

HUMAN CLEARING HOUSE IS THE ALIEN INTERNMENT CAMP

Some Queer Characters Held at Stanley Barracks by the Military—One Man Won't Move—Austrian Pole Got Into Canada's Army, But Made His Exit.

ONE GERMAN USED TO BE WITH BUFFALO BILL

"Sebastien! Hey, hey, Sebastien! Wake up! Here's a gentleman to see you."

The sergeant bent over and dragged at the off shoulder. The lieutenant reached down also with the crook of his cane and hooked it over the upper arm to help. They might as well have endeavored to waken a corpse. The heavy figure lay face down on a mattress on the floor in a corner of the big, bare guard-room. He was a thick-trunked, broad shouldered man in a coarse suit of heavy, blue-striped cotton, of which "overalls" are made. His hair and heavy bushy beard were black. As the officers turned him partly over one eye was visible. The lid was half open.

"Wake up," urged the sergeant. The eyelid did not flicker the slightest evidence that the brain behind it was perceptive and awake. The officers desisted. Efforts to arouse the man were hopeless, and the shoulders fell back on the mattress like as though the man were dead.

Actor Off the Stage.

"An Austrian," said the lieutenant. The guards say he is the greatest actor in captivity. Lies on his bed like that all day, except at meal time, and pretends to be asleep. Has to be carried by two men every morning down to the lavatory to be washed. Refuses to say a word, though he can speak Austrian, German, and a little English. The doctor says he is suffering from melancholia. He is absolutely inert.

In the opposite corner of the room on his mattress on the floor sat an alert, blue-eyed terrier of a man, with a bald head with a fringe of grey hair almost white. Beside him on the floor stood a pair of old-fashioned top-boots. He had eyed the proceedings to arouse his fellow prisoner Sebastien, with a lively interest. Now as he turned to visit him, he was nowhere to be seen. He had retired under the blanket and lay at full length on his back with his blanket over him, face and all.

"Gentleman to see you, John," said the lieutenant.

John is Reticent.

John neither moved nor uttered a sound.

"Wake up," ordered the sergeant.

"Here's a gentleman to see you."

"I don't want to see him," replied a voice from under the blanket.

"Come on, sit up. You can't talk like that before an officer," said the sergeant sharply. He laid a rough hand on the blanket and pulled it half way down, disclosing John, his eyes wide awake and blazingly blue, like those of an angry Irishman.

"I won't talk to him and ye can't make me," said he defiantly, lifting his head up an inch or two from the mattress, to emphasize his attitude towards his disturbers.

"Are you satisfied with your treatment here?" I asked placatingly. "I have just come to see if you are well treated and to pass the time of the day with you."

"Answer the gentleman, Johnny," urged the sergeant, poking Johnny with his toe.

"As to the time o' the day, it's four o'clock, as ye know yourself better than I do. As to being satisfied here, I'm not. I shouldn't be here at all," declared John.

"Well, this is war time, you know," I apologized, by the way of extenuation of the necessity for his internment, and of the action of the Canadian Government and the military authorities. "Your country is at war with ours. But that doesn't mean that we hold anything against you, John."

Kicker From "Arabia."

"Don't it?" snapped the old man, crossly.

"Where's your home, Jimmy?"

"My home's in Arabia City."

"Where's that?"

"That's where all the Arabian horses come from," replied John fiercely.

"What State is it in?"

"You're educated, and I'm not. You ought to know geography better than I do. I used to be with Buffalo Bill," he added to further questions, "and I can ride anything on four legs. I was the champion high-kicker in the show business one time. I could kick a man as big as you in the jaw right now, and I've done it, lots of times."

"I'm nothing to kick about. The lieutenant is more of a mark than I am," pleads the writer. The gigantic Highland lieutenant's jaw was situated about six feet from the floor.

"I used to kick ten feet," said the ex-champion high kicker of the show business.

The official record of Johnny makes him out a German caught loitering in a suspicious manner.

Alien Clearing Camp.

