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The NURSE'S STORY

BY ADELE BLENEAU
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to me in General M's room and added in a breathless whisper, "General Joffre himself is there."
When I went in there were discussing some phase of the case, and the doctor said: "Here is the nurse. She will be able to tell us." The patient insisted on having General Joffre shown his wound. It was a childish wish, but then fever often plays strange tricks with us. To humor him the doctor began loosening some of the bandages. As he was doing so I had a minute in which to look at the celebrated general. I saw a man of moderate height, broad of shoulders and wide of girth. His gray mustache and overhanging brows gave his face something of sternness, but somehow I felt that his severe calmness was rather a pose—a mask—he had adopted. I remembered that some one had said of him that he was the "master of his fate and the captain of his soul." He looked it.
"Ah, general," said the wounded man, looking up at him, "if I had been as strict with myself as you have, as moderate in smoking and drinking and kept those good, early hours that you keep I should be much more likely to pull through quickly."
"My dear boy," the general replied, "you are all right, and it is just a question of a few weeks' care and patience—patience," he repeated, with sincere tenderness in his voice, for the wounded man had been with him during many campaigns in Africa and Madagascar.
It was getting late when he left the room and he had many kilometers to go, but he insisted on walking through the hospital saying a word to each of the men there, alluding to them as "our brave little soldiers." In one of the beds there was a Scotchman. The general spoke to him and said, "You are one of the men that Germans call 'holleweiber' (ladies from hell). Quick as a flash the Scot answered: "That's a great compliment, sir. It shows that they think we fight like devils," at which the general laughed good humoredly.
For the last few days I had been doing extra work in the German prisoners' ward. Some way they came to know that I was from America, which made them eager to chat with me—in fact, so eager that it was only with difficulty I prevented it interfering with my work. One especially—his name was I should think, about thirty-five years old—a noncommissioned officer of the landwehr who had risen to a lieutenant. He did not look at all like a typical German officer, nor were his mental processes that of this class. Of course his patriotism did not permit him to harbor any doubt of his country's ultimate success, but neither did he hide his desire for an early peace.
"You know," he said to us as we changed his dressings and gave him his treatment, "Germany does not aspire to reduce France to vassalage," and when the orderly said something about Alsace-Lorraine he answered that there might be some sort of an exchange arranged—France take back Alsace-Lorraine and Germany receive compensation in colonies. "We are so misunderstood," he repeated constantly. "Germany did not want war now—now or at any time—but realized when she saw France's three years' military service in full swing and when Russia had built her endless system of strategic railroads, with the help of French money, that Germany would be between the upper and nether millstones."

CHAPTER VII.
Captain Frazer's Delirium.
At the first moment possible I hurried upstairs to see how Captain Frazer was getting on. For days his temperature had been running high, and he was constantly delirious. Now and then he would utter words and disconnected sentences that made no sense at all, but often he talked for hours, relating experience after experience, sometimes with a clearness and sanity that were uncanny. When I entered the room he was in the midst of such a dissertation.
"We all have our pet aversion in action, old man, haven't we?" he said. "Now, there is Cecil Loring, who hates the thing that makes the least noise. You know we all used to laugh at him as he bobbed every bullet! And then, there was Shane-Lister—he was devilishly shaken by high explosives. Just the other day Barry said to me: 'I am, my boy, you remember that day when we were talking to the observation officer standing on a haystack and the moment after we left it a shell struck it? That was a close call. Things like that go to my head!' And then in action when the bullets are singing and all hell seems let loose he insists that he feels drunk—as drunk as if he had been at it all night. It may be a form of funk, he says, but it's true. Why, I am laughing all the time at absolute-

nothing, clean lifted out of myself, exhilarated. I felt as if I were treading on air, but"—and here Captain Frazer dropped his voice in a most confidential manner and looked up at me with burning eyes—"as for me, I do not mind telling you when it is all over I have that sickening dropping sensation—you know, as if you were made of lead and were sinking down. And then is when I like my tea. Who's making tea? Give me a cup—no, I mean mugful!"
Sitting up suddenly he called out: "Put out that brazier, you fool; the smoke will give the range. Use a candle." Then he laughed, that peculiar, disagreeable laugh of the delirious, as he said, "By jove, that is an ingenious idea!" and he began talking about vaseline and jam jars. His speech became unintelligible, and it was not until long after that I came to know how the men use vaseline tins and empty jam jars filled with lumps of ham fat and a rifle rag as an improvised stove on which to make their tea.
When he became unusually excited I had to sit there by the hour, day or night, and hold his hand. The warmth of mine or something of the electricity that passes from one being to another seemed to calm him until finally he would drift off to sleep. Today I sat beside him, and, speaking in a low voice, tried to quiet him. He drifted off to sleep, but only for a few minutes; then he began talking about his "own regiment—the Ludlana Sikhs, with one of the finest records, both for bravery and loyalty, of any of the distinguished regiments of the Indian army. This was a dangerous subject for him, as he was extremely proud of his men and invariably began to fight over some of the fierce battles in which they had been engaged. Taking his temperature and finding it very high, I decided to give him an extra alcohol sponge. An hour later, as the chill purple folds of night shut down, he fell asleep.
This had been going on for some weeks now. He had grown weaker, of course, every day and less able to



