

THE PRICE BELGIUM IS PAYING FOR DEFYING THE RUTHLESS INVADER

An English Surgeon Describes Hospital Scenes In the Little Kingdom — Administering Mercy Under Exceptional Difficulties — Some Pathetic Sights Witnessed in the Course of a Day's Work Among the Wounded.

London, June 10.—The position of Belgium in the present war reminds one in some respects of the dwarf in Goldsmith's fable, who got all the kicks and buffets while his comrade, the giant, threw on their joint adventures and declared it famous sport. To be sure, the fable is exaggerated nonsense, as so many fables are, and the applicability is terribly strained, but it how you may, for the Allies in this world-wide conflict have suffered in due measure according to their susceptibility and valor. But there is no doubt that Belgium, even more than Serbia, takes the public eye, and epitomizes all the courage, all the hardship, all the infamous iniquity of this devastating conflict. The ten or eleven reports of the official commission of inquiry into Belgian calamities and claims are proof enough of the fearful extent to which King Albert's land and subjects have had to pay for playing the many part of defending their liberties and withstanding the invasion of a ruthless and immeasurably inferior race. Yet the best has not been told of the gallantry which the Belgians have brought to bear upon their share of the conflict and suffering. Part of this has been told in private letters from our troops and part by the refugees who have settled here in our midst. Better and fuller accounts still have come from the war correspondents of the papers, and some of these collected and reprinted make permanent and valuable records of a great chapter in the history of the new Renaissance—that is, the renaissance of modern Europe from the obsession and the dread of German tyranny.

After the work of the war correspondents I may be permitted, perhaps, to draw upon the narrative of "A Surgeon in Belgium" (Edward Arnold, 8s. 6d. net) seeing that without indulgence in the technicalities of his profession, the author, Dr. H. S. Souttar, contrives to throw a deal of light on the human sides of a great international tragedy, and to set it forth in a strain which is no strain at all but simply the easy narrative of a man of the world who sets right values on the sadder and the sener aspects of existence.

Hardships in Antwerp Hospitals

Dr. Souttar joined the Belgian Field Hospital in the early stages of the war, and saw its sterner side without the alleviation of preparation either for mischief or mercy. He and his colleague, Dr. Beavis, were established in a great home in the Boulevard Leopold at Antwerp, detached, roomy, and tolerable in every way for the purpose of a war hospital. They found themselves in all with a hundred and fifty beds, and a staff of about fifty—that is to say, eight doctors, twenty nurses, five dressers, lay assistants and motor drivers—besides a kitchen staff of Belgians. As the months wore on and the market became dearer and dearer things began to call for ingenuity, if not heroism. Milk became unobtainable—no slight deprivation for a hospital full of wounded men—and the only water available was salt—a state of things which laid heavy work upon the housekeeper in the way of boiling and filtering. But as the author says, soldiers are not the only people who fight on their stomachs, and the staff did wonders. None of them were ill

result that on striking, the casing spreads out and forms a rough, irregular missile, which does terrific damage. Such bullets were forbidden by the Geneva Convention. But the German bullet is much more subtle than this. It is short and pointed and when it strikes it turns completely over and goes through backwards. The base of the bullet has no cover, and consequently spreads in a matter precisely similar to that in a dum-dum, and is equally deadly result. There could be no greater contrast than that between the wounds with which we had to deal in South Africa, produced by ordinary bullets, and those which our soldiers are now receiving from German rifles. The former were often so slight that it was quite a common occurrence for a soldier to discover accidentally that he had been wounded some time previously. In the present war rifle wounds have been among the mostly deadly with which we have had to deal.

The author dwells with emphasis on the folly of removing bullets, and adds that it may be the result of his Scottish ancestry, but that if ever he sets a bullet in his own anatomy he is resolved to keep it. According to the author the warfare in the field was not more ferocious than the one he had to wage in the wards in order to combat the passion of the native stonemasons for closing the windows tightly down upon a ward of wounded soldiers, many of them with gangrenous injuries of a terrible order. The time came, of course, when fresh air became the law of life simply because the staff had to move on to the field, and then the conditions of the military against efficiency were conditions established not by nurses, but by the professional tradition of the Continental army, doctors. Their one idea was the combatants, and consequently the wounded were only encountered to be tickled and passed through the dressing hospitals as fast as possible, and left until the base hospitals before receiving anything like curative treatment. Gradually the British influence made itself felt in the other direction, but it was uphill work.

