

RUSSIA LOOKS AFTER SICK

And Wounded As a Result of the War.

\$375,000,000 SPENT

FOR THIS PURPOSE SINCE THE WAR BEGAN.

Counties Meet the Cost—Have a Large Share in Work of Equipment of Army.

Petrograd, Dec. 29.—The financial statement covering the operations of the Federation of Provincial Councils for the care of the sick and wounded from the beginning of the war to Dec. 15th has just been published and has brought to the notice of the Russian public for the first time the enormous extent of these activities. The total turnover amounted to 691,199,156 rubles.

The Federation of Municipal Councils has not yet brought up its balance sheet to date, but during the first year of the war expended 22,094,000 rubles (\$17,947,000). The combined expenditures of both federations for all purposes up to the present time greatly exceeds 750,000,000 rubles.

Both federations have a large share in the work of equipment of the army. The Provincial Councils correspond to the State and County Governments. The federations were organized at a meeting of the representatives of the forty-two Provincial Councils and of the Municipal Councils throughout the empire held at Moscow about the middle of August, 1914. Their first effort was directed at organizing the hospitals for which purpose special committees were chosen from all the districts of the forty-two provinces and all the important towns of the empire working under the federations.

The Provincial Councils assigned 12,000,000 rubles for the beginning. The Imperial Government, recognizing the value of the work of the federations, has appropriated liberally to it. During the first month of the war 11,875 beds were available. The number since then has increased to 173,105 for the Provincial Councils and 70,000 for the Municipal Councils. The number of beds managed by other and more prominent organizations are: The War Department, 15,000; the City of Moscow, individually, 75,000; and the Red Cross, 49,000. Individuals, corporations, firms and societies throughout the empire maintain other hospitals with a large number of beds.

Fifty Sanitary Trains.

The Federation of Provincial Councils has the following additional organizations working: Fifty-one fully equipped sanitary trains operating between the front and the base hospital, including surgical, dental and disinfecting cars and isolation cars for infectious diseases; 35 disinfecting columns operating at the front; 50 companies of medical students operating as vaccinating corps; free dining-rooms at all stations near the front; dining-rooms and first aid tents for the wounded at regular intervals throughout the zones of military activity, of which 29 are operating on the western front alone; special companies operating alone; motor ambulances for severely wounded; 90 motor cars for slightly wounded; 15 motor cycles for despatch work, and three motor van workshops.

Better a homely wife than one who isn't home much.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bear the Signature of

W. D. Hoagland

STRANGE OCCUPATIONS.

One Man Who Spends His Life Among Microbes.

What man leads the most peculiar modern life? The question is not an easy one to answer off-hand, but it is doubtful if anyone spends his days in a more strange manner than the bacteriologist. Day after day, week after week, year after year he works in the laboratory, into which only the privileged may enter, studying the microbes of disease. He may not open the window lest he infect the whole neighbourhood with typhoid or diphtheria, or any other disease with which he is at close quarters all day. He encourages bacteria to multiply, and then through a microscope, or sometimes with the naked eye, he watches how they spend their time, in order that he may combat their deadly influence.

While the bacteriologist looks forward, the anthropologist looks backward. He is the man who dashes off to any place when he hears a deep excavation is being made, and hopes always that he will find a skeleton, and especially a skull, for he is never so happy as when he uncovers a human relic going back centuries.

The keeper of the old City Records at the Guildhall is another man who lives the most extraordinary life. In a cold basement office, into which the sun never penetrates, he spends his day carefully examining and tabulating the records of the past. The plant doctor is akin to the bacteriologist, for, like the latter, he spends much of his time in the laboratory, not studying the enemies of the human world, but the enemies of the plant world, and he is very proud when, after diagnosing and treating the various ailments of flowers, he runs across, say, the enemy of a rose, and finds how it may be kept from doing harm.

Entertained the Scene.

The first night I saw Falstaff at Covent Garden, said David Bispham, Beerbohm Tree—he is now Sir Herbert, of course—helped me to make up for the part. He had played the famous role himself, and he was anxious to have my make-up above reproach, for we were great friends. In those days—it was more than a dozen years ago—papier mache noses were not in use as they are today. Falstaff's huge, bulbous nose had to be built up out of "nose paste"—sticky stuff, very much like putty.

