



An Appeal to America On Behalf of the Belgium Destitute.

By Thomas Hardy.

Seven millions stand.
Emaciate, in that ancient Delta-land—
We here, full-charged with our own
maimed and dead,
And coiled in throbbing conflicts slow
and sore,
Can soothe how slight these ills un-
merited
Of souls forlorn upon the facing shore!
Where naked, gaunt, in endless band on
band
Seven millions stand.

No man can say
To your great country that, with scant
delay,
You must, perforce, ease them in their
sore need:
We know that, nearer first your duty
lies;
But—is it much to ask that you let
plead
Your loving kindness with you—wooing
wise—
Albeit that aught you owe and must
repay
No man can say?

The "Dollar Chain."

Away at the front, British soldiers—
Canada's men among the rest—are risk-
ing their lives for you; they are suffer-
ing in the trenches, muddy and cold, for
you. They need warm socks, shirts and
head-coverings; they need antiseptic solu-
tions and bandages, and surgical instru-
ments, provided with which many may
live who might otherwise die. . . Not
far from them hundreds of thousands of
Belgian women and children, driven from
their homes, need food and clothing, and
coal to keep them warm.

The "Dollar Chain"—"The Farmer's
Advocate and Home Magazine" plan for
helping those who need, is one method
by which you can assist. One dollar is
placed as the average, but more will be
welcome—or less. Every twenty-five
cents will buy bandages for a wounded
soldier, antiseptic solution enough to
prevent him from taking blood poisoning,
or milk enough to keep a Belgian baby
alive for two or three days. Don't
think even that amount too little to be
worth while. If you can send more be
thankful that you can.

All amounts received are forwarded at
once to the headquarters for soldiers'
comforts, Red Cross, and Belgian Re-
lief, though the names or pen-names of
contributors may not appear for a week
or more after receipt of money.

Kindly address your envelopes to "The
Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine,"
London, Ont. Pen-names will be pub-
lished instead of names, if preferred.

The following contributions have been
received up to time of going to press:

The William Weld Co. ("The Farmer's Advocate") and em- ployees	\$100 00
"Scotia," Middlesex Co., Ont.....	1 00
Miss D. Webbe, Middlesex Co., Ont.....	4 00
"Sympathy".....	4 00
"To hitch on your chain, wishing you every success"—H. A. B., Middlesex Co., Ont.....	1 00
"Enclosed find Five Dollars as my contribution to 'The Dollar Chain,' which I give heartily, hoping you may reach the \$30,000 or more."—Allison Pea- cock, York Co., Ont.....	5 00
Total up to Jan. 30th.....	\$115 00

**The Awfulness of Des-
truction in Belgium.**

"If we had it to do over again, we
would do exactly as we have done."
Only those who have seen the havoc
wrought in Belgium and the almost un-
bearable and unspeakable suffering to
which the Belgian people, particularly
innocent women and children, have been
subjected since the early days of last
August, can fully appreciate what these
words of their brave young king mean.
Truly, after all that this brave little
people have endured must all nations
agree with Caesar's words, *Omnium
fortissimi sunt Belgae* (The Belgians are
the bravest of all). Newspaper accounts
give only a very meagre idea of the
awfulness of the carnage caused by the
Prussian heel, which has trampled over
Belgium, but which has in no sense
crushed the Belgian people, although all
possible has been done by uncalled-for
destruction and ruthless killing, to bring

in gigantic conflict that the world has
ever known.

M. Victor Yzeux was in London, Ont.,
recently, and his illustrated lecture drew
a large crowd, which was greatly moved
by the earnest and feeling manner in
which by word and picture this typical
Belgian, who had seen the destruction of
Liege, Louvain, and all the villages
around Antwerp, and finally had experi-
enced the bombardment of this great
city, and had seen the 500,000 refugees
from it depart for Ostend, showed what
Kaiserism has meant to Belgium. Bel-
gium for the time is blotted out, but
her glory and honor shall live forever,
and her people shall live in honor to
witness the disgrace which must inevi-
tably fall upon Might when once Right
has vanquished the Monster.

