

PTE. GREEN'S AWFUL EXPERIENCES WHILE A PRISONER IN GERMANY

Young Soldier was Picked up on Battle Field Three Days After Being Wounded—German Soldiers Threatened to Bayonet Him, Threw Cold Water on Green When He Asked for Drink and Spat on Him for an English Swine—Treatment by Orderlies in Hospital Even Worse—During Night Hours Orderlies Pointed Revolvers at Prisoners Threatening to Kill Them

The diabolical refinement of cruelty practiced by Huns upon wounded Canadian soldiers who are unfortunate enough to be taken prisoners to Germany, was seen and experienced by Private J. W. Green, a returned hero who returned to Brandon on Monday. "Shoot quick and shoot straight," he pleaded on one occasion when, in a German hospital, he, with bared breast, faced his tormentors.

"I cannot tell you all that happened at the hospital," said Private Green. "Tell everything; let the people know everything that happened," said Mrs. Green, the young lady, now his wife, who brought the halo of romance to crown the most tragic period of the stricken hero's life.

Private Green lay on the couch where he is likely destined to lay for some time before his shattered bones are mended enough to enable him to walk again. He looked bright, cheerful and happy despite his experiences and despite his suffering, and laughed out wholeheartedly at the suggestion that the Germans had been giving him too much food.

How the Germans spat on him, abused him, threatened to bayonet him, threw water over him when asked for a drink, pointed revolvers at him as if with intent to shoot as he lay on a sick bed, and how the tide of Hunnish cruelty flowed and ebbed according to the news which came from the battle front, was only a part of the story which Private Green told The Sun.

"Well, how were you treated in the English hospitals?" asked the scribe. Private Green looked at his wife. Mrs. Green smiled. "What questions they do ask," she said.

"How did they treat me in the English hospitals?" repeated Private Green. "Why it was beautiful, they treated us fine; they were kind, everything was nice, they could not do better; you get everything you could possibly want," etc. The questioner knew long before Private Green stopped that it was not safe to ask a returned soldier to make a comparison between British and German treatment.

To put the hero's story in his own words: "I was shot in the thigh with an exploding bullet five days after I went to the firing line. I happened to be going for some water at the time. My thigh bone was shattered and I lay where I fell for three days and three nights. The Germans then came along, and picked me up. They accused me of using dum-dum bullets and threatened to bayonet me. They abused me.

Are Men More Progressive Than Women?

Are men more progressive than women?

There is no question about this—that men adopt new and improved methods, machines and inventions in their work more quickly than do homemakers in their housework.

Perhaps men have a clearer conception of the value of time and energy. A woman in her home does not exactly receive payment, in so many dollars, for her time and energy. These two things do not represent to her a certain sum of money. And as we are too ready to rate everything by its definite commercial value, we may not adjust our minds to the fact that an hour occupied with a piece of work which might have been done in half an hour is sheer waste.

Have you not known women—indeed have you not yourself—gone on month after month with some inconvenient simply because it seemed such a method or appliance in your house, little thing that it did not occur to you to alter it?

Little Things Count

Your stove polish may be in a cupboard or an out kitchen, half a minute's walk from your stove. Your appliances and ingredients for cooking may be in half a dozen different places, instead of assembled methodically within easy reach of your kitchen table. You may be in need of a new broom, which for a week or more you neglect to get, and consequently the labor of sweeping is doubled.

Your layer cake tins may be so worn that the cakes inevitably burn, while you neglect to replace the old with new tins. Perhaps you have never had a proper measuring cup. Possibly your meat pans are the old black pans which seem impossible to keep clean and free of grease, when for a small sum you could have enamel pans.

spat upon me, called me an English swine, and when I asked for water, they poured it over me.

"When the German Red Cross came along, we—other prisoners and myself—were treated better. We were taken to the dressing station, and then ten miles to the rear. We were put in an old house, used as a hospital. While there, a German corporal came along, made us salute him and take off our clothes, and ill-treated us."

"We were afterwards taken to a big hospital. There was one awful night I shall never forget. The apertures, half drunk with rum—there seemed to be always plenty of rum about for them—sneaked around our beds and pointed revolvers at us. After making the suspense as terrible as they could, they would pull the trigger, then we would know that the revolver was not loaded, and it was their idea of having fun at our expense.

"That was not sufficient for them. A couple of sentries would creep in as if to take us unawares. We would hear one of them whisper, 'I will flash the searchlight, and you shoot at the spot the light flashes upon.'

"In my weak state, I was so terrified that I stripped off my shirt and told them to shoot straight and not shoot quick, as I was determined to have the agony over as quickly as possible."