If I do say it myself, my make-up was a work of art. But my costume was so heavy—I was padded out with a dozen suits and a huge stomachier—that I was perspiring copiously long before I made my first entrance. However, the applause I received when I went on made up for my discomfort, until in the midst of my most important song I felt my nose slipping from my face! I tried to put it back, but without success. In spite of everything I could do it fell to the stage in full view of the audience. A fitter began in the orchestra chairs and soon grew into a roar of laughter for in my efforts to kick the paste nose out of the way my foot slipped on the sticky stuff and I fell flat on the stage floor!

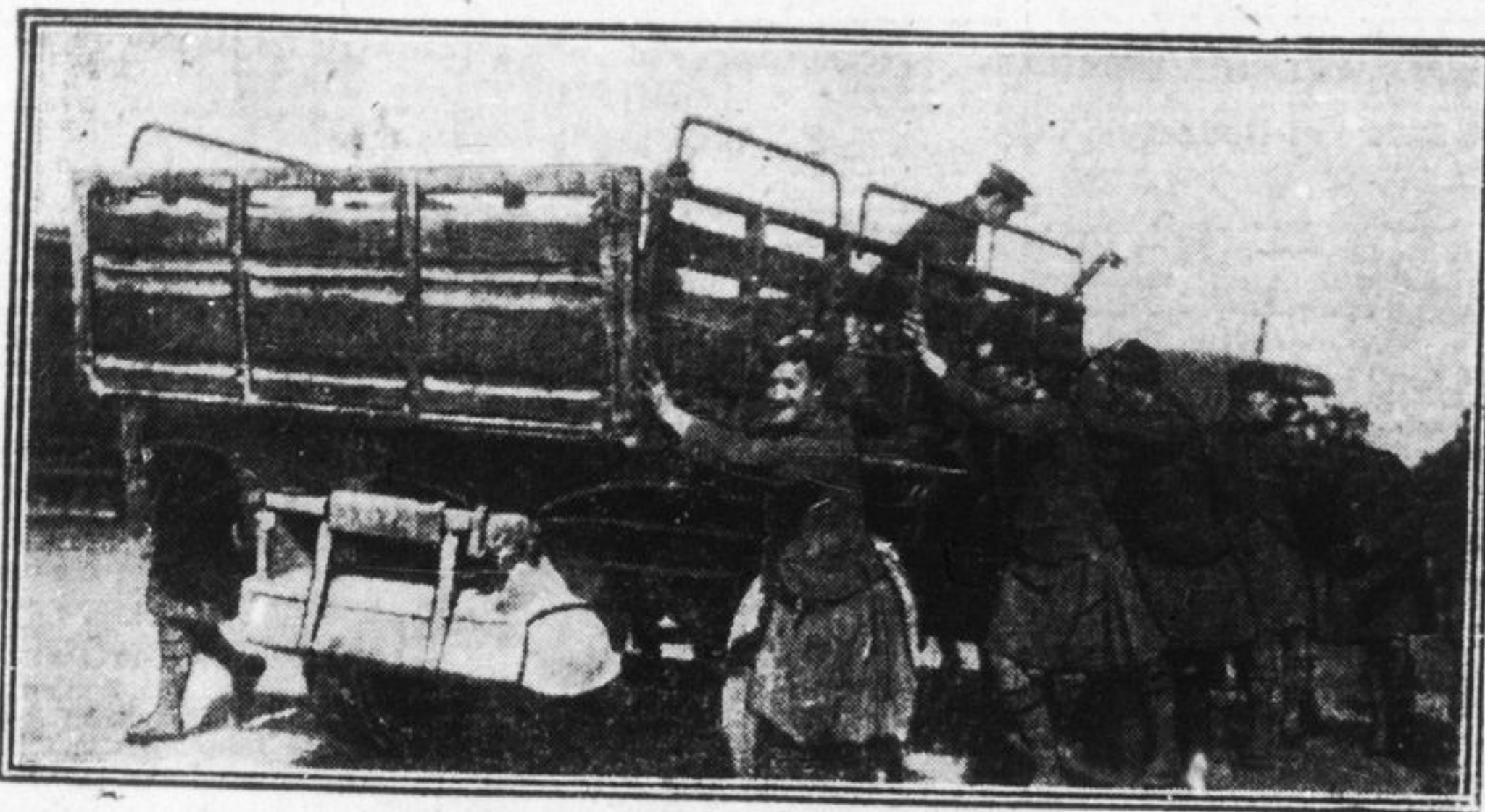
Good Reason.

