



### 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  
mained and dead,  
And coiled in throbbing conflicts slow  
and sore,  
Oan soothe how slight these ails 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 Pee- cock, York Co., Ont.....	
	5 00
<b>Total up to Jan. 30th.....</b>	<b>\$115 00</b>

### 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 inevit-  
ably 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

menaced 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  
Scheldt 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



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-