

MONTREAL NOT A GOOD PLACE FOR GERMAN VISITORS

All Told Thirty-five are
Being Detained at Immi-
gration Headquarters.

NO ONE TELLS OF THEIR ACTIONS

Place of Detention is
Closely Guarded—Sol-
diers Will Not Talk.

Four machine guns, cornered by so many recruits in the artillery battalion, are outward signs to those who pass along St. Antoine street, that within the government building there thirty-five soldiers and sailors who are enlisted in the Kaiser's forces are being detained. Marching down the side of the big detention hospital, standing at attention by the portals, or pacing the long corridors within the building are enough armed soldiers to "deal destructively devastating doom" to all and sundry who might endeavour to escape.

As to the Germans themselves; what rooms they are in; what punishment is exacted, if any; whether each is incarcerated alone, or whether they are allowed to pledge pledged oaths of undying allegiance to their Vaterland;—there is none to tell. The Customs officials who arrested them—with the aid of the city police—washed their hands of the thirty-five when they turned them over to the Immigration officials. The latter promptly entrusted them to the Military. The Military mouth is firmly closed, and the sentries prevent the Germans from being interrogated.

All the windows at the detention hospital are tightly closed and barred today. Distinguished from the creak of the sentry's boot on the cinder walk, and from the bustle of commands which issued from the downstairs offices, there could be detected a noise which seemed to come from a tier of windows on the third floor. This might have been an Allemande. It was undoubtedly an attempt at mutiny.

WHAT IS BILL OF FARE

The soldiers who guard the Germans are not allowed to explain. They profess to be as ignorant of the German's actions during the day as any casual inquirer. Perhaps the Germans dine on pretzels and pumpernickle. Perhaps Rheinwein and Lager are theirs. Or perhaps the prison fare is the proverbial bread and water. Who shall say?

Whether the Germans, whatever the brew they quaff, strike their knees together at each draught, and make guttural sounds that in a freer state would say, "Der Kaiser, Hoch, soldat oder leber"; whether they plot revenge on Britain's might; whether the lack of their wonted Wurst has made them gloomy and taciturn; or whether it has made them all sick, and they are ailed, all this is known only to the guards.

How they pass their time, whether they are allowed to smoke, or to play cards, or to read German books, or to play German opera records on a hypothetical phonograph, and greatest worry of all, how the Celts who stand watch over them understand their wants, and whether said Celts attend to them when they do understand, is shrouded in military mystery.

This much alone is known of the German reservist who comes into the German forces. Thirteen were brought last night from the Ruthenia when she arrived in port. Fifteen were once of the crew of the Mount Royal, and the remainder are casual prisoners arrested in divers places. Any German reservist who comes into the city, whether by land or by water, will be indefinitely detained. They are not mixed with the ordinary criminals who are in the sight of the civil law. That is why they were removed to their new detention quarters at the Immigration offices.