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ON THE D. I. LIST

A Base Hospital Incident.

He had a very bad penetrating wound of the chest. Very breathless and irritable, and he was a Jock, a dear, lovable, contrary Jock.

"Hay! Suster—(cough, cough)—"here, Suster."

"You mustn't call the Suster like that," came the stern reprimand from an English N.C.O. on the opposite side of the ward.

"Ach! she's no heeding," irritably answered Jock.

One must understand the Jocks. Jock's "no heeding" did not mean lack of attention, but simply that Suster's mind rose far above such trifles as being offended at "Hay! Suster."

Jock had made up his mind very quickly as Suster had only been a few minutes in the ward. She stopped quickly to his bedside, and asked, "What's the matter, Jock?"

"Ach! it's no pills—they've a' slipped down an' a canna gi' comfort-able."

Suster deftly puts his pillows right. Jock has a bad fit of coughing—spits up some blood.

"Oh, Suster, did ye see you; dae ye think I'd get tae Blyghty?"

"I am sure you will," says Suster gravely. In her heart she wonders which Blyghty, and decides quickly to dare the M.O.'s immediate attention and have him put on the dangerously ill list.

For the benefit of those who do not know, the D.I.L. means that they are just about as bad as they can be. At the base hospitals in France if there is any hope of the patient living long enough, the next-of-kin are allowed to pay a visit. I am happy to say that very often by the time the relatives come the patient is almost ready to go to England.

Immediate operation was ordered for Jock, but ill though he was his interest in life was still keen.

"What are they gaun tae dae tae me, Suster?"

"Well, Jock, they are going to open your lungs up and let the stuff which has gathered and is making your breathing so difficult drain off."

"Ach! I'll be fair kill—A'm nae wantin' it. A've had those impactions w' needles fower times up, and A've had the molasses, etc., etc."

"Well, Jock, seeing you have braved all that and Germans as well, surely you are not going to show the white feather now, especially when it will do you good."

Jock was wavering by this time, and then Suster added:—"It's not like our countrymen."

Jock looked at Suster shrewdly.

"What's your country, Suster?" he asked querulously.

"Scotland," she answered.

"Oh, my! are ye Scotch tae, Suster? A didna' think it. Ye see, ye speak nice. A thocti ye was just English."

"Well! I'm not. I am just Scotch. But now they've brought the stretcher for you."

She held him on.

"Good luck," she said, as the stretcher-bearers made to move away.

Jock thrust his hand out and took hold of Suster's. "Ye'll be here when I come back, wull ye?" he asked huskily.

"Yes, I will, Jock." She smiled brightly to him, but her eyes were misty. Jock's breathing was very painful and distressed—his lips very blue. Would he come back? she wondered.

Some hours after Jock opened his eyes and stared blankly round. He tried to recollect where he was, but everything was very hazy. He then felt very sick. A cool hand was laid on his brow, and a voice that he seemed to have heard in distant ages quietly told him to turn his head to the side of the pillow. He opened his eyes again and saw Suster.

"Ach! A'm grey dead—an A no?"

"Yes, but you'll feel better presently."

"Ach! A dinna' ken," Jock said doubtfully.

"Suster, here, if A could jist see ma mither A would like it fine."

"You may see her soon, Jock."

"Are they sending me tae Blyghty?" asked he anxiously.

"No, not yet, but your mother is coming over here soon—perhaps your father, too."

"Ach! your joking, Suster. Ma mither's never been further than Edinburgh, an' ma father has been jist yince in Glasgow afore he was married."

"Well, they're on their way to France now."

"A canna believe it," said Jock obstinately but respectfully.

He sank back on his pillow exhausted and fell into a very restless sleep. He dreamed that he was scrambling over the hills at home—sometimes he slipped—sometimes, what was it? Oh, yes!—strapped, bullets, seemed to be chasing him. How did they get there on the quiet hillside? Then everything was quiet and peaceful again—too quiet, not the usual quietness of the hillside, for

MYSTERY SHIP GOT 2 U-BOATS IN DAY

BRITISH SAILING VESSEL MADE NOTABLE RECORD

"Mary B. Mitchell," in the Decoy Service Since Early in 1916, Sank Many Hun Submarines.

Two German submarines were sunk in one day by the Mary B. Mitchell, a sailing vessel, one of the "mystery ships" of the war. This craft was one of the first, if not the first, of the decoy ships which played havoc with the U-boats. This vessel went into the decoy service early in 1916, under command of Lieutenant John Lowrie. All her officers and crew volunteered for the hazardous work. She was provided with a twelve-pounder and two well-concealed six-pounders.

