

AUSTRALIAN PRISONERS VICTIMS OF BRUTAL GERMAN TREATMENT

Battalion of Australians Captured by Huns Put Through Methodical Series of Torture—Men Forced to Eat Grass and Otherwise Abused

With the Australian Forces in France, the Kaiser, preaching his doctrine of hatred of the British recently, was, as usual with his garrulous majesty, dealing with the victims. The Huns have nothing to learn in respect to cruelty. Here is the dreadful story of organized torture.

There have arrived back from the German lines, across many lines of German trenches, two Australians who were captured in the Hindenburg line after the brave attack of April 11. The unparalleled adventure of infantry against unbroken wire, without artillery, came near success. When the Australians were captured nearly a thousand Australians, cut off by their machine guns. They have chosen, in their wisdom to treat the Australians to intentional "punishment." They are simply "punishing" British troops.

At Their Mercy.

They have these Australians completely at their mercy for the time being; they can starve and ill-treat them as much as they like. One can only thank Providence that Australians have long, long memories and that Germans may regret for centuries the months when they did their will upon this thousand men.

When the two were standing in the yard of a German headquarters with 700 other Australian prisoners, a big German in a distinguished uniform, who was managing affairs, stood up and harangued them. Half his time he was confuting them with Englishmen, and the other half trying to incite them against the English—apparently under the impression that if he did this sufficiently they would betray their own side and give him information which would enable him to lay German guns on the comrades they had left. "Mad Englishmen," he said, "you thought you could get through the wire. Well, there are plenty of you lying on it now."

Seven hundred and fifty-six Australians from all states of the Commonwealth were sent into German territory, and it was from this time that the deliberate German policy towards them began to appear. On this, their second day after capture they were given a loaf of bread between four men, and some coffee. They were not told that the wire was their whole day's ration but it was the bread had been too sour for some of them the first day. They were glad to eat it, the third floor without a blanket, though snow fell at night, and their food was too little to keep life together. They were given one-seventh of a loaf of bread—that is one slice per man—through some fer-

ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT CO. COMMISSION



From right to left: Sir William Meredith, Mr. Justice R. F. Sutherland, and Mr. Justice T. Kelly, who have been appointed to report on the quantity of water which the Electrical Development Company of Ontario is entitled to use and the quantity it has been using at Niagara Falls.

mented manoids each day, with one cup of coffee at night and one at morning. When one man asked for a glass of water the guard would offer for a little bread. They were not once allowed to wash until the last day when they cleaned up to leave.

At the end of it a German corporal came into the room. He asked them if they knew what they were there for. They said "No." He said: "You may write and tell your government and your people all about it—just what has happened—and say that you were here as a punishment. Two months ago, or over, the German government wrote to the British government about the employment of prisoners, near the line, and they have not yet received an answer."

The Australians told him it was a lie—there was not a German prisoner within 20 or 30 miles of the line. These men had passed hundreds of times in our back areas, companies of fat, well-clothed, happy-looking Germans 20 miles behind the British line, with Australians and Pommes alike giving them cigarettes, and only the French people whose homes they had razed showing the least resentment. But they knew their protest would make no difference.

Two hundred and forty of the Australians were sent by train on the sixth day to work on a dump close behind the front. Lord knows what happened to the rest, or where they are now. This double company of Australians was put in a farm near a double company of English and Scottish troops, and set to work unloading stores from a broad gauge railway on to a dump. The work was in two shifts—the Australian company in the morning and the British in the evening.

The Australians were turned out at 4.20 a.m. Coffee at 4.45, march to work, 5.15. Work on the dump until 1 o'clock, and then march back. For this day's work they were given a daily ration of one-third of a loaf. This was issued over night, and some could not resist eating it then and there. At midday, when they came back, they were given a stew consisting of horseflesh and a little barley. "We used to count the gains;" one man said. "You could count them easily enough."

The result was that these Australians were driven to beg their guards to let them cut any sort of grass that could be eaten—dandelions, stinging nettle and rape, such as we feed sheep on. They picked up potato peelings which the Germans threw out. "Potato peelings was my strong suit," one of the Western Australians told me, "until the mob took to it, and it ran out."

