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rs of the imports from
Germany of dairy pro-
ducts are enormous.
Lolland exported 3,101 tons
this year she has exported
51,123 tons. Her exports
were for 1914, 2,732 tons,
year Britain has only been
th 557 tons. The explana-
tion is that the risk to
ain is too great, while the
ained in Germany are be-
ing ever dreamt of some
Egg farmers are making
unes.

Dime Limit.
gan of the anti-tipping
ve no quarter!

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e or Exchange—\$2,500 will
100 acres of land within two
Calton. God barn, sma/5
acres cleared, well water.
I make a good stock farm.
ange for small farm near
Apply to C. O. Learn, Ayl-

e—100 acres, N. & Lot 3,
Aylmer; soil sandy and clay
r farm buildings; good or-
nvenient to church, school,
e; a very fair farm for the
of \$3,500.—Apply to C. O.
Aylmer, Ont.

le—Three modern houses,
les walk from Post Office.
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e—100 acres, parts of Lots 5
ncession 4, Bayham. Large
ranch, 225 trees; large
barn; 9-room House, and
buildings. This is a good
e farm, and is offered at a
as the proprietor has pur-
larger farm.—Apply to C.
Aylmer, Ont.

le—35 acres of Choice Land,
for Market Gardening, half-
n New Sarum; fair buildings,
hard, 4 acres of timber. The
right.—Apply to C. O. Learn,
Ont.

1855
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DERS
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Just received a quan-
y of Ontario Foot Lift
ulky and 2 Furrow Bear-
r Gang Ploughs—also
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Buggies
the low down spreader

ices are going up.

The NURSE'S STORY



BY
**ADELE
BLENEAU**

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Waiting for the train to pull out, we watched the khaki world about us, for Boulogne was English, not French. Mademoiselle said when the train began moving: "As splendid and dazzling as the uniforms used to be, I find this quiet habit has a spell all its own. It suggests efficiency and eternal fitness and is the badge of a great conviction and the courage of that conviction."

Our train was a long one, pretty well filled with soldiers, mostly French, except for a sprinkling of English officers. We were many hours en route, as at every station we were sidetracked to allow the troop trains to pass. In our compartment, accompanied by her maid, was a pink, slender, lily-like woman of, say, twenty-eight or thirty, Dresden-like in color. Mademoiselle afterward expressed it exactly in saying, "She had a perfection of hauteur as to manner, so well bred that her voice seemed subtly suggestive of it all."

She was a titled English lady going over to her husband, wounded and in the English military hospital at Versailles. When she knew that I was going for the first time to Paris she smiled and said:

"It is rather too bad you are having your first impressions of Paris under such circumstances. Still," she added reflectively, "I am not sure that the clearest intelligence is not very frequently confused or hypnotized by certain situations and scenes, and weaker ones filled with the wildest forms of illusion. My own first impressions of Paris were confusing, disturbing impressions, which were not at all valid." Her blue eyes wandered off into space, as if seeing it all again, while before my own came visions of Napoleon, the Louvre, gay restaurants, wide boulevards, everywhere artistic perfection, enveloped in a wine-like atmosphere.

We were arriving at Amiens. Just outside our windows we saw a little group of women laughing and chatting. It came to me suddenly how little of anything approaching gaiety I had seen lately. Looking at them, with their adorably rounded chin, scarlet lips, dark half almond shaped eyes, the Englishwoman seemed to take up and put into words my train of thought. She said to mademoiselle in French, nodding toward the group, with that little touch of remoteness which a foreign accent lends:

"They may be decadent, as one sometimes hears, but these shapely, plump, sensitive women, with their eyes showing a subtle awareness of what life has to offer, come to me as a pleasing contrast with the dreary commonplace of the English type. I sometimes think it is the uniformly damp, cold and raw atmosphere that has produced us, an over sober minded race." Mademoiselle was silent, and she continued: "I always have thought of France as a beautiful, brilliant, fragrant child, not made for contests and brutal battles. But in this I sadly wronged her, as the world has found France brave, calm, poised, under the fiercest invasion history records."

As we wearily went on I noticed how few trees there were in comparison with England, and I missed the rich green mold which made the English trees so lovely. The houses, too, in the towns seemed narrow and high and crowded together, but now and again I got a glimpse of the Gothic architecture, mazes of slender, graceful, peaceful pinnacles, soft graystone carved into fragile, delicate designs, and I thought what an impression religion must have been in those days to have produced such noble designs.

