

THE JEW AND THE TURK

(By H. B. C. Pollard)

The imitation by the Turks in Palestine of the methods of the Germans in Belgium, has raised a hornet's nest about the ears of the Central Powers. All Jewish elements throughout the world have been prompt in protest, the pressure has been exerted upon Vienna and Berlin with a view to the coercion of Stamboul. The Turkish attitude in connection with the charges has been purely that of established Young Turk policy as this was formulated, under German guidance, when Turkey entered the war. They have simply denied the charges and then ordered their official propagandists in Switzerland and elsewhere to deny that there has been either oppression or massacre, and, in the alternative, to excuse "firm measures" on the curious ground that these measures were only taken because the very existence of the Turk was threatened, and, finally to point out that such happenings as occurred were no worse than Great Britain's treatment of the Greek people.

The first of these two arguments are mutually destructive, and the second is in addition rather a confession of the straits in which the Turkish Empire now finds itself. The third—the idea of paralleling Turkish and British methods of dealing with perfectly dissimilar cases—is amusingly and naively Young Turkish.

The Turks have dealt in their own way with the Armenians and with the Syrians, and the world has shuddered with horror at the recitals of the fate which befell these unhappy people. From the reliable accounts that are to hand from Palestine and from facts gathered from the Turkish official proclamations, there is little doubt that the Turks fully intended to treat the Jews of Palestine in exactly the same manner.

In the old days of peace Turkish officials massacres of subject races were usually arranged to look like mob risings generated by deep seated religious and racial differences. In war, however, this shallow excuse is abandoned, and the wretched subject race, be it Armenian, Syrian or Jew, is dealt with by the Turks under the pretext of military necessity.

The Jewish inhabitants of Gaza were forced to leave the town at an hour's notice. They were not permitted to take away their goods, or even sufficient food to carry them the journey to Jerusalem; and their houses, shops, and all their goods were turned over to be looted by the soldiery, even before the refugees had started on their terrible journey.

The Turkish claims that his soldiery did not oppress the Jews and that there was no wholesale massacre, but it is impossible to sack a town (and Gaza was sacked as thoroughly as was ever a medieval city) without killing and crimes of violence; and if you take all the possessions a people have, it certainly cannot be claimed that you do not oppress them.

Definite and very terrible accounts have been received of what befell the women, for they, as was natural, se-

creted about their persons what jewelry they possessed.

So bad was the plight of the refugees that the inhabitants of Jerusalem begged to be allowed to suffer all the horrors that might befall in war rather than to be forced to "evacuate" under the "protection" of the Turkish and German forces. The deportation that presented this pitiful petition to the infamous Jemal Pasha was promptly deported and none of its members have been heard of since.

The Turks are extremely ingenious in the methods they devise to make some sort of a case out against the Jews which will serve as a pretext for the campaign of extermination. A typical example is their method of attacking the Jew in his most vulnerable point—his fondness for money. Turkish paper money has only an exchange value of about a third of actual currency but the Turks have ordered the paper and the coin to stand at the same value. If there still continues to be a difference in the rate of exchange—not local difference but it is noted, but if the Turkish paper coin anywhere are not accepted at face value—this is charged as a crime against the Jews, who will be accused of hoarding money, and automatically become liable to deportation and the usual massacre or death by starvation en route.

The whole policy of the Young Turkish party has been an infamous record of robbery and massacre. During their comparatively short period of power the Ottoman Empire has lost enormous stretches of territory and the only programme of development to which they have committed themselves seems to have been the idea of exterminating rather than assimilating all non Turkish races within their borders.

This programme was tragically effective in the case of the Armenian nation, and has been almost as successful against the Greeks and Syrians, and is now in progress against the Jews. The Arabs, by proclaiming their independence and becoming a Sultanate under the protection of the Allies, have alone been successful in resisting the Turanian policy.

The Greeks died at the hands of those Turks who now suggest that the British treatment of Greeks in Greece and Egypt was on a par with Turkish policy toward the Jews.

