

## Moving Scenes in the Hospital.

"Father Paul Bull, in a letter to the Superior of the Mirfield Brotherhood, gives a long and interesting account of his experiences as a chaplain at one of the hospitals in France," says the Church Times.

"In No. C Ward we have a row of Germans, twelve or fifteen. When they first arrived our port did not appreciate their coming, and said: 'Bun-dle them out, Sister, we don't want any "souvenir" here.' But then they discovered a poor German lad of eighteen, who could speak a few words of English, and whose brother of fifteen had been shot dead by his side. They made a pet of him; and he generally has four of our men sitting on his bed and staring at him and teaching him English. When I gave him one of our little crucifixes, one of them pinned it on his breast, and he was so grateful.

### Service in the Wards.

"When I arrived the men were rapidly recovering from their wounds, and about 100 were able to walk about; the rest were in bed. The whole place is continually ringing with laughter, which in no way detracts from the deep sympathy men have for one another.

"The first service I held was for the officers. Capt. of the 14th Hussars, who reported to me to be dangerously ill, and he asked for a celebration. So on Thursday I said Mass in the Officers' Ward. Capt. — who was a great boxer and a rider, has lost his arm. His protector knelt by his side for Communion; and Major — had his wife with him. It was a most beautiful service, and they were all very grateful for it. The next day Capt. — suddenly collapsed, and in ten minutes had passed away. Everyone loved him. On Friday I began a daily Mass in the dining room, which has been a great joy and rich blessing to the hospital.

"To-night, at 5.30, I had a list of fourteen names of those dangerously ill handed to me. I started visiting them till 6.15, when I took a small meeting of prayer and instruction on Holy Communion until 7. Then I visited a poor German from Alsace. Larrainé, who can speak French; so I was able to say a few words of affection and sympathy. He has to have both his legs off, as gangrene has set in in both feet. Just imagine the pathos of it—a refined and sweet-natured young man in a foreign country, amidst few people who can speak his language—and with what a poor outlook for the future.

"After dinner I returned to the hospital, and found No. C Ward in rather a lively condition. One poor German who is dying seems to be also raving mad, and is shouting and groaning while all his German neighbours and our men are telling him to 'shut up' in many different tones and languages. I annoyed—and put three men to sleep, and commended three men into God's keeping; they will all probably be dead before to-morrow morning. One poor fellow in the Sussex Regiment has not uttered a sentence since he was brought in, and is quietly fading away in silence. He has given me many grateful looks."

### The Hero's Bible.

Describing the condition in which the wounded are often received, Father Bull says:—  
"It was often difficult to decide what was mud and what was flesh. Then we carefully popped them into bed and covered them with warm blankets, ran for a cup of tea or hot soup, fed them with a spoon, shoved a cigarette into their mouths, lit it and ran off to another case. My special favourite was a lad from Barrow-in-Furness, with a wound in his arm. He walked to his bed while I carried his overcoat, which was quite saturated with blood, most of the thing being a bright red. He had been bleeding freely all through the journey. When we had got him into bed, and were turning his treasures out of his pockets, he said: 'Nurse, my Bible and small book in the breast pocket'; so we found his Bible, which was as dirty as himself, and placed it by him.

"He then showed me a little calendar of lessons, and went into an elaborate explanation of how there was a Bible portion for every day—a thought not unfamiliar to me, but coming strangely from this wild dirt, baggage hero all covered in blood. I left him, after lighting his cigarette, in supreme comfort, and he is doing nicely."

### STATE HELP FOR TRADERS.

Temporary Advance Plan.  
We understand that the Government have under consideration a scheme for advancing money to business concerns which find themselves in temporary difficulties owing to the disruption of commerce by the war.

It is stated that the sum to be earmarked for this purpose, if the scheme is carried through, will amount to seventy millions.—Daily Mail, Sept. 23.

# A Few Facts About YOUR PAPER.

## The Paper of the People and for the People!

In the last two years, as shown by its sworn statement, the circulation of **The Evening Telegram** has increased **twenty per cent.** In other words, over five thousand news readers have joined the "Telegram Circle" in that time.

The total weight carried under the arms of the newsboys and in the mail bags is over a half a ton each day.