Beginning with a short history of the
events leading up to the outbreak of
hostilities, M. Yzeux proved conclusively
that Germany was the first to mobilize
and that in the dying days of last July



Tommy Atkins in the Trenches.

A lull in the fighting on the British lines. Tommy is taking advantage of it
to improve his quarters. Your dollar will help him.—Photo by
Underwood & Underwood.

about this end. Our people know very
little of the real suffering and the extent
of the destruction, and all those per-
mitted to hear M. Yzeux, or other Bel-
gians now lecturing in Canada, the pro-
ceeds to go to the Belgian Relief Fund,
should avail themselves of this oppor-
tunity of gaining some idea, at least, of
what happened to that little country, in
no way a party to the quarrels of
Europe, but for honor's sake the stamp-
ing-ground of the most powerful armies

German soldiers had already been called
to the colors. He cited also the case
of a German reservist in Italy who was
ordered to join his regiment at Amiens,
France, on August 7th, proving that
Germany intended to violate the neutral-
ity of Belgium and walk straight to
Paris. But brave little Belgium stood
in the way.

One of the first slides shown depicted
the wreck of a Belgian house on the
frontier. On the day the Germans com-

menced the invasion, the owner of the
house, with his wife, his brother-in-law
and three children were watching the
Germans pass. A regiment was at lunch
in front of the house. A shot rang out
and the Germans raided the house, bat-
tered in the doors, seized the brother-in-
law, who has never since been heard of,
and set the place on fire. The rest of
the inhabitants, hiding in the cellar,
were hauled out through the cellar win-
dow, and the man shot in cold blood
against the wall of his own house, and
before the eyes of his terrified wife and
children. The first shot did not kill
him, and a young German officer finished
the job while the poor innocent non-
combatant was lying helpless on the
ground. The house, a magnificent old
structure, was pillaged, and nothing but
a part of the great thick walls was left
standing.

On the invaders went, and everyone
knows what happened to Louvain. Vil-
lages and farm-houses on the way met
the same fate. The pictures of Louvain
before and after destruction were one of
the features of the evening. Never did
we see such fine, substantial and
beautiful architecture, and never was
destruction more complete. The
cathedral was a wonder, with six
great towers, and thousands of win-
dows, and all that remains is a pile of
debris. Over 500 years old, this old
landmark was the joy of many a Bel-
gian heart, but it went with the homes
of the rich and the poor, and the havoc
was appalling. A list of 62 names, of
men, women, and young children, was
thrown on the screen, every one of whom
had been shot in cold blood by German
invaders. Even a heap of their dead
bodies was shown, and tears trickled
down many cheeks while others paled
with horror at the sight.

The wreck of the villages was com-
plete. In one, every house of the 300
was razed. In another of 600, only 200
remain, and these are badly damaged
so it was with all. One large, three-
storey house was shown, and a single
shell had torn straight through it, tak-
ing out both side walls completely,
wrecking all the interior and leaving the
roof supported by the two ends, the
whole resembling an overhead railway
bridge. About Antwerp, for protection,
the Belgians destroyed the woods and
farm buildings. Pitiable indeed was it
to see an aged woman sitting in the
middle of a field with her worldly be-
longings strewn around her, her home in
flames, her husband and sons on the
firing line, herself a refugee. All such
flocked to Antwerp. Long lines of refu-
gees, all women and children and old
men, for the Belgian of fighting age was
at the front, were shown on the roads
converging on Antwerp. Women with
babies in their arms, and two, three and
four big-eyed, wondering children tod-
dled behind, all carrying bundles, were
shown on the way, shown huddled in
street corners, and at the doors of places
where food was doled out, and the whole
was a depressing scene. Then came the
great bombardment, during which, for 36
hours, shells from big German guns
dropped in Antwerp at the rate of 21
per minute. Imagine the results. The
people terrified, and yet brave, started
by ferry and pontoon bridge across the
Schelt and commenced the long hike to
Ostend. Imagine 500,000 defenceless
women and innocent children huddled so
close that at first it took a half day to
make 600 yards progress, and when well
on the way an able man could only go
six miles in four hours. The Germans
even trained their guns on the ferry-
boats.

Hungry, footsore, without home, and
with their beloved country gradually
falling into the invaders' hands, these