

FACE MENDING AT OUR HOSPITALS

Sculptor's Clever Work for Injured Soldiers—Copper Masks With Flesh-colour Paint.

In the course of their tour of the London military hospitals Colonel Woodward's party of journalists had a glimpse of German wounded prisoners in delicious English beds. Most of them were very young and suffering not less than our own lads. Here was one poor creature on the threshold of manhood with both his eyes gone, and in an adjoining bed was a case of terrible abdominal wounds, the drawn face and pale blue eyes, fearful beyond tears, telling of unspeakable anguish. These war victims ask for their mothers or their wives, as no doubt our own are doing in strange German hospitals, but the request of course, is in vain. How delighted the least wounded of them were to hear the kindly surgeon use their German tongue, though it was but to make a brief inquiry as to their age or the kind of night they had had!

Many of these soldiers, British and German, are unable to get any natural sleep because of the demand that their nerves make upon them to go on fighting this endless war as if they were still in the trenches.

One of the wounded prisoners indeed looked as if he expected the battle to be resumed in the hospital ward by his visitors. He was bearded like the pard, and out of a mass of black hair blazed two great dark eyes, whether in terror, hatred, defiance, or mere fever it is impossible to say, but as his burning gaze fell first upon one member of the party and then upon another he might have been an infuriated wild beast at bay. In hospital, however, international enmity has no meaning, and these wounded Germans are treated according to their needs.

Transplanted Muscles.

The Hammersmith Hospital specialises in desperate joint cases, and one learns all that is to be known of "claw hand," "french foot," and the innumerable limb deformities which are caused by gunshot wounds. After 13 months in other hospitals and six months in this, a man suffering from wasting of the muscles of the leg through a shrapnel wound has been made by special treatment to walk as he did before. Another man, with trench-foot deformity following frost-bite, began to walk for the first time since last November after having been here a month—the result of electrical treatment and special splints. At Hammersmith the surgeons have transplanted muscles from the front of a man's wrist to the back to enable him to raise his hand.

There are cases of the removal of bone as well as of the removal of muscles and flesh from one part of a man's body to another. Three inches of bone had been blown away in a patient's arm, and to restore this the surgeon went to the man's own leg and removed a piece of the tibia, leaving intact the enclosing membrane, which threw up new bone, so the leg was none the worse. The removed bone was sharpened at both ends and dove-tailed into the injured limb, which has been completely restored. One man who simply would not have his foot amputated, though it seemed to be doomed by several diseased bones, considers that his obstinacy has been justified by the result. The surgeons have removed all the diseased bone, and brought together and rearranged all the healthy bone in the foot, so that the patient has a perfectly sound foot which only lacks the usual joints and the muscular walking action. The Kensington War Supply Depot, a voluntary organisation, has done a splendid work in providing the Hammersmith Hospital with special splints.

Making Disfigurements.

At Wandsworth Common, where the wounded soldiers have the premises and grounds of the Victoria Patriotic Schools, there are officers as well as 300 officers and 1,500 men, when all the beds are occupied. This is one of the pleasantest of the military hospitals, because it is surrounded with well-wooded grounds, and nearly all the extension huts—resembling seaside bungalows—have beautiful garden plots.

Facial wounds especially are dealt with here, and Lieutenant Derwent Wood exercises all his ingenuity as a sculptor in patching up damaged faces with copper masks painted flesh-color, and, when necessary, with imitation eyelashes and moustaches. There have been some bad disfigurements, but these are certainly minimized considerably by this method of masking the face. Members of the St. Dunstan organization come to teach the unhappy blind new occupations adapted to their conditions, and they are most sincerely welcomed.

Blindness in the war, by the way, is not caused so much by direct bullet or shrapnel injury as by fragments of stone thrown up from the ground or by rebounding pieces of shell, and in many instances the slight protection of spectacles has been sufficient to save a man from the loss of his eyes. All kinds of jaw cases—uniting fractures of the jaw, displacements of the jaw, and organic jaw damage—are treated at the Crocydon Military Hospital. A man with the whole of his lower jaw shot away was seen here by the visitors to be surmounting by mechanical treatment his terrible deprivation.

