

Parsnips With Sauce

Wash and scrape, or peel thinly, three or four parsnips then cut them into slices or cubes, and put them into fast-boiling water (salted). Cook for about 20 minutes; then pour off the water and drain the parsnips. Into a clean saucepan put 1 oz of butter or drippings, and when melted add to it a similar quantity of flour; cook this for a few minutes whilst stirring without browning and stir in gradually a pint of stock or water, together with half a pint of milk. Stir till it boils, and let simmer for about fifteen minutes; then put in the partly-cooked parsnips. Allow the contents of the pan to cook gently until the parsnips are quite tender stirring occasionally to prevent them from sticking to the pan or burning. Season to taste with salt, pepper, or a grate of nutmeg. Before serving add a few drops of lemon juice, and, if liked, a little cream. Put the parsnips and the sauce on a hot dish, sprinkle over a little finely chopped parsley and serve hot.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
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Fire and Water to Destroy
Russians

London, March 18.—How the Germans employed both fire and water to destroy the Russians in the campaign in the Muzurian Lake district of East Prussia is related in a communication received by the Westminster Gazette from Gothenburg:
"German strategy counted not only on water and fire, but even fire," the correspondent at Gothenburg declares. "Their engineers have for many years been equipped with a peculiar kind of auger for excavating the trunks of soft trees such as the Muzurian firs. When the Russian army first advanced into East Prussia, German engineers have excavated a number of trees. When Russian troops reached the Muzurian district, German engineers at once opened the canal locks, drowning the invading troops like flies. Some Russians reached the forests, but, of course, they had no idea that many trees had been charged with gasoline. It was an easy task for the German artillery to set a match to this hot fire and burn up the Russian regiments they had entrapped."

Belgian Maid Glad to
be in England.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am to get to England," said a Belgian maid. "It seemed almost incredible when I was offered a place here."
"Holland, now we have always

Goods Received at St John by the
Provincial Belgian Relief Committee
Jan 7th to Feb 27th

Port Elgin,	1 Box
Perth,	2 boxes
W. D. Dawson, Stevescote,	1 1-2 bbls
Port Elgin Presbyterian S. S.	2 cases
St. George and Second Falls, Red Cross Society,	2 bxs. pel.
Belgian Committee, Island View,	2 bbls., 1 box.
Norton,	1 box
Chatham,	1 box, 1 bag.
President of Molas River, per Mrs. R. Hutchinson,	1 Cs.
Mrs. W. W. Graham, Main River	1 box
Charlestown & Whites Glen, Belgian Relief Society.	1 bbl
Tracey,	1 bx.
Fredericton Junction,	1 bbl
D. H. Rees, Collins,	1 bx.
Sackville,	1 bx.
Derby Junction,	1 bx., 1 carton
St. Johns Church, S. S. Dalhousie,	4 cases
T. H. Wilson, Fairville,	1 case
Newcastle,	1 pel.
Thomas Clifford, Oak Pt.	1 "
Miss Armstrong, Roix Road,	1 bale
Mrs. J. McC-Hewitts,	1 bx
B. J. Martin, Grand Falls,	1 "
W. Howlett, Lake Edward,	1 box, 2 bbls.
P. S. St. Stephen,	1 case
Perth,	1 bx.
Woodstock Belgian Relief Society	3 case.
Harvey Womens Missionary Society, per Miss Sutherland.	2 boxes
People of Scotcl. Colony, Muniac, per Rev. G. Pringle	2 bbls, 1 box
R. d. Cross Society, Centreville,	1 cs
Mrs. T. Bourgeois, Wapske,	1 cs
R. B. Fredericton,	1 bx
Miss Crawford, C. C.	1 pel
Lakeville and Williamstown Belgian Society,	1 cs
Women's Institute, Lord's Cove	2 "
Gagetown Red Cross.	1 pel
Women's Institute, Grand Harbour,	1 cs.
Robt. Robertson, Main River.	1 bag
Knoxford Belgian Relief Society,	1 box, 1 bbl
Tracey Mills Relief Society,	1 bbl
Mrs. Swinerton, Newcastle,	1 pel.
Mrs. S. Mahoney, Tide Head,	1 cs
Bristol,	1 bx
Mrs. Reuben Ross, Ribley Brook,	1 bx
Ardover and Perth Red Cross Society,	1 bx
Mrs. D. C. Clarke, Douglas Harbour.	1 "
Bath,	1 "
D. B. Baird, River de Chute,	1 "
Grand Falls,	1 box
Mrs A. L. N., Fredericton,	1 carton
D. H. G., St. Andrews,	1 bbl
Richmond Patriotic Society,	1 case
New Mills,	1 pel
Chatham,	1 "
Salisbury,	1 bx
Chatham,	1cs
Mrs. Gunter, City	1 pel.
F. A. Wightman,	1 pel.
Passekeag Red Cross Society,	2 pcls.
Red Cross Society, Plaster Rock,	2 bbls, 2 cs.

looked upon as a neighbor and a friend and I doubt whether Belgium will ever forgive the way she has treated the refugees. The Dutch seemed to be taking full advantage of the situation.