She sighted the first submarine three miles away and looted along awaiting a chance to bag it. The German craft followed at a safe distance for a time, but finally crawled closer and after satisfying itself that it had superior speed and gun power opened fire.

Failure of the mystery ship to return fire at once baffled the German officers. They were quiet for fifteen minutes and then resumed fire. When the submarine came sufficiently close and was in good position abeam, the concealed guns of the sailing ship were brought into play and landed six mortal hits on the submarine, which was unable to fire an additional shell. Just three minutes after the first hit, the submarine was blown up by a shot which holed it just below the foredeck and caused an explosion which threw a vast column of water high into the air.

A Successful Run.

Later the same day another German submarine approached the Mary B. Mitchell and opened fire at a distance of about two miles. After the sixth round the mystery ship was stopped and a boat put off. To all appearances the craft was abandoned. The submarine approached the supposed wreck at full surface speed. Then it submerged for a time and suddenly rose to the surface again.

The gunners of the Mary B. Mitchell handed a shell just below the conning tower and pierced the side one foot above the water. A flash of brilliant blue flame and a dense yellow smoke came from the hole. Almost instantaneously another shell struck forward and the submarine was enveloped in black smoke and sank into the water bow foremost, with a loud gurgling and hissing.

The official report does not say that the Mary B. Mitchell was filled with water to keep her from sinking, but this was doubtless the case, as other mystery ships were so equipped and were able to float in spite of any damage inflicted on them by torpedoes and shells. Their guns were frequently hidden behind doors in the sides of the ship which could be swung open.

BLACK FOX INDUSTRY

Carried on Extensively in All Parts of Canada and Northern States.

The number of foxes in the ranches of Prince Edward Island at the beginning of the pelting season in 1917 was approximately ten thousand. From December 1, 1917, to January 31, 1918, 2,500 foxes were killed and their skins marketed. The pup production for 1918 is 3,500, therefore making the number of foxes at the opening of the present pelting season 11,000. It estimates of 3,500 for this season's kill and shipments abroad are correct the season of 1919 will open for ranch breeding with 7,000 selected foxes as a breeding stock.

Japanese and Norwegian operators are entering the fox breeding industry on a small scale, Japan having taken 34 island foxes this year and Norway 24. Good prices have been realized, probably averaging \$750 each. American ranchers took 253 island foxes in 1918.

Raising ranch bred foxes is an industry that is being carried on extensively in all the Canadian provinces, in at least a dozen of the northernmost of the United States, and beginning in Japan and Norway, all lying in much the same climatic belt, adapted to domesticating the black fox under the most favorable conditions.

"In Flanders Fields."

(Canada's Answer.)

Rest now in peace ye Flanders dead, With each a cross to mark his bed, Where poppies grow.

The boastful Hun Who thought by might and sword and gun To win the world, his quest has fled, Ye noble dead, The fight ye led is won, And peace is round us shed, We live and love because you bled "In Flanders fields."

Your cause has triumphed 'gainst the foe, To us in vain ye did not throw The torch; With pride we hold it high, And freedom's light shall never die, Sleep then in peace Where poppies blow "In Flanders fields."

Haig Holds the Line.

The newsies call—Extriel! Big German Drive in Flanders! Extriel! Ten Thousand Prisoners! Extriel! All About the Big Hun Smash! Extriel!

Is that yer smallest, Boss? Extriel! Chimnie! Change a buck! Extriel! Down every street with shrill-pitched key

And flying feet—we hear—Extriel! All about—Extriel!

From Harlem to the Battery, From London to the Zuyder Zee, From Tokio to fair Dundee— In divers tongues they cry "Extriel!"

The "Blood Bath"—such the name They dubbed it—well, at last it came With gas and flame. Then fell Baupause,

They took Combes and crossed the Somme.

To Montdidier they drove their wedge With Noyon on the southern edge. For seven days the long front bent Until it seemed their force was spent, And on they surged across their dead, Yet ever in the news we read—"Haig Holds the Line."

A million men and more they flung Against a wall that swayed and swung— Out-numbered—yea! But unafraid! The earth rocked with their cannon-ade,

But oh the Hunnish blood that drained With every shell-swept yard they gained.

In Berlin, banners waved that day And bells rang out—but who can say What depth of woe they knew who saw their

Those columns of the endless dead— Who read the train after train—mile on mile Return—train after train—the while Haig holds the line!