I had always heard that one finds nowhere else in the world the snap and intensity of emotion and romance that one finds everywhere in French streets. But it was all lacking that night, and while I could not put into words what constituted the difference between English and French people, I felt it.

In Paris we went to the Ritz, where we found Dr. Curtis waiting for us. It was so good to see him again, and we sat and talked until midnight and after. He explained something of what my life as a nurse would be, though he felt sure I would not actually be stationed for several weeks. There were always delays and formalities, especially as there were complications, due to the three different Red Cross societies in France. However, he understood I was to be with the regular military hospital, Les Secours des Blessés. My application had been made by him to that society.

"As nurses go, in England or America, you are," he said, "not at all up to the standard, but in France you will find you are better equipped than most of the French ones, for, you know, only English speaking nurses have, in our sense of the word, trained nurses."

The next day I was introduced to the surgeon in chief, who had been a friend of father's, an intelligent and agreeable gentleman, who was pleased to find I spoke three languages. He

assured me I would be helpful and thanked me for bringing certain equipment. Promising to send me notice in a few days as to when and where I was to go on post, he bade us goodby.

Dr. Curtis had to return at once to his own hospital, which was twenty miles away, but before doing so took me to call on Mrs. —, one of the ladies of the American embassy. She had just returned that day from one of her "tours of relief." We found her not only very kind, but extremely efficient. She seemed to have exact knowledge as to what was needed most and where. This last trip had been to the hospitals near Dunkirk, where she had come, with lorries following her motor, filled with bathtubs, anaesthetics, rubber gloves and all sorts of hospital supplies. She asked me to write her as I went about the exact conditions I found. "France, you know," she said, "was not meditating war, and that accounts for the sad lack of proper hospital provision for her wounded soldiers." Nobody gave me such helpful advice, advice that was destined to be of such far-reaching good in so many ways, as did Mrs. —.

After our visit we went to the photographers, and I had some instantaneous pictures made, for an army nurse's photograph must be carried on her card of identification. Dr. Curtis laughed a good deal at them and said the expression of my face indicated there was no crime I would not commit, even to scuttling a ship!

Back at the hotel he bade me good-by, promising he would see me again before I left. He felt sure I would be in Paris some days longer.

The next morning dawned clear and crisp, and it chanced I saw the Seine as bright as a new dollar shimmering against its stone walls. It has been described as a "gay, dashing, quick tempered stream," and I felt it. It seemed "a river on a holiday." In driving over one of the many beautiful, graceful bridges which span it, back through the Tuileries gardens, I thought, "Only the fancy of a monarch could create a realm like this."

When we returned at luncheon time I found a soldier waiting for me. He brought me a letter from the medic major. I opened it with trembling fingers. It read:

"You are ordered to — field hospital 18. Report here tomorrow for further instructions."

With difficulty I remained even moderately calm that afternoon, for my chance had come.

My instructions were brief. I was to leave by next day by automobile for my post. It was 250 miles away by the route we had to take, and as we were carrying hospital supplies of various kinds, especially anaesthetics, we were told to go through practically without stopping and were expected to do it in at least eight hours, for our motor was a powerful one.

CHAPTER IV.

Off on Flying Auto Trip.
THE next morning at 8 we left Paris. Mademoiselle was brave at parting—no scene, no tears. She had already absorbed some of the patient calm bravery of her people. The driver proved to be a French officer, Lieutenant F., who had been invalided and, not being able for active duty, was doing good work in the Red Cross. The motor was a sixty-horsepower machine, equipped as an ambulance. My few personal things and supplies were quickly loaded, and I climbed in beside the driver, and we were off. The streets were quiet, here and there a tradesman's cart or a street cleaner, but of real life there was none. It was all new and unreal to me, and I found myself engrossed in every insignificant detail.

At the city gate we were held up by traction trains carrying men, wagons and provisions to the front, but after a few words of explanation to the guard we were passed ahead of the long line, and then out over the great, wide, magnificent boulevard we sped. At Vincennes a sentry stepped in front of the car and barred the way with his rifle. We came to a stop, and the officer beside me leaned out and whispered, "Constantine." It was the first time I had heard a countersign used, and it gave me a thrill. It was the magic word, and again we were off like a streak. I watched the speedometer climb up and up, flicker back a moment and still mount until it reached 110 kilometers an hour. I am never nervous in a car, but if I had been so inclined all traces of it would have disappeared, as Lieutenant F., handled his machine with a skill that amazed me. I learned later he had twice won the amateur cup for endurance and speed races.