At Christmas the children of a certain English school tried to collect money by singing carols and snatches of hymns. Many complaints had reached the rector's ears of bands of youngsters scampering through the first verse of "While Shepherds Watched" and then violent jingling the doorbell. So he instituted inquiries on the next occasion he visited the school. "Why is it," he asked, "that instead of singing the hymn in a reverent way you scamper through one verse and then ring the bell?" Silence reigned for a short time. Then a shrill voice from a small boy at the back of the room was heard in explanation. "Please, sir, it's 'cause they always lets the dog loose at the second verse."

For Her Own Pleasure.

They tell of an old chap in Bradford who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

Look here, Sarah: mustard plasters, 50 cents; three teeth extracted, \$1.50. There's \$2 in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"



"HIGHLAND HORSES" IN ACTION.

This detachment of Canadian Scottish, being detained for a long time at the base of supplies, were called upon quite frequently to help motor transports in difficulties from various causes. A waggish corporal dubbed them the "Highland Horses," as the result of these activities, and the photograph shows them at work.

THE SPORT REVIEW

Hambly Shore, the Ottawa, hockey player has employed a lawyer in an effort to have his case straightened out with the Ottawa club.

Lester Patrick, owner, manager, captain, player, etc., of the Victoria team of the Pacific Hockey League, is the leading scorer. He is a defence player.

Cornwall is called to win the eastern group of the O.H.A. The Denney boys are the authority for the statement that the Factory Town team is the fastest outfit on skates.

The Boston Arena Hockey Club have put in a challenge to the Montreal Stars for the Art Ross trophy. Last winter they defeated the Boston A. A. four games, Laval, Queen's and Cleveland.

Georges Carpentier, the famous French heavyweight, is going to retire from the ring. The boxing idol of France announced to friends today that he would take up aviation immediately after the war.

The N.H.A. season is swinging along and that "great influx of amateurs" is still to come. Two players who were not eligible in the O.H.A. have joined the pros, but the remainder of the influx will not be along until just prior to the opening of the season of 1916-17.

Among the fifteen volunteers who were signed up at Berlin, Ont., for the 118th Battalion over the Christmas holidays, was Clayton Wildfang.

Wildfang retired from the boxing ring two years ago. For two seasons he was a headliner in New York boxing circles.

Ottawa Citizen: Though there is little prospect of a saw-off between the Ottawa City champions and the O.H.A. finalists the local survivors will have plenty to play for. The City League will file a challenge for the Art Ross Trophy, and they will also meet the Royal Canadians for the capital honors. It would never do to let the Ottawa champions meet the O.H.A. "on the make" specialists. "Simon-pures."

Ottawa Journal: The Stars of Montreal and a New York club were supposed to have played a series of games for the Ross Cup. They played the games all right, and though the New York team won the first game, 8 to 4, tied the second and lost the third, 2 to 1, the Stars keep the cup. How that was figured out is past us. However, it develops now that the cup was never at stake in the series of games, but that playing the games was just a gate-getting scheme.

Quebec Chronicle: The Toronto papers do a lot of jesting about the N.H.A. penalty system. And there is no doubt that some of their remarks are a bit justified. In six-man hockey, as played by the pros, it is impossible to bench a man and leave a team play five against six as this slows up the game, and six-man hockey is the real speed article. But there is a good deal of truth in the statement that some men, when tired, will welcome a penalty, while a man equally as good replaces him. Thereby making the "penalty" more of a windfall to the offending team.



A Green Shopper. "I wish some plug tobacco for a present for my husband." "Yes'm. What kind?" "I hardly know. What flavors have you?"

GIVE US MEN.

By the Bishop of Exeter. The following has been pronounced as one of the most beautiful poems of the war:

Give us men! Men from every rank; Fresh and free and frank; Men of thought and reading; Men of light and leading; Men of royal breeding; The nation's welfare speeding; Men of faith and not of faction; Men of lofty aim and action; Give us men—I say again, Give us men!

Give us men! Strong and stalwart ones; Men whom highest hope inspires, Men whom purest honor fires, Men who trample Self beneath them, Men who make their country wreathe

As her noble sons, Worthy of their sire's; Men who never shame their mothers, Men who never fall their brothers, True, however false are others; Give us men! I say again—again Give us men!

