



British Prisoners of War Marching from the Station at Chateau-d'Oex.

would have starved except for the packages they received from England."

"You are lucky to be in Switzerland in such a beautiful place."

"Yes," he said, looking up at the towering mountains, "it's like home (meaning British Columbia), only the mountains are not so high."

All the soldiers I have talked with speak in the most admiring terms about the Russians. They say they are so kind, so patient, so grateful and so clever. "Sure, they can do just anything," said an Irish soldier with whom I was talking one day. "And they adore the English soldiers. Sure if it hadn't been for the English they'd have starved. Each English soldier had a Russian he divided his food with."

I had noticed a curious white ornament on the front of the Irishman's cap.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to it. "That? Oh! a Russian made it for me—made it out of a scrap of bone he got in his soup. Took him three days. Clever chaps, those Russians. Give them a knife and they can make anything. The chap that made that used to carve things out of German bread, most extraordinary things, ducks and dogs and all sorts of animals."

"But didn't the bread all crumble to pieces?"

"No. It was too tough. Besides, he used to paint it up and put enamel on it, and sure, when it was finished it looked like a bit of fine wood-carving."

Think of tough German bread being transformed into anything artistic!

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August 13.

A crowd of enthusiastic people packed the station platform to-day to welcome the second convoy of English prisoners from Germany. The train came in covered with flags and garlanded with flowers.

The prisoners hanging out of the windows, were covered with flowers—flowers in their caps, flowers on their coats, flowers in their hands, flowers everywhere. They looked tired and sick and dirty, but when the band began to play "God Save the King" many of them braced up and shouted lustily. But there were some who seemed too dazed to do anything but stare. They carried their belongings in all sorts of bags and their pockets were stuffed with tobacco and cigarettes which had been given them all along the route. I didn't suppose there was a soldier living who would refuse a package of cigarettes, but I actually stood beside one who did.

"Madame," he said to the elderly lady who offered him a package, "I never smoke."

He wore a Glengarry cap, this soldier, and no one could mistake his accent for anything but Scotch. He had lost his right leg, poor fellow but he said quite cheerfully: "Oh, there's lots of them worse off than I am."

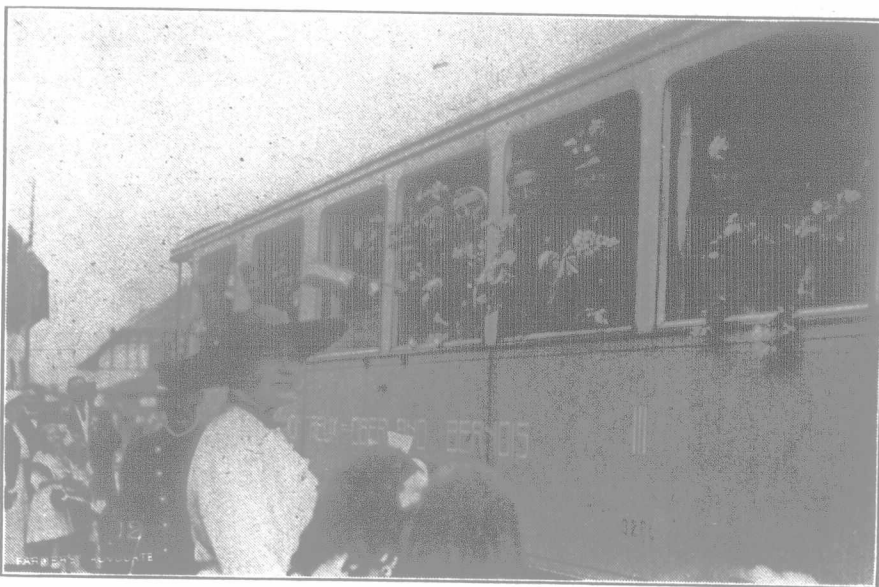
On his finger he had a quaintly carved ring of aluminum, which he said one of the Russian prisoners had made for him.

"And I had another one," he said "made of brass, far handsomer than this. A gentleman on the train offered five dollars for it, but, of course, I wouldn't sell it. And then, at the frontier I lost it. Those Russians can do anything. They'll work for hours over a little thing like this. We wouldn't

have patience enough to stick to it five minutes."

Always the same story about the Russians and their cleverness.

In the afternoon as I was strolling along a road just outside the town I met a Tommy Atkins with his wife and little three-year-old daughter. She was picking flowers along the roadside and ran up to me and gave me a bunch. This of course, led to conversation with the parents. The wife was on a two months' visit to her husband whom she had not seen for two years. During



The Arrival of the British Prisoners of War at Chateau-d'Oex.

Notice the flowers.

that time he had parted from his left arm. He told me a long and harrowing tale about his terrible experiences after he had been wounded.

