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SAFELY WOUNDED

A Wound is no Longer a Mortal Injury; of Those Injured at the Battle of Ypres, Only Two Per Cent. Died

(By Captain R. Pocock.)

Death reaps his harvest in the battlefield, but have you heard of the gleaners?

Of the wounded at Waterloo ninety-five men died for every five who recovered, but of the wounded at Ypres only two in each hundred died. A wound is no longer a mortal injury. Every soldier, for instance, in the British army carries a little capsule of iodine for the immediate washing of a wound with strong antiseptic. He has also a dressing to stop the flow of blood, and a supply of food to keep him alive for days in case he cannot be rescued out of the zone of fire. So far as he has strength, or with the aid of comrades, he will make his way to the surgeon; but for those entirely helpless there are stretcher-bearers, orderlies, skilled in first-aid and trained in the special carrying of the wounded. Their's is work for brave men only. It is a characteristic and significant trait of the German wounded that, even now after three years of a war in which the English have treated enemy wounded exactly as their own, the Germans still offer bribes to our stretcher bearers, supposing that otherwise they will be left to perish.

The gathering place for the wounded is called a dressing station, and is generally an underground chamber, where the surgeon makes sure that all wounds are safely bandaged. As the fertile soils of Belgium and France are full of deadly germs, the surgeon is always inject an inoculation for tetanus. Thus fortified, the wounded are carried or walk to a clearing station, or hospital camp, often under shell-fire, and sometimes deliberately bombed by German aeroplanes.

Lately, a German aviator, busily engaged in murdering the staff and wounded of a French clearing station, crashed to the ground and was rather badly hurt. He was taken to the clearing station, and when his injuries had been tended he was asked by the nurse why he had bombed the camp.

"Oh, well," he answered casually, "where there's a light, there's life, and our job is to destroy life. Also, soldiers who can be doctored can fight again, and so—you see."

On the following evening this badly wounded German aviator heard that peculiar cat-like rising and falling purr of a loaded bombing machine. As the sound approached he crawled under his cot and there died—of fear, it was said.

At all hospitals the red cross is shown on the roofs, there are conspicuous flags, and, in the case of the older establishments, anyhow, the German field maps show the locations as immune. And yet in one such camp, a hospital three years old, I noticed a fresh shell crater made over-night. A quarter of a mile away there was a very large advanced hospital for special injuries. The place was being bombed and shelled, and there lived there sixty-five lady nurses. A clearing station four miles off was bombed one night, the Boche airman wounding four nursing sisters and killing two doctors; and killing also nine wounded German prisoners. The same night a third clearing station was bombed with serious losses among the orderlies. Fritz may mean well, but he has queer ways of establishing the repute of his kultur.

At the clearing stations the wounded man surrenders one of the two little identity discs hung on a cord around his neck, and this is sent to an office at the base where records are made of all casualties. The utmost care is needed to prevent mistakes which would affect the man's pay, and the support of his family. Moreover, the next of kin is notified and a copy of the list goes to the principal newspapers which keep a roll of honor. The wounded man who has not been treated at a clearing station may not claim the gold thread worn on the forearm which is the badge for soldiers who have bled for their country's service.

Despite all care, there are occasional mistakes of course, and a special staff of searchers visit all hospitals to verify the wounded. So men reported missing are found to be alive. One of these searchers told me that he had noted forty errors; so many a household in mourning has received glad tidings.

From the clearing stations the patients go to the general or special hospitals outside the danger zone; and thereafter to the convalescent camps which include great palaces in England, parks, spas, seaside resorts. And afterwards comes home on leave, before a man returns to the depot of his regiment for light duty and then full duty. So you may understand the telegram of your soldier to his wife; "Safely wounded."

BRITISH VESSEL MISSING.

By Courier Leased Wire

Washington, Nov. 16.—The British steamer Kansas City is believed to have been lost at sea. Nothing has been heard of her since she was separated from her convoy in a storm on September 5th.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Rippling Rhymes

My Car

I used to have, in other times, a roll of greenbacks handy; I always could dig up the dimes to buy the kids some candy. And when my wife reared up and cried, "I have to have a bonnet," I stripped an X off and replied, "Go blow yourself, dogone it." But now I never have a plunk for anything we're needing; my money goes for costly junk to keep my auto speeding. But yesterday I soaked the lyre that I -o long have hammered, that I might buy a rubber tire for which the off wheel clamored. We're out of flour we're out of coal, my wife is in a panic because she sees me use my roll to pay a bum mechanic. I need a haircut and a shave, I need a shirt and collar, but how the dickens can I save when spark plugs cost a dollar? The kids have reached an evil pass, they need new shoes and raiment; alas, the man who sells me gas demands an early payment. My auto takes my every red, and chugs with fiendish laughter; 'twill keep me broke till I am dead, and forty years thereafter. And when I quit life's griefs and pains, I can't afford a casket ;they'll have to rake up my remains and plant me in a basket.

