

## The Story of Edith Cavell And How She Was Betrayed by a Belgian Who Afterwards Paid the Penalty for his Treachery

By MRS. EDITH CARTER.

"The Woman Who Defied the Huns."  
The martyrdom of Edith Cavell, which sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world, afforded much pleasure to the brutes masquerading as men in the Kaiser's uniform. I had just been released from the prison at Seizburg to find myself practically a prisoner in Brussels when I discovered that Miss Cavell had been arrested. Only those in authority knew beforehand of the contemplated sudden descent upon the Red Cross hospital where Nurse Cavell was tending a wounded German soldier.

She was torn away roughly from the work she loved so dearly and carried off to St. Gilles—the prison in Brussels where I spent many a weary day and night before being transferred to Germany. The whole plot was arranged and carried out under the darkness of night, and the trial was conducted behind closed doors.

Not until after the execution had been carried out in the early morning of Tuesday, October 12, 1915, did the world know what had been taking place. The news of the dastardly deed came upon the people of Brussels like a thunderbolt, as for nine years the much-loved nurse had labored among them. At first their arrival in the city had not been altogether appreciated, as nursing was regarded as one of the functions of the Church. But it was not long before her efficiency and genuine goodness of heart won the affection of all.

Often had I seen Miss Cavell in

Brussels, and it only required a glance into her smiling face to convince one that she had been sent into the world to combat mankind. The stunts of Brussels owed much to her. "It was her gentle way," said one of her old patients "that did most to make me well again. I felt she was a minister of God working for my good."

When war broke out Nurse Cavell knew exactly what would be wanted, and her training hospital was soon changed into a Red Cross hospital. Even the Germans admit that she threw herself ardently into her work without respect of nationality. Wounded French, Britons, Belgians and Germans were treated alike. In fact, several hundreds of German officers and soldiers owe their lives to Nurse Cavell and her helpers. But the Germans have as a rule no memory for kindnesses, as subsequent events amply proved.

Mistaken for Nurse Cavell.

For some reason or other I was often mistaken for Nurse Cavell. It may be that the similarity in names was responsible for confusion. Be that as it may, I know that time after time whenever I entered a Brussels café after my release from prison I was greeted with derisive cries from German soldiers.

"Ha! ha!" they shouted on one occasion, "here comes Edith Cavell!"

"No," I would reply, "I am not Edith Cavell; she is dead. I am Edith Carter."

"Well, then, Edith Carter if you like," the soldiers would reply sneer-

ingly. "You are both equally bad, and one of these days you will be shot too. You English are all alike."

Fearing for my safety, I tried to win them over in the way which had so often previously served me well. I told them that I was of Saxon origin, which was perfectly true of course. Looking somewhat surprised by my statement, the soldiers exclaimed interrogatively—"From Saxony? Then you must be one of us."

They thought I implied that I came from Saxony in Germany, whereas the real interpretation of my words was that I was a descendant of the old Anglo-Saxons in Wales. I did not make any attempt to disillusion them. I simply quote this incident for the purpose of illustrating the spirit in which the Huns treated the death of an Englishwoman.

How Nurse Cavell came to be suspected and arrested makes a long and strange narrative. Many versions have been given. In my own way I am going to tell you how she was betrayed.

The Germans had not been in Brussels more than a couple of days when the place was turned into a German city. Thousands upon thousands of troops passed through the streets, and every article of use to the invaders was commandeered. Consequently misery and poverty stalked through Brussels which was cut off from the world. Newspapers were suppressed, and no news of any kind was allowed to be circulated, while for every petty offence heavy penalties were imposed. The notorious German Secret Service was also in full swing. Yet, clever as this spy system undoubtedly is, there were leakages of information. Belgians were to be found who would run the risk of death to take messages to Antwerp. Everywhere one turned danger was lurking. No one spoke to his neighbour in the tram for fear he might be a spy.

The Germans set to work to stop the leakage of information. They offered sums of money—as much as 20 and 100 marks—to any person who gave information as to the whereabouts of suspected people. British subjects who had failed to register were among the people badly wanted. And when I tell you that there were dozens of Britishers in Brussels running the risk of death through not registering I am just stating a fact.

Why they were so foolish as to remain in hiding is to me a mystery. How they escaped detection is more than a marvel to me. You must keep in mind that money is everything in Brussels just now. Without it you cannot get food, except what charitable people care to give. Consequently, goaded by prolonged suffering, there are many in Brussels ready to sacrifice patriotism for money.

The offer of a hundred marks for the detection of offenders was a reward not to be despised, and many people who had disregarded the laws imposed by the Germans were betrayed. Their fate will not be disclosed until this world-war is at an end—and perhaps not then. I have many disclosures to make about these arrests, but in their proper places.

It was through a traitor that Nurse Cavell's glorious career was brought to a close.

At this time many British, French, and Belgian soldiers were being got out of Brussels in some mysterious way. Several residents were suspected, Nurse Cavell being one of them.

The German secret service were, however, baffled, and they employed the services of an outsider—a Belgian. The big reward induced him to play the part of traitor. I relate the story as it was told to me by a man connected with the secret society in Brussels.

