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ON THE D. I. LIST

A Base Hospital Incident.

He had a very bad penetrating wound of the chest. Very breathless and irritable, and—was a Jock, a dear, lovable, contrary Jock.

"Hay! Sister!" (cough, cough)—"Here, Sister." "You mustn't call the Sister like that," came the stern reprimand from an English N.C.O. on the opposite side of the ward.

"Acht! she's no heeling!" irritably answered Jock. "One must understand the Jocks. Jock's mind rose far above such trifles as being offended at 'Hay! Sister.' Jock had made up his mind very quickly as Sister had only been a few minutes in the ward. She stepped quickly to his bedside and asked, 'What's the matter, Jock?'

"Acht! it's me pills—they've a' slipped down an' I canna get 'em comfortable."

Sister deftly put his pillows right. Jock has a bad fit of coughing—spits up some blood.

"Oh! Sister, dat ye see yon; dat ye think I've got too Blyghty." "I am sure you will," says Sister gravely. In her heart she wonders which Blyghty, and decides quickly to draw the N.C.O.'s immediate attention to this case and have him put on the Dangerous Ill List.

For the benefit of those who do not know, the D.I.L. means that they are just about as bad as they can be. At the base hospitals in France if there is any hope of the patient living long enough, the next-of-kin are allowed to pay a visit. I am happy to say that very often by the time the relatives come the patient is almost ready to go to England.

Immediate operation was ordered for Jock, but ill though he was his interest in life was still keen.

"What are they gann the dae tae me, Sister?" "Well, Jock, they are going to open your lungs up and let the stuff which has gathered and is making your breathing so difficult, drain off."

"Acht! I'll be fair kilt—'Am nae wantin' it.' A've had three injections w' needles fower times up the line, and twice after A went up, and A've had the m'as'ers, etc., etc."

"Well, Jock, seeing you have braved all that and Germans as well, surely you are not going to show the white feather now, especially when it will do you good."

Jock was wavering by this time, and then Sister added:—"It's not like our countrymen."

Jock looked at Sister slowly. "What's your country, Sister?" he asked querulously.

"Scotland," she answered. "Oh, my! are ye Scotch tae, Sister? A dinnat think it. Ye see, ye speak some. A thoct ye was just English."

"Well! I'm not. I am just Scotch. Now they've brought the stretcher for you."

"Good luck!" she said, as the stretcher-bearers made to move away. "Jock thrust his hand out and took hold of Sister's. 'Ye'll be here when I come back, wull ye?' he asked happily."

"Yes, I will, Jock." She smiled brightly to him, but her eyes were misty. Jock's breathing was very painful and distressing—his lips very blue. Would he come back? she wondered.

Some hours after Jock opened his eyes and stared blankly round. He tried to recollect where he was, but everything was very hazy. He then felt very sick. A cool hand was laid on his brow, and a voice that he seemed to have heard in distant ages quietly told him to turn his head to the side of the pillow. He opened his eyes again and saw Sister.

"Acht! Am I grey bad—an A no?" "Yes, but you'll feel better presently."

"Acht! A dinnat ken," Jock said doubtfully. "Sister, here, if A could jist see my mither A would like it fine."

"You may see her soon, Jock."

"Are they sending me tae Blyghty?" asked he anxiously. "No, not yet, but your mother is coming over here soon—perhaps your father, too."

"Acht! your joking, Sister. 'Ma mither's never been further than Edinburgh, an' ma father has been just yince in Glasgow' afore he was m'as'ered."

That is never really quiet. There is always the rustling of the grass, the distinct sound of the burn and the birds and the hundred and one sounds. He heard his mother calling from the little cottage on the hill-side. He jerked himself up suddenly.

Sister was bending over him. "Oh, Sister, A thoct A heard ma mither the no."

"Perhaps you did."

Sister moved away, and his mother bent over him. "Ay, Andra, ladde, here's your father."

An, Scotland, what a hard country you are; never a kiss did she give him, but for all her Scottish hardness she had a heart of gold.

—"Oh! I'll be fair kilt—'Am nae wantin' it.'—there was a wealth of love shining from her eyes. The father he'd out his hand, took Jock's in his—and said nothing.

"No, jist lie back and dinnat exert yersef," said his mother. "Jock obeyed. He was too weak to do anything else."

They sat one on each side of the bed, saying very little. The father with a dear, set face; the mother watchful and alert, with her toll worn hands clasped in front of her.

