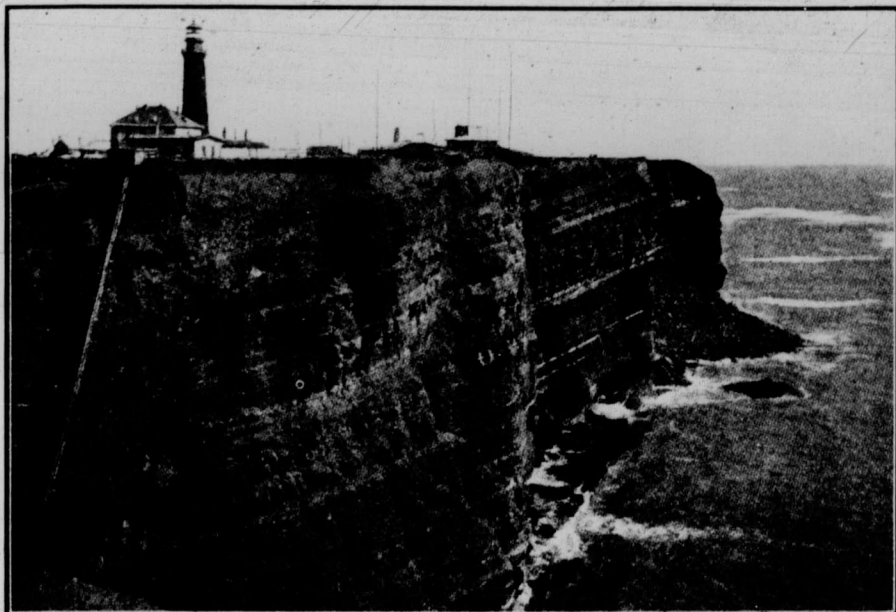
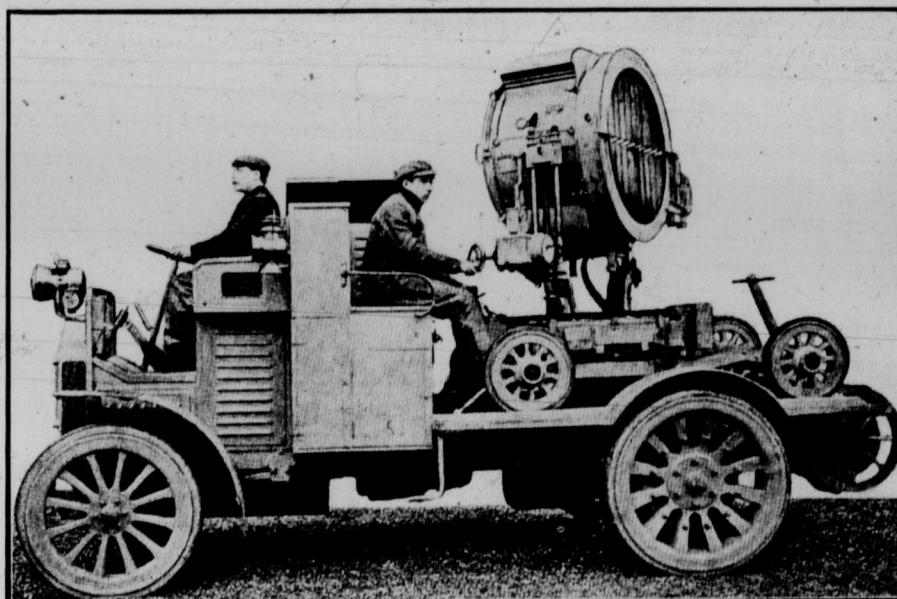




HELIGOLAND—GERMANY'S GIBALTAR



A FIELD SEARCHLIGHT OF THE FRENCH ARMY

A Belgian Woman's Letter

How a Winnipeg Baby's Hands were Saved

Here is a very human document, a letter from a lady in Belgium to her sister in Winnipeg. It is a moving chapter of one family's misery as a result of the war. It describes the utter destruction of the ancient family home, and the terrible suffering that has been forced upon the Belgian people by the quarrels of other nations.

