

HE STRUCK IT RIGHT AT LAST

After Suffering Almost Two Years, "Fruit-a-lives" Brought Relief.



MR. WHITMAN

882 St. Valier St., Montreal.
"In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years. I was in constant misery from my stomach and my weight dropped down from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Several of my friends advised me to try 'Fruit-a-lives' and I did so. That was eight months ago. I began to improve almost with the first dose. No other medicine I ever used acted so pleasantly and quickly as 'Fruit-a-lives', and by using it I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble, and all pain and Constipation and misery were cured. I completely recovered by the use of 'Fruit-a-lives' and now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise 'Fruit-a-lives' enough."
H. WHITMAN.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

GIVING

To needy fellow mortals
We all might something spare;
As the sun sheds forth its brightness
And the flowers their fragrance share.
The tiny silvery dewdrops,
Earth yields to heavenly powers,
With gathered wealth of blessings
Come back in fruitful showers.
—PASTOR CLARK.

HOPE ON!

Too oft, in haste, we only scan
Some minor part of Heaven's great plan,
And so misjudge God's love to man.
O souls that pine! O hearts that ache!
Though dark the hour, fresh courage take;
The night will pass; the morn will break.
Eyes were not meant for useless tears,
Heaven's plans are wise through all the years,
Nor can they fail, despite our fears,
Wars yet shall cease; the sword must rust;
The sons of pride lie low in dust;
Our God still reigns; all good and just.
—PASTOR J. CLARK.
Selma, Hants, N. S.

LITTLE MASTER MISCHIEVOUS

Little Master Mischievous, that's the name for you,
There's no better title that describes the things you do;
Into something all the while where you shouldn't be,
Prying into matters that are not for you to see;
Little Master Mischievous, order's overthrown
If your mother leaves you for a minute all alone.
Little Master Mischievous, opening every door,
Spoiling books and papers round about the parlor floor;
Scratching all the tables and marring all the chairs,
Climbing where you shouldn't climb and tumbling down the stairs,
How'd you get the ink-well? We can never guess,
Now the rug is ruined; so's your little dress.
Little Master Mischievous in the cookie jar,
Who has ever told you where the cookies are,
Now your sticky fingers smear the curtains white,
You have finger-printed everything in sight.
There's no use of scolding—when you smile that way
You can rob of terror every word we say.
Little Master Mischievous, that's the name for you,
There's no better title that describes the things you do;
Prying into corners, peeping into nooks,
Tugging table covers, tearing costly books.
Little Master Mischievous, have your roguish way;
Time, I know, will stop you soon enough some day.

ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT

The Cheerfulness and Humor of Our Soldiers and Sailors

(True Stories collected by George A. Wade.)

The British soldier and sailor have always been a mystery and a surprise to their foes, brave or otherwise. If you read leading historians who give detailed accounts of our battles from Hastings down to the Crimea, you will find they often remark this—not only our own writers, but those of neutral countries as well. There are, of course, other lands whose soldiers have been perhaps as gallant and as daring, for no nation has a monopoly of those characteristics. But there has never yet been any other country whose sailors and soldiers have had, in such conspicuous measure those happy and excellent gifts of cheerfulness, of making the best of trouble, of quaint humor, of taking a rosy view of the worst side of matters.

Our enemies usually take their fights as very serious affairs indeed; the Briton almost seems to look on his as real jolly times! Their soldiers groan and grumble at necessary troubles and annoyances in a campaign; the British soldier laughs and jokes. They get downcast at delay, at stalemate, at a dozen things; the Briton sings a comic song, or does some ridiculous thing for a frolic. He continues to remain cheerful and jolly.

"They Are All Mark Tapleys"

Indeed, however many "dismal Jimmies" there may be amongst our people at home who are neither soldiers nor sailors, that miserable spirit finds no counterpart in our fighting men. They are all "Mark Tapleys" of the best type, as the following true stories clearly prove.

The famous young navy who became assistant-librarian at Windsor Castle, and has made a name as a writer, Mr. Patrick MacGill, now fighting in Flanders, writes home to a morning paper:—

"The village where I write this is shelled daily. Yesterday three men were killed, and two children were killed by shells. But are we downhearted? Not a bit! Our men are splendid. We came yesterday to a grave where a dog had been buried, and one of the fellows had put up four simple lines as its epitaph:—

Here lies a dog as dead as dead
A sniper's bullet through its head!
Untroubled now by shots and shells,
It lies, and can do nothing else!

"Chaps who take their fighting in this way," goes on Mr. MacGill, "are not likely to be easily beaten."

A corporal in the West Riding Regiment writes to his mother at Wimborne, Dorset.