If the sheets of one day's issue were placed in one line, it would make a pathway 22 inches wide to **Portugal Cove**, or a distance of **9 miles.**

The total issue for 1914 if placed the same way would make a pathway from here to the **North Pole**, or if you like, it would **girdle Newfoundland from Cape Spear to Cape Norman, thence to Cape Ray and Cape Race, and even there would be enough to stretch across the Atlantic to our boys at Fort George.**

All this gives you some idea of the huge family of Forty Thousand, made up of all ages, from the tiny tot, just going to school, to the grandfather who reads this every day, and who like **The Evening Telegram** for its Special Features—its sound Talks by Ruth Cameron—the humorous philosophy of Walt Mason—Household Notes—the News of the Day, and in these times the great advantage of knowing the exact time each War Message reaches us, and last but not least they have the always-interesting Advertisements, the value of which they have proved over and over again.

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## LONDON GOSSIP.

London, Dec. 22nd, 1914.

### PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

Had it not been for his illness Prince Albert would probably have spent his 19th birthday on December 15th on board H. M. S. Collingwood. He expressed a desire to be with Grand Fleet again in the present crisis, but the Medical Board to whom he submitted himself for examination reported that he had not sufficiently recovered from his recent operation to return to his duties. It is fully three months since the Prince was brought by a hospital ship to the mirning home in Aberdeen, where the operation for appendicitis was performed. His enforced absence from his post is regrettable, for there is a singular appropriateness in the King giving a son to both the Army and Navy in this greatest of all wars. Unlike his brother, the Prince of Wales, who was made a midshipman on his father's Coronation day without serving the customary six months at sea, Prince Albert has followed the usual routine of the Navy. He has passed through both Osborne and Dartmouth, and his

experience of the sea includes his six months' tour to the West Atlantic in the first part of last year. At 19 the Prince is said to have a marked aptitude for his profession, and he is a diligent student. In the ordinary course of events he should be commissioned in the rank of sub-lieutenant in September, 1916, and he should become lieutenant sometime in his 22nd year.

### SCANDINAVIA AND THE ALLIES.

Advices coming to hand from Christiania indicate that the relations between Norway, Sweden and Russia are better now than they have been at any time since the beginning of the war. Such Germanophil sentiment as existed originally in the Scandinavian countries named is on the decline, largely by reason of the recent policy of Germany in regard to Swedish tonnage supposed to be carrying contraband. The Russian Government, I am told, have taken advantage of every opportunity to assure the King of Sweden and his advisers of their friendly intentions, and this assur-

ance is understood to have found its counterpart in British policy towards both Sweden and Norway, with which two Scandinavian kingdoms can be linked the United Kingdom, the interests of all as neutrals being extremely closely akin, and to each the Allied Powers wish thoroughly well.

### AMERICAN WANTS WAR BOOKS.

A well-known American publisher has arrived here in search of books about the war. He was assured that he could get plenty of these. "Yes," he replied, "but not of the sort I want. We have had such 'made' war news in American that we don't want any 'made' books. I want volumes of permanent interest; if possible volumes written from the inside." Only two works likely to meet this test are in hand yet, so far as is known. One is the history of the war on which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is engaged; the other is the history of the war which Mr. Hilaire Belloc has begun.

### PARIS WAKES UP.

An Englishman who has been living in Paris for the past three months, gives a most striking account of its re-awakening from the recent period of almost torpidity. When he went to the French capital early in September it was at a time the city was in almost daily expectation of being overrun by the Germans, and trade and traffic were dying away to such an extent that, as my friend graphically phrased it, one could have played tennis on the Place de l'Opera, to be disturbed only by the passing of an occasional ammunition cart. Now shops which have long been shut are reopening in large numbers, matinees at the theatres are being recommenced, and even the boulevards are beginning to show signs of renewed life. The cafes, however, still close at eight every evening, and the unhappy boulevardiers have to seek friends in the restaurants for the next couple of hours, these latter establishments being allowed to be open until ten, which is half an hour later than until very recently. The spirit of the Parisians, this observer declares to be admirable, their quiet confidence in assured victory being very marked.