This was their eldest boy—their first-born. What loving memories they must have had. How hard for them if they were to lose him, but whatever they may have been thinking or feeling there was no outward sign; no kiss at parting; no kiss at meeting; very matter of fact, indeed.

Sister spoke to them each time, but when they found out how their boy was, there seemed to be nothing else to say.

Each day Jock gradually gathered strength, and the day came for the old folks to return. The father says, "Good-bye, Andra," and shakes hands with him. The mother bends down to whisper to him, but still no kiss. Sister wonders if it was like this when she left for France.

Jock smiles brightly (his breathing is much easier now). "Ay, A'm coming up the Crughleith; that'll be fine and handy for ye, mither."

He turns to his father. "No, dinnat be blawin' ower much about yer trip to France."

They leave the ward. "My, but it was real fine tae see them, Sister."

"Yes, and you're very much better since your mother came."

"Oh, Sister, it wasna ma mither what got me better," says Jock defiantly, "it wis, you."

Sister smiles at him through tears of happiness.

What higher honor does she have than this? C. M. M.

He Found the Pin

A countryman on a visit to London found he had lost his stickpin. Fortunately he had a friend at the police station, so he went and told him of his loss. The friend assured him he would not leave a stone unturned until the pin had been found.

When the man got back to his lodgings he discovered the pin on his dressing table and immediately started off to the police station again. As he wended his way along one of the principal streets he saw some workmen pulling up the roadway to lay some new gaspipes.

"Don't trouble to take up any more, my lads," he cried, "I found the pin."

The Dreadful Malady

"Seasickness," said Lieutenant Sydney Harrison, "is a dreadful thing. It will unman even the returned soldier."

"A Canadian en route for home, on a transport was seasick. His corporal, to get him out on deck in the fresh air, roused him from his seasick stupor one morning and said:

MYSTERY SHIP GOT 2 U-BOATS IN DAY

BRITISH SAILING VESSEL MADE NOTABLE RECORD

"Mary B. Mitchell," in the Decoy Service Since Early in 1916, Sank Many Hun Submarines.

Two German submarines were sunk in one day by the Mary B. Mitchell, a sailing vessel, one of the "mystery ships" of the war. This craft was one of the first, if not the first, of the decoy ships which played havoc with the U-boats. This vessel went into the decoy service early in 1916, under command of Lieutenant John Lowrie. All her officers and crew volunteered for the hazardous work. She was provided with a twelve-pounder and two well-concealed six-pounders.

She sighted the first submarine three miles away and loosed along awaiting chance to lag it. The German craft followed at a safe distance for a time, but finally crawled closer and after satisfying itself that it had superior speed and gun power opened fire.

Failure of the mystery ship to return fire at once baffled the German officers. They were quiet for fifteen minutes and then resumed fire. When the submarine came sufficiently close and was in good position abeam, the concealed guns of the sailing ship were brought into play and landed six mortal hits on the submarine, which was unable to fire an additional shell.

Just three minutes after the first hit the submarine was blown up by a shot which holed it just below the foredeck and caused an explosion which threw a vast column of water high into the air.

A Successful Ruse

Later the same day another German submarine approached the Mary B. Mitchell and opened fire at a distance of about a mile. After the sixth round the mystery ship was stopped and a boat put off. To all appearances the craft was abandoned.

The submarine approached the supposed wreck at full surface speed. Then it submerged for a time and suddenly rose to the surface again.

The guns of the Mary B. Mitchell landed a shell just below the conning tower and pierced the side one foot above the water. A flash of brilliant blue flame and a dense yellow smoke came from the hole. Almost instantaneously another shell struck the conning tower, and the submarine, enveloped in black smoke and sank into the water bow foremost, with a loud gurgling and hissing.

The official report does not say that the Mary B. Mitchell was filled with wood to keep her from sinking, but this was doubtless the case, as other decoy ships were so equipped and were able to float in spite of any damage inflicted on them by torpedoes and shells. Their guns were frequently hidden behind doors in the sides of the ship which could be swung open.

BLACK FOX INDUSTRY

Carried on Extensively in All Parts of Canada and Northern States.

The number of foxes in the ranches of Prince Edward Island at the beginning of the pelting season in 1917 was approximately ten thousand.