"My pals and I are in the pink of condition, and always, like real British soldiers, keep lively in the trenches. We have named our own trench 'Spine Curvature Subway,' and our several dug-outs are christened 'Hotel Cabbage,' 'Pudsey Villa,' 'Sunny House,' etc., whilst the gun-embraceur is named 'Sandbag Picture Palace.' Outside it is a board which says: 'Varied programme. All, especially Germans, cordially invited! Always exhibiting! No exit!'

"We cook our meals here in mess-tins over small fires, and have a wide variety of dishes! We have fried bacon, bully beef stewed, hard cheese, and dry biscuits. But there, if not all they might be, these things cost us less than they cost you, mother, in Wimborne market; so I have the better of you! God bless you!"

"Would Rather be Out Here"

Pine, too, is the grand buoyancy of Lance-Corporal Joseph Lee, of the Black Watch, who spends a leisure hour in the front trenches by composing the following verses, which he thinks the Dundee Advertiser might like to print. It did, you may be sure. And all Dundee felt proud of its son, as it had every right to be!

The chaps who stay at home and dine,
Have heaps of victuals and of wine,
But I would rather be out here!
(Swish! Bang!)

The chaps who stay—the lucky dogs—
Can stroll around in tailored frogs!
Whilst my make-up is something queer!
Yet—better be a scarecrow here!
(Swish! Bang!)

The chaps who stay at home and play tennis, through the summer day,
Never fall bleeding to the rear;
Yet—I would rather play out here!
(Whiz! Bang!)

The men who stay at home at ease
May "list" or not, just as they please;
For me, to have my conscience clear,
I'd rather fight and die out here.
(Stretchers-bearers!)

The Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Bishop of Birmingham, paid a visit to the front, where they

were received by Sir John French, and visited several of the men in the trenches.

His Lordship, whose girth is not of the slightest, was vastly amused with the glee of the Warwickshires when they saw his endeavors to accommodate his stoutness to the narrow gangways there. He says it did his heart good to see their wondrous good-humor and cheerfulness for they were always ready to crack a joke or to laugh. The Bishop too, testified to the tremendous impression the jolliness of Tommy made upon him, and assured many friends when he returned to Birmingham that he would never forget it.

The cheerful words of Private Ritchie Mosley, of the Honorable Artillery Company, in a charming letter to his parents at Kingston-on-Thames, go to one's heart. After being right in the thick of the fierce battles from November till the end of May, this brave H.A.C. lad was given some day's leave to return to visit his father and mother. On the very night he left the front for this, and ere he had set off on his journey home, a sudden and unexpected attack by the Germans led to Ritchie Mosley and his companions being all sent back at once into the trenches.

Many poor chaps did not survive that night; and, though this young fellow did, his time for leave had passed, and he was told he could not have any days off till his turn came round again!

Cruel luck, wasn't it? Both for expectant parents and tired soldier, who had been fighting for seven months right away! But did he grumble and groan? Not a bit! The gallant, brave lad just wrote home: "How disappointed both my father and you, dear mother, must have been. Well, yes, so was I, of course. But it's the fortune of war! Never mind, you'll want (and get) three or four months' more kisses when I do come!"

"They Had to Weep"

"We keep pretty cheerful here, old boy," says a soldier at St. Albans, in writing to his brother. "You would be surprised what lively times we have. The other night some funny chap got up an onion-eating contest. Each competitor was required to eat a big Spanish onion raw, without either bread or other palative. And whilst the water streamed copiously from the eyes of the candidates, it made all us others laugh so much that many had to weep too, whether we wanted to or not!"

"Another evening we had what was called a riddle contest, and the fun we got out of it was immense. We had to answer impromptu riddles, and prizes were given both for the best questions and the best replies to be decided by the votes of the fellows.

"One seemed to me specially good. The riddle was, 'Why do intellectual men soon get bald?' Two of the answers were excellent, and won the first and second prizes. They were, 'I can't say; only I've noticed you never see a bald-headed donkey'; and 'From being so much patted in their younger days for being 'good boys'!' "How do they strike you, old fellow?" the soldier writes to his brother.

Then there is that antidote to gloom and the dumps, new paper called the "Pull Thro", now issued regularly by the 16th Manchesters, which has for its editors Privates Ouden and Hayes. The "Pull Thro", could give points to several of our supposed "funny" journals and win easily. It knows how to cater for Thomas Atkins, by being tremendously cheerful in every number. Here are a few notes from recent issues:

If you can do a thing better yourself, for goodness sake don't keep criticizing those who are doing it.

Notwithstanding our great "charges," only one man has been much hurt, and his injuries came from falling "into the dumps."

It's marvellous how the most brilliant ideas always come to the editors when they are trench-digging, and have flown away completely by the time they have nothing to do!