They strove for Paris and Calais, They thought to scatter and dismay Our hosts—to split the allied mass— The answer came—"You shall not pass!"

From guns left by the Bolshevik, From Austria's guns they had their pick. Gods what a duel! A stadium Where all the eager world had come To see the best receding there In red defeat—while everywhere Haig holds the line!

THE D. C. M.

Takes Precedence of All Other Decorations Except the V.C.

Who does not know the red, blue, red ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal? It is quite a modern decoration, dating with the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal of the Royal Navy in 1854, the year of the commencement of the Crimean Campaign. The Meritorious Service Medal dates back nine years earlier.

The earliest known medal for distinguished conduct is that awarded by Charles the First. The recipient was Sir Robert Welch, of the Irish Command, who recovered the Royal Standard at the Battle of Edge Hill. Presumably that award would be the equivalent of officer's D.C.M. of today—namely, the D.S.O.

The youngest winner of the D.C.M. is Private John McKinnon, of the Black Watch, a sixteen-year-old boy. The medal was awarded him in 1916, and, much to his regret, his parents succeeded in getting him discharged from the army because he was under age! Youth will be served.

During the war something like one thousand D.C.M.'s have been conferred for individual cases of distinguished conduct and devotion to duty in the field. Many of the recipients have earned the decoration on a second, third and fourth occasion, and have been given bars to their medal accordingly.

Here and there many years have separated the winning of the D.C.M. from that of gaining the bar. For example, Company-Sergeant-Major W. L. McIntyre, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who won the D.C.M. in the South African War during 1902, was given his clasp for bravery during the present war in August, 1916. Thus 14 years separated the winning of the medal and the winning of the clasp.

On one occasion the D.C.M. was cancelled and the Victoria Cross given in its place. This happened a couple of years ago to Pte. W. Jackson, of the Australian Imperial Force.

A man in the ranks wears the D.C.M. in the place of honor on the left breast of his tunic, unless he holds the V.C. All other medals and awards—excepting the V.C.—follow the D.C.M. But the officer who gains the D.C.M. in the ranks and afterwards wins further decorations in the form of the D.S.O., M.C., D.F.O., D.F.C., or any of the Orders of Knighthood wears the D.C.M. after them, but still in front of all war medals.

A pinch of salt added to fruit when cooking greatly improves the flavor.

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About the House

Nursing The Sick.

The time must come in the life of nearly every woman, when unless she is willing to shirk the most sacred of duties, she will be called upon to minister to the sick and suffering, and when those whom she loves will look to her for care and comfort.

One of the first qualifications for the position of nurse is a willingness to yield absolute obedience to the physician in charge, and to use plain, staking accuracy in carrying out his directions. The patient's faith in the doctor should also be encouraged as long as that physician has charge of the case, since it has a distinct value in furthering the recovery of the patient.

A tranquil mind being of the utmost importance to the patient, everything must seem to be moving smoothly and easily, no matter what difficulties the nurse may have to encounter. The invalid should not be allowed to feel any responsibility whatever about his own case.

I know you will say—"Why, everybody knows those things." But it is the little things that count in a sick-room, and though everybody knows these simple precautions are very often neglected.

Too much stress cannot be put upon the appearance of the sick-room. It must be as cheerful and attractive as possible, that the eyes of the patient may rest with pleasure upon his surroundings. The nurse herself must contribute to the agreeable environment. Her dress must be simple and tasteful, but above all, scrupulously neat. No food must be in sight—even medicine bottles should not be obtrusively in evidence.

Stillness has power to soothe, and aids nature's healing processes. So all grating and disturbing noises must be banished from the sick-room. The putting of coal on the stove, or the accompanying nerve-racking noises. It may be brought to the room wrapped in newspaper, and laid noiselessly on the fire, paper and all.

As fresh air is said to be the best tonic, the sick-room should be well ventilated. An open fire is a fine means of ventilation. A thermometer should be frequently used in a sick-room. A window may be opened at the top on a sunny day no matter how cold the weather may be, if in the opening a wooden frame covered with flannel is fitted. An umbrella covered with a shawl makes a good screen when the windows are open, the patient being sheltered by it as in a tent. A room a little shaded is more restful to a patient, but a little sunshine in the room makes it more cheerful.