Give us men! Men who, when the tempest gathers, Grasp the standard of their fathers In the thickest fight; Men who strike for home and altar (Let the crowd's crye and falter); True as truth, though torn and lonely, Tender as the brave are only; Men who tread where saints have trod.

God defend the right! Men for Country—Home—and God; Give us men! I say again—again Give us men!

Mystery of Stonehenge. Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, which has lately been sold by auction, was at one time counted among the four wonders of England.

As long ago as the twelfth century Henry of Huntingdon classed it thus, and even in these days of marvels it still ranks as one of our greatest "show places," and one of the unsolved riddles of the world.

Why and how it was erected has always been a matter of dispute and puzzle among historians and archaeologists. No one knows when it came into being or what people built it. It has been attributed to the Phoenicians, the Druids, the Saxons, and the Danes, by various authorities, while the object of it is equally uncertain. It has been "recognized" as a temple of the sun, a temple of serpent worship, a shrine of Buddha, a gallows, and a calendar in stone for the measurement of the solar year. The general belief nowadays is that it was a place of burial during the bronze age.

How these huge masses of stone—the largest stands about 22ft. out of the ground—were in primitive times placed in position or brought the many miles which are between Salisbury Plain and the nearest seashore has never been satisfactorily explained. The labor involved must have been stupendous.

One-armed Wonder.

It may be some consolation for soldiers who have lost an arm to know that Mr. B. Eastwood, who lately sailed for British East Africa to take up his new position as general manager of the Uganda Railway, finds that he can get along with one arm almost as well as with two.

Mr. Eastwood lost his right arm in an encounter with a rhinoceros, but he has not allowed the loss to handicap him. He still drives a motor-car, rides a horse, shoots big game, shaves with an ordinary razor—not condescending to use a safety—and can work a typewriter with ease at sixty or seventy words a minute. He can light a cigar as quickly as any man. He just grips the match-box between his knees, and has the cigar burning before you realize what is happening. At first he kept a little vice on his desk, in which he could fix things which he would have held in his right hand, but he rarely finds it necessary to make use of it now.

Time isn't much money, when the three ball merchant refuses to advance more than 50 cents on your chronometer.

Many a boasted family tree is a stunted shrub.

THE AMERICAS ARE UNITED

Against Aggression By the European Powers.

HINT AT JOINT ACTION

SHOULD REPUBLICS' SOVEREIGNTY BE MENACED.

"America Has Become the Guardian of the Idea Which Will Rule the World."

Washington, Dec. 29.—Significant addresses by Secretary of State Lansing and Vice-President Marshall presaging a closer political and commercial union between the republics of the western hemisphere marked the opening session of the second Pan-American Scientific Congress in the magnificent Pan-American Union Building here. The speakers hinted strongly at the probability of joint military action in the event of European aggression.

"The might of this country," said Mr. Lansing, "will never be exercised in a spirit of greed to wrest from a neighboring State its territory or possessions. Whenever and wherever we can we will stretch forth a hand to those who need help." "If the sovereignty of a sister Republic is menaced from over the seas, the power of the United States, and I hope and believe, the united power of the American Republics, will constitute a bulwark which will protect the independence and integrity of their neighbor against aggression. The American family of nations might well take for its motto, that of Dumas' famous Musketeers, 'One for all; all for one.'"

Secretary Lansing said that "Pan-Americanism" is an expression of the idea of internationalism and that "America has become the guardian of the idea which in the end will rule the world." Vice-President Marshall, who spoke for the President, declared that the ideal of Pan-Americanism should be to prevent unjust interference in the affairs of the American nations. He said the United States would be the first to resent such interference with any country of the Americas.

The Congress will remain in session continuously until January 8th, the work being done through innumerable sections under the charge of eminent scientists.

Gris' Strike.

A curious industrial difficulty has arisen at Alcester, Horsefairs. An American customer of a local firm complained, it is stated, that a consignment of crochet-hooks had arrived in a rusty and unsaleable condition. The firm decided to make a change in one of their departments, whereupon the girls employed in it left work. Other sections followed, and the deadlock continues.

Every man knows some other man who he would like to kick.

Advertisement for The Welland Cigarettes, featuring a picture of a pack and the text 'a popular choice from TOOR'.

Oh, Yes; Sergt. O'Leary Has a Twin Brother

A multi-panel cartoon by Bud Fisher featuring a sergeant and a boy. The sergeant is talking to the boy about his twin brother and a dog named 'The Marsh Woods'.