

BRITISH SAILOR IN GRAPHIC TALE OF GERMAN PRISONS

Men Worked and Starved to Death By Hundreds, He Asserts. Enemy Longs For Peace—Intolerable Conditions Described By Man Who Was Taken Prisoner By the Raider Moewe.

A British sailor whose ship was destroyed by the German raider Moewe and who was kept a prisoner on the raider for five weeks before he was landed in Germany, managed recently to get a letter out of Germany to his sister and brothers in England. In the opinion of allied officials who have seen the letter no more interesting information has come out of Germany in months as to the actual conditions in that country.

The writer, as a war laborer, was thrown much with German laboring men, and he says the suffering of these men is so great, that they would welcome any kind of peace, even one dictated by the Allies. Because of the shortage of food the conditions in the prison camps are described as terrible beyond words to describe, the deaths sometimes averaging more than fifteen a day for weeks at a time. The writer gives what is perhaps the first correct description of the Moewe yet printed, and makes the statement that this famous raider is probably the speediest of her type afloat, her maximum speed being thirty knots an hour.

The letter, which comes to The New York Times, from an official source, is as follows:—

"Just a few other lines to say I am still alive. I am not, in the best of health, but as good as can be expected under the circumstances. Of course there are worse cases than me, so thank God I cannot grumble. I hope you received my other letter. Any other way is censored by the Germans, that is the reason I am unable to write you all I could wish about this country. I have been across it and up and down it since I have been in it and I can tell you it is in a very poor state. Mind you it is a large, agricultural country, fine plots of ground but uncultivated.

Only Women at the Plough.

There does not seem to be any men around, only old and very young. Everywhere you look through a railway carriage window it is always the same sight—women at the plow and digging. If you do see any men at all they are the prisoners, French, Russian, and the British. Now I have mentioned the word prisoners. I will tell you as well as I can how Germany treats her prisoners; being one myself it gives me a chance to state the truth. I was aboard the raider five weeks, being chased around

by cruisers. The treatment we received on the cruiser Moewe was decent to what we received after landing in Germany.

"For the last few days after the Moewe captured us we received three good meals a day, consisting of tea or coffee for breakfast; for dinner, rice or bean soup; supper, rice and prunes, or rice boiled with meat or salt pork, each day varied; also, we received a loaf for four men. We were proportioned out by messes, twelve or fourteen to a table. She was fitted out like a dockyard canteen, plates, dishes, and pint pot and spoon. Knives and forks were not issued, as we lived on spoon diet. Well, we were all satisfied with that until they captured the Emerald. Her crew was a very large one, 116 all told. She was a horse boat, with American cutlery on board, but by good luck she was outward bound, so there were no horses on board. Well, after that they reduced our meals to two per day consisting mostly of rice, and as we were getting more northerly every day we were getting into more dangerous routes, because we were closing in on the small boats, tracks, and at the same time we never knew the moment a prisoner would pop up and sink us, cruisers and Germans as well because the way they had with us as soon as any smoke on the horizon was sighted we were all chased below, all doors were locked, and we were given to understand that if one went to hell, well, we should all go, and that was the consolation we had.

Adventures of the Moewe.
"Well, to cut a long story short, we were landed in Germany safe and I, for one, was glad it was so, because, take it from me, she was the greatest floating mine I ever had the pleasure of being on, and it's experience I don't want to have again. When we landed at Kiel the Moewe's commander told our captain that we should consider ourselves very lucky, indeed, that we were off the ocean, as if he had to engage himself with a man-of-war he would have considered it his duty to have fought till it sank.

"I will now describe at the Moewe was like. First of all, you must understand this: she was a disguised ship, disguised to act as an old tramp. Her full speed was between twenty and thirty knots, but to look at her from a distance she would imitate a slow ship, smoke like a devil (she carried smoke consumers, which could be used if required.) When we were in the vicinity of war vessels she never smoked at all and always kept a sharp

FELT LIKE A NEW PERSON

After Taking Only One Box Of "Fruit-a-lives"

EARL SHIP HANCOCK, N. S.
"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the wonderful benefits I have received from taking 'Fruit-a-lives'. For years, I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches, and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicines seemed to help me. Then I finally tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and the effect was splendid. After taking one box, I felt like a new person, to have relief from those sickening headaches."

