

AWFUL STORIES OF ADRIANOPLE

French Writer Tells of Terrible Atrocities Committed By Bulgarians.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Greeks Tied Together in Fours And Thrown Into the River.

PARIS, Sept. 20.—How the Bulgarians have committed atrocities on the helpless citizens of Thrace such as would have aroused the thunder of Gladstone, had he been with us, is depicted in glowing language by Pierre Loti, the French writer.

Famed as the author of "Leschours d'Island" and other fine works, as a member of the French Academy, and a retired naval officer, M. Loti has made a tour of the devastated districts and sent from Constantinople a word-picture of the barbarisms practiced by the Bulgarians, and a moving appeal to the powers.

I wish simply to tell in all simplicity, says M. Loti, "what I have seen with my own eyes in the desert which the Bulgarians have made of Thrace. It surpasses in abomination everything that I have been told, and all that I imagined! With what fury have these Christian liberators worked in order to accomplish so much destruction in a few months. A desert, I said, and the most tragic of deserts, because one knows that the place was once a smiling province, and that the earth is full of freshly killed peasants. Nothing more.

Ruined Walls. In the military motor car which carried me at full speed I was able to travel miles and miles without perceiving a human being. Here and there the carcasses of beasts and flocks of crows. In the distance heaps of stones and the ruins of little walls—all that was left of villages. If one approaches sometimes a limping face, contracted with pain, rises from the debris; it is that of someone who has escaped the great massacres, and is sheltering himself under a roof of branches in what was his house.

Of these phantom villages I will describe one, Zaouza, for example, where I stopped for half an hour. But there are hundreds and thousands of others where the horror is the same. Zaouza contains nothing but broken walls, ruins, debris.

Here is the mosque. From a distance it seemed to be less destroyed than many others. Doubtless there was not enough time for sacking it properly. Inside a few sick and wounded, with cadaverous faces, are stretched on heaps of rags. The fine sculptures in white marble at the windows and the Mihrab had been smashed with sledge hammers. The Turkish prisoners and wounded were condemned to carry out this sacrilegious task, while the Bulgarians harassed them with their bayonets.

One must shock the minaret to see the most shocking part of the business. The Bulgarians went there every day, and committed unbelievable acts of horror, whosoever can clearly be seen in the cupola. Around the mosque in the cemetery all the columns have been broken, the dead have been exposed, and men used themselves by defiling the scattered bones.

Bodies in Well. Here is the well of the village, a sinister odor arises from it. Into it had been thrown the bodies of women and children foully treated by the soldiers, and on top of them, to make them sink, have been heaped the stones torn from the graves.

Out of a little more than a thousand inhabitants there remains about forty, who have escaped massacre. They came and surrounded me, rising from behind the ruins like spectres. Poor, brave people! How is it that even in this lost village they know that I am making an attempt to proclaim the truth of so-called Christian Europe?

But, yes, they all know, and they come to press my hand. And then they describe their martyrdom. One says: "I have neither wife nor children, house nor flock. Why am I not dead?" Another, a bent old man, tells me: "I had a little grand-daughter, ten years old; she was my joy. Four Bulgarian soldiers nearly killed me with their fists because I wanted to defend her. When I recovered consciousness I could not find her." Where is his grand-daughter? No doubt, in the well, rotting with the others, under the broken marble. All along the road which traverses these infinite and desolate solitudes is a continual stream of soldiers, baggage, wagons, artillery, guns on carts, Kurdish or Bedouin cavalry, and camels loaded with provisions. From all parts, even from the depths of Asia, people are

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A Competition and Exhibition for Boys and Girls



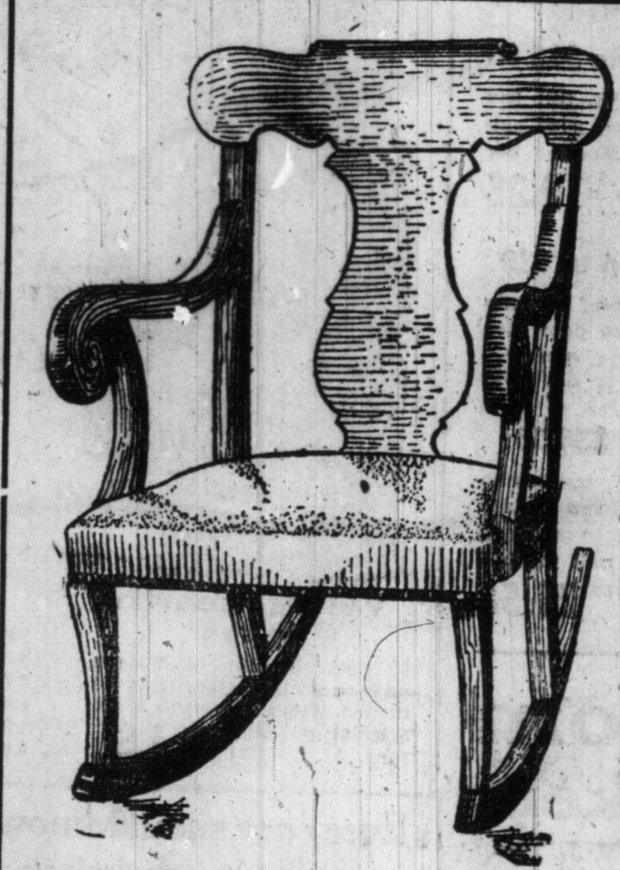
Handsoms Prizes for Exhibits of Home Preserved Fruit, Vegetables and Manual Training OPEN TO ALL