On the staff the men became so weak that at the time these two men left they were falling ill at the rate of four a day. There was no such thing as light duty for sick men. The men were worked until they had to be sent to the hospital. A Western Australian dropped by the roadside. The men were getting swollen legs and faces. In addition, the dump was under our shellfire. When our big guns opened the German guard would get under cover while our men worked.

After a series of adventures the two men who broke away succeeded in reaching the British lines.

FOUR WOMEN TO CLAIM PENSION

Mother and Three Wives of Dead Soldier Present Complicated Case

MARRIED FOR MONEY

Millbank Girl Was One of Them—She Has Married Again

London, Aug. 20.—No less than four women are possible claimants for the pension of a soldier who went overseas from London and was killed in France. One of these is the mother of the dead man, the other three, who married him in good faith, this constitutes by far the most complicated case which up to the present has presented itself to the London district office of the board of pensioners, commission of Canada.

As conditions then were known, a mother had applied for the pension of her son, who was killed on active service. Investigation led to the discovery that he had assigned a part of his pay to a woman in Windsor represented to be his wife. So far as this woman, who had not put in a claim, was concerned everything was found to be entirely regular. He had married her, she had the certificate to produce, and the evidence of a number of people who attended the wedding. But she did not know his mother and his mother had not even heard of her.

In the meantime further developments have cropped up. The further investigation proceeds the more involved the case becomes, and the more possible claimants for the pension are discovered. At the present time there are no less than four women known who are possibly eligible for the pension, and at least three children eligible to receive six dollars a month, under the regulation that children of soldiers who lose their lives are eligible for pensions, boys to the age of 10 years and girls up to 17.

After Girls With Money

The trouble and escaped punishment for his misdeeds through making the supreme sacrifice in the war was, according to those who knew him, an unusually handsome, attractive fellow, always well dressed, and of pleasing manner. He had one eccentricity, marrying girls with money. When he discovered a girl with some money of which he thought he might be able to make use, he set about making love to her. He proved so successful at heart-winning that he usually ended up by marrying the girl. Then, when he got possession of her money, he left for parts unknown. The sad part was that his victims were all of the class of girls who had married according to the dictates of the heart and in good faith. Rather than have any avoidable publicity, they kept the trouble, as far as possible, to themselves.

Some years ago, the adventurer in matrimony married a girl at Millbank. In two months he left her, and nothing further could be learned of him. Taking it for granted he must be dead, the wife married another man. A strong bond of sympathy existed between her and man No. 2. He had been deserted by his wife.

Proof Just Established

The discovery on the part of the district pensions officer in regard to the Millbank marriage was made just after proofs had been established of the marriage to the Windsor girl in 1916.

By accident, through an item in a newspaper, the Windsor wife has discovered the existence of still another who considers herself the widow of the dead soldier. No. 3, one of the first that he married, is living with her three children in a small place near Brantford.

How many more possible claimants there will be for the pension will doubtly be revealed shortly. "We don't know where it is going to end," said the puzzled district pensions officer to-day.

The mother of the dead man, who is in comfortable circumstances, takes the view that she is the one entitled to a pension of \$24 a month. She repudiates the wives on the grounds that they must have known the circumstances when they married