Private Green also referred to the starvation diet at the hospital, and how the people crowded around him and his companions hurling at him the abuse possible and spitting on them at the same time.

Stringent Steps Preserve Purity Of Milk Supply

Winnipeg, Dec. 30.—Manitoba's provincial health department will ask the Manitoba legislature at its January session to play the role of sleuth and trail the typhoid germ over hill and

dale in all settled portions of the province. It has been discovered that some mysterious epidemics in various parts of the continent during many years past have been caused by germs disseminated from absolutely clean and sanitary dairies which had nothing apparently wrong with them. It was a bevy of New York experts who discovered that in some cases the dairyman himself was unknowingly a germ-carrier, and that as soon as he was removed from the sphere of dairy activity, the epidemic in the surrounding country diminished.

So the Manitoba Health Board will ask that all dairies be licensed. The license fee will be nominal but compulsory. Sanitary conditions must prevail and milk cows must be free from disease and housed in proper surroundings.

It is expected that the act will be easy of enforcement because big companies will not accept milk from unlicensed dairies. One of the most interesting features of the plan, however, is the proposal that every dairyman keep handy a list of all his customers. Then, if an epidemic breaks out in a certain district, the milkmen in that district will be asked for their customer-lists. Those affected by the epidemic, it is expected, will be found on one of these lists, if milk is the cause of the epidemic, and thus the officials automatically track the germ to its lair.

"In these times of war, we are more than usually anxious to conserve life," said an official. "We must start at the beginning—at child life. Milk is the chief food of infants. We must see that it is as pure as possible."

This official cited a case of a place nicknamed "Typhoidville." The health board of that town could not understand the outbreaks of typhoid in certain "spots" of the community. New York experts were summoned, spent much time there, and nearly gave up the task. They finally discovered that the outbreaks occurred among customers of a certain dairy. Visiting the dairy they found it first-class in every respect. They made a milk test and found typhoid germs present. Then they discovered that the dairyman had had typhoid some years before, and had unknown become a common carrier of the germ, as is the case in about six of every hundred typhoid afflicted persons. He quit the milk business immediately, and typhoid quit "Typhoidville."

"If the board of health of that place had possessed a list of customers of all its dairies, much money and time would have been saved in tracking down the origin of the outbreaks," said this official.

"Like The Roaring Of A People"

According to a dispatch from Havre news has just been received there of the offences for which the city of Brussels has had new penalties imposed upon it by the German authorities. It is stated that the Belgians are giving new manifestations to support the old saying that they are the most obstinate people in Europe, and that patriotism is exalting the country more than ever.

On King Albert's dedication day, November 15th, they carried out great patriotic celebrations. All over the city of Brussels the totem in the churches was the occasion of thrilling enthusiasm and immense crowds sang with the organ the Belgian national song, concluding with the shout "Long live the King! Long live Belgium!"

The same scene occurred in other districts. Indeed, according to witnesses these scenes were "like the roaring of a people momentarily captive, but indomitable, stronger than its adversary sure that the cause of justice will overcome falsehood and iniquity." It was for these patriotic celebrations that new penalties were put on the city of Brussels.

It is the spirit of this wonderful people that Germany is trying to break by a deliberate scheme to starve the nation. The organized ruin of Belgian industries, accompanied by a slave trade such as flourished in the time of Nineveh have greatly accentuated the want of the people during the present winter. Thousands of families have had their menfolk taken away in these slave raids, and the mothers and children are left without income, without means of subsistence, with nothing between them and a miserable death but the charity of the Belgian Relief Commission.

There are local committees all over Canada for collecting funds to help on the noble work of this commission. A contribution from you to Mrs. J. G. Watson, Victoria avenue, Brandon, would be welcomed, or contributions may be sent to the Central Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter street, Montreal.

BRITAIN AND U. S. FINANCIAL DEALS MADE SIMPLER

Washington, Dec. 26.—Official announcement has been made by the federal reserve board that the Bank of England has been named as the foreign correspondent of the federal reserve bank of New York, and authority was given the eleven other reserve banks to participate in the agency relations. This action marks a radical departure from the previous financial policy of the country, inasmuch as it places the governments of the United States and Great Britain, for the first time, in direct, continual financial relationship.

It is understood that authorization of this appointment is a part of a general plan for establishing financial connections that will strengthen the United States as a creditor nation in the commercial competition which will probably result when the war closes, and to provide a ready means to offset any tendency on the part of the foreign bankers to withdraw the huge supply of gold accumulated here during the war.