Mrs. MARTHA DEWOLFE.
"One box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa."

lookout. The crew themselves boasted about being off Simon's Bay (Cape Town) one dark night, and they saw H. M. S. Glasgow coaling, with all lights lit. They reckoned that they could have torpedoed her, only that they were not sure but that some other cruiser might have given them chase, but at the same time they were on the lookout for commerce, not fight. That was three weeks before they captured us.

It was the Moewe which caught the George (White Star Company), the (Voltaire Lampert & Hot), and sent all the crews into Germany on a Glasgow ship called the Yarrowdale. I have spoken to all these crews since landing here. Their experiences are about the same as our own, so I will leave them for another time. I have also spoken to men who were captured at the Jutland battle, others who were captured by submarines. I have also seen the crew of the ship Brussels. You know the captain, he was shot up here (Captain Fryatt). I have seen where he is supposed to have been buried. We were sent to a receiving ship called Dülmen (pronounced Dillen) on the Dutch border. There we were bathed, fumigated, vaccinated, inoculated. We stayed there about ten days; for food we got nothing but soup—very weak stuff it was.

Prisoners Done to Death.
"While I was there I became acquainted with a soldier, a sergeant out of a Suffolk regiment. He belongs to Rochdale, and you should have heard his yarns about how the Germans treat their prisoners. In that camp alone 500 died within three months. The day we arrived there were fifteen funerals. Not disease, as you in England hear, but worked to death, at the point of the bayonet, then, when past all remedy, sent back to die. This Rochdale chap, he had only just returned from the firing line. He told about having to work on trenches on German soil, getting knocked down with a rifle if he asked for something to eat. You'll hear some queer yarns when this affair is over. This soldier's name is Sergeant Tom C. Murphy, 5 Wilson street, Mount Rochdale.

"We were informed while we were there that we should receive Red Cross parcels consisting of clothing and food. Others I have seen with them, but none of our crowd have seen or had any yet. We have written several times to the British Red Cross Society in Copenhagen (Denmark), London is the real headquarters. But Denmark is where we receive from. Well, as I say we have got none of them up to date.

"There are 300 of us here in Lubeck, working for the Hamburg-American Line for one mark a day and a half a mark overtime per hour. But if we have not worked during the day, the night only counts as a day. We have to work a full day before any night works as overtime. And I can tell you it is work. No cotton hooks or leather gloves, but bare hands. Steel plates like razors, rails, pig iron, barbed wire, coal, iron ore, general cargo, barrels, munitions. Our hands are like cut pulp. No cranes here like any modern port has, oh no, you lift it, you English-wise. It is a primitive style from 6 to 6. Coffee at 5 a. m., soup at 12, soup again at 6, a piece of bread per day and you cannot buy bread when you like. Germans are the same, everything that is bought, a permit has to be shown from the police. A German told me the other day that before he could buy a pair of boots he had to take the old ones to the police and notify them that the old ones were worn out, even to a penny worth of shoe nails.

"Soap is twelve marks a pound; tea and milk are things of the past; so if you want to eat, I have not tasted sugar and milk for two months. A cup of pasta, and when you have to have a permit to buy any. That is

the German. As for us, no one is allowed to serve us outside our own canteen. If they are caught giving us anything they are liable to a 175-mark fine or imprisonment. Now this is not hearsay, it is my own experience. How would this look in The Observer, or Unbiased, or Chronicle? Tell Ted to try it; it would be information for someone. Of course I cannot say what is going on at the German front, for, to tell you the truth, I don't believe anything I hear over here. I have heard a lot—something in particular. A German told me England is starving. I only laughed at him.

Serfdom in German Prisons.

"The German here is only a big slave. You can see serfdom written all over his face. And the Prussian, he is a real bully. I had some, so I know, and another. Although we are prisoners, some of us have shown fight, and they have left us alone. I cannot tell you all, as it would take a book to describe what I know. But, believe me, every sensible German is not only tired of this war, but they don't seem to care who wins or who loses. One told me the other day that he hoped England would win. He was in English ships, and he was sorry he was in a German ship. He was a ship's carpenter, receiving 120 marks per month. He showed me his dinner—one slice of black bread and a drink of coffee; no sugar. I told him it served him right; why didn't he clear out in Norway, same as I would if I was in his place. Of course, he had his reasons, I let him keep them. It was no business of mine. Well, if you wish to do me and others a good turn, ask whatever paper you put this in to shake up the British Red Cross and Order of St. John, Strand, Boulevard, 84, Copenhagen. Of course, they may be doing their share, but at any rate, we are receiving nothing.