The antagonism between endeavor and environment, however, never came to a head until the bombardment set in and the hospital had to take to flight, and these had to be packed with wounded, staff, appliances and all, at lightning speed in rooms whose windows faced shell-walls. The cortege moved off with sixty patients inside, thirty of the staff on top. All about town, and amidst the wreckage of blankets, crockery and instruments with the luggage of the staff, and a nurse mounting guard to keep the unwieldy mass in place. It was a marvellous sight, says Dr. Souttar, to see the fiercer crowd of medical students ever left the doors of a hospital for a Cup tie.

The Type of Bullet

The result was that nearly all the wounded begged, where they were consigned, to be taken to the "Hospital Anglais," and no wonder! One result of the reputation soon established was that their hospital in the Boulevard Leopold soon became the destination of all the serious cases, and the ground for their record remained so high the author attributes to the fact that the Belgians are invariably a frugal and abstemious race. He dwells more than once on the heavy contrast between the state of things established and the state of things which prevails on this side of the water. Chloroform, as he says, does not mix well with alcohol in the human body, and the average working man is rather fond of demonstrating the fact. Another ground for welcoming this heightened power of resistance in the patient was that the wounds were more than usually destructive of tissue and had started infection in nearly every instance. Part of this was due, without a doubt, to the deadliness of German rifle-fire, and the entire absence of that clean cut perforation which marks the path of the ordinary bullet. In a dum-dum bullet the casing at the tip is cut or removed, with the

Mercy Under Difficulties

One feels that with a spirit like that he deserved the brief holiday which came to him, for he got a short leave here at home and when he went out again, he should have found a letter to tempt, for when he settled down to better a German providence again in the shape of another bombardment the hospital was set up at Furnes in a big and ill-prepared school building, where there was no light but a kerosene lamp and two candles; the spoons were pewter, half worn away, and the knives were in their dotage. Nemesis seemed to have arrived, however, when it was found that they had landed without the surgical appliances which they had taken such trouble and risk to rescue out of Antwerp. These had been tied up in sheets in bundles, and the author believes they had been stolen. On top of their despair came a couple of wounded officers on stretchers, and when the staff said it was impossible to deal with them the bearers said, well, they must wait as they were till an ambulance came that way. The "hospital," which was no "hospital" at all, was set up with this thin end of the wedge, the sluice-gates were opened and the tide of wounded poured in.

Beyond a dozen folding-beds, the rest of the poor wretches had to lie on straw, with a comfort to the degree of luxury, as the staff found, but made the use of fires impossible. Later they got beds from houses in the town, and the Queen of Belgium gave twenty. Everything went famously after that. Milk had to be brought over from England, and the naval stores at Dunkirk had to be coaxed into furnishing bully beef, condensed milk, cheese, soap and other luxuries.

Mme. Curie and Her Radiograph

One Lady Bountiful who turned up was Madame Curie, who arrived with her splendid X-ray equipment and stayed a week. They fixed up a dark room for her and got current from a dynamo bolted on to the step of a twenty-horsepower car which snorted out in the courtyard and worked the wrangle by means of a belt from the fly-wheel of the engine. Madame was an indefatigable worker and took plates of all the cases in all the hospitals in the vicinity. It was all so simply done that the wonder is why some such travelling radiograph apparatus is not in evidence at every country hospital, yet nobody ever seemed to have heard of one till then.

Another stampede was forced upon the heroic little band at Dinande, for it had organized an ambulance corps and we have already had from the war-correspondence of Mr. Philip Gibbs a vivid account of the work it did along with Dr. Munro and Lady Dorotie Fielding. Three of the sisters of the corps were awarded the Order of Leopold for their devoted services, and indeed some of their experiences were enough to try the stoutest heart, in-



"GETTING TOGETHER."

—N. Y. Herald.

cluding a desperate search in the dark for wounded under the very nose of the German guns with the knowledge that the only bridge back to safety was being blown up before long.