The metal Gunning splint is a contrivance for bringing a displaced jaw back into position, and anyone who has experienced or witnessed the unsightly distortion caused by a dis-

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought the Joy of Health After Two Years' Suffering



placed jaw will bless this gradual but certain remedy.

As the surgeon says, it "educates" the teeth, to meet, and when one's lower teeth have got round to one's ear they demand a vast amount of education.

At the Queen Alexandra Hospital, Millbank—noticeable like Wandsworth for its floods of light and abundance of flowers—there are also interesting jaw cases. Here a Serbian officer who had lost a large piece of his lower jaw was, unlike some men in similar case, able to articulate distinctly and to eat naturally, and he was conspicuously cheerful.

The explanation was that an ingenious surgeon had transferred from the officer's leg to his jaw a portion of his tibia, giving the jaw an almost normal appearance and a normal action. In view of the fact that surgeons have been astonished by their recent experience of the power of bones in the body to replace by growth pieces which have been removed, the writer suggested that the tibia in the man's jaw might grow in the straight line of a tibia instead of in the curve of a jaw, but the surgeon, admitting the possibility, was disposed to think that the counter-pressure of the real jaw bones could restrain any such excursions on the part of the alien tibia.

In this fine hospital, by the way, there was a good example of German surgery. A young Guardsman, now an exchanged prisoner, had the misfortune to be wounded and captured in the first half-hour of the British advance on the French front. The German surgeons had removed his foot, but in such a way as to leave him his heel, of which he is inordinately proud, exhibiting it and slapping it with great gusto, and proclaiming that he can walk on it with the aid of a stick. He will of course, be given an artificial foot in due time, and it will never be noticed that he has been mutilated.

Quite near this first of all the military hospitals is the Royal Army Medical College, where there are enough serums to kill all the armies of Europe. From this obscure institution all the millions of soldiers of the British Empire have been inoculated against typhoid and its varieties—inoculated from the remote descendants of a bacillus captured and bottled 18 years ago. Here the cholera of the East and the meningitis of all climes are being fought with the utmost resolution and are being conquered.

MADAM LAPLANTE.
35 Rose St., Montreal, April 4th.

"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared that I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from pain in the Back and Kidney Disease. I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was 'Fruit-a-tives' that gave me back my health."

MADAM ARTHUR LAPANTE.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Beatty and the late Admiral Hood, who lost his life in the battle of Jutland, have testified to the efficiency of our methods through their experience of the ex-Scouts in the Royal Navy.

The influence of these boys has told enormously on the fleet, according to Admiral Hood. Generals in the army have said the same thing concerning ex-Scouts who have served under them."

PORT ELGIN

Port Elgin, Aug. 30—Rev. P. A. Fitzpatrick, of Moncton, who was called here last week owing to the death of his father, Mr. Michael Fitzpatrick, returned to his home on Monday.

Miss Mollie Mundie is spending her vacation at her home in Rexton. She was accompanied by Miss Eileen Brownell, who will be her guest.

Miss Mae Freshholm, of Hyde Park, Mass., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. S. Pridham.

Mrs. T. Barclay Robinson, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Robinson.

Mrs. W. S. Kilburn and children, of Fredericton, who have been spending some time here with Mrs. Kilburn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Pridham, returned home on Monday. She was accompanied back by her sister, Miss Dorothy Pridham and Miss Chris McLeod.

Mrs. N. A. McPherson and little son have returned to their home in Dorchester after spending a week here with her mother, Mrs. William Read.

Mrs. Louise Mahoney, of St. John, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. R. Oulton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Milton left on Monday on a trip to New York.

Miss Alice Allen, of Somerville, Mass., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. G. Lamb.

Mr. R. L. Eaman, of Boston, is spending some time here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Eaman.

Tear-Sheets Demonstrated.

The Journalists whom Lieut.-Colonel Woodward conducted over the college had the privilege of standing in a spraying chamber with four or five persons who had been found to be infected with the microbe of meningitis and who would have become carriers of the infection unless they had been isolated and thus disinfected. Extraordinary pains are taken to detect these carriers, and the way in which they are detected is a story in itself. They may communicate the disease by coughing, sneezing, or even by speaking loudly near another person. The auto-mengo serum has been a great success. Not only did the journalists inhale the anti-mengo spray, but they also were given an experience of tear sheets—an experience far beyond anything in the way of peeling onions, sharply painful, indeed, as well as tearful, and one which they were not able to endure more than a minute.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND EX-SCOUTS IN ARMY

There are 100,000 ex-Scouts in the British army of today. This information comes to hand in a recent newspaper interview with Sir Robert Baden-Powell. The British Navy also has its quota of Boy Scouts. In this connection Sir Robert said: "Admiral

Officer Murdered In Captured Dug-Out

Bayoneted in Going to Help Shamming German—How His Death was Avenged in Underground Fight.