The tragic circumstances surround the Timmermans' home at Lierre, six miles from Antwerp, whose hospitality has been enjoyed by several Winnipeg families. Mrs. Rose Dujardin, of 184 Balmoral street, Winnipeg, was a Miss Timmermans before her marriage. She came to Winnipeg nine years ago. The letter is from her sister. The Winnipeg lady is in a frantic state of mind, for her little four-year-old boy was visiting his grandparents when the home was destroyed, and she does not know where he is. She has heard, however, that the child was saved the fate of so many children, who were mutilated by the Germans, by his aunt tying up his little hands as if they had been cut off. Thus his hands were saved. Here is the letter:

Ostend, Oct. 7.

Dear Sister,—We are still in Belgium. I say Belgium, dear Belgium! How very soon it will not exist any more. If the Germans stopped at that, but the atrocities in these modern times are not believable.

Just one act. In Lierre all was well till the 3rd, when officers and men, very drunk, were running in the street. A shot went off. Nobody knew where it came from, and then the misery began. All the Germans were soon under weapons and killed all they met till 11.30 at

night, when they went into a few houses and had the people out. The ones who would not run or could not run, for the camp is far, were shot with no pardon.

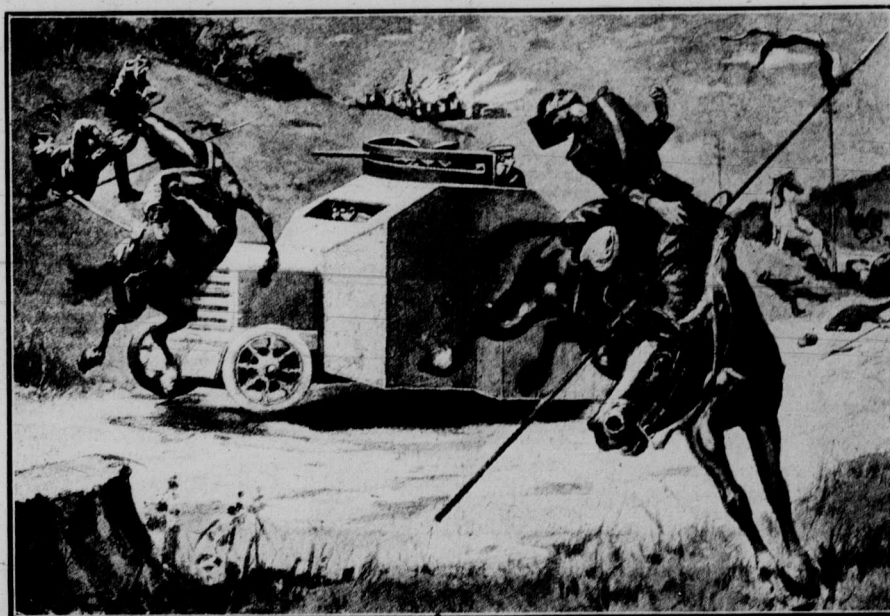
Bertha's father and mother were shot under her eyes. Then an order came that women and children could leave and go back to their houses, but had

all that is left of our fortune, which was considerably good. And then poor father and mother, who could not leave their house and said they would rather die, were forced to leave before the bayonets.

We were thirty-two members of the family, and we promised not to leave father nor Jos, our nephew, who were invalids. After five hours' walk in rain and mud, tired from not being rested for eight days before, we were all sleeping in cellars. Father and mother stayed in Antwerp with Clara and your little son. God knows where they are.