From December 1, 1917, to January 31, 1918, 2,500 foxes were killed and their skins marketed. The pelting season for 1918 is 3,500. These figures make the number of foxes at the opening of the present pelting season 11,000. If estimates of 3,500 for this season's kill and shipments abroad are correct the season of 1919 will open for ranch breeding with 7,000 selected foxes as a "breeding stock."

Japanese and Norwegian operators are entering the fox breeding industry on a small scale, Japan having taken 34 island foxes this year and Norway 24. Good prices have been realized, probably averaging \$75 each. American ranchers took 253 island foxes in 1918.

Raising ranch bred foxes is an industry that is being carried on extensively in all the Canadian provinces, in at least a dozen of the northernmost of the United States, and beginning in Japan and Norway, all being in much the same climatic belt, adapted to domesticating the black fox under the most favorable conditions.

"In Flanders Fields."

(Canada's Answer.)

Rest now in peace ye Flanders dead, With each a cross to mark his bed Where poppies grow.

The boastful Hun Who thought by might and sword and gun To win the world, his quest has fled. Ye noble dead, The fight ye led is won, And peace is round us shed. We live and love because you bled "In Flanders fields."

Your cause has triumphed against the foe, To us in vain ye did not throw The torch; With pride we hold it high, And freedom's light shall never die. Sleep on in peace, Where poppies blow "In Flanders fields."

Haig Holds the Line.

"Extriel!" the newbies call—Extriel! Big German Drive in France! Extriel! Ten Thousand Prisoners! Extriel! All About the Big Hun Smash! Extriel!

Is that yer smallest, Boss? Extriel! Chimmie! Change a buck! Extriel! Down every street with shrill-pitched key.

And flying feet—we hear—Extriel! All about—Extriel! From Harlem to the Battery. From London to the Zuyder Zee, From Tokio to fair Dundee—

In divers tongues they cry "Extriel!" The "Blood Bath"—such the name They dubbed it—well, at last it came With gas and flame. Then fell Baupenne,

They took Combes and crossed the Somme. To Montdidier they drove their wedge With Noyon on the southern edge. For seven days the long front bent Until it seemed their force was spent, And on they surged across their dead, Yet ever in the news we read—"Haig Holds the Line."

A million men and more they flung Against a wall that swayed and swung— Out-numbered—yes! But unafraid! The earth rocked with their cannonade.

But oh the Hunish blood that drained With every shell-swept yard they gained. In Berlin, banners waved that day And bells rang out—but who can say What, depth of woe they knew who read.

Those columns of the endless dead— Who saw their wounded—mile on mile Return—train after train—the white Haig holds the line!

They strove for Paris and Coleis, They thought to scatter and dismay Our hosts—to split the allied mass— The answer came—"You shall not pass!"

From guns left by the Bolshevik, From Austria's guns they had their pick. Gods what a duel! A stadium Where all the eager world had come To see the beast recoiling there In red defeat—while everywhere Haig holds the line!

THE D. C. M.

Takes Precedence of All Other Decorations Except the V.C.

Who does not know the red, blue, red ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal? Yet it is quite a modern decoration, dating with the conspicuous Gallantry Medal of the Royal Navy in 1854, the year of the commencement of the Crimean Campaign. The Meritorious Service Medal dates back nine years earlier.

The earliest known medal for distinguished conduct is that awarded by Charles the First. The recipient was Sir Robert Welch, of the Irish Command, who recovered the Royal Standard at the Battle of Edge Hill. Presumably that award would be the equivalent of officer's D.C.M. of to-day—namely, the D.S.O.

The youngest winner of the D.C.M. is Private John McKinnon, of the Black Watch, a sixteen-year-old boy. The medal was awarded him in 1916, and, much to his regret, his parents succeeded in getting him discharged from the army because he was under age! Youth will be served.

During the war something like one thousand D.C.M.'s have been conferred for individual cases of distinguished conduct and devotion to duty in the field. Many of the recipients have earned the decoration on a second, third and fourth occasion, and have been given bars to their medal accordingly.

Here and there many years have separated the winning of the D.C.M. from that of gaining the bar. For example, Company-Sergeant-Major W. L. McIntyre, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who won the D.C.M. in the South African War during 1902, was given his clasp for bravery during the present war in August, 1915. Thus 14 years separated the winning of the medal and the winning of the clasp.

On one occasion the D.C.M. was cancelled and the Victoria Cross given in its place. This happened a couple of years ago to Pte. W. Jackson, of the Australian Imperial Force.