Out at Stanley Barracks is the clearing camp for interned aliens for number 2 military district of Ontario. Here aliens of the nationalities opposed to ours in the great

world war found at large in the Province with no visible means of support, or no good reason for their presence, or their suspicious activities, as the cases may be, are brought after arrest, and detained for a while. After due consideration they are sorted, some being released, others passed on. Germans and Turks are apt to be sent to Fort Henry at Kingston if it is decided that it is necessary to intern them until after the war. Austrians, Hungarians, Austrian-Serbs, and other varieties of Teutons, Huns, and their allies are sent after a preliminary detention to Kapuskasing in Northern Ontario. In picturesque old Stanley Barracks, Toronto, are quartered a guard of soldiers, two-thirds of the number being of the 48th Highlanders and the others of the 10th Royal Grenadier Regiment. In the iron-barred guard house are being held every night at the present time, 34 aliens, 2 German, 24 Austrian, 3 Turkish, and 5 miscellaneous. On the grass plot at the west end of the stone building, which houses the officers, with a view of the lake, the Western end, and Toronto Island spreading to the immediate south, is a square compound, surrounded by a double fence of barbed wire ten feet high.

Armed Sentry on Duty.

In one corner, mounted on the top level of the fence, is a sentry platform and sentry box, where a sentry is stationed with a loaded rifle. Inside the compound, the alien, military prisoners take the air and the sunshine, seized in groups on the grass or walking restlessly up and down or around the square on a path worn alongside the fence. Towards the centre of the grass plot is a clearly defined circle on the sod, about 20 feet in diameter, a path worn by the endless pacing of a solitary, silent youth. This man refuses to speak to anyone, walking bare-headed, his head hanging down, around and around in his small circumscribed path. To the official questions as to his health, his treatment, his food, and so forth, he answers, "Oh, yes," "Oh, no," and nothing more. His baggy clothes hang loose on his tall, loose-jointed frame. His hair is blonde and long. A soft down covers his chin, and a blonde moustache droops from his upper lip. His shirt is open at the neck and discloses the fair hair on his chest. A German spy, maybe. Not so, the prisoners say.

A queer place, and it holds some queer characters, that barbed wire compound, and those interned aliens whom the great war has forced into the keeping of the Dominion Government. They rise at the reveille at six o'clock, wash in the scrupulously clean lavatory, breakfast, and put in their day idly, some careless, comparatively content, and happy; some brooding and melancholy, some sullen, some spiritless, dejected, and broken.

Of the two Germans there, both Prussian, one is an educated man and a gentleman, who was an importing agent in this city.

Notoriety Distresses Wife.

"I used to take my samples out on the road," he explained, smiling. "They said I traveled 'around too much. It was all in the papers when I came here. There is no use repeating it and publishing my name again. I have a wife here, a Russian. The notoriety distresses her."

He spends his time training two little black pug dogs to do tricks, and they obey him now with almost human intelligence.

A man of gigantic mould, though short of stature, is a Pole, born five miles from Warsaw. He was arrested in Berlin, Ontario. He came to Canada six years ago. He has a pair of arms and shoulders of a Hercules, and a neck as muscular as an ordinary man's thigh. The fingers of his powerful hands are short, but of a thickness so extraordinary as to be abnormal. Even his rugged weather-beaten face suggests strength. His eyes are wide apart, clear, gazing, and blue.

One of his great wrists is twisted and malformed, broken by a log in the lumber woods of Russia. For this reason he escaped conscription in the army. He has worked on the log drives of the Vistula, taking logs 600 miles down stream across the border to the mills in Germany. He worked two years on the street railway in Berlin, spent two years in the employ of a butcher in London, England, the city he likes best of all, and has worked as a moulder in Guelph, and for the Street Railway Company of Berlin, Ontario.

Lifts 600 Pounds.

"How much do you weigh, John?" asked the writer, feeling his great shoulder, and the huge iron muscles of his arm.

"About two hunder," replied John.

"How much can you lift?"

"Six hundred pounds," replied John, modestly.

Peter, of Austria, and his friend, were working on a farm at Trout Creek, the home of the former's sister. They claim their original home was on the Russian Austrian boundary. They decided to go to war, enlisted at Powassan, and were sent to train at Owen Sound in the 37th Battalion. They were sent six weeks later to Niagara camp, and supplied with uniforms.