"OHNESEITIGKEIT."  
The avoidance of words of foreign origin is a well-known form which patriotism takes in Germany. Since

the war broke out this tendency to use sound German words instead of foreign importations has been accentuated. The dislike of French and English words in Germany is considerably more pronounced than the English refusal to drink any lager beer that has not been "brewed in Holland." The latest example of the verbal patriotism of the Germans is significant. The usual word for neutrality, "neutralität," has been discarded, and its place taken in official documents by the fearsome compound "ohneseitigkeit." The Germans may well have reasons on other grounds than its Romance origin for avoiding a word so steeped in tragic associations as neutrality. This reminds one of the effort of the scholar with strong views on the importance of using pure Anglo-Saxon words in English. Asked if he would substitute for "impenetrability," he replied, without hesitation, "unthrough-farelessness."

### H.M.S. TIPPERARY.

According to the December Navy List, the most recently to be ordered of our flotilla leaders are to be known as the **Becha** and the **Tipperary** respectively. In honoring South Africa's soldier-Premier in this way the Admiralty are not of course making a striking departure, although the names extensively adopted for the newer destroyers are all of distinguished naval captains. The choice of Tipperary is, however, an innovation with almost endless possibilities. Instead of grouping the vessels according to the initial letters of their names, My Lords might now without further loss of dignity, make each division represent a class of music-hall ditty. A rag-time flotilla with a "Get Out and Get Under" for leader would, for instance, be just the very thing to station off the mouth of the Elbe.

### AMMUNITION WAGON DRIVERS' PRETTY FANCIES.

Every now and then one meets in London streets a procession of ammunition automobiles going off to join the thousands which have already crossed the Channel, but one does not realize that these monsters must have a local habitation, a wagon village from which they sallly forth. All the more startling is the effect when, in one of the most peaceful spots on the very edge of London, one comes across the harbor where the wagon fleet lies moored along a curving line, the headquarters of London's transport service. The most unexpected thing about these wagons is that they bear names, and as frivolous names as the gay little pleasure boats do on the river at Hammersmith. It would, of course, tax the imagination to find suitable names for the lumbering monsters which are going to feed our guns in the firing line—they loom up in the twilight like unwieldy saurians,—but it is absurd that they should plunge along the roads of France announcing themselves as "Lily," "Nellie," "Alice," "Gladys." Many of the names are carelessly scrawled along the bonnet as if in hasty compliment to some girl visitor, ready to be as hastily changed at the next port of call, but others wear their names beautiful, printed, and take their allegiance to Margaret or Diana seriously. A few have mottoes—one was in verse which the censor would undoubtedly have edited, and others are labelled "The fast road to Berlin," while the Flying Scotchman had a little "Safe cot, safe in," signed by some girl. Not all the names were sentimental. There were "Clattering Kate," "Frisky Lizzie," "Auld Reekie," and an enormously lettered "Ghost." The fact that the men in charge sleep and eat, play cards, and write their letters in the wagons, accounted for the more imposing title "The Gentlemen's Club" and for the inevitable "Rose Cottage."

### Mother! If Child's Tongue is Coated

If cross, feverish, constipated, bilious, stomach sour, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative to-day save a sick child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour. Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailments, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation, poison, sour-bills and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful, child again. A thorough "inside cleaning" is oftentimes all that is necessary; it should be the first treatment given in any sickness. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

## What is "Human Nature?"

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON.

The other day I heard two girls talking about a third.

"I was surprised to see Ann show such a disagreeable spirit," said one of them. "She is usually so sweet and courteous to everyone." The other laughed and said: "I know all this little weakness of human nature and it's no use for their possessors to try to hide them from me."

Just a Pose.  
"You don't know Ann as well as I do," she said. "When you do you'll realize that that sweetness and courtesy is a favorite pose of hers; and she imposes on most people too. They think she's the sweetest, most accommodating thing that ever was. But now and then she can't help showing her true nature."

The other girl looked partly surprised, partly sorry, partly pleased. "I'm afraid there's a mean streak in most of us that rather likes to find that people are not so good as we have thought them."

Somehow that discovery seems to palliate our own weakness and selfishness.

One thing was entirely evident—that she did not question her friend's dictum as to their mutual friend.

I wonder why. What right had the other girl to assume that the sweetness and courtesy were just a pose, and the disagreeable spirit the real girl? What grounds had she for calling the occasional flash of unamiability

her friend's real nature?

