

FIRST PICTURES OF WAR'S RED TRAIL ON SERBIA'S FIELDS



A
SERVIAN
MACHINE
GUN IN ACTION
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Exclusive pictures by the
Herald's Photographers on the
Austria-Serbia Battle Front

Foretells New Belgium Risen from Its Ashes

Mr. Emile Cammaerts Declares Baptism of Fire Will Hold
Battlefield of Europe, to See It Is Never
Used Again.

(Special Dispatch.)
LONDON, Dec. 5.—The progress of the campaign in Belgium, which, slow though it may be, is going decidedly in favor of the Allies, is cheering the Belgian refugees here in London, and they are hopefully looking forward to the time when they may safely return home. They are even talking about the great future that they believe is in store for their country when it is restored to them. But there are others who will not allow too great an optimism to overcome them. In case, as they say, they may be disappointed. The restoration of Belgium is far away yet, but whatever happens, there is one thing that can be said for them—their confidence remains unabated, their courage undiminished. Here is what Mr. Emile Cammaerts, who is now in London, has to say about the future of Belgium:—
"There would never be so much of Belgium in our hearts as when none of it remained on the map. As our King said after Louvain, the body may fall, but the spirit is unconquerable. What is Belgium? Not only the dunes of the coast, glancing in the sun, and the long lines of poplars of the Flemish meadows, singing in the wind, and the green and soft valleys of South Brabant, dotted with white and red cottages, and the wild moors and rushing streams of the Ardennes, perfumed with the smell of burnt wood. Not only the patient labor of the Flemish peasant transforming barren sands into the richest fields of Europe, and the untiring activity of the Walloon worker and miner of Mons, Charleroi and Liege, handling ceaselessly the hammer and the pick. Not only the brush of Claus and Laermans, the chisel of Meunier and Rousseau, the great voice of Maeterlinck and Verhaeren. Not even our brave King, picking up the gun of a dead soldier and fighting like the least of his private in the trenches; not even our good Queen, who never ceased to comfort by her gentle presence the wounded and the stricken refugees in Brussels and Antwerp. Not even the Brancconne; not even the flag!—
"If the Kaiser succeeded in destroying all this, if we had to see our own people decimated, our last soldier dead or prisoner, our last gun silenced, our flag torn to tatters, the spirit of Belgium would still hover over our burning towns, rise above our wrecked countryside, unconquerable, serene.
"Where always comes a time for men or for nations when they have to choose between the safety of their body and the safety of their soul. Belgium chose not once but three times. Her story develops, since the beginning of August, with the splendid rhythm of a Greek tragedy. She was asked three times to surrender; she was tempted three times to give up an unequal fight, forced upon her by the bloodthirsty hordes of the modern Hun. Three times, in the name of liberty and civilization, she refused proudly the Kaiser's offers.
"I remember some Internationalist—for there were a good many Internationalists in Belgium before the war; there is not one left now—calling Belgian patriotism an absurdity in black, red and yellow. Well, it is this absurdity, this paradoxical and quixotic nonsense, which holds us together, now and forever and ever. Red for the blood of our sons shed at Liege, Namur, Antwerp; black for the mourning of Dinant, Tirlemont, Termonde and Louvain, and yellow for the bright sun to come.
"Belgium has never been so great as since she is so little. She has never been so bright as since she is veiled with dust and smoke. No Kaiser can destroy this glory, no mailed fist can extinguish this light. It will lead us to great things, to a greater, stronger Belgium, emancipated from diplomatic ties, closely bound together by the same spirit of unity and fervent patriotism. The country has received the baptism of fire. She has come of age. When the hour of reckoning comes her voice will be heard in the concert of nations, a humble but a firm voice—the voice of a martyr who has suffered a great deal for a noble cause. She will hold the battlefield of Europe, and she will see to it that it is never used again.
"But this hour can only strike in Berlin—nowhere else. The mailed fist must be cut off, the mailed arm must be crippled. And so it will be, thanks to England, France and Russia and to all that is worthy of life in Europe—and with the help of God in heaven."

War Romance, Begun in Belgium, Ends at Altar in English Church

Belgian Lieutenant, Invalided to England, Meets Young
Woman Refugee He Had Known in Brussels and
Wedding Quickly Follows.