Will Create Better Feeling The section of the banking act under which this authorization is given permits any federal reserve board to open and maintain banking accounts in foreign countries, appoint correspondents and establish agencies in such countries, wherever it deems best for the purpose of purchasing, selling and collecting bills of exchange and to buy and sell, with or without its endorsement, through such correspondents or agencies, bills of exchange arising out of actual commercial transactions, so that a broad field of operation is possible under it.

The first effect of the Bank of England's connection, it is thought, will be noticeable in transactions which might otherwise involve the exportation of gold from this country, as the connection will afford a channel through which American banks can readily purchase British notes and securities to meet any tendency towards gold exportation. It will also tend, officials believe, to bring about a closer understanding and better feeling between the bankers of the United States and Great Britain.

PREMIER ADDRESSES LIBERALS OF CITY AND THE DISTRICT

Fairly Representative Though Small Audience Gathers to Hear Norris and Organize OFFICERS ELECTED

T. E. Knowles, M.P., Still Harping on Reciprocity and Possible Benefits Therefrom

The Hon. T. C. Norris, premier of Manitoba, delivered his first political address in this city since the last provincial election at an organization meeting of the federal constituency of Brandon held in the city hall on Wednesday evening. The size of the audience was somewhat disappointing to promoters, though it was fairly representative, and delegates from the country districts in the constituency were present. Mr. A. L. Hall, who was elected president at the meeting, was in the chair. T. E. Knowles, M.P., also spoke.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. presidents, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. T. C. Norris; president, A. L. Hall, Brandon; vice-president, Robert Forke, Pipestone; secretary, A. A. Evans; executive, William Johnson and Donald McKenzie, for Lansdowne; W. T. Johnson and Walter Millar, for Glenwood; Dr. A. T. Conell and Hilton McGregor, for Brandon city; and W. McDonald and Mr. Millish, for Virden, together with the chairman and secretary of each constituency.

The Hon. T. C. Norris received his customary ovation when called upon to address the meeting. Referring to a resolution that the meeting had passed, Mr. Norris said he believed that the government had done fairly well in carrying out the pledges it had made to the people. He had been delighted that morning to stand on the same platform with Sir Robert Borden or any other member of the government, so long as the government did its duty, but the worst thing about it, added Mr. Norris, with a wicked little smile, the government does not do its duty often enough.

Mr. Norris touched upon what had been described as the traditional policy of the Liberal party, and said that everyone present believed the same as himself with regard to the fiscal policy of the country. Thus it was not necessary, he said, to say much in that direction, as he would, however, rather see the Liberal party of Conservatives so they also would have the opportunity of hearing what he had to say.

There was a difference of opinion as to whether the Liberal party was the party of the fiscal question as much as he agreed with the prime minister on his recruiting policy.

Mr. Norris said that he did not look forward with much apprehension to the idea that some people said would be experienced after the war, but believed that conditions would right themselves in the meantime and developed the great natural resources of Canada. Despite its illimitable store of mineral wealth, the great wealth of this country lay in the soil of the prairie provinces. There were a lot of successful farmers at that meeting, and he knew the farmers mostly wanted the government to remove the obstacles that were in the way of farming. There must be a reduction in the cost of money, and the government hoped to do something in that direction during the coming session. If they had free trade and free markets there would be no need for any government to coax farmers to work the land.

The premier then referred to the cry that the government should stop the investigations now afoot because of the cost they were to the province, but while the Brandon Daily Sun and the Telegram did talk about the cost, he complained that The Sun did not give the other side of the question and let the people know that the provincial government had saved enough money on the court house alone to cover all the expenditure involved in the investigations. They saved \$256,000 on the court house, which left a satisfactory balance after deducting the cost of the inquiries.

After citing other amounts that had been saved the province, the premier stated that it would take too long to tell the audience about all the applications the Government had received to buy them off, but they were going on with the investigations just the same. The government had promised to bring compulsory education to the province and had done so. There is now not a single bilingual text book in any school in the province. They had got rid of the Ruthenian school in Brandon and had also got rid of a similar institution in Winnipeg, and had thus settled the question of bilingualism and compulsory education in this province.

Mr. Knowles, M.P., delivered a lengthy address. He reproduced arguments in favor of reciprocity, and stated that the Dominion government owed its existence because of the use of the loyalty cry in which "No truck

or trade with the Yankees" figured prominently. "If we have an election during the next twelve months," declared the speaker, "and it is quite possible, though no one knows, you can depend upon it that the Conservatives will hand out the same old dish, and appeal—somehow or other—to the loyalty of the people and hoodwink the people once more. The speaker worked himself up to a high pitch of indignation in talking of the Ross rifle, and contended that the retention of the rifle after having been warned that it was unserviceable should be sufficient reason for turning a hundred governments out.