Why indeed, except that that way of thinking is an all too common habit?

"That's Human Nature."

Have you ever noticed what a low valuation we seem to have agreed to put on human nature?

Let a man do some particularly selfish thing, let him give way to some low instinct, let him seek his own gain with ruthless indifference to the sufferings of others and we say, "Well that's human nature."

But when a man does something particularly noble, when he "sweareth not" when he puts honor and altruism above gain, when he lays down his life for a friend, did you ever hear anyone say "that's human nature?"

Yet isn't the one human nature just as much as the other?

And isn't the courtesy and kindness just as much the real girl as the flash of disagreeable temper—nay why not more so, since by her detractor's evidence the courtesy is habitual and the disagreeable temper only occasional?

Of course the courtesy or the noble deed usually represents effort and not instinct, but that does not make it any less the real person. Is not what we try to make ourselves just as much our real self as the self we are when we follow the line of least resistance? Of course a pose is sometimes nothing but a pose, a thin surface veneer meant simply to impress others. But quite as often what we call a pose is really an inspiration. And shame on us when we cannot recognize it as such and honor it instead of deifying it.

Ruth Cameron

## Curliana.

The Victoria trophy was competed for at the Curling Rink yesterday afternoon and night, resulting in the Blues defeating the Reds by 86 points to 71. The players and scores were:

Reds	Blues
F. Martin	W. H. Reid
F. Rendell	A. Hayward
C. R. Duder	C. Taylor
F. H. Steer (sk.)	H. Duder
—	—
H. Bartlett	J. Ayre
J. Dewling (sub)	W. C. Job
H. C. Donnelly	W. J. Higgins
W. Shirran (sk.)	A. Montgomerie
—	—
H. J. McKay	J. J. McKay
F. Rendell	E. A. Hayward
G. Peters	S. Milley
J. Jackson (sk.)	F. Chesman
—	—
G. Marshall	W. Harvey
S. Rodger	A. Wilson
H. D. Carter	H. Foster
J. C. Hepburn (sk.)	J. R. Bennett
—	—
E. J. Horwood	R. W. Miller
J. Angel	H. Taylor
Dr. Mitchell	R. B. Job
A. H. Suttar (sk.)	H. J. Jardine
—	—
J. L. Slatery	J. Hanlon
R. G. Ross	D. Bald
D. MacFarlane	R. H. Anderson
R. G. Reid (sk.)	D. P. Duff
—	—
J. Dewling	J. B. Mitchell
E. Bowring	J. A. Paddon
J. B. Soper	J. R. Silek
Jno. Brownning (sk.)	A. Robertson
—	—

The President's and Vice-President's Trophy will be played for to-

night. A Patriotic week will be held from the 1st to the 6th of February. Members will pay a certain sum, which will be given to the Patriotic Fund. Preparations for Charity Day are in an advanced state.

## RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD.

Take 1 quart of VICTORY flour, 1-3 cake Royal Yeast, dissolve in one cup luke warm water, pour this on flour with enough warm water to make stiff batter; in four hours this will be ready for mixing; then add 2 quarts VICTORY Flour and 2 dessert spoons table salt, and 1 pint luke warm water; knead ten minutes, then let rise over night, mould into loaves, let rise until double its bulk and bake for one hour. For fancy bread add 2 dessert spoons granulated sugar, one of butter. Jan. 12.

## I. O. G. F.

Under the auspices of Atlantic Lodge, I. O. G. F., Dr. H. M. Mossell lectured to a large gathering last night on "Belgium and her relations to the Great War." The lecturer handled his subject in a masterly manner and gave a most interesting discourse. A vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Mossell at the close, proposed by Mr. Chesley Woods and seconded by Mr. B. D. Spurrill. Mr. J. C. Phillips acted as chairman. During the evening a duet by Messrs. Chafe and Crawford and a recitation by Mr. Watson was given.

## Passed Exams.

Among those who were studying medicine at McGill University and who passed their third year examination, as shown in the results just published, are Messrs. W. H. Newhook, an ex-pupil of the Methodist College, and Mr. J. B. O'Reilly, an ex-pupil of St. Bon's College and a son of Inspector O'Reilly, I. S. O.

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