A tragic story of the death of a young British officer, who was enticed into a captured dug-out by Germans shamming injuries and then bayoneted, was told by a member of a party of wounded men on arrival at Southampton.

"He was as fine a lad he was as ever we saw on parade; an' he knew how to take care of his platoon, too, I can tell ye. We was in their front line then, clearin' 'em trench. We'd took a whole lot o' the beggars prisoners, an' Mr. — he'd never let ye lay a finger on a Boche if the fellow made a sign o' puttin' up his hands, although he'd seen something o' their dirty tricks, too. 'No, by God!' he said, 'not in my platoon, Micky. It's a point of honor, Micky,' he says. Much they care for honor, the cruel beasts they are."

"We come to a dug-out that had the entrance to it all blown in, an' I was all for bombin' it first and askin' questions after. But my officer he wouldn't 'ave it. He kep' in front, with me an' the rest o' No. 1 section behind him. 'Wo is da? he sings out down the dug-out, in their own lingo, you see. And one of the sausage-eaters he calls out, one of the sausage-eaters in English you know, 'Only me, sir,' he says. 'Well, come on out, an' nobody'll hurt ye,' says Mr. —. 'Cannot move, sir; very bad wound, sir,' says the Boche-curse him!

"Well, I wanted to go and see to the blighter, but Mr. — saw the bomb in me hand, and didn't altogether trust me, maybe. 'Wait a minute, Micky,' says he, an' down he goes. 'Next minute I heard a groan, an' 'They've stuck me, Micky,' very faint like, from Mr. —.

Fight Underground.

"Here, boys, I says to the section. 'The swine have killed Mr. —.' Well, we just made one rush for that dug-out. One o' 'em stuck me with his bay'nit, here ye see. He'll do no more stickin', I smashed his head with me butt. An' I got one other, with me bay'nit. An' I could hear others running like rabbits in the passages. I got one of ours to look after Mr. —, though I could see he was done; and I sent the others back to the trench, quick, to see if they could catch any of the Boches gettin' out another way. Then one other an' me, we followed on, where we heard 'em running; an' I don't mind tellin' you, what with poor young Mr. — an' the sting o' that Boche bay'nit in me side, I was seein' pretty red.

"There was two o' my chaps waitin' for 'em when they got to the other entrance in the trench, an' my mate an' me, we come along pretty close behind 'em. They squealed all right, when they saw the point o' 'im — a bay'nit in the sun just at the mouth of the dug-out, where they thought they was gone' to set clear. They turned an' come our way then, with 'im an' his mate behind 'em. An' then they met me an' my mate; an' well, they won't meet nobody else this side o' hell.

"We fought like rats in that hole; an' poor 'im he was killed. I got chipped about a bit myself; but I was that wild about my officer, they hadn't got much of a chance, the dirty hounds."

"Aye, it were a pity they got 'im, an' the officer; a pity, that." The speaker was a very big man, with a rough-hewn granite-like face, a farm

worker, I would say; by no means sad, or gloomy; but of a reflective turn. His hands were enormous, and another man told me he had done great execution with them at close quarters. I could well believe it. He ruminated now, apparently with great satisfaction.

"Yes, it's better not to trust 'em till you've put the steel or a bullet into 'em. There's nothin' very civilised about 'em, even when they've lived in England."

SCOUTS DON'T TAKE TIPS.

"Don't take tips" is the caption of an article which appeared in one of the recent issues of the "Scout," the official organ of the Boy Scouts. The warning note in this item is that one cannot do a good turn for another in a really friendly way if one is think-

ing of the "tip" that is to follow. This while some may be wont to accept tips for doing odd jobs the average Canadian Scout will not accept a tip from Scoutmasters and other officers and for doing a good turn.

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