

THE MAN ON WATCH

The Lampman agrees that length of service in the town council does not necessarily make a man proficient in municipal matters. Study is required. A man may be in council for years and be a municipal dunce.

If the wives of the town councilmen would show their authority and require their husbands to be home at 11 p.m., there would be no need of the town fathers sitting in the council chamber half the night and looking peevish next day.

Now is the time to take trips to the business section and spend your spare cash in the stores for Christmas. The Lampman advises people to get busy and do their shopping at once. The stores are full of bargains.

If Dean Starr was the pastor of his church, the Lampman would vote to close it up before he would refuse him leave to return to the world. The dean is not only doing splendid work among the British soldiers, but he is giving Kingston an advertisement that is worth a good deal.

Since the Kingston town council has been without a lawyer as one of its members, it has gone from bad to worse. There was a time when people thought there were too many lawyers in the body, and that ordinary business men could conduct the town's affairs better without the men of the bag, but this has been proven a mistake. While there is no legal light among the lawyers, there is of course an electric light man who gave light to the council when it was in darkness last Monday night, but this was only artificial light. The Lampman would advise the powers that be to arrange for the election of two lawyers to the council of 1915, if two men are secured to sacrifice themselves.

Some rural correspondence reads that poultry raisers were disgusted over the results of a turkey fair at a certain place, owing to the low prices. But it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good, so the buyers of the fair was a huge success.

Some men, humble though they may be, are publicly missed when they depart hence. The Lampman with scores of others, will miss Capt. John Geoghegan, who for so many years was the representative of this majesty's customs at Fogger's old ferry wharf. An obliging and faithful government servant he was, and a true friend. The familiar landing place will be lonely indeed to many because he is no longer there.

The first two who acceded to the request of the Victoria ward king by resigning their seats are Town Councilmen Hugh Nickle and T. F. Harrison, men whom the council can ill-spare. Who'll be next?

The Lampman is beginning to think that St. Paul's church is bewitched, and that no burglars broke into that edifice at all. It is possible that the vicar brought the Blarney stone from the emerald isle and has it hidden in the graveyard alongside the church?

THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

December Wedding.
The marriage took place, on Dec. 9th, of Miss Flossie Smith, daughter of David Smith, to Edward Donnell, son of John Donnell, of Kepler. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride, Rev. E. Codling officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Gladys Smith, the groom being supported by Ivan Castell. The bride was dressed in white silk with overdruss of shadow lace. Mr. and Mrs. Donnell left on a honeymoon trip to Albany, N.Y., and on return will make their home at Kepler.

A young widow says platonic affection is all right—for a starter.



AUSTRIAN ENTANGLEMENTS TO IMPEDE ENEMY. The picture shows the pitfalls, surrounded by sharp spikes which the Austrians construct near their fortresses. The barbed wire on the right of the picture is heavily charged with electricity which would prevent any number of soldiers from gaining access to the fortress even though they succeeded in passing the pitfalls.

AMBULANCE AT FRONT

DESCRIPTION OF WORK OF THE FRIENDS' CORPS.

By J. S. and Philip J. Baker in Letters Received in Kingston—Corps At Woesten.

A letter just received describes a visit of inspection by J. S. and Philip J. Baker, to the dressing station of the Young Friends' Ambulance Corps at Woesten. It says:

It was getting dusk as we reached Woesten and it was only when there was a lull in the wind that we could hear the never-ending boom of the guns. We had passed many a motor car abandoned in the ditch, many a mile of troops going in the same direction and empty ammunition carts coming back, many a weary group of men with all their goods in hand-kerchiefs, trudging along towards us, many an indication of the sordidness and misery of war. The troops though determined were tired, the horses were tired, the trudging women were very tired. Everything and everybody seemed tired, and it was good to get a cheery welcome from some of our fellows as we pulled up beside the ambulance waggon. That showed us where our detachment was.