The one outstanding fact that is clear in the awful drama of the last days of the decaying Ottoman Empire is that German representations to the Young Turkish Government have little effect unless they come from the German military party who encourage and support such horrors as the Armenian extermination. The doctrine of the German staff explicitly expressed in their war book, and the national tastes and tendencies of the Turk, are at one when it comes to a question of slaughter of innocent people of a subject race. Belgium, Armenia, and Palestine are one in suffering; a point that may well commend itself to any Jew who still has sympathy or dealings with anybody or anything that is German.

AT THE BRANT



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
THE MAN FROM PUNTER POST
AN ARTCRAFT PICTURE

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

Tush, tush, pa: calm yourself



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SCENES DESCRIBED BY MAJOR JORDAN OF THE 125th



THE HALT FOR A MEAL

BOYS OVERSEAS SHOULD BE ENVIED

A Boon to Train in Beautiful Old Land, Says Major Jordan

The following exceedingly interesting letter was written by Major Jordan, of the 125th Battalion, England, Oct. 1, 1917.

I have often thought that if the people of Brantford could see this lovely country—at its best—they would envy, rather than sympathize with, the boys in training here. We go for long route marches every week and it is usually arranged to avoid, as far as possible, covering the same area on successive marches. The other day we left camp at 8 a.m. The sun was shining through a misty haze. The trees and almost tropical vegetation were wet and glistening with heavy dew. It was a day for pleasure canoe trips, picnics, nutting expeditions and healthy lazy times were brought rather too vividly to memory.

As we turned down a lane hedged in by blackberry bushes, holly and wild roses, protected from the sun by large oak and elm trees planted in fascinating irregularity, we marvelled at the splendid roads, which appeared to be used so little, and were so far from any village or town. We passed quaint old timbered cottages with their great chimneys. Roses climbed up the sides and over the red tiled roofs and were intermingled with ivy, Virginia creeper and clematis. Every cottage, no matter how humble, had a flower bed nestled around it and as we wound in and out, up and down, we could not help saying, "I wish the people at home could see this lovely land."

Leaving this road we passed several thatched cottages and fashions on found a sparkling stream bubbling along beside the road. It was clear and cool and found its way along with unrestricted irregularity, winding in and out until it passed under a bridge—as old as the stream it seemed—and lost itself in a tangle of shrubs and grasses. We crossed the bridge and marched on. There was not the usual amount of singing or talking. Everybody was too busy enjoying the changing scenes. Trees covered with ivy, oaks large and wide-spreading, meadows of wonderful green with patches of yellow buttercups scattered about, quaintest of cottages in nests of marvellous flowers and other things even more beautiful, kept us so interested that we hardly realized that the time to halt for rest and dinner had come.

In a few minutes army were piled and the men lined up for dinner. We were hungry after our walk of twelve miles and knew that there were six or seven miles yet to go in order to return to camp. Hot meals—prepared in our field kitchens—were quickly served, and in a half hour everyone was resting in anticipation of the afternoon march. After an hour or so the bugle call awakened us and the order to "fall in" was given. The commanding officer was able in an incredibly short time to give the command "Advance in column of route from the right." Everyone stepped out cheerfully with a whistle or a song, anticipating a further interesting tramp through Surrey lanes. We passed the old "Crown Inn." Over five hundred years ago it was a

church and since then it has catered to the bodily needs of an endless and varied multitude of travellers.

When I think of scenes and incidents which that old place has witnessed, I find my brain in a jumble through which appear old-fashioned costumes, wigs and powder, knights of the road, coachmen and horses, in fact, so much, that I cannot attempt to describe the feeling of being in touch with those "good old days." I wonder if the spirits of those people still gathered round on winter nights to enjoy a bit of gossip.

Passing through one of the large estates where beech trees, with a spread of a hundred feet or more, shelter great herds of deer, we watch, hoping to see the sprightly things caught unawares, and fly lightly over the soft springs and to the protection of the woods beyond. As the head of the column reaches the crest of the old wooden bridge over the stream, there sure enough we see a hundred deer or more standing for a moment with heads erect and then they're off. The dogs with the fawns lead the way, while the bucks follow in rear to protect them. In a moment every thing is again as still as a picture and we march on. We see the old camp and are soon "home." What a place to call "home," but the country, after all, is home to nearly all of us in one generation or another, and so we "carry on" for the sake of that good old land.

OLD-TIME REMEDY MAKES PURE BLOOD

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TREES IN FASCINATING IRREGULARITY.