We were all separated till we arrived here in Ostend, fifteen together. Passing the ranks of the prisoners, we looked and saw our brother a prisoner. We could not even talk to him. I have to admit that these German regiments are wonderful mechanical machines. You should see them with their goose step and their lovely horses and their men, magnificent but very bad, who acclaimed der Kaiser. We passed by houses with not a window in them; great holes in the ground made by the big shells, and, all over, corpses, still warm. They were burning some, and it was a strange odor of wet earth, phenol and burned meat. In a hole were some forgotten wounded, who died from cold and hunger, one was under a tree, he had his face on the ground like he was biting that piece of Belgium so envied and so dreadfully paid. What hate and wild ferocity in that immense crowd!

Arriving in Ostend we had news that Valerie's husband and son had died on the battlefield. Dear Rose, they are the lucky ones who die. The only



FEAT OF AN ARMoured MOTOR CAR

Commander Samson, who is attached to the Naval Flying Corps, encountered a Patrol of Five Uhlans, near Doullens, while reconnoitring in an armoured car. Nothing daunted, he attacks the Germans, killing or wounding four and capturing the fifth, emerged victorious

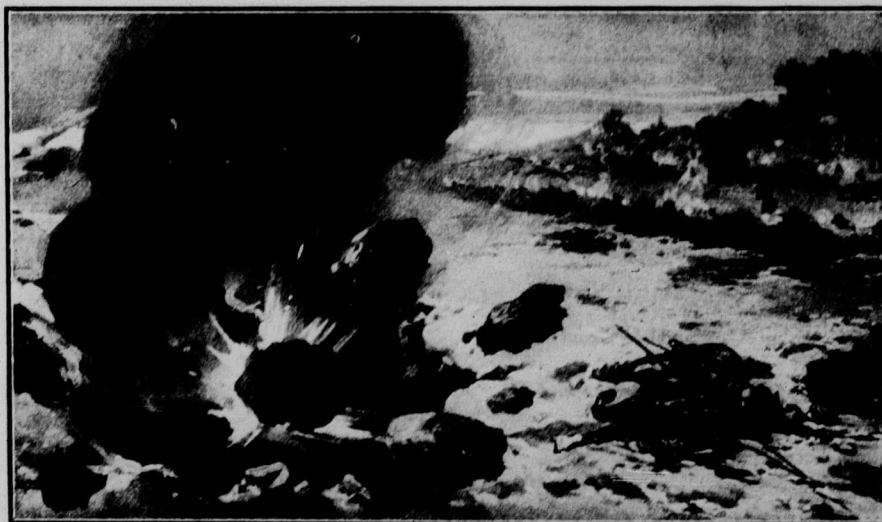
Three hundred wives were separated from their husbands, who were shot, this lasted till 6 in the morning, under a heavy rain.

to be away by nine. Of course, at 8 everything in our nice, picturesque little Lierre was on fire. We had hardly time to change our clothes. That is



RUINS OF GERMAN MOTOR TRANSPORT-CARS

Many instances of the use of motor cars in the war have been mentioned in recent reports of the fighting in France and Belgium. When defending Soissons, for example, the Germans placed in front of the town four machine-guns mounted on armoured cars. Other cars were used there for a very different purpose—to carry wounded from the battlefield. The armoured motor-car has been employed with great effect by the Allies. Only the other day Commander Samson, the famous British Naval aviator, performed a brilliant exploit with a small armoured-car force against a patrol of Uhlans near Amiens. A number of young Belgian noblemen, and other adventurous motorists, Belgian, French, and British, have done excellent service in cars armed with Maxim guns.



"BLACK MARIA" ARRIVES! A GERMAN HOWITZER SHELL BURSTING

"The British soldier is a difficult person to impress or depress, even by immense shells filled with high explosive which detonate with terrific violence and form craters large enough to act as graves for five horses. The German howitzer shells are eight to nine inches in calibre, and on impact they send up columns of greasy black smoke. On account of this they are irreverently dubbed 'coal boxes,' 'Black Marias' or 'Jack Johnsons,' by the soldiers." That testimony comes from an officer of Sir John French's staff, whose narrative has been officially published by the Press Bureau. The drawing vividly shows the immense craters made by the German howitzer shells and the dense black smoke they make on bursting as they pitch.