

**MAJOR W. HOOPER'S STORY**  
OF HUN CRUELTY TO BRITISH PRISONERS.

**He Was Three Years in Germany—A German Woman Spit in Cup Before Handing It to Him.**

Now that the men who have been prisoners in Germany are being returned, accurate stories are being received about their treatment at the hands of the Huns. Major W. H. Hooper, the Carleton Place officer who went overseas with the original 2nd Battalion, has recently returned from the prison camp. He was seriously wounded and taken prisoner at Ypres in April, 1915, and was for three years a prisoner in Germany. He is now on duty with the casualty company, No. 3 District Depot at the new Barriefield huts. He tells the graphic story of his treatment while a prisoner.

"I was taken prisoner in April, 1915. I was unconscious, had been wounded a couple of times, and finally I was taken to a first aid station. There my wounds were treated and I was taken a few yards further to another house. While there in the second house I came across something in my pocket. Among these was a bit of paper on which was written the name of a German lieutenant who had been a prisoner. A young fellow from Renfrew had brought him in. He had had seven wounds, and he did not have enough bandages to go round, and I took my bandages and wrapped up his wounds. I also took his name and said to the interpreter to see that this man's mother was notified. There must have been some other remarks on the back of the card. I was taken away in an ambulance. Unfortunately a wheel came off and I was ditched.

**Whipped Wounded British.**  
Next day I was taken to another place. I lay on my stretcher. While there I saw the first act of cruelty. A number of our soldiers lay wounded, and a German officer grabbed a whip and went around all of these men and applied it, and not a move was made. I was taken from there by train while my wounds were bleeding badly, and was taken off the next morning, and was picked up and put on another train again to go to another place. I was there taken off by four men. Two jumped down (these were four Red Cross assistants) and my stretcher down to the ground, needless to say my wounds stung, and I began to bleed all over again. They lifted me down and took me across two railway tracks. I heard a train whistle in the distance, and as it whirled by me I was lying between two cars, with the black cinders and dirt blowing all around me. This train happened to be a troop train, and from the windows I was spit

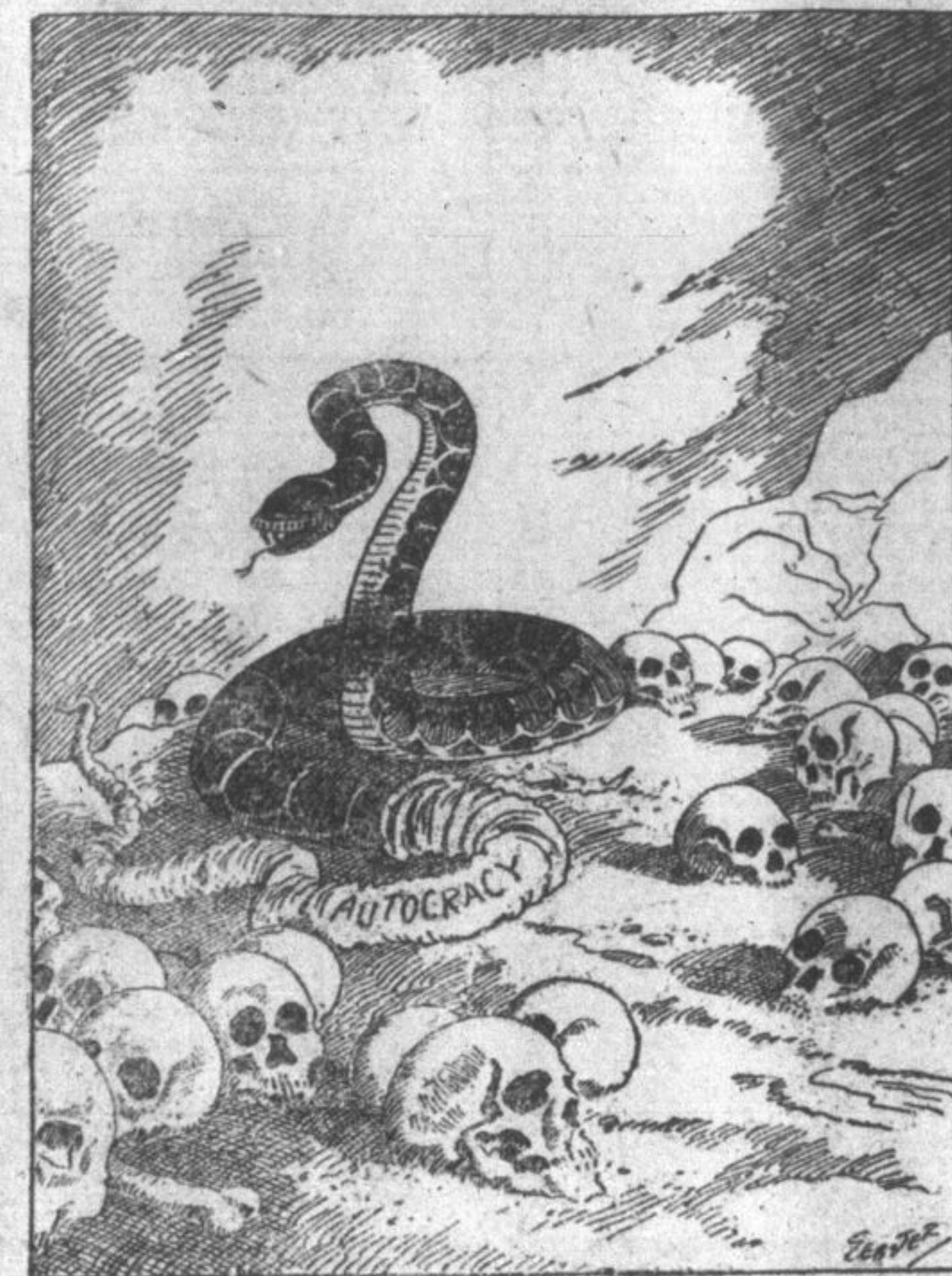
upon from head to toe. I was taken to another hospital, where I was put downstairs in a room occupied by negroes. In this place I was told that there was a room just upstairs which could accommodate about seventy officers. However, I received every attention, and some weeks afterwards I was carried out on my stretcher to the train and put in second class car. I was taken off somewhere that night, and lay in a station, and the next day I was taken as far as Brussels, again taken off and taken to a hospital right opposite the station.

