

RETURNED HEROES TELL OF SEARCH FOR EMPLOYMENT

(They are Not "Kicking," But They Shudder at the Prospect When Many Times Their Number Arrive After the War—Whose Debt Is It?)

"It is not—what will the city do for its returned soldiers," said one of the heroes of St. Julien to The Star to-day. "It is—what is the city doing for its returned soldiers. We who have come back are anxious not only for ourselves, who number less than half a hundred, but we cannot drive from our eyes the pictures of the tent hospitals, the laden ambulances, the big English hospitals where we have been, and we wonder what the lot of the thousands will be, when our few dozen is so hard!"

There is the cry that has arisen in our midst, above the tramp of new-forming battalions.

Following are the statements of a number of returned soldiers, all wounded and unfit for further service. The names are withheld at the soldiers' request.

No. 1: "Before I enlisted, I earned \$3.75 a day at the Russell Motor Car Company, a union mechanic. I gave up my job and enlisted. In my absence, my wife and four children were cared for with \$20 separation allowance and a further allowance for the children and the Patriotic Fund allowance. I was buried by a shell at Ypres, and arrived home on September 3rd with my nerves shattered. I am unable to resume my trade. I was given three months' convalescence leave by Ottawa on my arrival and three months' pay. The separation allowance stopped and the Patriotic Fund stopped last month.

"I then went to the City Clerk and put my name on the list. I was notified to call at the Civic Employment Bureau. The old gentleman there wished I had come sooner, and he offered me a job tending furnaces at \$5 a week. I refused it, and asked if there wasn't something light, but steady, with regular money in it, enough to keep a wife and four kids. There wasn't.

Recruiting Depot Kind.

"In the meantime, the Recruiting Depot has very kindly given me work at \$1.85 a day, but it is temporary and only a dozen or so can work at it. I have no pension yet."

No. 2: "I was a builder by trade, but am now unfit for such work. I was discharged on my arrival home, and given three months' pay. The separation allowance was discontinued, but the Patriotic Fund granted me a month's extension. I have two children now, two having died while I was in France. I have not been able to find a job, although I am quite capable of work."

No. 3: "My sight is mostly destroyed, my nerves are shattered, and I am taking regular treatment at the

General Hospital for these things. Ypres did it.

"If a piece of paper flutters past me suddenly, I break out into a sweat and almost faint. I have a wife and two children, but no money beyond what I had on my discharge, \$150, last July, and what I earn day by day, when I am well enough, at recruiting. Allowances have all been discontinued. I am to receive a 75 per cent. pension, the examining board said at Ottawa. But I was an electrical engineer before I enlisted and my present condition isn't hopeful. I went to the city and the Employment Bureau offered me a job packing china at \$10 a week. Packing china! I'd die the first day and smash more than my salary was worth."

"The city," put in The Star, "isn't responsible."

"Is this my debt!" exclaimed No. 3, holding out a trembling hand, and then pointing at his half sightless eyes. "I wish some one would tell me or tell my little kiddies whose debt it is! Surely the city should shoulder some of the debt!"

Shell Concussion Did It.

No. 4: "I am the same as No. 3, except that I have no children and was laid out by shell concussion."

No. 5: "I am discharged and am to receive a pension of \$444 for my wife and one child. I am now receiving \$11 a month, but have only a temporary job at \$1.85 a day. The Patriotic Fund and separation allowance were both stopped when I came home. Somehow I will get along. I am not kicking. None of us are kicking, but I'm thinking of the day when we are all home, and I wonder how I'll get along then, and how the other boys will."

No. 6: "I have been home since June, but have no pension yet. I have five children and a wife. The only money I can get is from temporary work, and before I enlisted I was a union builder, at which I am now unfit to work. I expect a pension. With the pension and the work for which I am capable, I should be able to get along. But where is the pension and where is the work?"

No. 7: "I have four children. On my discharge I was given \$150, three months' pay. As my health is gone and there is shrapnel in my back, I have been searching for a job to fit those conditions. No results. I am now earning \$1.85 a day at a temporary job for the Recruiting Depot, a job that will accommodate only a few men—less, in fact, than are already home. What will we do when the boys are all home?"

These men are all first contingent men, who, in every instance, have taken part in engagements now enrolled in glorious history. They are only a few of the first thirty odd who have come home. The list could be indefinitely and as pathetically extended.