The one in charge of a sick person should not allow visitors to stay long, even though the physician has given permission to receive callers. Neither should the nurse talk too much herself. Often the patient is fatigued in this way. Some other good words may fall in this particular. They do not use discretion about when to talk and when to keep silent.

Unless the attendant has some little occupation to fill the odd moments of leisure, the sick one is often unpleasantly conscious of being a burden to one who may have other duties to attend to. So the nurse may occupy her hands with some bit of work that may be readily picked up and laid down. Don't read, unless the patient is asleep. That is too absorbing in appearance, and the patient often hesitates to interrupt.

Making the bed properly is one of the necessary requisites of a good nurse. Stretch the under sheet lightly over the mattress and tuck it in firmly, and much discomfort will be avoided. In order to change the sheets while the patient is in bed, the under one is rolled lengthwise from the edge of the bed to where the person lies. The clean sheet is rolled in like manner, is tucked in at one side, and unrolled over the space from which the first was taken, until the two rolls are side by side. The patient may then turn or be lifted over the rolls to the clean sheet, the soil one is removed, and the rest of the clean one unrolled. The upper sheet may be changed by freeing all the clothes at the foot of the bed, and spreading a clean sheet over all. Over this sheet a blanket is laid. The clean clothes should then be tucked in, and secured at the foot, and the soiled sheet slipped from under. Blankets are the better for frequent airing. Pillows may be comfortably arranged by placing a large one under the back and shoulders, and a small one under the head, drawing the lower corners of the latter well down so as to fit into the nape of the neck, thus giving support to the head.

To raise a person in bed to a sitting posture, when too weak to help himself, have the patient rest his right arm around the nurse's neck while her right arm supports his shoulders. The nurse then leaning backward need make but little effort, and with practice can raise the patient with ease.

Frequent bathing is refreshing, and acts as both cure and antidote for feverish conditions. The water should be tepid for face and hands, and warmer for the rest of the body. The patient should be uncovered only a little at a time, and allowed to make

no exertion himself. A foot bath may be given under the clothes to one in bed and often induces sleep when all else fails. In illness no detail is unimportant that can add in the least to the comfort of the sufferer.

During the cold weather the housewife turns her attention toward more substantial dishes than those which have satisfied her family during the summer season. We are coming to realize that meat once daily is in most cases sufficient, and, following the suggestion of those who have made dietetics a study, are finding acceptable many dishes which do not call for meat at all. Besides being nourishing and appetizing, the dishes described below are comparatively inexpensive. All have been tested personally by the writer and called good, although it is not claimed that all are original.

Spanish Rice.—Cut in small pieces three or four slices of bacon and fry until brown. Slice in the pan one good-sized onion and allow to cook slowly a few minutes. To this add two cups of cooked rice and the same amount of canned tomato. Cook together until well blended, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper—say, one if liked—or chopped red or green peppers. Serve alone or on toast.

Biscuits with Cheese Dressing.—Make a white sauce and in it melt a tin of baking powder or butter-milk biscuits, using one's favorite recipe. Remove salmon from the can, free it from bones and skin and add it to a rich milk gravy or white sauce made quite thick. Break the fish into suitable sized pieces for serving. On the biscuit and arrange on a platter, then cover with the hot gravy and fish. The biscuits may be buttered, but if the gravy is rich enough, this will not be necessary.

A CANADIAN IN GERMANY

Describes Triumphant March Through Hunland—Canucks Looked Fine.

Major Geary, of Toronto, in a letter from Bonn, under date of December 8th, says in part:

"We have had a great time ever since the 11th of November. First there were the receptions and that sort of thing. The joy of the Belgian people was unbounded, and nothing was too good for us. The only difficulty was sometimes in avoiding their kindness and different methods of expressing a welcome. Even the poor people ran for hours with pitchers of coffee, a substitute, for they have not been able to buy the real thing. This lasted all through Belgium, but, needless to say, it has been quite the other way in Germany. We have had no trouble. The people are very deferential, and ready to do what they are told, but receive us in what someone called a "friendly silence." They look foolish, sullen, or mournful, or uninterested. They take off their hats, but don't smile; neither do we, so far as that goes. The girls, however, are girls, and I expect a good many of them—they do smile."

