

A Marvel of Surgery

Amid the horrors of the war the turns for the marvels of medical science demonstrated in the treatment of the wounded.

A writer for the "Revue Scientifique" of Paris tells of a soldier who lived four months with a piece of metal in his heart, "buried" through the diaphragm, the pericardium, and the thickness of the cardiac muscle, penetrating the cavity of the organ, where it remained free in the right ventricle. The heart was wounded at Argonne in October—and the fragment of steel was grasped with forceps and pulled out, after it had eluded, by its mobility, attempts to grasp it with the fingers.

"After several days of intense pain and threatened syncope, a slight fever developed, accompanied by lung trouble, which quickly disappeared. The patient was considered cured 30 days after the operation. At the present the heart is normal."

As a surgical clinic the war is unmatched in scope. The surgical science at hand is cosmopolitan and far in advance of service provided during any previous war. The soldier who is picked up on the field with an ugly wound and dispatched to a hospital is safer than the man with a whole skin who is subject to the risks of health in the trenches. Ordinary wounds, which formerly caused death, are cured with such certainty.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

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that the percentage of recoveries can hardly be credited by readers of the reports. The case is grave, in the eyes of the surgeon, only when it would have been hopeless to their colleagues at the time of the civil war. Miracles are performed as a matter of routine.

The Negro Leader

The trustees of Tuskegee Institute have no doubt made a wise selection of a successor to the late Dr. Booker Washington. Robert Russa Moton was born in 1867 in Amelia County, Virginia, upon the estate of a planter named Vaughan. He thus represents a generation that does not remember slavery. It is of the greatest interest to all well-wishers that we have in this appointment the leadership of a pure negro. His father and mother were both of unmixed blood. The former was the chief hand in the plantation

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the latter cook at the big house. Robert early showed a desire to obtain a good education. This desire was encouraged by the kindly Vaughans, and in 1885 he entered Hampton institute graduating in 1890. At first he showed a desire to enter the legal profession, but General Armstrong, the founder and head of the institute, thought he could be of more use to his people by remaining at Hampton and helping to prepare teachers. In 1896 he joined the Institute staff as drill master and assistant to the commandant of cadets. Shortly afterwards he became commandant and proceeded in many ways to develop the office and its services to the young people of the institute. For several years he has been the right hand man of General Armstrong's successor, Dr. Fassell. He and Dr. Washington of Tuskegee, naturally became close friends. They travelled a good deal together in the interest of their common work, and each found his hand strengthened by the friendship and co-operation of the other. The keynote of Mr. Moton's work may be found in his saying that the negro as a race must grasp firmly the three fundamental facts. These are race consciousness, a high moral ideal and intelligent industry. "I believe," he says, "that unless democracy is a failure and Christianity a mockery, it is entirely feasible and practicable for the black and white races of America to develop side by side in peace, in harmony, and in mutual helpfulness . . . each making its contributions to the wealth and culture of our beloved country." These are the words of a wise man and of a patriot, and his work will be followed with great interest.—Montreal Weekly Witness.

A Prophecy

Here is the prophecy of an equi-

ment English engineer:—
"When we have crushed Germany the world's engineering trade will be in two hands—the United States and ours. We shall once more become the workshop of the world. All the devastated countries will come to us for bridges, trains, factory equipment, electric power, stations, tramway systems, gas and electric plants.
"And here is the important thing: we will be in a position to do the job. If our factories were as before the war we could not. But now we are equipped with trained men, expanded plants with energy geared up to a high class of productivity, which will give England a whole new industrial prestige."
It will mean in England, as in France, an era of new competition. The machines that made the parts for munition-making machines and for munitions will produce new devices for products heretofore imported. Just as the tides of battle will have changed the geography of Europe, so will this vast productive machine help to rearrange the trade map of the world.

An Officers Confession

How the Germans on the Western front have lost all heart for fighting and dread a British advance was described to a press representative in an interview with a Territorial officer.
"If there are still people at home," he said, "who have any doubt as to the end of the German dream of conquest, they can be promptly reassured on the strength of conversations with recently captured prisoners. The number of Germans who have fallen into our hands within the last few months would astonish the public. The men make no secret of their feelings. They frankly confess that they have lost heart for fighting, and one and all profess to be sincerely desirous of a speedy peace.