Several resolutions were carried reaffirming loyalty to Sir Wilfrid Laurier; appreciation of the work of Premier Norris and the provincial government; the adherence to the party of free trade, and the usual loyal resolutions.

NATIONAL SERVICE WEEK FIRST IN THE NEW YEAR

National Service Week is drawing very near and the fact that the first week of the New Year bears that title is something in which everyone in Canada has an interest. The men are interested because it is obligatory upon each of them, between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five years to fill out one of the cards which the Government is sending to them through the post office authorities. The women are interested because their cooperation is being invited in seeing that their menfolk attend to this important duty. The children are interested because their school teachers have explained to them the meaning of National Service and the way in which father and the big brothers at home have to reply to the various questions.

To write in the answers and return the card promptly is a good New Year's resolution for every man throughout the Dominion and it has the advantage of being easy of fulfillment. It only means a few minutes' careful thought. The postmen in the cities get the hard work, for they have not only to deliver the cards; they are responsible, also, for their proper return. Prompt mailing of the answers will make the postman's work very much easier.

National Service means that we are to get into that frame of mind which will cause us to think of the needs of the country, to realize that the interests of the State have a greater claim on us than our selfish interests. This applies to everyone from the highest in the land to the lowest. The Prince of Wales' motto, "I serve," may be written on the card.

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The war is teaching us, or should be teaching us, great lessons. Terrible as are its effects, those who have faith in Canadian manhood hope and believe that the nation will emerge from this experience a stronger and better people. If the meaning of National Service is thoroughly grasped and properly understood, if the Government's call for information is responded to in the right spirit, the coming year will be the banner one in Canada's history.

WHISKEY CASES IN POLICE COURT

"Ignorance of the law does not excuse," is the frequent reminder given at the Brandon police court, which many defendants, particularly those charged with infractions of the Manitoba Temperance Act, discover to their cost. At this morning's court, Archie Smith was found guilty of having two bottles of whiskey in a place other than a private dwelling house. He was fined two hundred dollars and costs.

A defendant, Bismarck Wallace, pleaded guilty to consuming liquor other than in a private dwelling house. He pleaded that he did not know that he was doing wrong, but Magistrate Fraser had no alternative than to administer the minimum fine of \$50 and costs.

Two privates came under the heading of "drunks," and they were ordered to be handed over to a picket.

CHICAGO COAL SHORTAGE

Chicago, Dec. 23.—Three hundred Chicago schools have only enough coal to carry them through the day. Two contractors have forfeited their bonds, amounting to \$500,000, asserting that they cannot obtain coal enough to fulfill their contracts even at twice the contract price. Railway officials expressed the belief also that through concerted action they may be able shortly to relieve the fuel shortage. The shortage is attributed to a lack of cars to handle the fuel.

Laying Traps For Enemy Submarines

There was nothing of the ocean greyhound about H.M.S. Toppler.

In pre-war days, as the Saucy Annie, of Hull, she had earned dividends for a practical-minded owner whose standard of beauty for a ship was that she should be able to carry the maximum of cargo at the minimum of working cost. When the long hand of the Admiralty reached out and grabbed her she had been for some time freighting consignments of rancid oil, and the odor of this still clung loving to her skin. But although from an aesthetic point of view the bluff-nosed slab-sided old boat had many shortcomings, she possessed certain qualities which the Admiralty surveyors regarded with an approving eye. So they put a couple of guns into her, provided her with a White Ensign to be hoisted "as and when required," and sent her out to hunt for submarines. This task she pursued diligently, but with ill-success, for some time.

Although the Toppler got where submarines were often enough seen, these wily craft did not seem to like the look of her. Whenever she "showed up" they dipped down into the "ditch," periscopes and all, and disappeared.

"Th' blamed old hooker can smell U-boats, an' by gum if they can't smell her they ain't no noses," opined "Dodger" Long to "Gunny Jack" of the Toppler as a whiff from her hold assailed his nostrils.

Now the owner of the toppler was a man who believed in results. He could not content himself with merely chasing submarines; he wanted to catch them. After turning over the matter so that he could look at all sides of it he put back to port with a plan in his mind. There what he planned was done, and when the Toppler went to sea again it was in such a disreputable guise that even her former owner, although in no way squeamish on the subject of appearances, would have refused to acknowledge her. She looked like a condemned hulk that had broken adrift from a "knacker's yard." And from captain downwards her complement were in keeping with their ship's outward seeming. Even a San Francisco "crimp" would have been ashamed to own them.