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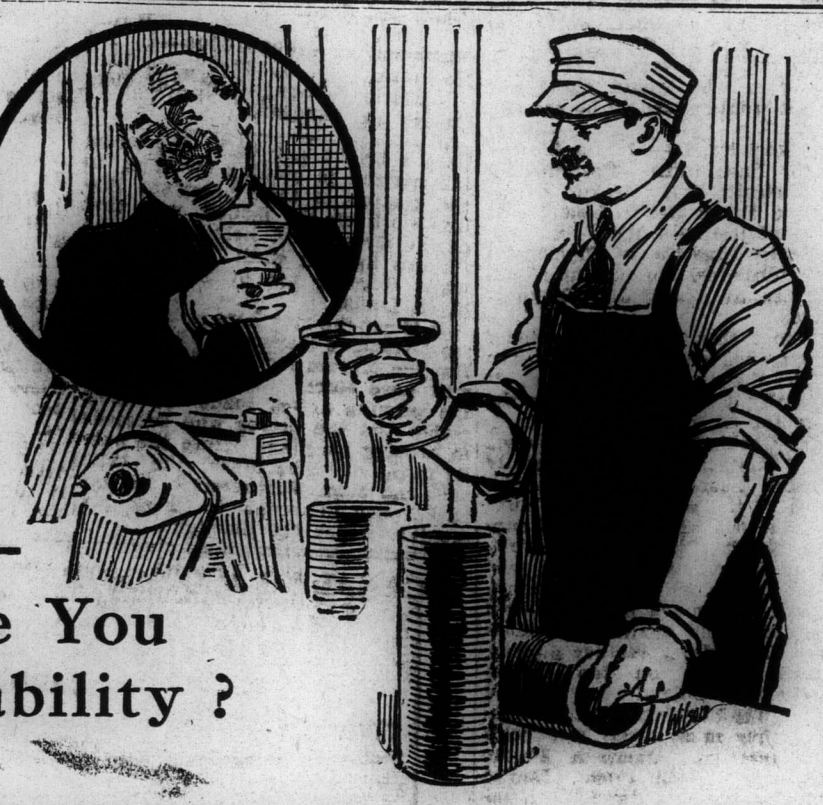
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The National Service Board of Canada,
OTTAWA.

Music and Drama

FILM LETS.

Little Zoe Rae, the six-year-old star of the Universal Film Company, and operates her own automobile.

Mary Pickford has a wonderful home for her stay in Los Angeles. It is one of Hollywood's oldest residences, set in a big garden full of all kinds of trees, shrubs and flowers, and there are orange and lemon trees galore. Sister Lottie and her baby Mrs. Pickford and Jack are there, too.

Grace Cunard has stated she does not want to direct any more—at least for a few years—she will just keep to acting, with a little scenario writing on the side.

When complimented on her work in "Her debutant," Ora Carew, replied: "Oh, I was all in the air." She certainly was and her parachute descent from the aeroplane was one of the most dangerous things ever attempted in a picture.

Margaret Fischer (Mutual-Pollard) threatens to wear only sports skirts of red, white and blue stripes as long as the United States is at war.

Balboa has made another discovery. It is not a girl—this time, but a tiny bit of a girl—and her name is Gloria Joy. She is five years old, a beauty, and will very soon make her debut as leading lady in another series of "Little Mary Sunshine" plays under the direction of Henry King and under the supervision of the Horckmeier Brothers.

Billie Burke started the natives at the Famous Players studio by driving up to the door the other day in a mere Ford. It seems, however, that the charming Paramount star's aristocratic English-made car met a mere German Mercedes and refused even to pass it on the road. As a result Miss Burke was forced to complete her journey to the studio via the much more democratic but quite serviceable Ford.

HATCHLEY
(From Our Own Correspondent.)
Several from her attended the New Durham garden party.

Miss Mildred Harley, of Brantford, is a guest of Miss Clara Yates.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powell, of Brantford, visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Malcolm welcome a young son who was attending children motored from Ancaster and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Morris.

Mr. Wilson Young, of Toronto, is spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Young.

Two members of the Norwich Baroque class conducted the service here on Sunday. There will be no service on August 26th.

Mrs. J. Scott has been visiting Mrs. Birch, Norwich.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Dean motored to Grimsby recently and spent the day with relatives here.

Mr. M. Burtis sold a carload of coal last week at \$5.7.

A few from here attended the funeral at Norwich Gore on Sunday of the late Miss Mary Hilliker.

Mr. Silverthorn, of Port Stanley, weekend at Mt. Elgin. Mrs. Silverthorn and her mother, Mrs. Stokley, returned with him.

The Hatchley Mission Circle will entertain the circle of the Norwich Baptist church on Thursday, August 30th, at the home of the Mesdames Rush.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Rish, Mr. and Mrs. F. Rush, Mrs. J. Burtis and Miss Nettie Burtis motored to Port Stanley recently.