They had turned the village school house into a temporary hospital, and as we entered the large ground floor room our voices were suddenly hushed by the choky rattling breathing of a man wounded in the lung. About twenty straw-stuffed mattresses took up all the available floor space, only leaving a passage down the centre, and other ominously still forms could be seen through the gloom close to the poor fellow breathing his last so painfully. We tiptoed upstairs to find a similar room above, and lying on mattresses, not wounded men, but our own fellows. Boxes of medical stores stood open, a pile of blankets and garments stood in a corner, in the central passage stood a table extemporized out of a stretcher. The evening meal had just been finished, but soon sardines, brown bread, tea, made with condensed milk and jam were forthcoming, and we squatted on the mattresses and listened to stories of the night in the convent cellar at Ypres, of how eight dressings had been done in eight minutes by Dr. Malabar and one dresser, and many another interesting or exciting incident.

The cars started again, each with a doctor or a dresser aboard in addition to the driver, but not before they had been inspected to see that each had its complement of eight little pillows made by our adult school women, its eight blankets, and the necessary underclothing and medical stores. Soon we followed, in the motor lorry, an exciting drive over

and ahead fires or the light of bursting and of puny or "spicy" Lodgings shells could be seen in the distance, and we were relieved when we eventually arrived to find the other men were already there and we hadn't missed our road. Our own four motor ambulances and two others, a few carts, some armoured motor cars and tethered horses were drawn up in a kind of square before a large building. The door was open and a little light streamed out on a medley of people surrounding these vehicles soldiers helping to load, others wounded lightly in arm, leg or head leaning against the walls. Two miles away the fighting was very fierce and would go on all night. Wounded men kept coming back, while fresh troops, guns and ammunition kept clattering by over the cobble, with only a "how goes it over there?" to the just returning. Strange that at first one instinctively spoke in a whisper.

It was pitch black, a strong wind was blowing and it started to rain as we loaded up. The first dressing had been made, and blood-stained clothing replaced from our stores. Speed was necessary, if half the wounded men were to be got away that night. The lorry could only take slightly wounded men, so we were ready first and led the way with seven men whose feet, hands, or arms had been quickly dressed. Some were from the trenches, and were covered with mud from head to foot, others had been wounded by shrapnel before they had had a chance to fire a shot, all were glad to be taken off safely.

No lights were allowed for two miles, so one of us had to run ahead in the middle of the road, to show the way. In spite of this we often got axle deep in the side of the road. Twice we would never have got out but for the ready assistance of the fresh troops coming up. For the last five miles into Poperinghe head-lights could be used, and progress was much better. Here the dressings were looked over and the wounded put on the trains, only a few of the most serious cases being taken back to Woesten for the night.

Emergency Case Hospital. A further report continues: Two important developments have now taken place in regard to the work of the Young Friends of Dunkirk. In the first place the committee has decided to respond to the request of the unit to establish a temporary emergency case hospital in which wounded men requiring immediate hospital treatment can be taken in for a few days and patched up, and helped before being sent on to the base hospitals. It will be remembered that Mr. Kidd, the surgeon, estimated that many

lives could thus be saved which are at present lost. The French military authorities have now, as a result of negotiations accepted the services of the unit in this behalf and have approved of the "installation" of a hospital of fifty beds for both medical and surgical cases. At the Villa Saint Pierre at Malo les Bains. This arrangement has the approval of the British Red Cross. Within two or three hours of the decision to establish such a temporary hospital in accordance with the resolution of the committee, a complete equipment was presented to the unit. The generous donor of this gift is the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest (wife of the member of parliament for East Dorset and daughter of Henry Hippis, of Philadelphia, U.S.A.). This magnificent hospital, a patron, (Miss Sinden) and eight nurses, with medical and surgical supplies, left London on Monday, November 22nd, accompanied by Mrs. Guest, who herself is going out to help in its establishment. The unit will thus be able to deal with the worst cases and form a hospital centre to which to bring sick and wounded soldiers.

The second important event is the acceptance by the French authorities of the services of the unit as an ambulance corps on the battle line between Ypres and the coast. At our readers know, the valley of the Yser has been fiercely and terribly contended for, with the result that large numbers of the wounded men have needed succour. Up to the present invaluable pioneer assistance to the wounded has been rendered by Dr. Hector Munro and his friends in the neighborhood of Furnes, and our unit has commenced work at Woesten since the two ambulance parties, that under Dr. Munro and that under Friends (with a joint staff of about 100 persons), shall co-operate together and be responsible for the work over twenty miles of fighting line from Ypres to the coast. Dr. Munro has been in London for a few days and, with Mr. McConnell, has come to a cordial understanding with the Friends' Ambulance unit to co-operate in this way. Further, it is satisfactory to report, that the French military authorities have accepted this arrangement. Twenty-five of our men have, therefore, moved up to the front from Dunkirk and it is intended that more shall follow at an early date, leaving behind in Dunkirk a sufficiency of dressers and orderlies to staff the hospital. The wounded men from the front will be taken to such shelter or hospital accommodation as is available at Furnes, Dunkirk and elsewhere. This new arrangement, though it means increased risks and responsibilities, is one making for efficiency and economy of labor. It