Commencing Monday, in conjunction with our Annual Harvest Sale of Home Furnishings, we will hold a unique Harvest-Home Exhibit and Competition that will be of educational interest to our patrons and the people of Toronto. The competitors are to be restricted to boys and girls of 16 years and under. Prizes will be given for home fruit, preserving, home vegetable growing, and manual training work.

Vegetable Growing Contest Open to girls and boys 16 years of age and under. (1) For the best 6 tomatoes, carrots, beets, or corn, grown by boy or girl 16 years of age or under. Prize—A Rattan Rocker. (2) For the best collection of home-grown vegetables (all kinds) exhibited by boy or girl 16 years of age or under. Prize—An Oak Secretary.

Boys' Woodworking Exhibit Our manual training schools have made it possible for the school boys to manufacture small pieces of furniture and miscellaneous articles of household utility. We will give prizes to the first, second, and third productions, judged according to design, construction, and finish. 1st Prize—Mahogany Leather-Seated Rocker. 2nd Prize—Austrian Bent Wood Rocker. 3rd Prize—A (Forty-Piece) English China Tea Set.



One of the Handsome Prizes

Entrances will be received up to Thursday evening, Sept. 25. No entrance fee will be charged. Any boy or girl may compete. Car fare will be refunded to all exhibitors. Exhibits will be called for if desired. Just write or telephone and we will call for anything that is too heavy to carry. The judging will be done by competent judges, and every competitor will have a fair and equal chance to secure one of the handsome prizes.

Fruit Preserving Contest Open to girls 16 years of age and under, for the best pint or quart sealer of peaches, plums, or pears. First Prize—An Oak Secretary. Second Prize—A Bent Wood Bedroom Rocker. Third Prize—A "Wear-ever" Aluminum 12-quart Preserving Kettle.

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coming by forced marches to the succor of beautiful Adrianople, which has escaped by a miracle, but which Europe, against all sentiments of humanity, obstinately desires to give back to the savage assassins who will not leave there one stone upon another, and who will turn it into a charnel-house.

Adrianople. Crowded with her minarets and her domes, she is still marvelous. But perhaps, alas, her days are numbered. There is joy in her beflagged streets—the unthinking joy of one who awakes at last from the most horrible of nightmares after spending so many days under the knife of butchers, whose trade is human flesh.

It is known by what a miracle she was saved. The Bulgarians had everything ready for the final slaughter as soon as the Turks returned. They were to murder the Mussulmans, while the Armenians, armed by the Bulgarians, were to be summoned to massacre the Greeks. Each man had been assigned his task. More than a thousand men had been trained in the beautiful chief mosque to do this.

What a prodigy! Had these disturbers of the feast been able to march fifty miles in twenty-four hours? But there they were, and Adrianople felt that she was saved, at least, for a time. Tore Out Eyes. Mussulmans, Greeks, and Jews trembled and wept for joy. The Bulgarians took the time to throw into the wells a few last prisoners of war. Then they fled in disorder. They returned to capture a young Turkish officer, Rechid Bey, son of the great officer, Rechid Bey, son of the great officer, Rechid Bey, son of the great officer.

deprived of their bark, which the end of a fortnight of this torture overhanging evidence is that which was supplied to me by the Greeks and Jews. It was the hour of evening prayer, and I went with the Yali and his suite to the marvelous mosque of Selim II, where already thousands of men were prostrating themselves. And that evening the hodjas chanted as the in prayer of any mosque have I heard such exaltation of prayer—the same time, what supplication and terror!

TO FLY THOUSAND MILES IN ONE DAY MUELHAUSEN, Germany, Sept. 20.—The German aviator, Victor Stoffer, who on Sept. 16 flew from this city right across Germany to Plock, in Russian Poland, in an eight hours' non-stop flight, a despatch from that city, in an attempt to reach Paris in a single day. He is trying to gain the prize of \$25,000 offered by the organizers of the first German aviator who exceeds 1000 miles in a single day.

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