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BELGIAN'S SWEETHEART STOLEN BY ON BISSING, BLUEBEARD OF BELGIUM

Pathetic Description Given by an Eye Witness of the Inhuman Cruelty of the Teuton Brute Who Fornierly Ruled Belgium; Though Dead Nothing Good Can be Said of Von Bissing

le work began. He him- He spits out an order.

ich place the Bluebeard has reached its climax in the slave vas quartered during the of the deportations. nd conjure up the scene. ay morning. A drizzling as we take up our de the railway station en in the battle of life, the victims of Von Bise. are sobbing bitteranguish rise on norning air. The faces With a dull ache at they realize that protest as lamentations, Scared, ungry children herd toened, in droves. In the furlong away from the tation the last farewells

Let Go, Woman! is turned on Von Biske an incarnation of ne, riding on his famous noment of parting is at ds and wives, parents clasp each other in a ce. That clasp in many e-like, But Von Bissing's stand no nonsense. With blows, clinging arms are er. Von Bissing spurs his a better view. A stalwart is hugging his wife of o his breast. In her arms holds her two-months old e man is raining kisses of

voman does not understand

the woman retains her hold. The soldier, with an oath curses to the station. her by the hand. A piercing rises above the din

Germany, there to square under the chin and it sends. Three days later I was at Ghent. work in slavery, he had him crashing to the ground where he The Bluebeard had been informed

in the decree he had A bayone flashes through the all able-bodied men of misty air. Next instant mother and me, viciously. "They seem to have were to prepare them- baby lie dead, murdered before the no fear. I should like to crush them eparture. Men were car- eyes of the man to whom they repre-cell-mell, penned up in sent everything worth living for. I hate them. Don't you hate them cattle, and treated like Again the light of madness springs too?"
ves. In Tournai, Ghent into his orbs. He breaks from those ons, Quievrain, St. Ghil- who are holding him. He is ripe to aware that my position precludes me

I want the reader to acI turn to the tyrant who has esin imagination to Anttablished his reign of terror which
that you do not approve of my treat-

Montreal in the husband's soul. A red mist slowly winds its way out of the sta-swims before his eyes. His gnarled tion. From the closed trucks the now hands clench themselves. With the silent spectators hear, as the train ppealed with greater snarl of a wounded wolf he leaps for passes, the defiant voices of resolute ward. His great fist crashes between young heroes lifted in the strains of the soldier's eyes. All his strength is the Brabanconnaes. Von Bissing head of last year when he deportation of the men in Belgium to unhe deportation of the shoots out, and catches him fair and the soldier's eyes. All his strength is the Brabanconnaes. Von Bissing hears if with the rest of us. "Blast these Belgians," he grits out, "But I'll break them yet."

that here the Belgian populace were ntwerp when Von Bis- The Bluebeards eyes flashed fire, giving a great deal of trouble. So hither he had hurried.

mappes, men were being hurl himself against an army. But from passing an opinion," I said the rate of from 800 before he can move a young lieuten-heatedly. "I have my own thoughts, day. Von Bissing was in ant has just unshipped a revolver, and I keep them to myself and blown out his brains. "Ah." he said, with a cunning



guage, but she comprehends | violated. The rules of civilized warme go, loved one; it must be fare have been outraged. But Von Bissing cares not. He is occupied in answer it not as an official but as a gloating over the agony of the men man. ionient she is demented being driven by blows, kicks and

A Song of Triumph

"Since you have asked the ques-on, Excellency." I replied, "I will ately away.

"Do. I should like you to," he sneered. Other people's opinions of one are always interesting."
"You Are Beyond Insult!"

rouses all the sleeping devils Ten minutes later the long train

With the tenacity of de- trade. Every convention has been ment of these brutes? Is that so?

"Then, your Excellency," I said

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with studied deliberation, "I think which their Hun conquerors had ou are the most damnable coward sentenced them. and tyrant and the most unspeakable cad that God ever allowed to crawl Cardinal, "had to run the gauntle:

'Sir, you are insolent!" he cried guns. engrily, his face flushing a dull brick red. "One more remark of that reached the shore, but others eskind, and my soldiers shall place caped."
You under arrest. You insult me!" 'Look here Bissing," I said, pursely dropping the 'Excellency' to add sting to my words: "you can cut

one of the few men in Belgium who do not care a damn for you. ou know it in spite of your bluff. I have seen sights by your side in the last few days that I never want to ee again. You have looked on gloatingly while babies have been butched, women slaughtered, men kickd. beaten. and fortured; and you Danvid's parents at Ecketren ave chuckled while the women of Belgium have gone mad with grief elgium have gone mau with sixty of their loved ones. Yet you came along. Dahvid had made a mistake in the time he was to reccuse me of insulting you. Why, you re beyond all insult."

s if to caress my shoulder. "There is no necessity of you and e to quarrel." he said. "These things must be. I have to cleanse