is hoped that it may prove an excellent piece of co-operative and constructive work, to the saving of many lives and the comfort and assistance of many in sore need.

The main part of the work continued to be the collection of wounded from various villages just behind the firing line, and the evacuation of cases too serious to be sent by train to hospitals in Furnes and Dunkirk. Probably altogether between 200 and 250 wounded have been taken back from the villages of Zuydschoot, Bessinghe, etc., and of these a considerable proportion would have been killed had they not been removed. On Nov. 15th twenty-five were brought out of Bessinghe while the village was undergoing a heavy shell fire; on the second journey twenty-two shells fell while the cars were being loaded. On Nov. 20th fifty more people, including some refugees, wounded civilians and nuns were brought from the same village, which was again being fired on. The conduct of everyone concerned on both occasions was admirable.

About forty or fifty serious cases have been evacuated during the week to Furnes and Dunkirk. This work is a severe strain both on the cars and on the drivers, but is a most valuable part of the services that the unit is able to render, as it is undoubtedly the means of saving some men who otherwise would die. Some much larger and heavier cars than are yet at the disposal of the unit are really necessary for the purpose.

In addition to the above work a certain amount of dressing has been done. On Nov. 17th, after a heavy night around Zuydschoot and Bessinghe, about 100 men were dressed, some of them for the first time since they were wounded. Altogether, about 250 men have been dressed by members of the unit at Woesten during the last week.

FOR OVER HALF CENTURY.

Andrew Lanigan Has Been in Service Of The City.

Fifty-three years in the service of the city. Such is the record of Andrew Lanigan, messenger for the Board of Education, and it is one that he might well be proud of. At the dinner tendered to the members of the Board of Education, on Thursday night, several members made feeling reference to Mr. Lanigan and the service he had rendered the city. For over forty years Mr. Lanigan had charge of the city buildings, and was afterwards appointed to his present position, which he has so ably filled. Mr. Lanigan, although old, according to official figures, is not really old. He is as active as a man forty years his junior. All the members of the Board of Education will vouch for this statement. He never misses a meeting of the board, is on the job all the time, enjoys good health, and it is the wish of his friends, and they are legion, that he will be spared to spend many more years in the service of the city.

Mr. Lanigan has the unique honor of being one of the oldest, if not the oldest, civic servant in Ontario.

CHRISTMAS POETRY.

On Tuesday the Whig will issue another page of Christmas poetry suitable for recitations at events at this time of the year. We are constantly appealed to for selections, and have been gathering up matter for several years, so that a well arranged collection has been secured. Those interested should avail themselves of getting copies and having them on hand for occasions that call for poetry of a suitable character.

A Comfortable Light.

Lamps nowadays "are never conspicuous, as in the olden days, when huge hand-painted flowers on a white background made themselves known the minute you entered the room. No matter how pretentious a lamp is, or how costly, it should take its place in a room and be as much a part of its furnishings as a sofa or chair. Often it gives just the spot of color that is needed.

An oil lamp nowadays is certainly a luxury. For reading and working there is no softer light than that which emanates from a well cared for lamp. For a practical, every-day kerosene lamp, nothing has quite usurped the place of the old-fashioned student lamp, which frankly confesses its usefulness by its construction and is not too objectionable in appearance to take its place on the library table.

For Cooking and Drinking, also for Cake Icing and making Fudge.

A Special Consignment

Western Beef, 1914 Lambs, Yearling Lambs, Dairy Fed Pork has arrived at

PARKER BROS.

217 Princess St. Phone 1683. Opposite Opera House. It is advisable to those who have hitherto been disappointed to ORDER EARLY.

You Can't Blame Jeff For Thinking Mutt Was Off His Nutt : : : : By "Bud Fisher"

