

PRISONERS OF FORT HENRY

DEPARTED ON THURSDAY EVENING FOR KAPUSKASING

Hundreds of People Watched Their Entrain.—The Fort Has Been an Internment Camp Since the War Began.

At 6.10 p.m., Thursday six khaki-clad men of the 14th Regiment Guard marched through the heavy gates of Fort Henry and led an advance of 340 German, Austrian and Turkish prisoners of war, who were subsequently transferred to Kapuskasing. The time was just two hours later than planned, as everything had been arranged for the train to leave sharply at 4 o'clock.

Following the six men came the long file headed by Lieut.-Col. H. S. Date, commandant, and Lieut.-Col. W. Y. Mills commanding the guard. The column was led by eight soldiers shoulder to shoulder. Then in fours the prisoners came, a soldier being at each end of every file. The column was probably 200 yards in length and was brought up by a large motor truck on which also were five prisoners. Every soldier carried a well-filled ammunition pouch and had his bayonet fixed on his rifle.

Hundreds of people watched the column tramp down the long hill and then to the bridge. Two brief halts were called in the march to bring up the rear and keep the prisoners closer together.

The bridge was cleared of all traffic but it was impossible to clear the crowds of citizens who had gathered at the embarking place in front of Tete-de-Pont barracks.

The train had been in position for over two hours when the troop arrived taking fifty to a car the prisoners were then "packed." During the interval of the loading process the foreigners were watched with curiosity and they seemed pleased to have attracted so much notice. All are fat and healthy, and few seem dejected. There were all kinds. In the front line were those who from appearance are navies on a railroad. Another fellow looked like a smartly dressed bank clerk. A few were neatly dressed, but heavy woolen mackinaws and corduroy pants were very prominent. The jolly looking little fellow had built a cage with a handle and in this was a little kitten. Another had a small dog on a leash. One big fellow was perhaps on a German band at one time for he carried an immense horn over his shoulder. Several had banjo and violin cases. One old Turk attracted much attention by his red "fez" and quaint costume.

At the rear of the line were about a dozen officers. Mundheim, formerly general manager of the Canada Cement Products at Montreal and Quebec, was with this crowd and indifferent to his position, he calmly smoked a stub of a cigar. One officer, who was arrested in Toronto and who has been here since the first, shouted across to in the crowd: "Sorry to leave Kingston after being here so long."

Perhaps never again will Kingstonians see a transfer of over 300 prisoners of war like those of Thursday who for over two years lived in Fort Henry.