(Special Dispatch.)
LONDON, Dec. 5.—A romantic love story, constituting one of the pleasantest sidelights of the war, has culminated in a wedding at Redhill.
Early this year Achille Vidrequin, of Brussels, a lieutenant of a Belgian infantry regiment, met Miss Nella Burrows Watson, of Exeter, the daughter of a minister of the Belgian Consulate. They saw each other on several occasions, and then the war broke out. Lieutenant Vidrequin was called up and fought for his country, taking part in several engagements.
Miss Watson, with other ladies, was among the first of the refugees to seek shelter in England; and Mr. and Mrs. Watson, of the Woottons, Nutfield, provided the young lady and her friends with a home at Coniston Lodge. She lost sight of Lieutenant Vidrequin and did not expect to see him again.
A few days ago Lieutenant Vidrequin was given leave of absence owing to ill health and came to England. He was ignorant of Miss Watson's whereabouts. All he knew was that she was a refugee in England. He made an unsuccessful search for her until one day he met her accidentally on the Redhill railway station platform.
Then the lieutenant was recalled to the war, and there was a hasty wedding at the Redhill Roman Catholic Church, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Francois de Sulek, himself a refugee.
BELGIUM.
The brave, true land, thy martyred blood,
Like red flames, rises to the Throne above.
And he who hears his smallest creature cry
Will smile on you—your fame shall never die.
Just where your temples stood a nobler fame
Now reaches to the sky—your clear, brave name.
MARY DU DEVEY.



AFTER THE AUSTRIAN REPULSE ON THE DRINA
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GERMANY USES STAGE TRICK TO SWELL PROCESSION OF PRISONERS

In Order to Give Air of Verisimilitude to Tales of Foe's Regiments Annihilated, Trainloads
of Captives Are Sent Through Same Town Many Times—Belgian Trooper
Got Angry at Twelfth Trip Through Aix-la-Chapelle.