"We were in the Canadian army six weeks," said Peter. "I am ready to fight Germany. I left Poland at the age of 19. One night at Niagara I signed my name as a Russian. It was the one bad thing I did. We were told to come and get our pictures taken. I thought they were going to take my picture to find out if I was a Russian, and then I confessed I was an Austrian Pole. That made trouble for me, and they sent me to the interne camps."

"Certainly I'd like to fight for the British," said his compatriot. "I'm making my living in Canada now."

He is a broad-shouldered, athletic looking youth, dressed like a harvester, bronzed and handsome in a bold, heavy-featured way.

"I got a pass three weeks ago at Niagara camp, to go out on leave. A private came to tell me I was to go and get my picture taken with the battalion. I thought if it was an order, a corporal or a sergeant was the only one to give it. So I didn't

go. The captain came with two men and arrested me and sent me here."

The papers at the orderly office affirm he brought liquor to camp, refused to obey the order of an officer, and is conceded to be an Austrian.

"It would be dangerous to have men in the ranks who speak the enemy's language," remarked the lieutenant.

Perhaps the saddest man at Stanley Barracks is a — from Brantford, who was caught trying to leave the country. He came to Canada from Hungary two years and eight months ago.

He was in the iron barred room across from the dormitory with Johnny the high kicker, and Sebastien, the refractory Austrian, who won't wake up. — was waiting to be given a bath. But he did not understand, and had grave fears that he was going to be shot. He quickly removed his hat and stood stiffly to the position of attention as taught him in the Hungarian army when the key grated in the stiff old-fashioned lock of the iron barred door.

Worked at Brantford.

"I work in the market garden for Mr. —, of Brantford," he said, his liquid-brown eyes pleading like a setter dog's. "I get \$1.25 a day. But there is so much rain I only work two or three days in a week. I go down to the new C.P.R. bridge across the Grand River, where some Hungarian fellers work, try to get job there some time. A friend, 'Come and interpret for me to the timekeeper. I want to get some money.' I gladly go help him if I can. I speak to the timekeeper, 'He want his money.' The timekeeper tell me get out, not bother his men. I get out and Canadian feller say, 'Get out, you German —. I am afraid, but I say, I am proud to be Hungarian. Germany is the wrongest country in the world.' He chase me and I scared. I ran five hundred meters and then he get close and I am afraid. I scared to die. I pick up a stone, 'If you come here I will kill you,' I say. He go back and tell the timekeeper. I try to get away and they catch me and make trouble for me."

"Did you ever serve in the army?"

"Yes, sir. I was a conscript four and a half years. I go in the spring so as to get done sooner. But at the end of my three years they keep me with the other fellows of the class what entered in the fall the year I did, so I was six months longer. When I come out my sweetheart don't know where I am and was married to another man. I was very sad and went back to the army."

Too Sad to Stay.

The poor man's threat seemed to bother him at this point.

"After a while I leave the army, but I cannot work on my farm. I am too sad. I sold the farm for 60,000 crowns (\$12,000), and I spent the money; yes, please, I spent it all."

His voice broke and tears rolled down his cheeks at the thought of this irreparable folly.

"I go to Rumania and work as a laborer. Then I married a Hungarian woman there, a cook. After we came to this country. She is working at a glue works in Brantford now."

This man is 31 years old, but he broke down reviewing his troubles like a broken-hearted child.

"Are you all right here?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid you send me a worse place than this. I don't want to die. I am afraid."

"How would you like to go and fight in the army?"

"No, no!" cried the spirit-broken creature. "I cannot fight. I was in the army in peace time, me."

The poor fellow was relieved to know that it was only a newspaper man who was taking notes of his answers, and not a Government inquisitor.

"This is a Christian country," said the big Highland officer. "We are not going to shoot you. You can write to your wife as often as you like."

Poor man! His troubles got the better of him a few days later and he tried to commit suicide by banging his head against the stone wall.

Epidemic of Typhoid.

London, Oct. 9.—An epidemic of typhus fever has broken out in the State of Victoria, Australia, according to a Reuter despatch from Melbourne, which says 447 cases already have been reported. Of this number, 134 have resulted fatally.

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