

Cardinal Facts

This is Canada's war. What will the harvest be? In rease of knowledge means increase of production.

The first essential for the highest yield is good seed.

Not only grain growers, but breeders and all producers are making history at this juncture.

Yield of the crop is increased if treated for smut prevention.

Failure to secure suitable varieties is a frequent cause of poor ensilage.

All grain intended for seed should be cleaned and graded, in order to retain only the strong kernels.

Farmers who have separate houses for their laborers have no difficulty in securing help.

Good labor is worthy employment in winter as well as in spring, summer and autumn.

If labor is scarce now, it will not be more plentiful in another year, so it is wise to encourage present help.

A surplus of employment could find useful work in every town of size.

Austria has decreed that every acre must be utilized for production. Wasting land is the worst form of extravagance.

Livestock is the foundation of permanently successful farming to-day, as it has always been.

The farmer who conserves his best stock for breeding will profit greatly in the future.

When manure is piled and allowed to heat, the vitality of most of the seeds is destroyed; but when drawn to the field from the stable, or not left long enough in the pile to become well rotted, manure is one of the most important means of seed dispersal.

Canada is many times larger in area than Belgium, but in population there is not a great deal of difference, that is, considering Belgium before the war. Britain is the protector of small states. The greater the area and variety of area, the more protection is needed when emergency arises.

Spring Impurities in the Blood.

A Ton's Medicine is a Necessity at this Season

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an all year round tonic, blood-builder and nerve-restorer. But they are especially valuable in the spring when the system is loaded with impurities as a result of the indoor life of the winter months. There is no other season when the blood is so much in need of purifying and enriching, and every dose of these Pills helps to make new, rich, red blood.

You can get these health-renewing Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The village is ours—no, the enemy has it—it is once more ours—finally it is the enemy's but no longer can it be called a village, nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. The inhabitants' was the village not there—they had abandoned it early—happy for them—for the shot and shell hit all alike, old and young, women and children. One family had remained behind in this place which yesterday we took, lost, retook, and lost again—an old couple with a married daughter in childbed. The husband came to be one of my regiment. "For God's sake, Colonel," he said as we

approached the village, "killed me over there in the house with the red roof, for there lived my wife with her crippled old parents. They could not get away." Poor devil, he arrived to see his wife and child killed by an exploding shell, and the old people buried beneath the debris.

Fighting in the open country is terrible enough, but fighting in the midst of homes and human haunts is ten times more cruel. Crashing timbers, burning buildings, smothering smoke and fumes, maddened animals, every building a fortress or barricade, and every window a gun-hole! There was a breastwork heaped up with corn, the defenders having used the grain as a rampart to shoot behind. One man pined in among the reeds



Small Deposits Welcome

If you wish to start a Savings Account do not hesitate because you have only a small sum to begin with; you will be welcome at our office. Some of our large accounts began as deposits of \$1.

It is our aim to have customers come to us with the feeling that we will attend to their business with pleasure.

The Bank of Nova Scotia

Capital - \$5,000,000 Surplus - 12,000,000 Total Resources over - \$17,000,000

CARLETON COUNTY Branches Woodstock, East Florenceville, Castlereave, Bath, Bristol

Living still! that is the most horrible condition for the uncared-for wounded. If only some angel, either of compassion or death, might touch these poor wretches with a tender hand!

Today we had a little cavalry skirmish in the open field. A Prussian dragon regiment came up, dropped into line, and, with their bridles drawn and sabres over their heads, they galloped down on us. We sprang to meet the attack. No bullets were exchanged. A few paces apart both regiments broke into a thundering "hurrah" (like intoxicated Indians or barbaric Zulus); and so we fell upon each other, horse to horse knee to knee, sabres swinging and crashing down upon the men from both sides. We were soon in such a muddle that we could not use our weapons. The horses reared and pranced, clanging their hoofs. Once I fell and saw above me these frightful crashing feet within an inch of my head—it was not a pleasant thing.

Again on the march, with a few skirmishes. Another great sorrow. It ought not to haunt me so when so many are in despair. I should have left poor Puxl at home with his little master, for, as he ran after me, the splinter of a shell tore off his front legs. I heard the mournful howl, but must press on and desert the poor beast, who may not die for twenty-four, no, even forty-eight, hours. "Master, master," he seemed to cry, "don't forsake poor Puxl, and his little heart is breaking." What torments one must sit to think that the dying faithful creature misjudged me. It cannot know that when a regiment is flying to attack, leaving behind so many comrades, one cannot command "Halt!" for a little dog. . . . and he must have thought me merciless. Many would say, shrugging their shoulders, how can one mind such trifles amidst such great events and such gigantic misfortunes? But not you, my Martha—you will weep for Puxl. What goes there? A spy? One? No, seventeen. There they came in four rows, four in a row, marching with bowed heads, surrounded by a square of soldiers. Behind, in a wagon, lay a corpse, and bound to it a twelve-year-old boy—the dead man's son—all condemned to die. I withdraw, but hear the firing and the smoke, and I shudder. The boy is dead too.