He Had Grown Weaker Every Day and Less Able to Withstand the Fever.
withstand the ravages of fever. When the doctor came to see how he was he shook his head gravely and said: "Unless we can keep that fever down for the next twenty-four hours our man is done for."
All day I had given him alcohol sponges as often as I dared, and we had kept the saline solution going every hour, but I was becoming frightened, and when Dr. Soucheon came in the evening I asked him to leave me some nitroglycerin.
"And won't you come as often as possible tonight, doctor?" I pleaded, for I realized this was the crisis and that we had only a fighting chance to win.
"I will come as often as I can," he answered, "but wounded are arriving constantly. I hear an ambulance now," and he turned to go. Stopping at the door, he said, "And I may be obliged to have you if—"
"Oh, please, doctor," I interrupted beseechingly, "don't send for me! I must be here tonight!"
"I will do the best I can," he replied and turned on his heel and ran down the steps.
I tried to take my patient's pulse, but it was so irregular and rapid that it was impossible. In looking at him

his eyes seemed already deeper and hollower, surrounded, as they were, by great dark shadows, and his hands, which lay flat on the cover, were so white that they were only distinguishable from the linen by the azure of the veins.
I heard the light ticking of a clock on the mantle. I felt that time, the fugitive, was slipping by and what its passage might soon bring. I violently put the thought out of my mind. I could not bear it. Through those next hours there wasn't a moment but that I wasn't doing something—everything known to me—to fight off the dreaded end.
From 2 o'clock on every few moments my tired eyes sought the clock. I was terrified of those awful hours between 4 and 7, and in spite of all the stimulation I dared use, his vitality was ebbing. Terror overwhelmed me, left me, without the power to combat the imaginings of death.
In the violet darkness my eyes met his, and suddenly into them came a new unattractive expression. On the drawn white face I thought I noticed symptoms of the death agonies, symptoms of a dissolution already begun and inevitable. He was whiter than the pillow and as motionless. All night I had been turning it, as it became constantly wet with dripping perspiration. I was overcome with a sensation of weakness, a sensation of the fatality of what had happened and what was about to happen. An immense weight seemed to bear me down. Driven by that helplessness that often makes suffering humanity turn toward a Supreme Power, I fell on my knees, for science and nursing had failed. There remained only God's supreme intervention. I prayed as I never prayed in my life. In this hour how futile all my little knowledge seemed! I rose from my knees with fresh courage to fight on, and a curious presentment came to me that far away in England another woman was sharing with me that silent night vigil and that agonized prayer—his mother.
I went to the window and looked up to the starlit heavens. How peaceful the sleeping world lay, in such cruel contrast to the agony with which my soul was wrung!
My eyes were drawn irresistibly back to the bed. I longed to go there, but I could not take a step. Minutes passed. Thoughts and images furrowed my brain. By supreme effort I conquered the terror that held me and quickly went to the bed. I put out my hand to touch his forehead, but the will to do it failed me. Finally I held before his lips a little tuft of cotton—held it there with infinite precaution. The weaving of a thread showed the strength of his respiration. All my soul hung on those parched lips, which between moments might render their last breath. I controlled myself and before trembling placed my fingers on the pulse. It was firmer, stronger. There could be no mistake. A little time went by; it seemed incalculable. I took the pulse again. Without doubt my patient was better.
Looking up I caught with joy the first pale gray nuances of dawn. With the coming of the sunrise Captain Frazer weakly—oh, so weakly—struggled back to this side of the borderland which men call life.
Then I leaned, half in a collapse, against the tall post of the old fashioned bed and wept gently tears of joy, for I knew that God had heard my prayer and given me the victory.