"Since I have been in this country the only eatables I have had has been three pounds of Huntley & Palmers Emergency Biscuits, and they are champion. I could have done with more but it was not to be. You can tell them we are at Lubeck. We came here from Brandenburg on the 3rd of May Thursday old men over fifty, and the boys under sixteen, were left at Brandenburg. We are all told 300."

A FAMILY RECORD.

Hon. Mr. Marcell has been informed that one of his nephews, Emile Pearson who enlisted at Winnipeg was fatally wounded at Lens and died of his wounds two days later. He was slightly over eighteen years of age and had been in the service for nearly two years.

Mr. Marcell has another nephew at the front in the person of Private Radolphe Caisie, who enlisted at Montreal two years ago. Still a third nephew who also enlisted in Montreal some three years ago has also seen service and has been released owing to illness which developed in service.

Lieut. John G. Ahern, the son-in-law of the member for Bonaventure enlisted at the outbreak of hostilities and served several months in Canada but having been wounded in the hand by a gun shot was declared unfit for service and discharged.

SICK WIFE'S STORY SURPRISES CAMPBELLTON

The following has surprised Campbellton: A business man's wife suffered from dyspepsia and constipation for years. Although she dieted she was so bloated her clothes would not fit. ONE SPOONFUL buckhorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler's relieved her INSTANTLY. Because Adler's has emptied BOTH large and small intestines it relieves ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICKEST action of anything we ever sold. A. McE. McDonald, Druggist, Campbellton, N. B.

A mean case hints that maybe if the girls could see their elbows they wouldn't be so anxious to exhibit them to other people.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Ask Mother! If tongue is coated, stomach full, bowels sore, "Calf" "Turkey Syrup" or "Figs."

"Mothers can rest easy after giving 'California Syrup of Figs' because in a few hours all the sleepless nights, sour bile and fermenting food quietly sweep out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again."

BUSINESS MEN ARE INTERESTED

Employers, have been quick to see Practical Advantages of Military Service Act.

Ottawa, Oct. 3.—Canadian business men express themselves as highly pleased with the provision by the Military Service Act of Medical Boards for the early medical examination of men liable to be drafted under the Military Service Act. This introduction of system and order into the method of raising men for military service has commended itself to the country, according to all reports received here.

Hearty promises of co-operation in having an early report made by all men in the various classes are also coming to hand, and this co-operation promises to simplify the working of the Act. The vast majority of men in the various classes can be reached through the business houses where they are employed, so far as the cities are concerned at least. A new force getting behind the Act is the business instinct of the employers who, under the volunteering system, have had some unsatisfactory experiences thru the haphazard dropping off of their employees.

All the Military Service Act really does is to get the country's military system down to a business basis as well as to make it more democratic and satisfactory in every particular.

The October issue of The Canadian Magazine contains a varied assortment of articles, essays and short stories. The first article is by the well-known nature writer, Mr. Hamilton McLeung and is a delightful description of a summer passed in the company of little wild creatures in a Manitoba elm clump. Other articles are "Getting the Men", a review of conscription in England, by Lacey Amy; "The Influence of Ancestry in the Present War", a consideration of racial tendencies, by Professor John Cameron; "Pioneer Canadian Women," a sketch of Professor Carrie Derick, by Miss Emily P. Weaver; "Stories of the Redcoat Riders", by W. McEl. Tait, as well as several short stories.

Two Points of View.

Mr. Goddard—"Her age really surprised me; she doesn't look twenty-eight, does she?"

Miss S.—"Not now, but I suppose she did once."

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IT'S A MISTAKE TO TRY TO MAKE LAST WINTER'S WORN, THIN UNDERWEAR "DO." YOU MIGHT GET PNEUMONIA. OUR UNDERWEAR IS MADE FULL SIZE AND WILL NOT SHRINK WHEN IT FIRST STRIKES THE WASH TUB SO THAT "PAPA'S SHIRT WILL JUST FIT WILLIE."

WHEN YOUR HUSBAND WEARS ONE OF OUR SLYLISH, PERFECT FITTING SUITS AND OVERCOATS YOU WILL BE PROUD OF HIM.

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The kind of Fall Suits and Overcoats that make a man hold up his chin, throw out his chest; and step out as if he meant business.

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of "the nicest cup of tea I ever tasted"

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