

les Anglais." He was seized by the soldiers, one of them deliberately kicking him in the stomach, others taking hold of him by the arms and twisting them; others came along and kicked and punched him until he was almost dead.

When we arrived before the commandant of the town, this Belgian boy was again brought forward and exhibited to us. The commandant pointed to the boy and said he would show us what the Germans did with friends of the British. Saying this, he lifted his riding crop and struck the lad several blows on the head and then told his soldiers to "carry on," which they did. We saw him kicked, cuffed and jumped on; and eventually, we believe, he was rescued in a dying condition by some Red Cross nurses.

After this we were taken and placed in an old building, and were then brought one by one before the commandant and his staff of officers, who proceeded to question us as to what brigade and division we belonged to. I might say that they did not get from us very much information, and they were none the wiser by the time they got through.

We were then thoroughly searched. When the search started, I began to be a little afraid as I had in my pocket a diary and various sketches of the different trenches and redoubts I had been in, and also several of the messages I had received in the earlier part of the morning before I was captured. However, I asked to go down to have a drink of water, and while below I managed to tear up the messages I had, and tear out the leaves of the book in which I kept my diary, getting rid of the pieces by dropping them in various places unseen by the sentry, so that by the time I was searched they did not find very much on me.

After this we were given a piece of black bread and some water and we lay down on the floor to try to get some sleep, many of us not having slept for at least three days. The rest of the morning we were on exhibition. German after German, all bearing a very officious look, came in to see what a "Canadian Soldier" looked like. Many of them appeared to think that we should have been wearing feathers instead of clothes. They had a very hazy idea of Canadians, having no doubt been told that we were nothing more or less than Indians.

In the afternoon, an officer came in and told us we were to