ELECTRICITY WILL CURE NERVOUSNESS

German Army Physicians Able to Treat Disabled Soldiers

Electricity rdlu luu

Amsterdam, Nov. 17—German newspapers announce that the army physicians have discovered a successful method of curing the nervous affliction so frequent among disabled soldiers, which causes a constant trembling of the whole or part of the body.

Dr. Ernest Bayer head of the nerve hospital at Roderbirken, has outlined a method of electrical treatment, which, it is claimed, often effects a complete cure in a few days, and is almost invariably effective within a period of three weeks. The newspapers describe his method as follows:

"By the application of a gentle electric current which causes no pain whatever, good results have been obtained in a few minutes or at the longest two and a half hours. A course of treatment is required after this which does not last more than three weeks and in light cases is finished in a few days. New attacks may occur due to excitement or nerve strain, but are easily cured."

DANISH FISHERIES

Associated Press.

Copenhagen, Nov. 17—The proceeds of the Danish sea fisheries more than doubled during the past year, while the quantity of the catch increased about 40 per cent. The value for last year was nearly $16,000,000.

The number of Danish fishermen is now 19,000 an increase of about 1,000, and the fishing boats number 15,400, valued at $5,000,000.

THE CHANGE.

LIVER AND BACON used to be
Satisfactory breakfast food.
Liver and bacon—mercy, me!—
Had a sumptuous pulchritude.
Never again for me and mine
Sustenance like to this we gulp.
Never again, till the British line
Beats the Enemy to a pulp.

Bacon and eggs were dear to us,
Making a meal ambrosian.
Ah, but it made a pleasant fuss,
Sizzling, sputtering in the pan.
Never again will Angeline
Such salubrious dainties cook,
Never again, till the Kaiser's mien
Has a scared and unhappy look.

Chicken with bacon strips about.
Brave comestibles, fair to see!
But we have cut the bacon out,
Saying with cold ferocity;
"Give us fish, till the surly foe
Cowers silent in yellow fear,
Till we see the seraphic glow
Of our Flag by the Kaiser's bier.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

"I don't mind washing dishes in other people's homes," a dear old lady who has washed many, many dishes in the course of her life said to me the other day as she insisted on taking her stand by my dish drainer, "why I think that's real fun. All the dishes and pots and pans are different you know, and that makes it so much more interesting. Where I used to have to wash dishes for eight we had some old white dishes and I used to think, now if I could just have some different dishes and not have to look at those same dishes every day, I wouldn't mind half so much!"

There was something infinitely pathetic to me about that last statement.

The Sameness That Kills.

It was such a perfect and pitiful expression of the longing for change of some sort, even so slight a one as "different dishes," that eats away the heart and courage of many a woman who is shut into the prison of a dull routine.

Of course routine work has to be done by someone. It is inevitable that dishes shall be washed and rooms swept and lamps filled and beds made over and over and over again, day in day out ("If only some of these things would stay done," a resentful housekeeper often sighs to me.). But it isn't a inevitable that this routine shouldn't be sometimes flavored with the spice of change.

Even Changing A Room About Sometimes Helps.

Changes even small ones like changing a room about, buying a single new piece of furniture, having some new clothes made, rest the mind that has gotten cramped by the daily routine, as a shift of position rests cramped muscles.

It is wonderful, too, how small material changes and pleasant little new interests can help people who are trying to get over some great loss. A woman who lost her only child a few years ago told me how she deliberately thought up such little changes for herself and her husband. At her suggestion they bought complete new furniture for their bedroom, had electric lights installed and went on a visit to a relative who lived some thousand miles away. Of course these were infinitely little things compared to their great loss, but they helped these two people to get a new grip on life.

Sometimes A Change Prolongs People's Lives.

Sometimes large changes, such as a complete change of scenery and surroundings will prolong people's lives for years. I have known middle aged people who made such changes or had them forced upon them, suddenly start to grow young instead of old. Sometimes of course the change kills instead of cures. I suppose that depends upon the stuff the patient is made of.

Good Night Stories

By Uncle Stanley

THE PASSING OF NIN-NOD

Mamma told Bettey that when little children went to bed without regretting one single thing the had done during the day the fairies were sure to visit them in their dreams. Betty had been good all day, and she tried hard to keep awake to welcome the fairies should they come.