**Spit in the Cup.**  
After a couple of days' rest I was to be again on the train to be sent to Germany. They had not given us very much to eat that morning, and I was hungry and thirsty. On our way we stopped at a station, where I heard they were going to get something to drink, but when I asked a woman to give me a drink, and when she discovered I was an English officer she spit in the cup before she handed it to me. I was taken off this train and laid down on the platform. I got a number of men, women and children were standing, and they pelted me with mud, sticks and stones. I asked of two French soldiers to move me away a little piece, and they did. I was taken to a hospital at Gleeson, where the treatment to prisoners bears no comparison with the treatment in the hospitals in Germany.

**Cruelty of Doctors.**  
"I must say that there are skilful doctors in Germany. One morning I was taken down on my stretcher to the operating room, and was laid down on the floor, my straps were taken off my stretchers, and I was told to take off my bandages. In this same room a French soldier was being operated on by a German doctor, and he was crying from the pain, when an English soldier with both legs off in another bed called out to him not to cry. The German doctor asked the interpreter what the English soldier had said. The interpreter made a false translation, telling the doctor that the English soldier said, 'Do not weep, be an Englishman.' The doctor, evidently taking this as an insult to German soldiers, picked up a sharp instrument and prodded his wound until he squealed with pain. Another case of cruelty was a Belgian officer who was suffering from a burn wound in the head, and the same treatment was given him in the dressing room that morning, and for some considerable time the poor unfortunate suffered excruciating pain from his ill treatment. This doctor (Dr. Frankel) look every occasion to ill treat and annoy the British who might come under his power.

"This was shown when, on leaving the hospital, although I had only been on one occasion on my crutches, I was forced to walk a distance vary-

**THE SAME MENACE IN A NEW SKIN**



—By Webster.

ing from one-half to three-quarters of a mile on the crutches to a street car unassisted, and was made enter the car. In order to do so I passed my crutches to a guard standing near and painfully drew myself up to the level of the car steps. This accomplished, I turned about to ask for my crutches, but was sternly told 'Nein,' that the crutches belonged to the hospital, and I would have to get on as best I could. Dragging myself further in I attempted to take a seat, but a burly boche in charge of the car threatened me with all kinds of violence and said that the seats in the car were for no English swine-hund. I was thus forced to stand up at the end of the car among the baggage and other articles, swaying around the sharp curves until the station was reached. Here I was made to descend and told to come along. I asked for some conveyance, or at least a pair of crutches, but these were brutally denied me,

and I was forced to shuffle along over a long platform until the appointed place was reached. The pain during this short journey was excruciating, and my wounds had opened anew. On arrival of the train I was put into a third class carriage, where, though not made to, I was permitted to lie on the floor. In this position I was quite comfortable, but when at the end of the journey, Mayence was reached, I was so tired, were thrust into a dirty cellar to await the arrival of the next train which would take us to our destination.

**VISITOR TALKS TO VETERAN**

**SOME IMPRESSIONS BY A LADY FROM NEW YORK.**

**A Returned Man When Accosted on the Street Answers Some Questions and Gives Some Interesting Information.**

Contributed.  
Arriving in Kingston from New York City, I walked slowly along Queen street, still looking at Kingston, one of the famous military cities of Canada where some of Canada's world-famous fighting men were mobilized to proceed to fight the dreaded Huns. Might I be lucky enough to meet one of these wonderful men who has returned from overseas? I wonder! Oh, there he comes. A fine stalwart type of manhood, well developed body, erect carriage, but alas! he has only one leg, and only one arm. But stay, what a wonderful expression on his face, what bright, intelligent eyes, such a merry twinkle, and like a flash his whole expression changes, so different. Hard, thoughtful, far away, almost vacant is his look. He is seeing something we cannot see. He sees the flash of the bursting shells, hears the roar of the guns, perhaps the groans of his dying comrades. I must—I shall speak to this Canadian fighting man.

