:

"Great Britain's merciless economic isolation of Germany equally on Belgium; it depends of raw materials and prevents export of manufactures, and deals a vital blow, leaving the people unemployed and a state of public calamity."

General Von Bissing then states that the Belgian real state of affairs and that thousands of them have gone many where they could get pay. Others would follow, but are deterred by influence at least brought to bear on them.

He concludes by inviting the aid to study the situation of Belgium from the viewpoint of a neutral.

Replying on November 1, Cardinal Mercier recalls the promise by Baron von Hübbe and subsequently confirmed by Baron von B says:

"The undertaking was entirely without time limit. Young people have nothing that they may be sent to either to be enrolled in the employed at forced labor."

"This engagement has lasted every day a thousand fifteen days."

In answer to General Mercier's charge that England had done such things, Cardinal Mercier replies that should look to those countries that should look to those countries, not towards a peaceful population. The Cardinal denies that the Belgian measures public order five million Belgians are witnesses of the dignity and able patience of our classes."

Cardinal Mercier then says as von Bissing declares, "I has nothing to do with the of the war properly speak something to do with the property speaking."

"For," he continues, "Belgian does not take up

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