"Are you cold and shivering? Welcome in. You can have a warm by the fire—for a fraction."

"Aren't you dry yet? Oh, you should have been quicker about it. It's somebody else's turn now. They're paying just like you next!"

"That's Holland!"
"Then we came over to England—'perilous Albion,' as the Germans would have us believe—and it's 'Are you hungry? Because if you are there's plenty of sandwiches and coffee and everything ready. Then if you need any money, please let us know."

"After you've had something to eat and let us know what you are used to doing we'll go through the book and see whether there are any openings to suit you; if not then we will place you 'en pension' till something is found. Never mind about money. Good luck and keep cheerful and write us if we can do anything."

"That's England!"

The Ruling Race

But a leading reason why governments and peoples have not been at one is German influence at the courts. With the exception of the Italian monarchy, the kings and Queens are mostly German. The father of the King of Greece

was a Dane of one generation. His was by family a German. He was George of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. King George was, however, true to Greece. Constantine, the present King, is Greek by birth, but his wife is a sister of the German Emperor, and as is under some obligation to that monarch. The King of Rumania is a Hohenzollern by family. His father positively refused to join in the war at its outbreak because he had given his word to his august relative, and the word of a Hohenzollern could not be broken; that is, we must presume, when given to another Hohenzollern. For that speech he got a snub from his prime minister, and soon after died. The prime minister, who knew the mind of the people, told him that Hohenzollern blood had nothing to do with the question. The present king may be less German. His wife is the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, King Edward's brother, who was also Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The able premier of Greece has resigned because the King will not go to war, and it is thought that he will have to be recalled as no other will satisfy the people. The prime minister of Bulgaria has now resigned under similar contions. In Italy, on the other hand, it is the prime minister who has from the first done all he could to keep his country out of war. The monarchy there is quite free from German influences.

—Montreal Weekly Witness.

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fortune on all sides made my loss seem slight to me. I rose to look for the station-master, and suddenly caught sight of Dr. Bresser. In my excitement I fell about his neck.

"Baroness Tilling!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here?" "I have come to assist," is Frederick in one of your hospitals?"

His negative reply was a relief as well as a disappointment. But how could he know of all the wounded. I would search for myself. I asked for Frau Simon.

"She is here, and a splendid woman—quick, decisive, prudent. She has discovered that the need is the greatest in a near village. We are going there together."

"Let me go along with you, Doctor." He tried to dissuade me, but after some argument he introduced me to Frau Simon as an assistant, and in a few minutes we started on our journey in a hay wagon which had just brought some wounded men to the station. We sat upon the straw, possibly still wet from blood, and started on our long uncomfortable ride. The rickety wagon with its straw-covered boards was pure torture to me, accustomed to springs and cushions. I was sound and well, what must it have been to the mangled and shattered bodies which were carried over rough roads in this wagon? My eyes were heavy; the discomfort and excited nerves prevented sleep, but leaning on the Doctor's shoulder, half-dreaming, I heard bits of the conversation which my companions carried on half aloud.

They spoke of the lack of surgeons and instruments. Even bread was not to be had, and in many places the water had been so polluted that it could not be used. Every roof-covered space was crammed with wounded men, and in their ravings they blasphemed God.

"Mr. Twining of London must have heard these curses," said the Doctor, "when he proposed to the Geneva Red Cross that, when the condition of the wounded is hopeless, they should be offered the consolations of religion and then be put out of their agony in the most humane manner, thus preventing them from dying with curses of God upon their lips."

"How unchristian," cried Frau Simon.

"Unchristian to give them such gracious relief?"

"No, but the idea that such curses are a sin. The christian God is not unjust, he takes the fallen soldiers to Himself."

