

great hurry the night before. But the lack of coal was no hindrance to the Kent. Stories have gone the rounds of how everything that was burnable and movable on the ship except the furniture in the officers' quarters was rammed into the Kent's furnaces; according to one despatch—"Tear up anything that will burn and throw it in" was Capt. Allen's command. And in response, boats, chicken-coops, and companion-ways were ripped up and flung into the fires. The Kent's business was to overhaul the Nurnberg. "We must sink her, boys," said the Captain. "You're jolly well right—sink 'er," was the answer. So the Captain was dubbed "Sink'er Allen."

In the sinking of the Nurnberg, the Kent was hit thirty-six times. Her armour was pierced, her decks pitted and her funnels riddled with shell-holes. But she lost only eight men.

Some thanks to Sergeant-Major Hayes, whose picture appears above, that the Kent was not either

worse damaged or burned to a crisp. According to despatches: "A shell had burst and fired some cordite charges in the casement. Flames shot down the hoist in the ammunition passage. It was then that the brave marine came to the rescue. Picking up the charge, he threw it overboard, and grasping a fire hose, he quickly subdued the flames."

All this was more than six months ago. Since that time the Kent has steamed up to Esquimalt, where she arrived some weeks ago. She has now become legitimate copy for despatch-writers from New York, descriptive writers in Victoria, and camera-men, who got the finest realistic war pictures yet taken on this side of the Atlantic.

The Kent is not merely a warship; she is an institution. The name Kent goes back in the British navy in an unbroken line of almost apostolic succession for 250 years. Old wooden sailing ships with the name of Kent have been in British battles on

many seas. It is doubtful if any of them had the experience of the 1915 Kent that is now at Esquimalt and came through to be a living witness to the story.

The big drum shown in one of the pictures has painted on the slats under the cords the names of many vessels fought by ships with the name of Kent. These battles and dates are: Lowestoft, 1665; Sir James Tight, 1666; Barfleur and La Hogue, 1692; Vigo, 1702; Malaga, 1704; Superbe, 1710; Cape Passaro, 1718; Princessa, 1740; Ushant, 1747; Calcutta, 1757; Nurnberg, 1914; Dresden, 1915.

These are the names of the ships with which Kents have fought for more than two centuries. The Kent of 1915, built in 1903, is the worthy successor of the lot. After sinking the Nurnberg, she took part in the chase after the escaping Dresden, which was afterwards given her final coup in Chilean waters. Hence the trophies from the Dresden shown in the spoils collection of the Kent.

WILL BELGIUM BECOME BRITISH?

What is to Become of Belgium Has Already Divided Official Germany into Two Camps

By STANLEY N. DANCEY

WILL Belgium become British after the war? The question had been posed by the editor of the Canadian Courier. We had just finished dinner at the Albany Club, in Toronto. The quickly moving figures all about us suggested that the noon hour was fading into afternoon and that the men of affairs were again indulging their thoughts in the tasks to which they were hurrying. A steward rushed across the floor in an effort to intercept a member who was just ready to leave. A small group at a table off to the right studied a war map, apparently for the purpose of justifying the morning's despatches.

We were discussing those features of the war which had not already been hashed and rehashed in the daily press. Keenly alert, the editor leaned forward in his eagerness to listen. I had just recently returned from the front; in fact, the dull, insidious groaning of the cannon was still in my ears. Mine had been an unusual experience. My Canadian papers still lay buried beneath Belgian soil, and we now reviewed the many thrilling incidents associated with my sojourn of nearly three months amongst the German armies, always under the kindly protection of American passports. Not until those moments of after reflection, did I really see the danger to which I had been exposed. But after all, it was a matter of allowing the past dead bury its dead. I was safe again on my native soil.

A GAIN I could see the countless legions of the Kaiser thrown against that wall of steel along the banks of the Yser canal. I saw once more the rivers, canals and inundated lands running red with the crimson blood of the Teutons. I could see in fuller and grander light the remnant of that little Belgian army, fifty thousand strong, but big enough to hold back the merciless and ever persisting Huns. Not far away, and off to the right, the British were driving back the attacks of the Germans as they sought to crush the lines of defence about Ypres. To the south, the thick, heavy smoke that hung as a pall over the earth, told in language even stronger than words, that the French were still pushing farther and farther back, the enemy who had sought to enter in and destroy one of the finest republics on earth.

The tragedy of the war passed before my mental vision, as I pondered over the question which this well-known editor had posed. Will Belgium become British after the war? I knew of the splendid sympathy which the British had awakened in the hearts of the Belgians long before war had been declared. History taught me, that for many long years, England had been a warm and devoted friend of the little kingdom across the channel. But what a wonderful bond of friendship had been developed in the more recent months!

The neutrality of Belgium had been cruelly violated by a foe, who sought, through a policy of fire, pillage and massacre, to eliminate the Belgian character and the Belgian nation. Her towns and cities had been laid in ruins, her priceless relics of the past had been sacrificed to a fiendish will. Her civilian population had been persecuted in a manner that baffled description.

BUT Belgium would be redeemed. The crime which she had suffered, would be avenged. Her commerce and her industry would be built anew on foundations secure and permanent. Bigger and greater and grander than ever would be her future. Her people suffered and gave of their sacrifice with this certain knowledge in their hearts. Great Britain was the champion of her rights. The most powerful empire the world had ever seen had placed its strength and resource at the disposal of King Albert and his people. Surely was it this in-born hope that created the new spirit of courage in which the Belgians laboured and fought.

Over two thousand years ago Julius Caesar had conquered the territory known as Gallia Belgia. It was he who said that the Belgians were the bravest

of all the warriors he had encountered. But from that moment to this, Belgium had not known that peace and tranquillity which was its right and property. The Roman occupation was followed by the Spanish, who, under the guiding spirit of the Duke d'Albe, subjected the Belgians to all forms of cruelty and torture. The Inquisition was only one of the trials through which they had to pass. But again was Britain the friend of Belgium.