At noon we stopped at what he told me had been an historic abbey. It was now a hospital completely officered by

Scotchwomen. They were orderlies and even stretcher bearers. It was a very distinguished hospital, as the administratrix was General French's sister.

These wonderful women were nursing not their own men, but the French wounded. They were kind and gracious, insisting on giving us hot luncheon, although their own meal was an hour away. In return we were happy to leave them a few hospital supplies, which they sorely needed.

From there on we began to be told that we probably could not get through, as the Germans were advancing on the run. Along the railways we saw troop trains going to the front, the soldiers singing, and ambulance trains crowded with wounded coming back, generally bound for Calais. Other trains carried in cattle cars women, wrinkled bent old men and babies.

An hour later we made a slight detour to take dispatches to the état-major of the retreating army of the French. Even he felt it doubtful that we could get through to —.

Soon we saw taubes above us, but they were following the army and were soon lost to view.

Speeding along a straight white road, we suddenly came upon a little group of soldiers evidently signaling us. Several of them came limping hastily in our direction. I jumped down and ran to meet them.

They were wounded French, trying to make their way to the nearest collecting station. With them, however, was an English subaltern, whose strength had given out, and they were not able to carry him. They had found him among the debris of a ruined battery. He had been on observation duty and had posted himself there only a few hundred yards away from the Germans. For an hour he had regularly telephoned his orders. Then he told his men that he heard the Germans coming up the stairs and not to believe anything else they heard. A moment later he had been struck down and left for dead. When we arrived he was begging them to go and leave him, saying France needed all the men she had—one life, even, was too precious to risk for him. Of course they did not dream of doing so, but, oh, how glad they were to see us! We hastily ran over to where he was lying under a demolished haystack. He was not seriously wounded provided he had immediate attention, and his face lighted with joy when he found we could take them all. We laid him on top of the boxes, making him as comfortable as possible with rugs. The poor fellows were all so exhausted from hunger and fatigue that after giving them biscuits and wine they slept, even in the cramped positions in which they were forced to sit. Thirty kilometers away we gave them over to an English hospital and hurried on.

It was growing late. We had lost some time, and Lieutenant F. began to drive furiously. At the turns I sometimes felt a little anxious. Reading my expression he said, "I didn't like to tell you for fear you might be nervous, but we must reach W. by 5 this evening or we cannot cross the river, as at that hour they are going to dynamite the bridge. We would then have to go fifty kilometers up the stream to pass." After a pause he added, "You know they are so anxiously waiting us—our supplies—we simply can't fail them."

It was an hour and a quarter until 5, and we had 100 kilometers to go. The road was good, and we were devouring the distance when, bang! went a tire. He said something very like "damn," then stopped the motor and jumped down.

Without really thinking what I was about I began loosening the spare tires. He looked at me for a moment with amazement. Catching his expression, I said:

"Oh, I am used to this! Get your tire off. I will have this ready."

We worked with a will, and in four minutes we were off. As his eye fell on the clock he turned to me, laughing.

"You are what you say in America—a girl who goes after her heart."

We reached the bridge five minutes before 5. There was a long line of carts slowly going over. One motor ambulance, was pulled up on one side. The driver was talking very eagerly with several sentries. The moment he saw us he jumped down and came running to us in great excitement.

"Oh, he only did his duty!" the Englishman replied calmly.

od of operation. And he added, "Perhaps you would like to get out a moment too."

The English officer came over and spoke to us. Lieutenant F. introduced himself and recounted apropos bridge destruction an incident he had heard the night before in Paris, of where the English in retreating had been forced to destroy a bridge. The sap-ers in attempting to light the fuse were killed. Then one of the engineers made a rush—he was killed the first few steps he made. Another took his place. He dropped dead halfway. A third man started to run the gauntlet of the German fire, but was killed. A fourth attempted it; then others dashed out, until eleven had been shot, and then a twelfth man, a Captain Beaufort, racing across the open space covered by the bodies of his dead and dying comrades, lighted the fuse that sent the bridge up with a boom and, by a miracle, escaped.

"I call that marvelous courage," Lieutenant F. added enthusiastically as he finished his story.

"Oh, he only did his duty," the Englishman replied calmly.