"Mohammed promises paradise to every Turk who slays a christian," replied Dr. Bresser. "Believe me, dear madam, the gods that are represented as both inciting war and blessing murder are deaf both to curses and to prayers. Look up and see the planet Mars overhead. Every two years it shines there, and is unconscious of its consecration to the god of war. That same blood-red star shone down upon Marathon and Thermopylae, the curses of the dying were heaped upon it, but it indifferently and peacefully kept its perfect circuit round the sun—even as to-day. Unlucky stars? There is no such thing—man is the only enemy of man—and his only friend."

But finally sleep overcame me, and it was a relief to get rid of the unendurable images that filled my brain. How long I slept I do not know, but I was suddenly roused as by a shock. But no, it was not a noise or vibration which woke me; it was a pestilential, stifling odor that filled the air. By the clear light of the moon, which had risen, we saw the cause of the intolerable stench; a church wall which had served as a breastwork was banked up with countless corpses, from which a black cloud of fluttering ravens rose as we approached, and fluttered back again upon their feast as we passed on.

The driver whipped up the horses, and we jolted madly out of the range of the frightful odor. Terror held my throat like a screw, or I should have shrieked.

As we arrived at our destination, Frau Simon complained that I should be more of a burden than a help, but I roused all my courage and begged to be allowed to assist. We found ourselves in the middle of the village, at the gate of a chateau which had been deserted by its owners and filled

from cellar to roof with wounded men. We got out, and I puffed myself together with all my force. We passed the gate of the chateau, meeting stifled sounds of woe on all sides. Everything was dark, and we had forgotten to bring along any means of lighting. Some matches from the Doctor's pocket served for a few seconds to give us a flash of the terrible picture. Our feet slipped in the bloody slime, and we could do nothing but add our despair to the multitude groaning and sighing about us.

Frau Simon and the Doctor hurried out to search for the village priest, and left me alone in the dark among these wailing people, and in this stifling odor, shuddering to the bones. But the Doctor returned, saying, "No, you must come with us, you shall not stay in that purgatory." I waited in the open air in the wagon for half an hour, when the expedition came back quite unsuccessful. The pastor's house was in ruins and no light was to be found. We must wait for the daylight, and how many of these miserable creatures would perish after all the hope our coming had awakened in them?

Those three hours seemed endless, marked not by the ticking of the clock, but by the fitful groans and helpless cries of the wounded. At last the day broke. Now for duty. First the frightened, hiding villagers must be found and made to help. Some buried the dead, others cleared the choked wells, everything was collected that would furnish food and clothing. A Prussian surgeon with his staff arrived, and before long some of the general distress was relieved. First we visited the crowd of wounded in the castle—my husband was not among them; then I went with Dr. Bresser into the village church, where a hundred men, mangled and feverish, lay on the stone floor. I almost fainted with terror as I looked for the one beloved face—it was not there. I sank beside the altar, filled with inexorable horror. And this was the temple of the eternal God of Love! The niches were full of pious images—saints with folded hands and lifted faces which were crowned with circlets of gold. I heard a poor soldier cry: "O Mother of God, Holy Mother, one drop of water, have mercy!" All eternity he might have called to that painted image. Ah, miserable men, your petitions to God will be in vain till you obey the law of love which He has stamped upon your own souls. So long as hate and murder are not subdued in your own hearts, you can hope for no compassion from Heaven.

Oh, the experiences of that dreadful day! At the sight of one scene, which my pen shrinks to describe, I heard Mrs. Simon exclaim:

"It is astonishing what human nature can endure."
"What is most astonishing to me is that human beings will bring each other into such situations of agony; that men will not swear before God that war shall cease; that, if they are princes, they do not break their swords; and, if they have no other power, that they do not, in thought and words and deeds, devote themselves to the one passionate cry, 'Disarm! Disarm!'"

I remembered that in a barn, where we found a heap of wounded and dead who had been forgotten there for more than a week, my poor strength finally forsook me and I swooned away.

When my consciousness returned I found myself in a railway car, Dr. Bresser sitting beside me. He was bringing me home. I had not found my husband—thank God I had not found him among those terrible scenes—and a faint hope took possession of my heart that some news of him was awaiting me in Grunitz.

Whatever the future held for me in sorrow or joy, it would never be able to blot out the memory of the gigantic misery which I had witnessed, and I was resolved that I should cry it into the ears of my human brothers and sisters until they should no longer look upon war as a fatality, but as an unspeakable crime.

I slept nearly the entire way to Vienna; at the station my father met me, embraced me gently, and said to the Doctor:

"How can I thank you for taking this crazy young woman under your protection?"

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