The long days of the rule of Orange Nassau laid the foundation for Belgium's first breath of freedom. In the Theatre Monnaie, at Brussels, there was being enacted a drama entitled "Le Muete de Portici." It was taken from the spirit of the Italian revolution. That was in the latter days of September, 1830. The seed of liberty had long since been planted and so it was that the revolutionary drama was accorded a magnificent reception. One of the capital's most gifted singers came out on the stage one night to sing his own composition. It was the call of liberty that echoed and re-echoed throughout the strains of that music, for it was none other than "The Brabanconne," now Belgium's national anthem.

THE enthusiasm which the singer evoked was too much for a peaceable world to carry. "Vive la Revolution." The audience joined in the spirit of the enthusiasm, and from that theatre went forth the inspiring agents who soon precipitated the revolution through which Belgium secured her freedom. And in the moment of her new-bought life of liberty, Belgium turned to the larger and much stronger powers to secure that measure of protection which would mean that her freedom would be immune from hostile effort. Great Britain and Germany were amongst the nations who signed the covenant guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. Germany now regards the agreement as a mere scrap of paper. Great Britain went to war to justify that spirit of honour in which she made that guarantee to little Belgium.

Great Britain has justified her friendship for Belgium by a sacrifice which will easily earn for her a lasting influence in the life of the Belgian people. By means of a policy of peaceful penetration, Germany had eaten her way into the very heart of the little kingdom. She largely controlled the financial world. In the industrial sphere she was fast becoming the most potent factor. Socially, although the Belgians detested the Teutons, they were surely finding a strong footing, so much so, that the spy system even embraced the Royal palace at Brussels.

Scarcely a public work there was, but that a German engineer was held in a consulting capacity. Then, when it came to matter of purchasing supplies, it was only natural that German materials should be the most highly recommended. Large purchasing agents inevitably found themselves placed under the influence of German trade agents. Germany had gained control of almost everything in Belgium with the exception of the soul of the people. There was not enough money in all the Fatherland to purchase that precious force. The resistance of the Belgians at Liege gave the Huns convincing evidence of that fact.

BUT all this has been changed by the war. The foe, which has come in and destroyed with such a wanton hand the happiness and prosperity of this peace-loving and industrious race will be for many decades shut out from the life of that nation. German goods will and must be boycotted. German money will be scorned. German influence will be driven out of the social and industrial life of the people. There was a moment when Belgium thought that she could not live without the German inventions and the German-made articles. But the war has proved that she must do so, and the magnificent spirit which burns in the heart of all Belgium to-day suggests that it will be as it should.

Belgium must come into her own. She must be more Belgian than ever before. Political and religious strife has, in the past, opened up those channels through which these traitorous forces have crept in, but the war will close and seal these channels. The Clericals opposed strenuously the development of Belgium's military strength, and, in so doing, played into the hands of the treacherous foe. The Liberals, ever bent upon progress and true form of government, have struggled for years to rescue Belgium from those influences which were assuredly dragging her down. The war will give new vigour and impetus to the Liberal movement, for, after all, it is founded on the principles laid down by Abraham Lincoln, which meant a government for the people, through the people and by the people. Thanks to the Liberals, Belgium was in a position to hold the Germans back at Liege, and to save the cause of the Allies. Walloon in the south has ever been opposed by Fleming in the north, but the war has made of the Belgians a united people, with one common purpose to serve. Political and religious differences will be buried in the ashes of Prussian militarism, and out of those ashes will rise a new and more stately edifice.

QUITE naturally, the new Belgium will turn to her most devoted friend in the hour of her fuller freedom. That nation, which sheltered and protected her in the hour of peril, will remain in her life as a force of inspiration and influence. As large a part as Great Britain has played in the life of Belgium in the past, it only follows in logical sequence, that she will play an even more important role, once the horrors of this terrible war have been forever eliminated. In the reconstruction of the little kingdom, British money and British brains will be a potent factor, and, in this, will be laid the foundation upon which will be builded a permanent friendship and sympathy between the two peoples.

If one studies carefully the trade figures for the past ten or twelve years he will see at once how German merchants and manufacturers have gradually worked themselves into control of the Belgian markets. It was a common fact, that the majority of articles in Belgium, prior to the war, were of German manufacture. In 1912, Belgium bought from Germany nearly eight hundred million francs worth of goods, while at the same time she sold to Germany over one billion francs' of materials. Great Britain was fortunate enough, in this year, to secure a little over five hundred million francs of business, while she shipped into Belgium goods to the same value. But, in the last two years, Germany has made her most important strides in winning Belgium as an almost exclusive market. The war has, however, made this no longer possible. German goods will never again find a place in the Belgian market.

There are 7,423,000 inhabitants in Belgium; that was before the war. Of these, three million speak French exclusively, three million speak Flemish, while one million speak the two languages. It is a market wonderfully rich in opportunity. Allowing for the increased development which must inevitably follow in Belgian industry, once the instruments of war have been laid aside, and reconstruction has been completed, there is still a large and growing need to satisfy. Germany's place in the market must be taken by another, and it is only logical to conclude that British-made goods will satisfy a large share of this need.

Canadian manufacturers and Canadian people cannot forget the opportunity which lies before them in Belgium. Even, as we have given of our arms and our men and our money to Belgium in her hour of need, so will Belgium give to us, in her days of peace and happiness, a market that will more than recompense us for any sacrifice that we may have made. No, Belgium will not become British after the war. She will become more Belgian than ever. But British influence will find a larger and a friendlier sphere in Belgium.