Our doctor's native philom has moved him more than once in the course of the war to say that as the Germans have produced a strictly scientific hell upon earth, there is every reasonable hope that it will lead to a strictly scientific hell in the next. What the German commander has done in the way of destruction for policy, the German private has done for love. Over and over again Belgian nurseries were found where the Boche had smashed children's toys. Germany, the doctor adds epigrammatically, has destroyed more than the cities of Belgium; she has destroyed her own soul, and one cannot help adding a tribute to its fairness of mind in admitting that she had ever possessed any. This is consistent with him, however, for he pays compliment before the end of the book to the only case of German humanity which he encountered in many a long and busy month.

It was known one morning in the trenches at Pervyse that several of their comrades in the farm had been injured in an outpost engagement. It was, however, impossible to reach them before nightfall as the road was swept by the German guns. Two Belgian priests, taking their lives in their hands, walked out to the farm, but they found that the wounded were beyond their powers of carriage. Nothing daunted, they went on to one of the German farms and asked for help, and a few minutes later the astounded Belgians saw a little procession coming up the road. In front walked the two priests, and behind them came four wounded Belgians, lying on stretchers carried by German soldiers. They came right into the lines, and they had a raked welcome. They all shook hands, and the little party of Germans walked back down the road amid the cheers of their opponents.

Cobbler and Town Crier

I need not draw upon the doctor's telling efforts in the way of description of desolation: we have more than enough of it during the last eight or nine hideous months. Sandwiched in between all the blasting ruin and cruelty we get quaint touches of mediaeval survival which could only have lingered among an artistic and gentle race. Alongside the beautiful and ancient Hotel de Ville at Furnes lives, or rather lived, a cobbler, who also served as the town-crier. The office has descended from father to son for centuries until last November, and then the good man sat in the little shed he had built for himself upon the town belly, and from this eyrie, in between the tapping of his hammer, he used to call out the hours to his fellow townsfolk, with the simple and candid assurance that he and his wife were in good health, thank God. Let us hope that the assurance still holds true, and that somewhere or other they have survived the destruction of their fine old town. But whether the return of better days will ever see them and their kind installed again in trust and comfort, is more than doubtful, and indeed the experiences which this book records are enough to make us doubt if any color or beauty of the old world will ever return to us again. The earth has lost its youth and will set back to life again, disillusioned and aged and grey.—By J. T. Collins.

The Daily Fashion Hint.



Fritly gown with foundation of pink and white taffeta. White net over skirts and corsage; the skirts cut into the modish points, the under one over bound with pink. The new short sun shade with thick stick is carried, hung by a silken cord over the arm.

UMPIRE BILLY SUNDAY

Billy Sunday, the famous baseball evangelist, recently umpired a baseball game in Paterson, New Jersey, where he is conducting a revival. It was a corking little ball game, close all the time. Sunday was going to umpire only three innings, he said when he started, but it was so tight a fit that he stayed all the way through. When Paterson High got a two-run lead in the fourth inning their lad and lassie rooters burst into the famous tabernacle chorus, Brighton the Corner Where You Are, Billy couldn't leave after that.

There was never a kick on a single decision of Billy's. There couldn't have been. Only once he was called upon for a real test of both his baseball ability and his professed Christianity. A Paterson High School runner started to steal second base. The Newton catcher—named Levine—sent a perfect throw which his infielder caught and swept down toward the leg of the sliding runner. Billy jerked his thumb upward and shouted, "Yer out!" But the runner knew, and the baseman knew that the boy sliding

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into the base had not been touched. The ball missed him by six inches.

There was no protest, but the Newton lad who covered the bag ran up to the umpire and exclaimed: "I didn't touch him, Mr. Sunday. He was safe. You didn't see it, but I missed him when I tried to put the ball on him."

"Safe!" shouted Billy, spreading his palms and reversing his decision. "You're all right, kid. That's the way to play the game! Be on the level."

WAR OPENED ON POOLS.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 10.—The first prosecution in this section against the sale of baseball pool tickets came up for trial today, when Charles Jordan, a saloon keeper, will be arraigned for conducting a baseball lottery. According to the police the pool is backed and operated by a big gambling syndicate in Chicago and New York. Al ready a campaign against the baseball lottery men is under way in these cities and in other cities of the east. The heads of the big leagues have allied themselves with the authorities in an attempt to stamp out the big baseball pools. While it is known that small pools have been operated in every city during the baseball season, the tremendous business at present under way in this form of lottery has reached such limits that the city, state and federal authorities are planning action.

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