(Special Dispatch.)
LONDON, Dec. 5.—It is a relief to extract a little humor out of this tragic war. French and English alike are wondering, and laughing not a little, at the tremendous number of prisoners which the Germans, according to their own reports, are capturing, both east and west. If they had taken as many prisoners as they say they have they would have no enemy to fight. But the explanation is simple enough. Take but one instance.
A Swiss who was at Aix-la-Chapelle at the beginning of this month, and who is now at Basle, writes:—
"The German government is very ingenious in its efforts to keep up the spirits of the population. It resorts to the substitution of regiment after regiment daily, and in order to foster the delusion it has to produce formidable convoys of French, British and Belgian prisoners. Aix-la-Chapelle is the spectacular spot chosen. It is the busiest railway station in the German Empire just now. The German Imperial Staff sends long trainloads of prisoners through this junction going east every day. You can imagine how impressive it is. You can also imagine how industriously the newspaper correspondents record the incident in their despatches to Berlin, not forgetting the downcast demeanor of the captives and the cheers of the German populace.
"The crowds are unaware that these trains are switched onto a loop line at night, and return in triumph the next day. The other morning a Dutchman was watching one of them go slowly by. He saw a Belgian soldier excitedly gesticulating at an open carriage window. He was shouting: 'This is the twelfth time we have come through this station.'
"Fight for Pig Under Fire.
"Very little scares us nowadays," writes an artilleryman from the Wovve. "The Germans are in the woods; we are as reluctant as carrion crows to leave. Last night we heard heavy footsteps, an odd noise like 'patapoum, patapoum.' Was it a batch of German deserters coming to us, or outposts returning with some warning? I peered into the darkness, and with a few feet of my head was a fat pig. He was more frightened than I, and I, I was more frightened than he. In five minutes Mr. Cochon was tied to the wheel of an ammunition cart. He grunted all night long.
"Next morning men from the neighborhood, having heard of our interesting capture, and claimed it as theirs. What check? We squabbled, and everybody asserted his right to the prisoner. Suddenly a shrapnel began to fall in the midst of the debate. Did Prussian shells stop the row over that pig? No, sir! For ten more minutes the two battalions argued, while bullets flew and the pig squealed.
"The chef of a portable kitchen has his little joke. 'How polite the Boches are,' he said. 'They even send us their marmites (black Marias) in which to cook our puddings.' Then along came the Captain. 'In the name of heaven!' he exclaimed, 'get back to your jobs. Cut the pig in two!' A military Solomon had solved the difficulty, and both battalions had pork for supper that night."
Germans Without Humor.
Describing the conditions surrounding the British army, a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps, writing home, says:—
"In front of us are the German trenches, a bobbing head, a shaking fist, an occasional spade wave, bespeak the presence of our foe. Yesterday one of our merry men fixed up a target. On white paper he drew a bulldog's head with a charred stick, tied it on a cardboard box, placed it in front of the trench and with flag behind recorded the misses of our friend Fritz. I feel sure that if in those trenches we had a more humorous foe instead of the phlegmatic Teuton, we might pass away many of the weary hours of watching in friendly joke. But we are up against a wary foe. There is no leisure, for barbed wire, artfully contrived hoops and loopholes forever claim the attention of our brave men."
There are times, though, even under fire, when the humor of our soldiers bursts forth. On one occasion, after a German shell had fired some wood, our men, seeking their food, seized the opportunity to amuse their comrades. Yesterday I heard an amusing story under trying circumstances. Told concerning a man in the regiment lying in the thin red line next to us. Shrapnel had burst, killing two men on his left and badly shattering another. He was trying to light a pipe, and having some difficulty he said to his mate, 'Sure 'tis Belgian tobacco, and these French matches will be the death of me.'
German Shot Spoils Milking.
"Sometimes help the officers to censor the men's letters home. One man says, 'We shall have shells for breakfast—not egg-shells. I shall be in Berlin in a fortnight, and I'll send you some sausages.' I overheard on the march one 'Pat' say to another, 'I never believe anything I hear, and only half of what I say.'
Here are two humorous touches from the letter of a Dublin Fusilier:—
"At one point of the line German and French troops were not more than one hundred yards apart. They could hear each other talk, and sometimes talked to each other. One day a cow strayed between the lines. Both sides wanted milk. They agreed whoever hit a horn first would be let milk the cow. The first shot came from the German line. Bad as usual, it killed the cow."
"When both sides dig in there is continuous rifle sniping, on the German side usually very bad. An officer of ours with a sense of humor put up a target for them to practice on and gave them a marker with a flag to signal the misses. The target was pretty large, with a sketch of the Kaiser's head and shoulders for a bull's eye. Only one shot was fired at it, and that bullet hit the Kaiser right under the chin. We appreciated the joke."
Death of the Gallant Lancer.
And here is one about a gallant Irishman with some pathos in it:—
"One afternoon when I was riding from the transport to the battalion I met a lancer going the same road. We were chums at Aldershot a couple of years ago. I met his wife when he brought her to the married quarters, a bonnie bride. He was a stout little Irishman with a pair of lively eyes that spoke the language of all tongues. He had fought at Mons and been right through the campaign, and now we rode together through the town we talked over past and present. As we passed a butcher's shop a pretty girl came to the door and gave him a sweeping bow. Their eyes met—it was a mere passing salute, but one could see he had passed that way before. He turned to me with a light laugh. 'We are all single at the seaside.'
"Two days afterward I made the same journey on foot. Just at that same shop I met a stretcher—my lancer friend was lying in it—shrapnel through the chest. As I spoke to the stretcher bearers the girl came to the door. Her grief was passionate. I doubt if the wounded man was conscious of her tears. Later in the day I called at the field hospital. He was dead. A woman in Ireland is teaching his little one to pray for his soul. A girl in France is putting flowers on his grave."

SERVIAN INFANTRY TAKING AN AUSTRIAN
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Italy Ready in Spring With Army of a Million

Whole Nation Desires to Assist in "the Destruction of the Barbarians," Says Italian in London—Explains Why
His Nation Now Holds Aloof.

