put in charge of a certain department of a hospital on the border of Germany. The war began; things got very pressing, and one day the doctor in charge of the hospital summoned every one of the staff and told them, "Gentlemen, we have to leave the hospital; unfortunately we cannot remove our prisoners; I have drawn lots and 12 of you have to remain." He read the names of the 12 French doctors or medical students who had to remain in charge of the hospitals, and the other ones went. The Germans walked in; they took charge of the 12 French gentlemen who were in charge of the hospital, stripped them naked, searched every article they had, and confiscated every penny of money they had in their possession. They were handed their clothes minus the pockets, which were cut out, so that nothing could be concealed in them. The German medical staff walked up and asked the French doctors what they had been doing. They replied: "We have been treating the Germans and the French indiscriminately. We have taken charge of both camps; we have done the best we could." They said: "All right; you shall be allowed to continue under certain conditions, but in the meantime instructions have been given that all weapons must be given up." All weapons were given up; all cartridges were supposed to be confiscated; but unfortunately some poor sick or wounded soldier had in his pocket a couple of cartridges which nobody ever dreamed of touching because they were afraid of hurting the man, who had been severely wounded. During the night this prisoner took out of his pocket one cartridge and dumped it into the slop pail, which was emptied in the yard the next morning, and in emptying it the cartridge exploded. The 12 French doctors were marched out and told that they were going to be shot. They were all young men, the eldest being only 22 years of age. They were put up against a wall and a picket of German soldiers walked in. The doctors asked permission to write a last word to their families, but it was not granted. Six of them were put against the wall and shot, and the other six were marched to a town on the confines of Russia in 54 deg. north latitude. Mind you, they had been taken prisoners in the month of August. They were put in a cattle car and packed so solid that for three days they were without a drink of water, and not one of them could sleep or lie down because he would have been crushed to death. When they landed in a German town the whole population was out in the street to receive them with spits and blows. They were marched into a dirty cavalry barrack, and again stripped of their clothing in case they might have any valuables or weapons. They were made to sleep on a stone-paved stable floor covered with half an inch of straw; they were fed in the morning at 5 o'clock with a cup of coffee, which coffee was composed of willow leaves roasted. Twice a week they got a little chunk of meat exactly the same size and the same thickness as a trade dollar or a 5-franc piece. Three times a day they got for their rations a sort of a glue made out of a very thick flour, so unpalatable that it used to choke them, and whenever they were seen choking they were given a drink of ice so as to hasten death. Now, compare this treatment with the treatment that those Germans that are interned here in Canada have received.

Hon. Mr. CLORAN—Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. BOYER—This young doctor or medical student relates the following facts: There were two officers commanding the camp. One was a colonel, the biggest brute that ever lived, who thought that everything that smelt French was worth killing. The next man in charge was Baron de P.— that was the only name I can give because I never get his full name. He was apparently a gentleman and a highly educated man. This Baron de P.— was in charge one week and the colonel was in charge the other week. When Baron de P. was in charge one day he sent for this medical student and said, "Are you any relation to Mr. So-and-so in Paris?" He replied, "Yes, sir, I am a cousin of his." "Ah," says Baron de P.— "I have lived in Paris for 9 years; I was received in your relative's house as a child; he was my best friend; I have often enjoyed meals in his house; I was treated as a member of his family; and let me tell you, young man, that if you behave properly I shall see that your lot is made as easy as possible for you." And this young man said, "This happened in the first fifteen days of my detention. I was 11 months in that detention camp, and that is all he ever did for me to repay my cousin for 9 years of friendship and hospitality in Paris." This young man says he was exchanged because he was supposed to be dying. He lost 28 pounds through want of food. As I told you before, the doctors