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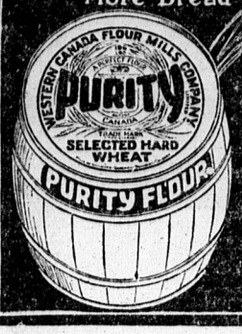

Use it in All Your Baking

10

HOPE YET FOR PEACE

LONDON, Mar. 31—An agreement to restore and promote peace in Ireland though co-operation between the northern and southern governments was signed last evening by representative of both provincial Government and Northern Parliament and countersigned by representatives of the British cabinet. The conference representatives of the two Governments which were called by the British Government adjourned at 9.30 o'clock last night after reaching an agreement which is described as most satisfactory.

Mr. Winton Spencer Churchill secretary of the Colonies, is expected to make a statement of the agreement to the House of Commons later tonight. At the conclusion of the conference Sir Hamar Greenwood, chief secretary of Ireland came from the room in which proceedings had taken place and said to the waiting newspapermen that "most satisfactory agreement has been reached. Thank God for that."

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IMPORTERS OF ARTISTIC WALLPAPERS

A Padre In The Great War

(Continued From Page 6).

latter could not be angry with the lad. There was nothing to do at that point but to hold on and wait, so, as he said to me, "I looked at the boy and thought of his mother and just leaned down and gave him a kiss. Not long afterwards a shell struck the dugout and the boy was killed, and when we retired I had to leave his body there. Wonderful deeds were done, some were known and received well merited reward, others were noted only by the Recording Angel. A piper won the V.C. for his gallantry in marching up and down in front of the wire playing his pipes while the men were struggling through it in their attack upon Regina Trench. He was killed going back to hunt for his pipes which he had left in helping a wounded man to a place of safety. One cannot write of that awful time unmoved, for there come up before the mind faces of friends that one will see no more, faces of men who were strong, brave and even joyous in the midst of that burning fiery furnace, from which their lives passed, we trust, into regions where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, and where the sound of war is hushed forever.

One new feature which was introduced into the war at this time was the "Tank" A large family of these curious and newly developed instruments of battle was congregated in a wood on the outskirts of the town, and awoke great interest on all sides. At that time we were doubtful how far they would be able to fulfill the hopes that were entertained of them. Some of them had already been knocked out near Courcelette. One lay partly in the ditch by the road. It had been hit by a shell, and the petrol had burst into flames burning up the crew within, whose charred remains were taken out when an opportunity offered and were reverently buried. The tank was often visited by our men, and for that reason they made it a mark for their shell fire. It was wise to give it a wide berth.

IN A DRESSING STATION

Our chaplains were working like Trojans and took their duties at the different dressing stations night and day in relays. The main dressing station was the school house in the town, which I have already described. It was a good sized building and there were several large rooms in it. Many is the the night that I have passed there and I see it now distinctly in my mind. It the largest room, there were the tables neatly prepared, white and clean, for the hours of live work which began towards midnight when the ambulances brought back the wounded from the front. The orderlies would be busy about taking a rest until their services were needed, and the doctors with their white aprons would be sitting in the room or in their mess near by. The windows were entirely darkened, but the building was the bright light and the persistent smell of acetylene gas. Innumerable bandages and various instruments were piled neatly on the white covered tables; and in the other room, which was used as the office, were the record books, and tags with which the wounded were labelled as they were sent off to the Base. Far off one could hear the noise of shells, and occasionally one would fall in the town. When the ambulances arrived everyone would be on the alert. I used to go out and stand in the darkness, and see the stretchers carried in gently and tenderly by the bearers, who laid them on the floor of the outer room. Poor broken forms racked with suffering cold and wet with rain and mud, hidden under muddy blankets, lay there in rows upon the brick floor. Sometimes the heads were entirely covered, sometimes the eyes were bandaged; sometimes the pale faces, crowned with matted muddy hair, turned restlessly from side to side, and parched lips asked for a sip of water. Then one by one the stretchers with their human burden would be carried to the tables in the dressing room. Long before these cases could be disposed of other ambulances had arrived, and the floor of the outer room once more covered with stretchers. Now and then the sufferers could not repress their groans. One night a man was brought in who looked so pale and asked me piteously to get him some water. I told him I could not do so until the doctor had seen his wound. I got him taken into the dressing room, and turned away for a moment to look after some fresh arrivals. Then I went back towards the table whereon the poor fellow was lying. They had uncovered him and from the look on the faces of the attendants round about I saw that some specially ghastly wound was disclosed. I went over to the table and there I saw a sight too horrible to be described. A shell had burst at his feet and his body from his waist down was shattered. Beyond this awful sight I saw the white face turning from side to side, and the parched lips asking for water. The man, thank God, did not suffer very acutely, as the shock had been so great, but he was perfectly conscious. The case was hopeless so they kindly and tenderly covered him up, and he was carried out into the room set apart for the dying. When he was left alone, I knelt down beside him and talked to him. He was a French Canadian and a Roman Catholic, and as there happened to be no Roman Catholic Chaplain present at the moment, I got him to repeat the "Lord's Prayer" and the "Hail Mary," and gave him the benediction. He died about half an hour afterwards. When the sergeant came in to have his body removed to the morgue, he drew the man's paybook from his pocket, and there we found that for some offence he had been given a long period of field punishment, and his pay was cut down to seventy cents a day. For seventy cents a day he had come as a voluntary soldier to fight in the Great War, and for seventy cents a day he had died this horrible death. I told the sergeant that I felt like dipping that page of the man's paybook in his blood to blot out the memory of the past. The doctor who attended the case told me that that was the worst sight he had ever seen.