A man in the ranks wears the D.C.M. in the place of honor on the left breast of his tunic, unless he holds the V.C. All other medals and awards—excepting the V.C.—follow the D.C.M. But the officer who gains the D.C.M. in the ranks and afterwards wins further decorations in the form of the D.S.O., M.C., D.F.O., D.F.C., or any of the Orders of Knighthood wears the D.C.M. after them, but still in front of all war medals.

A pinch of salt added to fruit when cooking greatly improves the flavor.

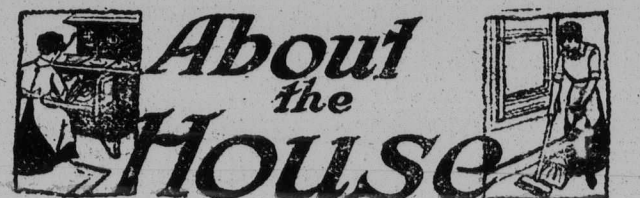
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BONDS



Nursing The Sick.

The time must come in the life of nearly every woman, when unless she is willing to shrink the most sacred of duties to the sick and suffering, and when those whom she loves will look to her for care and comfort.

One of the first qualifications for the position of nurse is a willingness to yield absolute obedience to the physician in charge, and to use painstaking accuracy in carrying out his directions. The patient's faith in the doctor should also be encouraged as long as that physician has charge of the case, since it has a distinct value in furthering the recovery of the patient. A tranquil mind being of the utmost importance to the patient, everything must seem to be moving smoothly and easily, no matter what difficulties the nurse may have to encounter. The invalid should not be allowed to feel any responsibility whatever about his own case.

I know you will say—"Why, every body knows those things." But it is the little things that count in a sick-room, and though everybody knows these simple precautions are very often neglected.

Too much stress cannot be put upon the appearance of the sick-room. It must be as cheerful and attractive as possible, that the eyes of the patient may rest with pleasure upon his surroundings. The nurse herself must contribute to the agreeable environment. Her dress must be simple and tasteful, but above all, scrupulously neat. No food must be in sight—even medicine bottles should not be obstructively in evidence.

Stillness has power to soothe, and aids nature's healing processes. So all grating and disturbing noises must be banished from the sick-room. The putting of coal on the fire is often accompanied by nerve-racking noises. It may be brought to the room wrapped in newspaper, and laid noiselessly on the fire, paper and all.

As fresh air is said to be the best tonic, the sick-room should be well ventilated. An open fire is a fine means of ventilation. A thermometer should be frequently used in a sick-room. A window may be opened at the top on a sunny day no matter how ill the patient may be, if in the opening a wooden frame covered with flannel is fitted. An umbrella covered with a shawl makes a good screen when the windows are open, the patient being sheltered by it as in a tent.

A room a little shaded is more restful to a patient, but a little sunshine in the room makes it more cheerful.

The one in charge of a sick person should not allow visitors to stay long, even though the physician has given permission to receive callers. Neither should the nurse talk too much herself. Often the patient is fatigued in this way. Some otherwise good nurses fail in this particular. They do not use discretion about when to talk and when to keep silent.

Unless the attendant has some little occupation to fill the odd moments of leisure, the sick one is often unpleasantly conscious of being a burden to one who may have other duties to attend to. So the nurse may occupy her hands with some bit of work that may be readily picked up and laid down. Don't read, unless the patient is asleep. That is too absorbing in appearance, and the patient often hesitates to interrupt.

Making the bed properly is one of the necessary requisites of a good nurse. Stretch the under sheet tightly over the mattress and tuck it in firmly, and much discomfort will be avoided. In order to change the sheets while the patient is in bed, the under one is rolled lengthwise from the edge of the bed to where the person lies. The clean sheet rolled in like manner, is tucked in at one side, and unrolled over the space from which the first was taken, until the two rolls are side by side. The patient may then turn or be lifted over the rolls to the clean sheet, the soiled one is removed, and the rest of the clean one unrolled. The upper sheet may be changed by freeing all the clothes at the foot of the bed, and spreading a clean sheet over all. Over this sheet a blanket is laid. The clean clothes should then be tucked in securely at the foot, and the soiled set slipped from under. Blankets are the better for frequent airing. Pillows may be comfortably arranged by placing a large one under the back and shoulders, and a small one under the head, drawing the lower corners of the latter well down so as to fit into the nape of the neck, thus giving support to the head.