Another second and the fuse would be lighted. I dreaded to see it, and, either feeling that or remembering the urgent need of our hurrying on, Lieutenant F. said, "Well, we must go."

The men shook hands, and Lieutenant F. said: "Goodby. Is there anything we can do for you en route?"

"Yes. If you will leave this note at the headquarters at C. I will be obliged." He wrote a line or two, handed it to Lieutenant F. and we were off again.

"Those English are fine fellows," he said. "The Germans at first despised them, and I confess we French didn't begin to appreciate them at their full value until in the retreat from Mons the small British army, at fearful loss, kept the German hordes off and so enabled our forces to fall back in safety. And you know," he continued after a pause, "the coolness is appalling, unbelievable. They cook, make their eternal tea, wash and even shave under fire. They are queer," he mused.

"Some one has said of their army," I replied, "as the nervous lady said of the mouse, 'Small, but a horrible nuisance.'"

This amused Lieutenant F. greatly. He translated it into French, and it sounded very funny.

"Speaking of the English," he said, "their most admirable quality is their ability to stand still or retreat. We French are better at rushing. At the battle of Mons they made the most magnificent retreat that military history records."

"Yes, Kipling tells us, 'Tommy, you are a hero with your masterly retreat.'"

Half an hour later we were at the headquarters at C. As the car stopped several English officers came to the door. Lieutenant F. called out that he had an important message for the commander. Where was he to be found?

"I am he," the older of the men replied.

Lieutenant F. handed him the note, and we were about to start when the commander asked one or two questions. Then he apologized for detaining us and thanked us for bringing Captain Beaufort's message.



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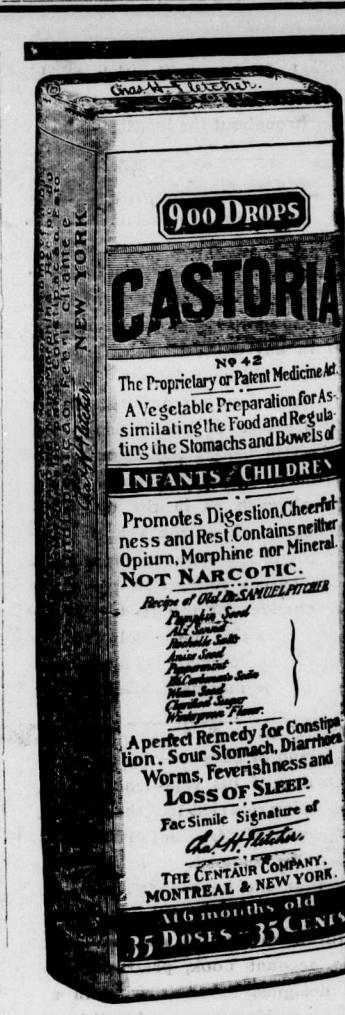
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CASTORIA

Captain Beaufort's message!
It was Captain Beaufort who had lighted the fuse at the bridge. Lieutenant F. had told him the story of his own heroism!

We looked at each other a moment in blank astonishment, and then the Frenchman threw up his hands, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Mon Dieu, and he said, 'Oh, he only did his duty,' while I made a poem about it!"

After that every few minutes we were stopped by sentries, and it was growing dusk before we turned into the gate of the hospital court. It had been a monastery before monasteries had been suppressed, and lately the French government had used it for an asylum. It looked a heavenly place, set in trees and reminiscent of glorious old days, with its architecture of a bygone period, its windows reaching from floor to ceiling and giving out upon exterior balconies overhung by drooping branches. Great gnarled trees encircled it, gardens gay still with autumn flowers were about it, and ivy clad walls blended with the soft gray stone mellowed by years.

As we stopped before the door the surgeon in command, Colonel S., and the matron, a crisp, bustling woman of forty, came out to meet us.

They were genuinely relieved to see us, and to know that our precious supplies were safe. "We are so desperately in need of things," said the colonel. "But you must be dead with fatigue," he added. "Go to your rooms and rest until dinner, which is at 8. We dine only after the patients are comfortably settled for the night—that is, if we are lucky," he added, laughing, and I learned that for weeks many of the staff had scarcely known a night's rest, often sleeping with their clothes on, and snatching a bite now and then. But there was a little lull that day.

(Continued next week.)

Assistant: Do the shoes fit, madam?
Madam: Oh, yes, they fit me perfectly, but they hurt me terribly when I try to walk.



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