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I had an interesting chat with a young German subaltern who has fought on the Eastern as well as the Western front. He said:—
"You English have suffered very heavily in your engagements, but you can have no idea of what the Germans have endured. I myself have fought in Poland as well as in France, and I know what we have paid for our advance. The world may never be told what it cost us in blood to take Warsaw. Behind us we had left miles and miles of dead and wounded, and to fill up the gaps we were compelled to bring reinforcements from the Western front. These shared a similar fate to the armies that had preceded them. I witnessed some terrible scenes. Many of our officers and men openly committed suicide. We had plenty of guns and ammunition, but there was a great scarcity of food.

"In view of the losses we sustained from occasional offensives in the West we were obliged to bring large reinforcements from the East. This was an awful strain on the men, who had no rest for months. The result was that when we were attacked by the English in the West the German armies were unable to offer any resistance to the enemy. No advance of any kind had been made for a long time, and it is very unlikely that there will ever be another offensive by the German in the West. The feeling amongst all the men is that they have had enough of war, and there is a sincere desire for peace. We have lost all heart and hope, and the territory which has been in our hands we shall not be able to hold very much longer.

"In Germany the population have lost enthusiasm, and victory is regarded as out of the question now. The most that is hoped for is a favorable peace, and the sooner it comes the better."—(Glasgow Herald.)

The Emperor Frederick

(Westminster Gazette)
Twenty-seven years ago, there was published in this country a translation of the diary of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, father of the present Kaiser. It was written when the short-lived Emperor was Crown Prince of Prussia, and covers the date of the Austro-German war of 1866 and the more titanic struggle between Germany and France that made for ever memorable the year 1870. The little book has long been out of print, but the " Scotsman " has discovered a copy, and tells us that a page in the Crown Prince's diary written during the Austro-German war shows what he thought of the game that delights his son and successor. "It is a shocking thing," he wrote, to ride over a battlefield, and it is impos-

sible to describe the hideous mutilations which present themselves. War is really something frightful, and those who create it with a stroke of the pen at a green cloth table little dream what horrors they are conjuring up."
(On January 27, 1871, Prince Frederick wrote: "This is William's thirteenth birthday. May he grow up to be an able, honest and thorough man, a true German, prepared to continue without prejudice what has now been begun. . . . It is really a painful reflection when one realizes what hopes have already been placed on the head of this child, and how great is our responsibility to the nation for his education, which family considerations with the Court life at Berlin and other things will tend to make so much more difficult." Happily for him, the diarist had no opportunity of realizing the possibilities latent in the dolized son.

German-Canadian Corps

Ottawa Jan 9.—That a battalion of Canadians of German descent be raised to fight for Canada at the front is the suggestion which has been made to the Minister of Militia and is now being considered by him. There are at present numbers of such men among the ranks of Canadian soldiers at the front, and they have done splendid service.

The chief intelligence officer with the first contingent is a German-Canadian, whose father was a German army officer and whose mother was the daughter of an Austrian general, with three brothers fighting in the Austrian ranks today. Her son in the Canadian army has already been decorated for good service.

The Crab

Who will believe, asks "S. Nicholas," that among creatures having well developed domestic instincts, we must include the humble crab—the "spiders of the sea," as Victor Hugo calls them? Once under water, we might expect one part of the sea to be as homelike as another, but that only shows how little the average human being understands a crab's point of view. Someone, however, suspected them of the homing instinct, and so tried the experiment of catching a pair of them on the Yorkshire coast in England, and after marking them, carrying them south fifty miles or more, returning first one and then the other to the water at different points in the shore. Then the Yorkshire crabs carefully searched their traps, as they made each haul, on the lookout for the possible return of the wanderers. Strange to relate, one lay not one but both the crabs were caught a second time, having made their way back across the intervening miles of sea-bottom to their Yorkshire home.