At last a comfortable night in bed! A poor little town! Provisions? Yes, taken from the inhabitants on requisition. All they had for the coming month. "Requisition!" It is a good thing to have a pretty name for an ugly act. But a night's sleep and a meal mean a great deal to me just now. When I was about to tumble into bed, an orderly came in and brought me something for which I

promised my bones, rewarded him handsomely, and promised to do something for his family. What the fine fellow brought me gave me the keenest pleasure, and I drank one from a bottle, which I had been unable to savor at the party—because he had brought me our Paul. He was alive, beside himself with joy, though badly mangled. . . . Such a scene of reunion! He interrupted his rapturous drink ten times to bark with joy. . . . I bound his poor legs and gave him some supper. Finally we both slept, and in the morning when we woke he stretched out his small body, breathed, licked my hand again and again deep—and was no more. Poor Paul, it is better so.

Another day and its horrors. With my eyes shut it comes to me in frightful pictures. . . . Nothing but desecrating agony! How can some men give their war reminiscences with such delight? Do they lie and paint the scenes in story-book fashion for the sake of heroics? The more horrible things are, the more gloriously do they describe them; the more ghastly the scenes, the more indifferent and easy they make it appear. . . . I speak of these horrors with indignation, indignation, or resignation. . . . Some may, perhaps, heave a few sentimental sighs of sympathy, but they are ever ready to sing the "glorious" refrain: "Lift your heart to God and your hand against the enemy, ra-ra, Hurrah!"

To-day two pictures impressed themselves upon me. Rocky heights, with jagged cragging up them, the cats. They were ordered to "take" the height. The enemy was firing down. As the bullets from above struck them, they threw out their arms, dropped their rifles, and rolled crushing to the bottom, and over the rocky projections they were smashed to pieces. The other scene: A rider, a little way from me, was struck by a shell, which ripped the lower part of his body off, dismembering him. The horse swerved, and carried this mangled, bleeding man, which at a short distance fell to the ground and was dragged over the stones by the galloping animal.

An artillery section stands with its wheels sunk deep in the mire of water-covered road. Dripping with sweat and blood from the cruel blows, the horses drag at the sinking guns. One has dropped, but the lash keeps falling on the poor beast, who cannot move. Does not the man see this? Yes, but he is responsible for his guns and must fulfill his duty. The tormented, willing, faithful creature does not understand it, and has made his most desperate efforts. What must it think?—think, as animals think, not articulately, but insensately; not in words but in feelings, which are all the more acute because they can find no expression. And with its only expression, a shriek of pain, the poor thing sank; and that shriek rings in my ears yet, it even haunted my next night's dream. To sense the pain of one artillery horse and then multiply it by one hundred thousand—for that is the usual number, slaughtered in a long campaign—gives one some idea of the mass of agony men heap upon these poor unfortunate dumb brutes—these same men who go with pleasure to meet their foes. The men are supposed to know why they go, but the poor beast knows no reason why he is hewn into helpless agony. What anguish they endure—and terror so great that sweat drenches their bodies! And then the fever of the wounds, the terrible thirst, which is suffered by these miserable, abused one hundred thousand horses! This was my dream, and I awoke in a fever reaching for my water-bottle.

Another street fight. The crashing timbers and falling walls were the more horrible for the battle-cries, shots, and explosions of shell. From a wrecked house there flew over my head a window-frame, and the chimney fell to dust, stifling the air and stinging our eyes with the plaster dust. Fighting along the narrow lanes and streets, we finally came upon the open market-place. In the middle, on a high pillar, stood a statue of the Virgin Mother, with the Child in one arm, stretching the other in blessing. Here the struggle became one of demons—hard to fight. They were hacking at me, as I was laying about me with my sword. What I hit I do not know, for in such moments one's memory fails. Yet two terrible images remain in my mind: A Russian dragon, strong as Goliath, tore one of our officers out of his saddle, and split his skull at the feet of the Madonna. The gentle saint looked on unmoved. Another Goliath of the enemy's dragons snatched my neighbor, beat him backwards, so that I heard his spine crack, and threw him lifeless under the same blessed lady's outstretched hand.

From the heights we saw again a spectacle. A bridge fell with a train of wagons crossing it. We saw they fell with wounded? I could not see that horses, wagons, and humans sank for ever into the rapid water. It was counted lucky, for it was the enemy's loss; our men had saved the timbers as a successful strategy. Another picture from this height disclosed our

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Please remember—this is not good piano of these low grades which you would not buy at any price (if you are well advised). . . . This instrument of the highest quality that is constructed and costed at a great deal more than some other pianos which you may have put in this competition just as well as this. . . . You might be surprised to know that we could put in just about two of "the other kind" for the price of one. We decided to do this because we musicians ourselves and want our readers to compare for just such an instrument as we would take pride in owning and using ourselves. We think that the public which we reach will appreciate this fact. Everything else being equal you would prefer the high grade piano wouldn't you?