A young lad, Henri Marsie, son of a farmer, residing six miles east of Callander, accidentally shot himself through the heart yesterday with a .44-calibre rifle.

Building a Retail Business

The features that build a retail business are WORTHY GOODS POPULAR POLICIES, COURTEOUS and CAPABLE SALESPEOPLE, SMART SHOW WINDOWS, ATTRACTIVE INTERIORS, the SQUARE DEAL, and SERVICE.

All these features are necessary, and all of them together constitute a PROPER BASE for the most important thing of ALL—NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

You see establishments in every town that a few years ago were small, but which have grown BIG and PROMINENT—in every town, too, you see the slow-moving conservative kind.

They were small when you first knew them, but they are relatively smaller now. They continue to plod along in the ways of the PAST, losing a little MORE trade each year to the MODERN fellow whose shop looms bright and alluring just across the way.

WHY IS it that the old-fashioned places are DWINDLING and flickering out one by one like spent candles? And why is it that right alongside of them are OTHER places which are FLOURISHING and PUSHING AHEAD with EVER-LENGTHENING stride? Do you WISH TO KNOW the answer? It is ADVERTISING.

Manage a business in a way that will make that business WORTH talking about in the daily newspapers—then apply your PRINTER'S INK! The rewards of TRADE go to those that KEEP UP WITH THE AGE!

Advertise in the Courier

An O

(By LOU...)

"The..."

(From Tuesday's Issue)

Through this the girl was a back room of generous size, boasted a top-light, together generic name of studio, arranged with an ill-assorted pany of fame and dismal piece several yocations of its tenor indicated by a typewriting beneath a rubber hood this dust, a folding metal music-stool, a violin-case, and a large case, supplemented by a music scrubby canvases. A door partition wall communicated small bedchamber of the kitchenly termed "hall room."

She wore a stationary and furnished with an ill-assorted pany of fame and dismal piece several yocations of its tenor indicated by a typewriting beneath a rubber hood this dust, a folding metal music-stool, a violin-case, and a large case, supplemented by a music scrubby canvases. A door partition wall communicated small bedchamber of the kitchenly termed "hall room."

Near the window, on the her couch, a young woman perched, thin shoulders round the ink-stained drawing-board on her knees. She had self-willed mouth and dark hair, and wore a cream kimono over a silk petticoat past had been lurid. One clutched gingerly a bottle of ink, the other wielded a steel drafting-pen.

Interrupted, she looked up start that all but spilled the ink, the other wielded a steel drafting-pen.

"My land, Sally! What time in the act of unpinning her straw that even a drowning would have hesitated to grab Miss Manvers' paucity of an invalid alarm-clock which was fering palpitations on an shelf."

"Twenty past three," she ed, sentimentally.

The artist cocked her head ed malevolently at her com-dipped, and busily scratched

"Scared me," she explained ing home so early!"

Sally removed her collar wrench and a grunt. "Got a "Sure," with a sixty-cent "Salamander stuff, eh?"

"What do you want—a d this? I'm half-cooked already I guess I can go through a li for the sake of a sixty-cent 'dote and a trip to Coney. needn't worry; it'll be hott this before Sammy warns up to sing anything. His intent so praiseworthy they pain bushes every time he has to nize the sex question long en discuss the delights of monog two-family house with a ng distance of Prospect Park

"You don't mean to say you that far along—already?"

"That's the regard of a steady angling honey."

"Heavens, but how you mu with Sammy!"

"Believe me, it's something 'dalous!" sighed Lucy Spode.

"But why?" Sally began top of expostulation.

The other quirked with of temper. "Don't ask me! North to study art and ming the world of intellect and after three years I'm heads for fashion magazine dollar per, and I know a m who's acquainted with the editor of The Scrap-Book, a one man I know who owns a suit gets fifty cents an hour ing in it. If that isn't end make me welcome even the of married life with Sammy and a woman to do the wash don't know."

"Well, if you aren't crazy Sammy, why not chuck him? are isn't the last resource to like you. You've got just a

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