"We know the man," he said, "and one of these days we shall get him. Father Gapin betrayed the Russians,

and he was assassinated. This man will die at our hands."

Posing as a stranded Belgian with a desire to get out of Brussels, the traitor went to the hospital where Edith Cavell was carrying on her good work. Her mind, accustomed only to straightforward dealing, did not suspect his diabolical plot, and consequently his tale of sufferings and sorrow struck a kindly chord in this brave woman's heart.

Nurse Cavell was only too willing to assist him. She gave him clothes and the wherewithal to escape. This was all that the man wanted. A closer watch was kept on the Red Cross hospital, and soon afterwards Edith Cavell was under lock and key. It was alleged that she had given an overcoat to a French soldier, who afterwards escaped across the Dutch frontier, while on another occasion she had given an exhausted Englishman a glass of water. What a crime, to be sure!

From these little incidents the Germans built up a contemptible case, and authorized an arrest. So under cover of night the little hospital in the Rue de la Culture was broken into. Five German soldiers, with a corporal and a police officer, stood outside.

The Arrest of Nurse Cavell.

"There came a loud knock," one of the nurses afterwards told me. "The door was smashed in with the butt end of rifles, and the next moment the soldiers rushed into the room. Nurse Cavell who was binding up the wounds of a German soldier, did not even look up to see what was happening. Immediately, however, the police officer made a sign, and the soldiers rushed upon the defenceless nurse. They tore from her hands the lint with which she was binding the wounded man, and began to drag her away. Calm and dignified, Nurse Cavell asked for an explanation. Von Bissing, the Governor, had, however, sent no explanation with the order, and the answer to the question was an angry push.

"We were in a terrible plight," my informant continued. "We were not allowed to move while our much-loved chief was dragged through the dark streets of Brussels to St. Gilles."

On my way home to England I met Nurse Kathleen Cambridge. "The Angel of Mons," as our Tommies call her. She was a nurse for three years with Miss Cavell in Brussels, and was with her a few days before her arrest. At that time Nurse Cavell was widely ignorant of the web of intrigue that was being woven around her. She was quite cheerful, and looking forward with confidence to the end of the war.

Nurse Cambridge spoke highly of Miss Cavell's heroic work and devotion to duty. She had a unique sense of duty, and her organizing ability was simply wonderful.

What exactly followed the arrest time alone will reveal. But having myself passed through the ordeal and imprisonment at St. Gilles, I am able to picture the scenes of the ten weeks' imprisonment. The goalers would spend most of their time trying to get from her own lips some kind of evidence against her. She gave them every help in her power.

"I have nothing to conceal," she said, and without further ado she began to give details of all that had occurred. She had performed many acts which were perhaps transgressions of the rules of war; but after all, they were just little acts of mercy. Soldiers With Fixed Bayonets Guard Helpless Nurse.

For three weeks the arrest was kept a secret. At the end of this time a chance traveller brought the news to this country. Then the British Foreign Office sought information through Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister in Brussels, and everyone knows how this diplomat worked to save the life of Edith Cavell. Probably he knew, however, as did the majority of the people in Brussels, that sentence of death had practically been decided upon before the arrest was made.

The only information given about the affairs was an official statement by the German authorities. In this statement it was said that Miss Cavell had admitted "that she concealed in her house French and British soldiers, as well as Belgians of military age—all destitute of proceeding to the front."

"She had also admitted," it was alleged, "having furnished these soldiers with the money necessary for their journey to France, and having facilitated their departure from Belgium by providing them with guides, who enabled them to cross the Dutch frontier secretly."

Having concluded in their own minds that Nurse Cavell should be secretly done to death, it was not likely that she would be allowed counsel to defend her. That would have been baulking their own ends. Besides, it was not the German method to allow to be present in Court persons who could afterwards tell the story truly.

The American Embassy was accordingly duped. The trial was carried out in secret, and the only accounts available were those printed in the

### Take Baby For a Ride.



Sunny days, soft breezes and dry, clean roads are coming fast; this means that all the little folks will be living out of-doors, and Baby must have a dainty, new carriage in which to go with them.

We have a large and well selected stock of Go-Carts, and Baby Carriages with Leather hoods, swung on the always comfortable Cee Springs, and upholstered in many dainty colors. These carriages are in great variety, and range in Price from **\$2.75 to \$30.00**

**U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.**

Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., J.L.B.      Mr. J. A. Winter

### Squires & Winter,

Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries.

New Bank of Nova Scotia Building,  
Corner Beck's Cove and Water Street.