To raise a person in bed to a sitting posture, when too weak to help himself, have the patient put his right arm around the nurse's neck while her right arm supports his shoulders. The nurse then leaning backward, need make but little effort, and with practice can raise the patient with ease.

Frequent bathing is refreshing, and acts as both cure and antidote for feverish conditions. The water should be tepid for face and hands, and warmer for the rest of the body. The patient should be uncovered only a little at a time, and allowed to make

no exertion himself. A foot bath may be given under the clothes to one who bed and often induces sleep when all else fails. In illness no detail is unimportant that can add in the least to the comfort of the sufferer.

Substantial Supper Dishes.

During the cold weather the housewife turns her attention toward more substantial dishes than those which have satisfied her family during the summer season. We are coming to realize that meat once daily is in fact cases sufficient, and, following the suggestion of those who have made dietetics a study, are finding acceptable many dishes which do not call for meat at all. Besides being nourishing and appetizing, the dishes described below are comparatively inexpensive. All have been tested recently by the writer and called good, although it is not claimed that all are original.

Spanish Rice.—Cut in small pieces three or four slices of bacon and fry until brown. Slice in the pan one good-sized onion, and allow to cook slowly a few minutes. To this add two cups of cooked rice and the same amount of canned tomato. Cook together until well blended, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper—cayenne if liked—or chopped red or green peppers. Serve alone or on toast.

Biscuits with Cheese Dressing.—Make a white sauce and in it melt a cupful of cheese cut in small pieces. Open the biscuit and pour the cheese mixture over them. This is a hearty dish and very good to taste. Serve hot. A few hard boiled eggs, a small can of tuna, or dried beef added to the cream sauce furnishes a pleasing variation to the biscuit dish.

Salmon with Hot Biscuits.—Bake a tin of baking powder or buttermilk biscuits, using one's favorite recipe. Remove salmon from the can, free it from bones and skin and add it to a rich milk gravy or white sauce made quite thick. Break the fish into suitable sized pieces for serving. Open the biscuit and arrange on a platter, then cover with the hot gravy and fish. The biscuits may be buttered, but if the gravy is rich enough, this will not be necessary.

A CANADIAN IN GERMANY

Describes Triumphant March Through Hunland—Canucks Looked Fine.

Major Geary, of Toronto, in a letter from Bonn, under date of December 8th, says in part:

"We have had a great time ever since the 11th of November. First there were the receptions and that sort of thing. The joy of the Belgian people was unbounded, and nothing was too good for us. The only difficulty was sometimes in avoiding their kindnesses and different methods of expressing a welcome. Even the poor people ran for hours with pitchers of coffee, a substitute for they have not been able to buy the real thing. This lasted all through Belgium, but, needless to say, it has been quite the other way in Germany. We have had no trouble. The people are very deferential, and ready to do what they are told, but receive us in what someone called a 'frigid silence.' They look foolish, sullen, or mournful, or uninterested. They take off their hats, but don't smile; neither do we, so far as that goes. The girls, however, are girls, and I expect a good many of them—they do smile."

"On the whole, the country we have passed through has not been noticeably hostile, nor do the people appear to have suffered much. Now we are just outside of Bonn and within a few miles of the Rhine, and begin to encounter a distinctly hostile atmosphere, but that does not worry any of us. We are the vanguard of the British forces and the first in Germany, and it is all novel and interesting. I am lucky to be in this march, but it has been a long, hard one. The men have been splendid—did their 15 to 22 miles a day with full equipment, and at the end of it marched into billets in some German towns looking as fresh as daisies. They did not feel that way, but no German was going to know how sore were their feet and backs."

"We carry colors, the black, the Boche salutes the flag, and everything is lovely. I have never seen the battalions look so well. It seems to be tacitly accepted, however, that every man look his best, do his best and be his best. The Boche is seeing a force of real soldiers. All I hope is that he will never think of 'starting something'—he would simply get more than he was looking for."

"All in all, this march has been a wonderful experience, from Mons to Bonn, from the last days of fighting to the entry deep into Germany, and an occupation of her rich Kingdom of Prussia. One must pinch himself to know that he is not dreaming and to realize that after all the hardships have come. We are definite victors and peace is practically assured."

The cathedral in Antwerp, Belgium, has a seating capacity of 22,000.