Up from the meadow came the "tiny Nid-Nod" of a cricket as he sang sleepily. His song made Betty feel drowsy. Then suddenly a tiny tug at the coverlet roused Betty, and she saw a queer little elfin struggling at the foot of her bed. Betty sat up with a start of surprise.

"Hello, Betty. I'm Nin-Nod. Help me get my boot loose, and I'll take you with me," cried the elfin.

Betty untangled his green boot and it left a hole in the coverlet.

"Mamma will mend it," whispered Betty sleepily as she looked at her little guest.

Between his eyebrows two tiny hairs stuck up like feelers in the air. On his head was a yellow cap with a green feather in it. His suit was of silver, and he looked like a moonbeam as he danced over the bed and sang:

Moonbeams silver, moonbeams bright,
Give to Betty Fairy sight,
Let your magic silver glow,
And thus make her smaller grow.

Something soft and velvety touched Betty's cheek and she grew so tiny that the bed looked like a great white lake. Through the window floated a silver moonbeam boat and Betty jumped in beside Nin-Nod.

"No matter what happens don't let go of the ropes," warned Nin-Nod.

Away they sailed on a silver moonbeam out of the window into the garden.

Tiny little fairies scampered through the brown grasses, but when they saw Nin-Nod they quickly curled themselves in the cups of the tiny asters and the petals folded over them at the touch of Nin-Nod's magic wand. The west wind rocked their cradles and sang them to sleep.

A cricket called Nin-Nod as they passed, then quickly cuddled into his bed and was silent. The Hermit thrush was restless, and his soft evening song drifted over the meadows. A Whip-poor-Will saw them and called in his piping voice, off in the distance, answering his mate. Nin-Nod blew on a tiny horn that he took from his pocket and the woods became silent and the silver boat sailed towards the sky.

Tiny elfins were busy dusting the stars.

"Why do they do that?" asked Betty, who up to this time had remained wrapt in wonder.

"So their light may not be clouded. It's all the traveller has to guide him on his way," answered Nin-Nod.

Just then a cloud rolled across the heavens and Betty turned to see where it went—forgetting Nin-Nod's warning about holding on to the ropes. The air seemed to drop from under her. The silver boat, the elfins and Nin-Nod were gone. Betty felt herself going down, down until with a "plump" she landed in the coverlet lake.

Betty sat up and rubbed her eyes. She crawled to the foot of the bed—there was the hole Nin-Nod's foot had left in the cover. Betty laughed drowsily and nestled down in her pillows.

Up from the meadow came the tiny "Nin-Nod" of the sleepy cricket. It grew fainter and fainter until it wove itself into Betty's dream.

PAPERS MAY JUMP

Associated Press.

Petrograd, Nov. 17—The Association of Managers and Editors of Petrograd daily newspapers has published a statement informing newspaper readers that the press may very soon find itself in a critical condition in consequence of the enormous increase in the cost of material and labor, wear and tear of machinery which cannot be replaced and of the strike in paper mills.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

CHICKEN SALAD

Cut the meat of a cold boiled chicken in small pieces; place it with an equal amount of fine cut celery in a salad bowl; pour over some salad dressing and mix well together; smooth over top; pour on some more dressing and garnish with lettuce leaves and hard boiled eggs.

SALAD DRESSING

Three eggs beaten thoroughly; 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar; 1 tablespoonful salt; 1 tablespoonful melted butter; 1 tablespoonful mustard; 1 cup vinegar; put on the stove; when it begins to thicken put in 1 1-2 cups milk; stir all the time; have it boil till a soft, thick cream; let cool; then pour over potatoes and lobsters.

CAINSVILLE

(From our own Corresponden

The Misses Brooks were visitors in St. Catharines on Sunday.

Miss Annie Smith is visiting in Woodstock.

Miss Kathleen Campbell spent Sunday with Mrs. Robt. Ireland, Jr., Langford.

Mrs. C. W. Watson and son Eric of Toronto, are visiting Mr. Watson.

Miss Pearl Ludlow, Hamilton, spent the week-end at her home here

Little Miss Ruby Short is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. J. VanSickle.

Miss R. Armstrong has returned from Trinity.

We were very sorry to hear that Pte. Claude Jameson had been wounded.

Mrs. Lemons, Brantford, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Harvey Griswould.

LUX

—seems just made for baby's things

You don't want baby's little woollens and cashmeres to thicken up and harden in the wash, do you? And you do want his corduroy coat, or his carriage robe to look as fresh as new after washing, don't you?

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