"They (the Germans) may bribe our bodies," he said, "but they can't bribe our spirit. They tried to, all kinds of ways. What did one of them do one day when we wuz a-lyin' in our beds in the ward but come in and read out of a French newspaper that the English navy was all blown to bits by German submarines and England would soon be starving. We giv' the Frenchies a wink an' then we all ha-ha'd like to split. My word the German was mad. Of course we knew it was just a lot of bloomin' lies. He wuz just tryin' to bribe our spirit. But yu cawn't do it. yu cawn't bribe an Englishman's spirit. And the paper he read from wuz just a rag the Germans printed in French—nothin' but a lot of lies they made up themselves, just to try and bribe our spirit. They used to call all the English 'swine', but now they've changed their tune; now they call us 'laughing devils,' because they cawn't bribe our spirit."

"How did you get along with the French and the Belgians?"

"Pretty well. Of course we had our tiffs now and again. But the Russians, they're the fine chaps! Good fighters they are too. Never give up."

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One of the most exciting occupations in Chateau-d'Oex, apart from going to the station and the post-office is falling in love. It seems to be an epidemic. One meets enamoured couples

sauntering arm-in-arm with their girls goes—on the main street as well as on the more sequestered roads. I shadowed a couple along a flowery path the other day, at a discreet distance of course, and "snapped" them as they strolled, but they were so engrossed in one another they never suspected they had been filmed.

Socially, Chateau-d'Oex is quite gay. There are a great many English people here, and many of the interned officers have taken villas and have their families with them. There is a great deal of driving and reading and tennis, and, of course, "teas" galore and dances too. Four public dances a week in the big hotels, and I don't know how many in private houses. What seems most extraordinary to me is the ease with which lame soldiers dance. Some of these who hobble painfully along the street with the aid of a cane seem to be able to throw their canes aside and dance on a waxed floor without any difficulty whatever. And the one-armed and the one-eyed seem to be remarkably clever in avoiding collisions when dancing.

A couple of weeks ago the "Tommies" gave a variety concert in aid of a Swiss charity. The concert was such a glowing success it had to be repeated. One of the hits of the evening was a Scotch reel danced by four Scotch soldiers in kilts.

As a result of the concert the soldiers were able to donate \$200.00 to the Vacation Fund for sick children, which, of course, was immensely appreciated by the Swiss people.

Some people are interesting them-

every morning and in the afternoon went to a class conducted by a Russian lady who was teaching them how to decorate wood in the Russian fashion. I thought he was pretty plucky, poor chap, for he had lost the sight of one eye, had a fearful gash on his face and a smashed jaw, had lost the forefinger of his right hand, and had a bad wound on his left arm.

"But what's bothering me more than anything," he said, "is what will I do to earn a living when I get back to England."

### The Western Fair.

The Western Fair, held at London, Ont., during the third week in September, was blessed with glorious weather and the people of the city and adjoining country did not fail to take advantage of it, as packed street-cars and an almost solid line of motor-cars from street and farm, bore witness.

We went on "Military Day," visiting, before making way to the Grand Stand, the Horticultural Building, "Palace," Women's Department and Art Gallery. In the Horticultural Building the showing, considering the disadvantages of a year of drouth, was very creditable. London's Fair always excels in fruit, flowers and vegetables, as, indeed, should be expected from a section often called "the garden of Canada." The exhibits of the Dominion Experimental Farm and Ontario Department of Agriculture, were as educative as usual, and were centers of interest, as were also the Ontario Vegetable Growers' Competition (celery, tomatoes and onions), and the Middlesex County exhibits of fruit, vegetables and honey. The extensive exhibit from London's Asylum for the Insane occupied, as usual, one large section of the building.

How much an unusually attractive or novel arrangement means at an annual fair in which there is danger of sameness from year to year.—We noticed particularly a very pretty device in fruit and goldenrod from the farm of W. D. Woodruff, St. Catharines.

In the flower department the preponderance of begonias was a feature. Out-door flowers everywhere suffered this year from the hot, dry weather, yet there were some fine showings of asters, dahlias, zinnias, etc. One of the most striking sections of the table was a massing of golden glow, sun-flowers of various kinds, and common goldenrod.

Reflected from a mirror background, in the northern wing, were fruits of all kinds, bearing witness to what Western Ontario can do in the line of fine things to eat. Here also might always be seen a knot of women gathered about the Women's Institute exhibits of canned fruit, very delicious-looking indeed. One wondered how the rhubarb had ever been arranged in such perfect rows in one of the jars. Evidently the Women's Institute exhibitors have not contented themselves with giving quality only, but have devoted much time to appearance as well.

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In the Women's Work Wing was the usual collection of all kinds of needle-work, white predominating, as it should.



An Historic Swiss Chalet Now Occupied by Interned British Officers. This Chalet was built in 1754. It is Constructed Entirely of Wood, has 113 Windows and is Decorated with Remarkable Wood-Carvings and Inscriptions in Latin and French.