He climbs up to his seat and loads his gun. "All clear," he shouts. The machine darts forward over the smooth ground. With a sudden upward movement it glides into the air, and goes on climbing steadily until the onlookers it has become a mere speck in the sky.

The pilot looks down on the earth beneath, on the network of roads, on the regular patchwork of fields and meadows with farms and villages appearing on them like so many pieces of a checker board. There is sorrow in these homes, the sorrow of war; but the beauty of the landscape is unmarred. Above is the peerless blue sky, beneath the rich gold and green of the earth, with a forward setting of shimmering silver from the channel and North Sea. Never did the light of the sun unfold a more pleasing picture.

"La belle Angletree," murmurs the pilot.

Behind him is the Channel, beneath him the land of France. The fields are still green and gold, the houses and villages still as trim and distinct; but the roads are whiter and more dusty, showing the passage of a greater traffic. Along these roads curling threads of khaki can be seen emerging from, or entering, the white tent masses or the darker huddled blurs, which denote the presence of depots and training camps. The country is swarming with troops; it is a nursery of war.

Not far distant is war's finishing school. The pilot can see it even now. Each moment of his flight brings the view nearer. Gone is the green and the gold of the fields. The

rich coloring has merged into the dull brown and grey of a skeleton, trampled land. Even the threads of khaki have disappeared. It is a stygian waste of broken homesteads and erupted subsoil; a country of the dead, whose only movement is the flash of heavy artillery, whose only sound is the roar of battle movement. And "La Belle France" was once its name.

Thirty years of preparation for war by the Kaiser created that waste of land within the borders of France. The system of government, of which he is the head, enabled him to direct the energies of his people to whatever end he willed as it gave him the power to use the mighty engine of destruction which they had forged, whenever he thought the moment opportune. It is significant of the nature of the struggle that against him are arrayed all the great democracies of the world. While he retains his power, every country of the world is liable to have the battlefield desert planted within its borders, even as it is in France to-day. Until his armed absolutism is broken, until democracy has triumphed, war will go on.

TERRACE HILL

(From Our Own Correspondent). Mr. Frank Piper, of Grandview, returned home from Red Deer, Alta., this week, after spending some time on his brother-in-law's farm. He reports wonderful crops of wheat.

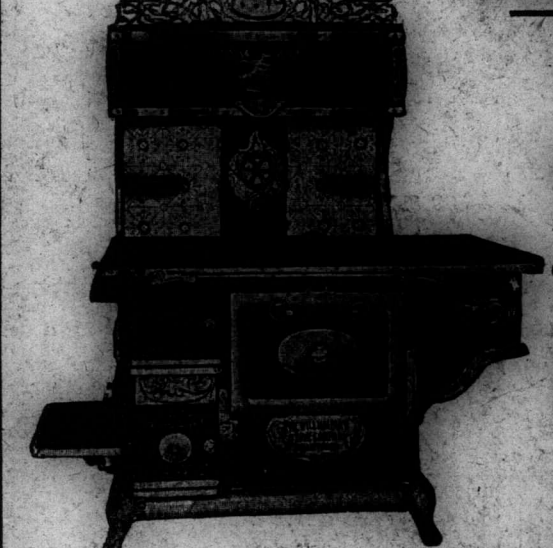
Mr. W. T. Settle, of Wells avenue, has secured a position in Toronto and will remove there shortly. Extensive improvements on Dunas street have been carried out during the past fortnight. The hill has been cut down and graded, a cement sidewalk laid and electric lights erected. We hope all this means preparations for the street car line.

Mrs. Chapman, of Burlington, has been renewing acquaintances with her old friends in Grandview the past week. She has been the guest of Mrs. Geo. Mackay, St. George street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Alderson were in Hamilton over Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Scorton. Miss Evelyn Mackay, who has been in the hospital, suffering from typhoid fever, was able to return home this week.

Lloyd Fisher, who has been ill with pneumonia, is now recovering. We are glad to welcome him again one of our returned soldiers in the person of Sergeant Miller of Dundas street. Wounded at the front, the authorities sent him home to Canada to recuperate. He gave a very interesting address before the members of the Epworth League of the Sydney Street Church a few evenings ago.

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—By Wellington



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