"Wot a lot o' beauties, looks as if we'd all been shipwrecked," quoth one of the crew, rubbing his eyes.

"An' wot a ship, after the—" added "Jumper" Collins, mentioning the smart little cruiser from which he had been drafted. "Well, there ain't no wash decks 'ere, an' routine's like an old shoe, so I ain't 'grumbled'." For some days the Toppler wallowed along—"steamed" would be the wrong word for it—and surely nowhere else afloat could such an apparently unseaworthy old tub, such an enticing target for a U-boat, have been met with.

"Please don't hurt me; I'm worthless," was written all over her, and every motion of her lumbering hull proclaimed helpless, inoffensive innocence.

Other vessels as they passed her wondered that any owners had the temerity to send such a reckless old boat to sea in these times, and said things about the Toppler and her crew which would have pleased the litter mightily if they could have heard them. "Bet she don't get much farther without 'beln' stopped," remarked the watch-keeper of a slick liner as he turned from contemplating the Toppler.

And he was right—she did not.

The Toppler was ambling along a "sleep walkin'." "Dodger Long called it—when a periscope came rippin' towards her and a U-boat quickly heaved to the surface. A minute or so later a second U-boat rose on the other bow.

"We've dropped into a whole fittilla of d—d pirates," said the Toppler's captain unconcerned. "Steady, lads, and stand by for orders."

"Aye, aye, sir," cheerfully responded "Dodger Long, and the crew stepped quickly to their stations.

The captain passed some orders below, then stopped his engines, and walked to the dicky at the end of the bridge nearest to the first-risen U-boat. With a cap slouched over his ears and a thickly sprouting beard on his

chin the Toppler's "owner" looked what he was not.

The usual parley began, or it would be more correct to say the "pirates" issued their customary preemptory orders for abandoning ship.

The Toppler they apparently held in contempt as something that would not yield them much booty and was not worth wasting a torpedo upon.

"Let down your ladder; I'm going to send aboard and blow your ship up," ordered pirate No. one.

"All right, sir," humbly acquiesced the Toppler's captain, and a companion ladder began to grate its way down her side.

"Lower both," commanded the pirate, "and be ready to leave with your crew."

"Very well, sir," and the Toppler's captain obeyed insofar as lowering the second ladder was concerned, but reserved the right to make what disposition he thought best of his crew, though he did not tell the pirates this.

From the U-boats two little canvas berthons pushed out and made for each side of the Toppler.

"Stand by now for quick action, and mind you don't let the blighters with the bombs come aboard us," rasped out the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir; we'll watch out for that," answered the men crouched under the nettles.

Jerked along by the short pulls of their little cars, the two collapsibles came towards the Toppler by a series of leaps. Arriving at the companions the bow men held on with a boat-hook, while a pirate officer jumped from each boat and hurried up the ladder, followed by a couple of men. As they stepped on the deck, horny, hard-lifting fists caught them under the ear, and one by one they fell like logs. At the same time, a brawny figure jumped to the top of either ladder and blizzards of pig-tron crashed down into each of the boats, ripping out their bottoms.

The Toppler's skipper watched this intently.

"Fire!" he shouted, sharply jerking the engine-room telegraphs. Instantly the White Ensign ran up astern, and the Toppler, baring her teeth, snarled destruction at the pirates.

"Where! Where!" sang her guns, and before they had any chance of making a reply both U-boats were sunk. One rolled over on her side and disappeared with a surge of astonished protest against such cavalier treatment; the other, badly holed forward, slid swiftly nose downward into her grave as if glad to get away from the reach of those vicious snarling guns.

"At right and left—like shooting grouse from the butts; better than I ever hoped for," soliloquized the Toppler's captain as he leaned upon the bridge rail and watched his boats pull off to pick up survivors.—London Daily Mail.

TORONTO GIRL OFFERED MANITOBA POSITION

Toronto, Dec. 20.—Miss Nora Moore, daughter of the rector of St. George's church, has been offered the position of superintendent of nurseries for the province of Manitoba. The position is an important one, taking in the management of the whole of the nursing homes for the children of the province, and is a splendid recognition of the good training she received at the Sick Children's Hospital at Toronto. At present Miss Moore is in charge of one of Lord Drummond's homes in England.

INCREASED WAGES FOR DOM. EXPRESS EMPLOYEES

Toronto, Dec. 20.—Announcement has been made that the Dominion Express company has granted an increase of ten per cent. in wages to all employees over six months in the service, and receiving less than \$2,000 a year. It means to the company an additional expenditure of half a million dollars.

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