You will not have to get your piano out of a catalogue, or from a high flown description, or merely from a newspaper cut, but you can see a piano of exactly the kind we are giving, at the "Dispatch Office," Woodstock. You can examine it and try it. Only this—your piano will be brand new, direct from the Amherst factory, and you will have three different styles of cases to choose from. Inside they are all alike. We want to make a competition something worth working for. Something a little bit different from what a newspaper generally offers.

The "Amherst" is comparatively a new piano, but one of the highest grade pianos made in the Dominion of Canada. The judges at the Toronto Exposition awarded it the best. That is speaking pretty well of a piano made in the Maritime Provinces, isn't it? What more could be said?

There is another thing about this "Amherst Piano." It is the only piano made into which you can put a "player afterwards if you want to. "Players are very costly when you have to buy them with a piano. Wouldn't you prefer a piano into which you could put a player attachment later on, at no great deal of money. The Amherst Player, or "Cromastone" is a beautiful simple instrument, with several improvements over any other, under no recent patents, is very compact, and that is why it does not require a special piano to hold it, and it can be used on ordinary pianos which the "Amherst" factory turns out. Every Amherst Piano is guaranteed for twenty years, and is the only piano that carries a guarantee for that length of time.

Write to the DISPATCH OFFICE for INSTRUCTIONS and SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS for this CONTEST.

own Khovannum's regiment investigated into a swamp from which it could not extricate itself. While sinking into the morass, the enemy's shells rained them all. But they could not utter a sound with their noses, eyes, and mouths filled with mire. This, we were told, was a tactical mistake. Any one is apt to err, and what does it matter if a few of the chess-board figures are lost? That the slime is in their eyes and mouths does not count; only the mistake is deplored, but the tactician will make up for it, and may be decorated with orders and promotions yet. Too bad that lately our 18th Battalion should fire all night upon another one of our regiments till daylight disclosed the error, and sad also that another troop was led into a pond through a conflict in orders, but little things like that will happen to the best players of the game of war.

I have settled it. This will be my last campaign. When I come back I quit the service. When a man has learned to look upon war with the horror that it produces in me, it would be a lie and a crime to stay in its service. As you know, I have always gone into battle with repugnance, but this detestation is so increased, this condemnation and decision has become so strong that all the reasons with which I had held my judgment have ceased to argue in me. Our mutual study of the question has proved to me that the greatest souls in the world share this conception of war with me. Whatever comes, I am determined that at the end of this campaign I shall for ever close my military life. I cannot serve the god of war any longer. I have come to this conviction as some people change their old ideas of religion, which they gradually find have rested on folly and superstition; and so I can no longer keep up the deception, or kneel to the delusion, that arms, reclamations and cannon roars are consecrated things. Without any respect for the ritual of the god Mars, with its weird human sacrifices, I abjure for ever the cruel worship.

CHAPTER III

The battle of Koniggratz ended in a terrible defeat which seemed de-

vised. My father told the news in surprise, as though it had been the end of the world. There was neither letter, nor telegram from Frederick. Was he wounded or worse? Conrad had reported himself as untouched. The lists had not yet arrived, but the loss in killed and wounded was reported as forty thousand.

I wept for hours when the third day came without a line. While there was hope, I could still weep; had all been over my woe would have been without expression. My father was terribly depressed, and Otto full of revenge. He wished to join a corps of volunteers recruiting in Vienna. It was reported that the victorious commander of the southern campaign was to replace the defeated marshal of the north.

But no news came of Frederick. A few days later there was a letter from Dr. Bresser, who was busy in the neighborhood of the battle, and wrote of the infinite misery and need of help, which was beyond imagination. He had joined Dr. Brauer, who had been sent by the Saxon Government, and a Saxon lady, another Florence Nightingale, was to arrive two days later. She came from the hospitals of Dresden to help in Bohemia. The two surgeons were planning to meet the lady at the nearest station to Koniggratz, and Bresser begged us, if possible, to send quantities of bandages and such supplies to his station, that they might be delivered into his hands. This letter, awoke in me a resolution which I did not dare tell my family: I would take the box of bandages myself.

I announced that I would go to Vienna and prepare supplies for the doctor, and so managed to get away without difficulty. I could easily announce from there my real intentions to the family without their interference.

I had some doubts as to my want of experience, but I felt the compelling gaze of my husband fixed upon me, and he seemed to be stretching his arms from a bed of pain, and my only thought was: "I am coming, I am coming."

I found Vienna a mass of confusion. Everywhere my carriage passed vehicles of wounded men. I made my preparations hurriedly and started for

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