(Special Dispatch.)
LONDON, Dec. 5.—Why Italy has remained neutral so long is a question which has often been asked here and discussed from various points of view. That she cannot refrain from taking part very much longer, now that Turkey has come in, is a widely expressed opinion. But Italy seems to be in no hurry. She is biding her time, and when the time comes to strike she means to strike hard.
Here is the opinion of an Italian now in London, who is cognizant of the inner workings of the Italian diplomatic mind. Italy, he believes, will take her place beside the Allies in the spring.
"The strength of Germany is truly appalling," he says. "Nevertheless she has made a grave miscalculation. In reckoning on the lightning rapidity of her advance she expected to wipe out France in a month, and to subdue Russia in two months. To-day the attention is much changed, and for the worse as regards Germany."
Expects No Russian Victory.
While the Germans have been checked and driven back in France and Belgium, he is not so sure about the permanence of Russia's check in the eastern field of warfare, nor does he look in that direction for "great and decisive victories."
But even if Germany were to advance into Russia, "the greater," he believes, "will be the disaster in the wake of Germany. And all this time the army is diminishing, sickness is rife; it is becoming exhausted, while both soldiers and civilians must eat. Corn is being consumed and victuals will become scarce, and how the Germans going to replenish? She must conquer quickly, very quickly—in fact, immediately. A protracted campaign spells her prostration, effacement, starvation."
"In the spring the German army will have lost half its force—if not more. It will, however, still be a terrible force. All the more reason why this sinister power, which is the curse of the whole world, must be destroyed once and for all, never to rise again in coming centuries. If Germany emerges victorious, we to all other nations. We must overcome, humble, and wipe out Germany now and for all time. And this task is reserved for the Allies now fighting, and in particular England, and Italy, Rumania and the Balkan States; possibly, too, for Spain.
"All Italy wants war."
"And once, and for all, I repeat this as certain. All parties in Italy, all laymen and priests, pray for, loudly voice, desire war on Austria and Germany. You will find that when the Chamber reassembles this month every Deputy will declare for war—in the spring. No government can stand against the nation that is desirous of assisting in the destruction of the barbarians. Perhaps for the moment it is as well that Italy holds aloof; the Germans are still terribly powerful; by springtime they will be much weaker, and then will be the time for the addition of a million fresh, well trained troops, because rest assured that Italy is now arming slowly but surely.
"England is preparing for the spring at least a million men. Italy will by then have for certain another million ready. A third million can be expected from Spain, the Balkan States and the colonies. That will mean the beginning of the end. The most terrible battles will be fought on the plains of Westphalia, in the environs of Berlin. It will be the moment for England to assume her position as the head of the world. This war is for her a question of life or death."

China Starts Fund for Museum In International Institute

President Yuan Shih-Kai Gives \$2,500 Toward Work Begun
by William G. Low—Other Nations Will Be Asked
to Contribute to House Exhibit of Peaceful Arts.

(Special Dispatch.)
PEKIN, Dec. 5.—Americans who have interested themselves in the International Institute at Shanghai will be gratified to learn that President Yuan Shih-Kai has approved the setting aside of about \$2,500 gold as a contribution toward the establishment of a museum on the grounds of the institute, wherein the peaceful arts of the world may be exhibited.
Dr. Gilbert Reid, an American, who manages the Institute, has been in Peking for some time with plans for the expansion as arranged by the cosmopolitan committee who control the institute at Shanghai, and he has received the assistance from the government which he asked.
In a mandate issued yesterday by the President the benefits of the institute were fully acknowledged. The work of the organization has been so far upon educational lines, particular efforts being made to develop a more cordial relationship between foreigners and Chinese. It is now intended to try to obtain \$250,000 gold from foreigners to create a museum wherein the results of Western inventive genius might be shown, and through the medium of which the Chinese people might become familiar with the mechanical means adopted in the development of industries in foreign countries.
The buildings already standing on the grounds of the institute were greeted with contributions by William G. Low, Chinese giving the land. American and other foreign contributors have supplied the money to maintain the institution during the last twenty years. The institute's committee is composed of foreigners, most of them being business men or commercial representatives of various governments. The development of the museum has been slow. It was included in the original scheme of the institute, but lack of money has held up the idea until now. The Chinese government has recognized the utility of such an adjunct to the institute, and in contributing its quota, despite the financial troubles confronting it, hopes to encourage a quick response from other countries.
RUSSIAN MOTHER
SENT HEROIC LETTER
(Special Dispatch.)
LONDON, Dec. 5.—"Your father was killed very far from us, Lagoon, but I send you for the sacred duty of defending our dear country from the vile and dreadful enemy. Remember you are the son of a hero. My heart is oppressed, and I weep when I ask you to be worthy of him. With kisses and blessings have I parted with you. When you are sent to perform a great deed don't forget my tears, but only my blessing. God save you, my dear, bright, loved child. Once more—it is written everywhere the enemy is cruel and savage. Don't be led by blind vengeance. Don't raise your hand at a fallen one, but be gracious to those whose fate it is to fall into your hands. It was a letter from a mother to a son found in the breast pocket of a Russian officer killed in action."

Children

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