

STILL WEEDING THEM OUT

IMMIGRATION AGENT DEPORTS MORE BULGARIANS.

Over Thirty Rounded Up Yesterday —They Appeared to be Satisfied to be Sent Back to Their Native Land—Filthy Conditions.

Rounding up destitute foreigners for deportation is not particularly pleasant work, even in fine weather. In such chilly, wet weather as prevailed yesterday afternoon the task was additionally unpleasant, but during the greater part of the afternoon Mr. E. Blake Robertson, Assistant Superintendent of Immigration, labored indefatigably in bunching the Bulgarians and Macedonians who had been destined for return to their native lands. He was assisted by Messrs. Peter Devlin, immigration inspector, Kingston; A. Regimbal of the immigration office, Montreal, Police Sergeant Miller and four policemen. Mr. J. E. Thompson, Commissioner of Industries, was associated with Mr. Robertson in the locating of the foreigners. As a result of the round-up 27 foreigners were gathered together in the immigration sheds at the Union Depot. They were given a meal of bologna, bread and cheese and leave for Montreal, this morning.

Early in the afternoon ten Bulgarians voluntarily and unaccompanied went to the immigration sheds, to there await deportation. Later on sixteen men were marched from No. 11 Eastern avenue in charge of two policemen. They appeared satisfied to go. Still later by a more gradual process a few more were added to the list of undesirables who were about to be sent out of Canada.

In the cases of these men all arrangements for their deportation had been made, and it was only a question of locating them and getting them on the march. Eastern avenue, Eastern place and Gilead place were gone carefully over, and in many old, tumble-down houses the conditions were vile. Dirt and unspeakable discomfort were everywhere. In some cases men had been sleeping on the bare floor. In others there were dirty grey blankets, and old clothes for beds, and in a few instances there were bedsteads and filthy beds crowded into rooms so closely that a person could not put a foot anywhere on the floor. Sixteen in a bed is not uncommon with these people. In one house twenty-two men slept in one bed, but this bed was spread all over the floor.

Loaves of bread were stuck on shelves along the walls of the bedrooms, and in one kitchen boiling liver produced such a nauseating odor that a casual visitor was forced to beat a retreat.

Mr. Robertson will continue at his task until he has sent all the destitute foreigners away, or frightened them into going out of the city of their own