"Good morning, soldier!"  
His greeting was warm and courteous, again his whole face changed. What a lovely beaming, honest smile.  
"Good morning, lady."  
"Will you answer a few questions?"  
"Certainly, lady, if I can."  
"How long have you been in the army?"  
"Four years and three months."  
"How long were you in France?"  
"Three years and four months."  
"What branch of the service do you belong to?"  
"The infantry."  
"Goodness! Have you ever bayoneted a German?"  
"Oh, lady, what a question to ask me. I do not care to answer it."  
"Do you like fighting?"  
"Sometimes."  
"Why do nearly all the soldiers in Kingston wear spurs? Yet I see none of them on horseback?"  
"To keep their feet from slipping off the desks, lady."  
"Are you sorry that you enlisted?"  
"No, lady, not by a darned sight. I would not have missed what I have seen for all the world."  
"Would you, join again, knowing what you receive?"  
"You bet I would."  
"How much pay do you receive?"  
"The pay is \$1.10 per day, but I have not received any for a long time. You see my last pay certificate is lost, so the wife, kiddies, and myself have to wait, wait, wait. We are now living almost entirely on red tape and it makes real hard swallowing. And we don't grow fat."  
"What are you going to do?"  
"Oh, just wait, wait, wait. You see some day—'upon is guerne fins'—my comrades will all come home again, at least those that are not 'naa poe.'"  
"What does 'naa poe' mean?"  
"It means the chaplains say that

one is an angel, but I don't know if that is really right. I hope so."  
"What does the red badge round so many of the officers' hats mean?"  
"I cannot tell you, lady, though in the trenches when we saw one, we used to shout 'Peace has been declared.'"  
"Why do so many soldiers wear white bands round their hats?"  
"I am not certain lady, but I hardly think these are soldiers. I think it has something to do with avoiding conscription."  
"Tell me about your life in the trenches?"  
"Oh, lady, there is nothing to tell—a few lice—a few near lice—an awful lot more lice—mud, water, cold, bullets, gas, splinters of shells, not much food. Bang! Oblivion, then, Hello, sister. Hospital, Blighty."  
"What does Blighty mean?"  
"Heaven, lady."  
"Tell me, are your officers kind to you?"  
"In France yes; in England, not so much; in Canada, practically no. You see, lady, if the officer has been in France he understands, and he's a real pal, and if he has not—Oh well, lady, you understand."  
"What does that little red chevron and the blue ones on your right sleeve mean?"  
"It means practically nothing, lady. It is intended to denote service in France, but the sucker who has been losing last pay certificates at the pay office in London since 1914 wears them the same as I do."  
"And the little round button?"  
"Isn't that cute—'For service at the front'—how wonderful!"  
"Oh ho, lady, these are also worn by all comers—cooks, hairdresses, mess sojourners in the land of En. wear this same button."  
Just then a khaki colored touring car slowed up and stopped, emitting practically at the same moment, an immaculate officer, and a loud explosion from the muffler. My soldier friend started violently, staggered, and almost fell then, hastily pulling himself together, excused himself, saying the red tape will be nearly ready, and bidding me good-bye, hurried off. Who last words I heard him say were: "It's a great old war."  
"What a peculiar man! And yet have I the right to criticize him? Have you? I think not. Perhaps if all were known a necklace of Victoria Crosses were not enough for such a he. Who knows—I don't—you don't. It sure is—of was—a great old war."

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**The Blood Pressure**

**“WHAT is the meaning of blood pressure?”** you may ask, and “What has it to do with the health?” For as much as we hear of blood pressure these days it is somewhat of a mystery to most people.  
Perhaps the easiest way to explain it is by comparison to water pressure, whereby water is supplied to homes and made available upstairs and down at a mere turn of the tap.  
The blood in the human body is under a similar pressure as you will know if you cut an artery and see the force with which the blood spurts out.  
The arteries may be likened to the rubber hose which you attach to the water system in your house. So long as the rubber retains its elasticity you do not fear trouble, but as it gets older and harder and begins to crack you dread the water pressure which is everywhere testing the strength of the hose.  
And so it is with the arteries. The walls of the arteries harden as age advances, more particularly if the vital organs are not doing their full duty in filtering and purifying the blood and keeping it in rich, healthful condition.  
When your physician suspects that your arteries are hardening and losing the elas-

ticity which enables them to withstand the strain put on them he recommends that you have your blood pressure tested. Then he seeks a means of improving the condition of the blood and of restoring the health and vigor of the digestive, filtering and excretory organs.  
In the great majority of cases the weak functioning of these organs is due to the low vitality of the nervous system, and the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is resorted to with most satisfactory results.  
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