A Brave Enemy.

One night a young German was brought in. He was perfectly conscious, but was reported to be seriously wounded. He was laid out on one of the tables and when his torn uniform was ripped off, we found he had been hit by shrapnel and had ten or twelve wounds in his body and limbs. I never saw anyone more brave. He was a beautifully developed man, with very white skin, and on the grey blanket looked like a marble statue, marked here and there by red, bleeding wounds. He never gave a sign by sound or movement of what he was suffering; but his white face showed the approach of death. He was tended carefully, and then carried over to a quiet corner in the room. I went over to him, and pointing to my collar said "Pasteur." He drew his hand from under the blanket and took mine, and I knelt beside him and started the Lord's Prayer in German, which he finished, adding some other prayer. I gave him the benediction and made the sign of the cross on his forehead, for the sign of the cross belongs to the universal language of men. Then the poor, dying, friendless enemy, who had made expiation in his blood for the sins of his guilty nation, took my hand and said, "Thank you." They carried him off to an ambulance, but I was told he would probably die long before he got to his destination.

On the 26th of September I spent the night in a dressing station in the sunken road near Courcelette. I had walked from Pozieres down to the railway track, where in the dark I met a company of the Canadian Cyclist Corps, who were being used as stretcher-bearers. We went in single file along the railway, and then across the fields which were being shelled. At last we came to the dressing station. Beside the entrance was a little shelter covered with corrugated iron, and there were laid a number of wounded, while some were lying on stretchers in the open road. Among these were several German prisoners and the bodies of dead men. The dressing station had once been the dugout of an enemy battery, and its openings, therefore, were on the side of the road facing the Germans, who knew its location exactly. When I went down into it I found it crowded with men who were being tended by the doctor and his staff. It had three openings to the road. One of them had had a direct hit that night, and 'mid the debris which blocked it were the fragments of a human body. The Germans gave the place no rest, and all along the road shells were falling, and bits would clatter upon the corrugated iron which roofed the shelter by the wayside. There was no room in the dugout for any but those who were being actually treated by the doctor, so the wounded had to wait up above till they could be borne off by the bearer parties. It was a trying experience for them, and it was hard to make them forget the danger they were in. I found a young officer lying on the road, who was badly hit in the leg. I had prayers with him and at his request I gave him the Holy Communion. On the stretcher next to him, lay the body of a dead man wrapped in a blanket. After I had finished the service the officer asked for some water. I went down and got him a mouthful, very strongly flavored with petrol from the tin in which it was carried. He took it gladly, but, just as I had finished giving him the drink, a shell burst, and there was a loud crack by his side. "Oh," he cried, "they have got my other leg." I took my electric torch, and, allowing only a small crack of light to shine through my fingers, I made an examination of the stretcher, and there I found against it a shattered rum jar which had just been hit by a large piece of shell. The thing had saved him from another wound, and I told him that he owed his salvation to a rum jar. He was quite relieved to find that his good leg had not been hit. I got the bearer party to take him off as soon as possible down the long path across the fields which led to the light railway, where he could be put on a truck. Once while I was talking to the men in the shelter, a shell burst by the side of the road and ignited a pile of German shells. At once there were explosions, a weird red light lit up the whole place, and volumes of red smoke rolled off into the starlit sky. To my surprise, from a ditch on the other side of the road a company of Highlanders emerged and ran further away from the danger of the exploding shells. It was one of the most theatrical sights I have ever seen. With the lurid light and the broken road in the foreground, and the hurrying figures carrying their rifles, it was just like a scene on the stage.

The stars were always a great comfort to me. Above the gun flashes or the bursting shells and shrapnel, they would stand out calm and clear, twinkling just as merrily as I have ever seen them do on many a pleasant sleigh-drive in Canada. I had seen Orion for the first time that year, rising over the broken Cathedral at Albert. I always felt when he arrived for his winter visit to the sky, that he came as an old friend and was waiting like us for the wretched war to end. On that September night, when the hours were beginning to draw towards dawn, it gave me great pleasure to see him hanging in the East, while Sirius with undiminished courage merrily twinkled above the horizon and told us of the eternal quietness of space.