Further over toward Belgium a group of Frenchwomen were establishing a hospital. They had as their head nurse a young Mile. F., who had been educated in the Presbyterian hospital in New York. Dozens of typhoid patients were arriving daily, and she was having some difficulty in making her untrained French assistants understand the cold bath system of treatment for that disease. In some way she had heard there was an American nurse in our hospital and had sent a request that this nurse be detailed to help her demonstrate the method. The colonel sent for me one afternoon and showed me Mile. F.'s letter.
"I think she must mean you, Mile. Bleneau, as you are the nearest approach we have to an American nurse. I know you would be of inestimable value, but"—and he paused and looked out across the garden. While he had been speaking I had felt like a person who suddenly finds himself at the edge of a precipice. Can it be possible that I must leave? My thoughts were interrupted by the doctor speaking again: "The truth is we cannot well spare you. The allies are expecting heavy fighting in the course of the next few days. You can go to Mile. F. tomorrow, but you must be back here at the end of the week."
"I do not know why, but his decision gave me the greatest relief, even more—a sense of acute pleasure."
In the natural course of things it would be an hour or two before my duties would call me to Captain Frazer's room. Generally the hours were never long enough to accomplish all that was to be done, but that day time scarcely passed—it fell drop by drop, lazily and heavily. But at last the moment came to go to him.
The afternoon was soft and warm. We could hear the birds singing in the garden, and through the open window floated the perfume of the last autumn flowers, inspiring me with new emotion, a little like that of being afraid of oneself. To counteract this I kept saying over and over, "To be effective your work must be calm and concordant, calm and concordant!" I repeated.
Then I turned to him and said: "Tomorrow I shall say goodbye. I have been ordered to a typhoid hospital at one of the French bases."
He broke in, with a wistful little smile in his eyes: "Please don't go. What will I do without you? I have thought about it all so much as I have lain here hour after hour. That I am not dead and buried these weeks goes I owe to you." There was a moment's pause, after which he added simply, "Now," and he emphasized the word. "I can only thank you."
"Nonsense!" I replied. "When all is said and done it is nature that does the work."
"Perhaps," he answered, "but in a case like mine nature only does so in conjunction with unremitting and skillful care." Into his voice came a note new to my ears. He went on speaking: "That night—you know the night I mean—when it was just a toss up whether I lived or died, I think if one could know now much will power has to do with things, it would be found that I lived because in a few lucid intervals I realized the heroic fight you were putting up for me, and subconsciously my will went out to help you. For when one is that near the other side, self, material things and interests count for little. But now," and he looked out across the hills, crowned with purple shadows, "realizing that on my life depends the happiness of my mother, my family, and that the life of any man who has had a certain training in warfare is valuable to his country, I am deeply grateful to fate that I am living—and fate in this case, my dear little nurse, means you," he said tensely.
"That's a very pretty speech," I answered lightly, "and I should so like to take it all to myself, but the very disillusioning fact remains that it was your subaltern!"
Without heeding my words he interrupted:
"The disillusioning fact remains that you are going away," and he looked up at me with wide distraught eyes, and as he put out his hand and took mine I felt it tremble. "Don't go," he said, with a gesture of entreaty, and I hastened to explain that it was only for a few days, or a week at best, as I thought suddenly he looked not so well today and must not be worried by even trifles.
"I must go now," I said. "My other patients are needing me," and I hurried away toward the German ward. I had taken only a few steps when he called me back.
"I only wanted to say that some day you will know—what you—your kindness means to me," he said gravely, looking straight up into my eyes.
A sudden wild desire to say something, I hardly knew what, possessed me, and a trembling I could not master overcame me.
"I am so glad I have been able to help a little," I stammered and ran quickly down the stairs.
It was only when I reached the ground floor that I remembered I had not told him the story of how he came to be at our hospital, but I resolved to do it before I left tomorrow.

CHAPTER VIII.
War Prisoners' Gossip.
I could go outdoors, through a court and pass in by a French window. I often did this, as it gave me a breath of air. It was twilight, but the lamps had not yet been lighted. Rubber soled shoes made my approach noiseless, and as I came upon the little group of German prisoners I heard one of them say:
"Russia will want peace in the early summer, and France will seize the first possible opportunity to abandon the struggle, which will leave Germany free to fight it out with her true enemy—England." At which one of them picked up his glass—he was taking a tonic that was a little like thin wine and which gave an excuse for a toast—but instead of the cheery "Prost!" which the German usually uses he looked solemnly into the faces of his comrades, thinking like an owl, and said with an unmistakable vibration of hate in his voice, "God punish England!" And the others, with equal feeling, responded, "God punish her!"
I was amazed at this. I had never heard it before and frankly said so. They assured me that in place of the time honored "Auf wiedersehen" one often now hears this even as a leave

ed out across the garden. While he had been speaking I had felt like a person who suddenly finds himself at the edge of a precipice. Can it be possible that I must leave? My thoughts were interrupted by the doctor speaking again: "The truth is we cannot well spare you. The allies are expecting heavy fighting in the course of the next few days. You can go to Mile. F. tomorrow, but you must be back here at the end of the week."
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Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