"Bissing," I said quietly, "you are

not say such things. Shake hands at length he succeeded, while Dahand forget that this conversation has

turning on my heel I walked deliber-

The Bluebeard was seething with had with his sweetheart a few minrage. If looks could have killed, I utes prior to the arrival of the soldshould have been a dead man. I admit I was wrong in view of

an exact impression of what took to kill yourself rather than face displace. But the sights I had seen had honor." nade my blood boil, and I could not help myself. Besides. I was safe in the girl, concealing the weapon. The soldiers drank the wine sh me by acts of treachery, and I took him away, without molesting had sojourned too long in strange her. places of the earth not to be fully Josette was a brave girl. Clench

"We Go to Death"

Later, as I made my way to the spot where the trains were beginning to steam from the station carrying their load of slaves. I saw von Bissing again. The women had broken all bounds. They invaded the railway line, causing the trains to stop. By no force could the the railway line, causing the trains to stop. By no force could the crowd of desperate creatures be re-noved but the brutal Hun soldiers for head lateral was gone, Ecker-

ound a way. piercing the thin clothing of these worse-than-widows. A score of wo men and five babies were slain in

ing a field day! As I made my way along the railwere being carried off into slavery threw out of the trucks into which down over her eyes. they were herded like cattle. I saw They several of the documents. could be preserved as memorials o the indominable spirit of the Belgian people. "We may die," w.ote one group of young men, "but we shall never work for the German ty-

trusted friend, Cardinal Mercier, who exerted all his influence with von Bissing to stop the deportations but in vain. With tears in his eyes

of motor boats armed with machine guns. They were discovered and fired on in the dark. Some never

The deportations were not neces sary. For in some of the district, through which I have travelled the blue cards informing a man that he out all your threats. I happen to be had to report himself for deportation under a penalty of being de And bluff I and by a fine of 10,000 marks (\$2, 000) were followed by the intima-

tion that on payment of a ransom of \$250 the sentence of deportation would be reversed. ing in the pretty little garden o posse of German soldiers, the worse for drink and ripe for any mischief,

port himself, and they had come to Von Bissing stretched out a hand fetch him The girl clung to her beloved, her heart torn in two at the thought

"Enough of this!" cried one Belgium. Duty forces me to act as the Huns. "Get some wine, girl, and let us be gone. Time presses.

Worse Than Death He had to exert all his brute "Come, come," he said, "you must strength to tear her arms away, but iken place. Come and split a bottle for himself, but for the safety of the hands from clutching the throat of ignoring the outstretched hand. And appeared to fetch the wine, knowing t would be suicidal to refuse, Dah vid recalled a conversation he had

"Here is a revolver," he had said, ny official position, in passing an placing a small but powerful weaopinion, and more so in using the pon in her hand. "There are worse strong language I have purposely things than death. If the worst quoted in order to give the reader comes to the worst, do not hesitate

"I promise Dahvid," murmured The soldiers drank the wine the ing nor any of his Huns dared lay girl brought, and Dahvid's heart finger on me. They could only pun-

places of the earth not to be ing her white teeth she forced back prepared for any underhand move-the bitter tears of anguish which rose to her eyes, and made for he

noved, but the brutal Hun soldiers en had lost all its attractions. In less than an hour she had cut of They found their bayonets, prick-ing the clutching hands, and even tear fell from her eye as she gazed

Von Bissing was hav- weakness. She had become a wo man with a desperate purpose. Sh clothed herself in a suit belonging way line that leads to Germany, I to a cousin, who was already at the spect the deportees. saw red-eyed women searching for front, grimed her hands, placed a Josette was order

> boarded the train on which Dahvid petite." was travelling.

shall never work for the German tyrant." On another scrap of paper I
saw "Our farewell to Belgium. We
go to death, but not to slavery."

Among the stricken crowds
priests moved, administering words
of comfort. I saw my old and of comfort. I saw my old and was fearing lest her identity should is all I have in the world."

Discovered that terrible journey with splended black of the night to escape the the news went round that the Govoom of slavery in Germany to ernor-General was coming to in monster were too quick for him, fer with the board.

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Josette was ordered to stand for saw red-eyed women searching tot stand not stand not stand to stand to stand to stand to stand to stand the youth was scraps of paper which the men who fig under her tongue to alter the ward. Von Bissing placed his hand the gleaming points. tone of her voice, rulled a cap well under her chin and tilted her loved scream, and then fallen in a dead down over her eyes.

Going to a shed she took out her "A woman, by Himmel!" he said, faint,

In a blindflat the terrible mean- along presently.

Von Bissing slipped his arm round the girl's shoulders. "She is WATER COMMISSIONERS. She endured all the hardships or mine now," he said, nat terrible journey with splendid Dahvid went mad. With a cry

But the soldiers surrounding the Toronto, was in attendance to con

Out leapt their bayonets. Next instant the youth was transfixed upon

cousin's motor bicycle, and at top speed rode to Saint Vliet. She was in time. The next day she was among the number of men who next. And I will take care of you she has found another. I will be next details an arrival or speed rode to saint Vliet. She was among the number of men who next. And I will take care of you she has found another. I will be next to me who next the next tention. She has found another. I will be next to me who next the next tention. she has found another. I will be

missioners was held in the city hall bold spirits from Antwerp had swum across the Scheldt in the line south Station at Antwerp gardless of the consequences.