The Influence of Mind Over Matter

With dawn the enemy's artillery became less active, and we sent off the wounded. Those who could walk were compelled to follow, the bearer parties. One man, who was not badly hit, had lost his nerve and refused to leave. The doctor had to tell him sharply that he need not expect to be carried, as there were too many serious cases to be attended to. I went over to him and offered him my arm. At first he refused to come, and then I explained to him that he was in great danger and the thing to do was to get back as quickly as possible. If he did not wish to be wounded again. At last I got him going at a slow pace, and I was afraid I should have to drag him along. Suddenly a shell landed near us, and his movements were filled with alacrity. It was a great relief to me. After a little while he found he could walk quite well, and whenever a whiz-bang came near us his limbs seemed to get additional strength. I took him down to a place where a battalion was camped, and there I had to stop and bury some men in a shell hole. While I was taking the service, however, my companion persuaded some men to carry him and I suppose finally reached a place of safety.

There was a large dressing station in the cellars of the Red Chateau in Courcelette, whither I made my way on a Sunday morning in September. The fighting at the time was very heavy, and I met many ambulances bringing out the wounded. I passed Pozieres and turned down the sunken road towards Courcelette.

Beside the road was a dugout and shelter, where the wounded, who were carried in on stretchers from Courcelette, were kept until they could be shipped off in the ambulances. A doctor and some men were in charge of the post. The bearers, many of whom were German prisoners, were bringing out the wounded over the fields and laying them by the roadside. I went with some of the bearers past "Dead Man's Trench," where were many German bodies. Every now and then we came upon a trench where men were in reserve, and we saw also many machine-gun emplacements, for the rise in the ground gave the gun a fine sweep for its activity. The whole neighborhood, however, was decidedly unhealthy, and it was risky work for the men to go over the open. When we got to the ruins of Courcelette, we turned down a path which skirted the old cemetery and what remained of the church. Several shells fell near us, and one of the men got a bit nervous, so I repeated to him the verse of the psalm:

> "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

How the Text Worked Out.

We had hardly arrived at the heaps of rubbish which surrounded the entrance to the dressing station, beside which lay the blackened body of a dead man, when a shell burst, and one of the bits broke the leg of the young fellow I was talking to. "What's the matter with your text now, Canon?" he said. "The text is all right—old man—you have only got a good Blighty, and you are lucky to get it," I replied. The cellars below had been used as a dressing station by the enemy before Courcelette was taken and consisted of several large rooms, which were now being used by our two divisions in the line. Beyond the room used for operations there was one dark cellar fitted up with two long shelves, whereon lay scores of stretcher-bearers and cyclists, and at the end of that, down some steps, there was another, in which more bearers waited their call. Only two candles lit up the darkness. As there must have been between three and four hundred men in the Red Chateau, the air was not particularly fresh. Our choice lay, however, between foul air within and enemy shells without, for the Germans were making direct hits upon the debris overhead. Naturally we preferred the foul air.

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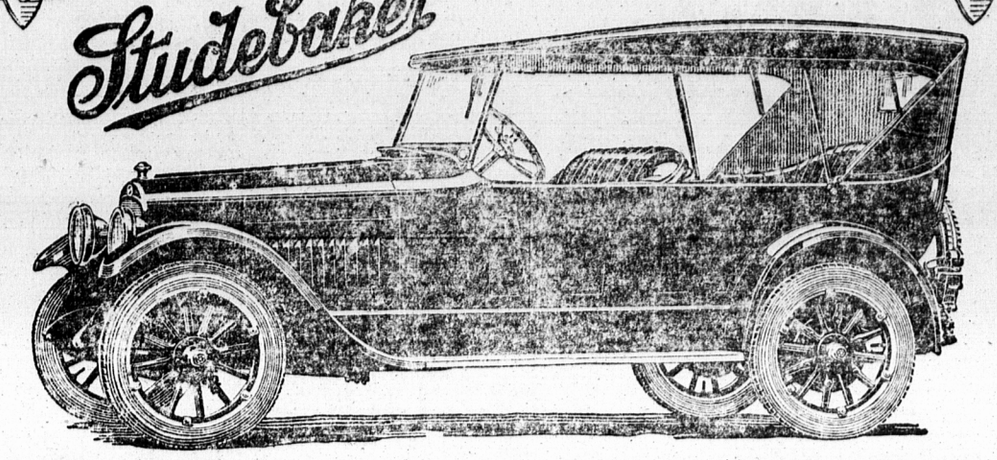

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