## JOB'S STORES, LIMITED.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"RED CROWN" BRAND</b> of <b>CORNED BEEF, ROAST BEEF</b> <b>SAUSAGES, POTTED MEATS</b> and <b>LUNCH HAM.</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"HARVEST QUEEN"</b> <b>Corn Flour.</b> Pkgs. of 1/4s, 1/2s and 1s.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>"LIBERTY GLOSS" STARCH</b> Pkgs. and Bulk.</p>						
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"GREAT BEAR"</b> Spring Brand <b>MACCARONI,</b> 16 Oz. Packages.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"CHAMPION" TOBACCO</b> 7s and 14s. in 20 and 21 lb. Caddies.</p>						
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"KNICKERBOCKER" BRAND</b> <b>COFFEE</b> in 1 and 7 lb. Tins.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"KNICKERBOCKER" BRAND</b> <b>Cream of Tartar</b> <b>Substitute</b> in 10 Pound Tins.</p>						
<p><b>Also in Stock:</b></p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;">200 Bags LIMA BEANS.</td> <td style="width: 50%;">400 Bags ROUND PEAS.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>400 Bags YELLOW EYE BEANS.</td> <td>500 Sides SOLE LEATHER.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>100 Cases TOMATOE CATSUP.</td> <td>100 Boxes DATES, 10 oz. Pkts.</td> </tr> </table>		200 Bags LIMA BEANS.	400 Bags ROUND PEAS.	400 Bags YELLOW EYE BEANS.	500 Sides SOLE LEATHER.	100 Cases TOMATOE CATSUP.	100 Boxes DATES, 10 oz. Pkts.
200 Bags LIMA BEANS.	400 Bags ROUND PEAS.						
400 Bags YELLOW EYE BEANS.	500 Sides SOLE LEATHER.						
100 Cases TOMATOE CATSUP.	100 Boxes DATES, 10 oz. Pkts.						

## JOB'S STORES, LIMITED.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

German newspapers a fortnight after the execution. According to these accounts, other persons were tried at the same time.

Miss Cavell was wearing at the trial her nurse's uniform—the one in which she had been arrested. Soldiers with fixed bayonets stood between the prisoners.

Although she knew her danger, Nurse Cavell did not flinch. There was nothing, however, defiant in her look—it was too serene for anger. The time she had spent in prison must have had some effect on her constitution, but she went through her ordeal with a stout heart.

When the prosecution case was ended Miss Cavell was asked to plead. In a low, gentle voice she replied—"I believe I have served my country, and if that was wrong I am willing to take the blame."

Just as at the time twelve months previously when I stood in that same room, the questions were put in German and then translated into French. "Why did you help those soldiers to go to England?" she was asked.

"Because if I had not done so they would have been shot. I thought I was doing my duty in saving their lives," she answered.

The prosecution asked for the death sentence to be passed, but as usual the judges pretended not to agree. The sentence was postponed, but before anyone knew what was really happening Von Bissing consented to the shooting of this noble woman.

**Led to Her Doom.**

Between the close of the trial and the passing of the death sentence several days elapsed. The authorities refused to listen to any appeal for mercy.

Probably fearing that something might crop up to prevent the sentence being carried out, a few hours after Von Bissing had signed the documents Edith Cavell was led out to her doom. The last moments of her life are described as the most beautiful of her career. The Rev. H. S. T. Gahan, who was admitted to her cell, found her calm and resigned.

"I wish all my friends to know that I give my life willingly for my country," she observed. "I have no fear nor shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. This time of rest has been a great mercy. They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness to anyone."

When she had finished speaking, Holy Communion was administered. The clergyman began to recite the words of that beautiful hymn, "Abide with me," and at the last verse Nurse Cavell joined in.

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord abide with me."

At two o'clock in the morning Nurse Cavell was led out into the darkness. The soldiers were ready with loaded rifles. Some say that she tore away the bandage which covered her eyes. The other account, which seems more credible, was that her eyes remained bandaged. At the last moment her physical strength, weakened no doubt by the privation of prison life, was no match for her heroic spirit. She fell down in a swoon, and while she lay on the ground helpless the officer in charge of the firing party came forward and shot her.

That was the end of a noble life. Her mortal remains rest in the land occupied by the enemies whom with her last breath she forgave.

The names of the Germans who sat in judgment on this dauntless woman have not been disclosed. There is no doubt, however, that the heartless Von Bissing, the Governor of Belgium, was the prime factor in this crime.

The murder of Edith Cavell renewed in the Belgians the feeling against the Huns, which at one time I, thought was being killed by fright. They are still defiant, yet they have to appear friendly. Before I left Brussels the people had started a fund for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of the heroic nurse. Whether the Germans will allow such a structure during the period of their occupation is another matter.

On my arrival in this country the words spoken to me by the Belgian connected with the secret society came back to me—"We shall hunt and search for the traitor who betrayed Miss Cavell, and then we shall deal with him."

Some few weeks ago, no doubt, you saw in the newspapers an account of the assassination of the man who betrayed the nurse. If the Germans are desirous of knowing who committed the just vengeance they will have a big job on.

When I read of the just fate of this inhuman wretch I could have almost cried with joy; and my joy was shared, I feel, by people throughout the world, for the name of Edith Cavell will be honoured in the two continents, for generations. To her own nurses and to the people in the slum quarters of Brussels, where she carried the sunlight, she was clearly a heroine long before Germany gave her a crown of martyrdom.

A youngster of five after hearing the parents in a domestic argument expressed his opinion "that women can talk best, but men know the most."