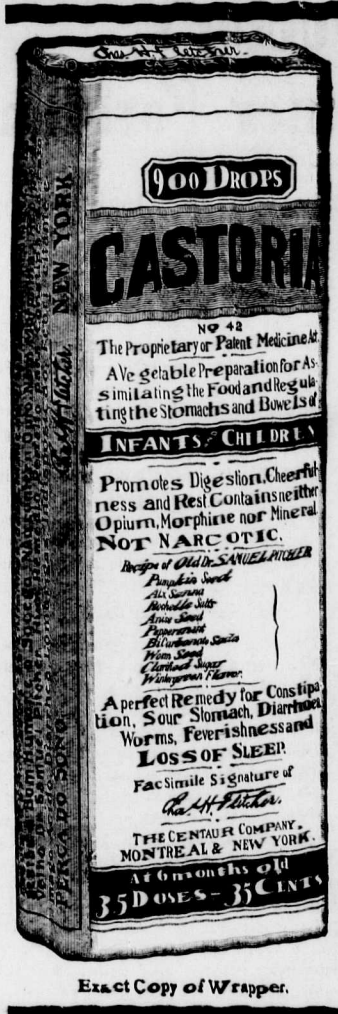
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taking. It originated with the officers and men in the field, but now all over Germany it was said with sincerity and earnestness.
I was always interested in their point of view, for the three who had remained with us owing to the condition of their wounds were educated and representative Germans. Apart from their hatred of England, frankly expressed, they were courteous, agreeable gentlemen. One was a Bavarian nobleman, whose taste was evidently luxurious, for when he came to us his buttons, cigarette box, wrist watch, everything except the inevitable plain gold bangle, was literally encrusted with enamel, diamonds and rubies. As I approached he raised his left arm, bending his wrist with a quick motion quite characteristic, and looking at his watch, said sharply, for the desire to command was so innate that to separate him from it would have been to separate his soul from his body, "You are a little late, nurse."
"Did you fear I had forgotten you?" I asked without really thinking what I was saying.
"The Germans fear God and nothing else," he answered quickly.
His tone was a little aggressive. I stopped for a second and looked at him. There he sat, propped up in bed with pillows, a heavy handsome type of his class, a prisoner of war, and yet the whole thing struck me as too funny for words, and I began to laugh. He evidently saw the humor of the situation himself and laughed also.
"Ach, du bist ein schones madchen!" he said, using the familiar and friendly "thou." "Forgive me," he added, "and tell me the news." They were forever eagerly asking for news.
"Well," I said, "Kitchener has his extra million men. That ought to please you."
"Well, it doesn't make me sad," he replied, "because we know that for all

they do not. As for the French, I am sorry for them," he said. "For devil! They would like to make peace in time. But you know," he gravely assured me, "English troops are drawn up behind them all along the line, which is a constant threat if they should give way. Why," and he raised up eagerly, "England has even threatened to bombard their ports if they do."
"A good beating will be England's salvation," added one of the others. "Think of the effect on future generations of Englishmen, when they ask why some parts of London are so much more beautiful and better built than the rest! The answer will be that that part is superior because Germany rebuilt it when it was destroyed by the Germans in the great war."
The seriousness with which this was said proved too much for my ribbons. I was sorry, but I could not help it. I simply had to laugh. I longed to suggest that as he was an architect perhaps he might put in some of his enforced idleness suggesting improvements in the architecture of London. But I was a nurse; he was a prisoner and ill, and what I did say was, "Good night."
Later that evening when I went to Captain Frazer's room to get him ready for the night I told him the story of how it was his little boyish lieutenant and not myself who really deserved his thanks for saving his life.
"But you say he was not very badly wounded. What has become of him? Why hasn't he been to see me?"
"For the very reason that his wounds were slight the doctor sent him that same night to one of the nearby big base hospitals. We have only room here for the badly wounded, you know."
After thinking for a few moments he said, "Well, the first thing I shall do when I get out will be to find Tubby."
"Tubby?" I cried in amazement. "Why Tubby? He is as thin as a match!"
"That is just the idea," he laughed. "But I'll write to him, I'll do it in very minutes."
"Please wait until tomorrow," I quickly interrupted, for he was becoming so excited he began to regret having told him anything about Tubby at all.
(Continued next week.)



"God punish her!"

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST LAND REGULATIONS

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry proxy may be made at the Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within side miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$100 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 40 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$200 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 40 acres and erect a house worth \$200.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of over-cultivation or other land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORRY, C.M.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this announcement will not be paid for.