"On the whole, the country we have passed through has not been noticeably hostile, nor do the people appear to have suffered much. Now we are just outside of Bonn and within in a few miles of the Rhine, and begin to encounter a distinctly hostile atmosphere, but that does not worry any of us. We are the vanguard of the British forces and the first in Germany, and it is all novel and interesting. I am lucky to be in this march, but it has been a long, hard one. The men have been splendid—did their 15 to 22 miles a day with full equipment, and at the end of it marched into billets in some German towns looking as fresh as when they were their feet and backs. The Boche salutes the flag, and everything is lovely. I have never seen the battalions look so well. It seems to be tacitly accepted, however, that every man look his best, do his best and be his best. The Boche is seeing a force of real soldiers. All I hope is that he will never think of 'starting something'—he would simply get more than he was looking for."

"All in all, this march has been a wonderful experience, from Mons to Bonn, from the last days of fighting to the entry deep into Germany, and Prussia. One must pinch himself to know that he is not dreaming and to realize that after all the collapse has come. We are definite victors and peace is practically assured."

The cathedral in Antwerp, Belgium, has a seating capacity of 23,000.

"DEMobilizing" BRITISH WOMEN

IS A DIFFICULT AFTER-WAR TASK IN OLD LAND

Special Department of Ministry of Labor Faces Problem of Making \$20 Tailors Content With \$3.

To "demobilize" about 1,000,000 women war workers is the great task assigned a special department of the Ministry of Labor, says a London despatch. Women predominate in this new organization. One of the most difficult of their problems will be how to satisfy a munitions worker who has been earning from \$18 to \$20 a week near former task as a family servant at from \$3 to \$3.25 a week.

Government officials realize that this is one of the hard problems connected with the reconstruction period, especially as these girls and women must sacrifice some of the freedom they have enjoyed as munition workers and now submit to more exacting hours of work. They are appealing to the workers to adjust themselves to the new order of things as best they can and to be willing to make sacrifices during reconstruction as they did during war.

Government Aid.

Unemployment is a big problem. Employers are admonished to give their workers long notice of dismissal and not to discharge large numbers at one time. To aid the girls the Government has decided to give each war worker \$4.75 a week for thirteen weeks after she stops war work if during that time she does not find other employment. This is the only tangible bridge the Government has been able to provide to carry the workers over the transition period. Other means of helping the situation are to be left to the new organization in the Labor Ministry.

To solve the problem of demobilizing these women workers the country has been divided into eleven labor districts, each with a district council which will be in close touch with the Labor Ministry. These councils will be composed of representatives of each town or small district in which there is a labor employment agency, and these agencies will organize committees to care for the needs of the workers in each town.

A member of the Government recently told the Associated Press that the most serious difficulties could be expected during the first six months of peace. During that time, he said, there was bound to be much unemployment and dissatisfaction over wages and the high cost of living. He hoped a reduction of the prices of necessities would help to relieve the situation.

BRISTLES OF THE PIG

Exported From China in Large Quantities to Gt. Britain and France.

Pigs are raised everywhere in China and pigs bristles have become an important article of export, amounting to 4,000 tons a year, valued at about \$6,000,000. Bristles that are long, thick, stiff, bright, shiny and clean command the best prices. The yield of each hog is tied in a bundle, placed in water for a few days, then scraned off, combed to remove impurities, sundried, steamed, and then sorted into bundles about 1½ inches in diameter, with bristles of uniform length. Most of the work of cleaning and tying the bristles is done by women, who receive about five or six cents a day.

Buyers are very particular about the bristles being well cleaned, of uniform length and color, and the bundles solid. This is apparent when it is considered that prices vary from twenty taels to 300 taels per picul (132.13 pounds), depending on the assortment. The collecting season is from November to April, as bristles are soft and useless for the trade during the hot months. This accounts for the fact that the main producing and shipping centres are north of the Yangtze. For export the bristles are packed in boxes, containing one picul to a box.

The ports from which they are shipped are, in the order of their importance, Tientsin, Chungking, and Hankow. Manchuria and Shantung are increasing in importance in this trade. Most of the bristles are shipped to the United States, Great Britain and France. China exports an excellent field for the manufacture of brushes. It is surprising that greater developments in this direction have not taken place.

Bagpipes in Brussels.

The London Daily Telegraph in its account of the entry into Brussels of King Albert says: The Americans came first in the military cortege which followed the Royal party. Then came the French. At intervals of 200 yards, and a silence, and then a sound strange to the Brussels, the skirl of the bagpipes blown by 30 Highlanders leading the way for a company of their kilted comrades. The Scotsmen, let it be recorded, had the success of the parade. How the ladies waved their handkerchiefs as the Highlanders swung past, and how everybody voiced his and her admiration for these stalwart men.