"A Look of Absolute Happiness"

You hardly wonder that the "Pull Thro" has already a circulation of over 25,000 in our camps! Or that the circulation is still rapidly rising! For other regiments are buying it like hot cakes, as well as the Manchester men.

The Irish Guards were ordered to attack a German position across ground which was exposed and where it was certain many of the attackers must fall. Just before they advanced an officer of the Guards said quietly, "Let us have a moment boys, of silent prayer. It can't hurt any man, and it will do many of us good."

There was a minute or two's in-

NO ALUM



tense stillness whilst the Guards remained in the attitude of prayer, and many lips were seen moving. Then, at the word of command, the men flashed bayonets, gave a loud cheer, and dashed in open order across the exposed plateau, swept by the enemy's machine-guns. Many fell forever, but the survivors took the German position.

And an "eye-witness" records that the Guards crossed the plain hurrahing and singing with such looks of absolute happiness on their faces that one would never have believed they knew they were, many of them, going into their last fight.

Here is a case mentioned by a writer in a well-known monthly magazine: "A Bit of a Scrap."

"The orderly officer had a pile of letters, and he contemplated the completion of his task of censoring them with great satisfaction. 'It must be interesting for you to read them—such a revelation of the emotions of battle and all that!' I said, 'Look at this!' he smiled cynically. 'Look at this!' and he held out a letter. I did, and it ran:

"Dear Mother,—I am reported fit for duty, and am going back to the front. I forgot to tell you we were in a bit of a scrap the other day, and we routed quite a lot of Huns. How is old Alf getting on? Your loving son, Jim. "What the brave fellow calls a bit of a scrap was the terrible battle of Neuve Chapelle!"

What can the soldiers of other lands do in a hand-to-hand fight against such men as this.

With what sweet patience and resignation the men bear their wounds, and such terrible loss as that of an arm or a leg!

"There Are Plenty More!"

Colonel Sir Anthony Bowly, the famous surgeon, addressing a meeting at Colmonell, Ayrshire a week or two ago, said:

"I went with Sir John French to visit one of the hospitals. To a soldier who had lost an arm and a leg Sir John said, 'My poor fellow, I am sorry to see you so very much damaged.'"

"Don't you be downhearted, sir," replied the wounded man; 'I'm not! We are getting along all right! Besides, there are plenty more!'

When the ship-load of wounded arrived the other day from the Dardanelles, everybody at Tilbury was astonished to find our Colonial brothers in such marvellous spirits. Indeed, when they heard of the Russian fleet's victory over the German one at Riga, they burst out into loud cheering!

When a spectator condescended with a big Australian who had lost his leg in Gallipoli, the latter said laughingly: "Let me tell you something, sonny! It cost 'em a bit to manage this! My balance is a mighty long way on the right side, and I'm glad I went though it, leg and all!"

And the nurse who was with him smiled proudly as she added, "He's been a good patient, sir! A contented mind helps more than a bit when one's like that!"

A wounded New Zealander got quite enthusiastic as he spoke to a friend of mine there.

"Your R.A.M.C. have been just wonderful! They are top-hole, and no mistake! Not a thing we wanted on the long voyage but they and the nurses seemed to anticipate it and have it ready! When I think of those poor beggars, the Turks, with nothing done for them like this, unless they are lucky enough to fall into our hands, and then look round and see how comfortable and happy we are made—well, sir, I just takes off my hat to your grand R.A.M.C. and says 'God bless 'em.'"

"Made the Queen Laugh"

At the end of August Her Majesty Queen Alexandra visited a batch of wounded in Netley Hospital. She spoke very sympathetically to one of the seriously hurt Canadians who had fought with "Princess Patricia's Own" in France. A piece of shrapnel weighing five and a half ounces had been taken from his cheek after being there nearly a week, and Her Majesty said she hoped the injury would not pre-

vent his being able to laugh. The man not only assured her it wouldn't, but burst out laughing there and then at the very idea of such a thing, doing it so heartily that the Queen joined in with him, to everybody's great delight and amusement.

The British soldier has so long had this reputation we have just been speaking of, for cheerfulness and genial good humor in times of trouble that it is difficult to see how even the inimitable bluejacket of our Navy can excel him in these qualities. Yet undoubtedly even the keenest of critics would award a place to the bluejacket in no way inferior to that of Tommy.

"As Chirpy as a Cricket."

Fred Heritage, of St. Margaret's-on-Thames, has had as lively a time as most sailors during the struggle. He was on one of the great battleships which was sunk by mines. And he wrote home to his mother as soon as possible, describing how it felt. But if you had read his letter, you would have thought that the sinking of such a vessel, and the danger of hundreds of lives being lost, was only part of a fine afternoon's program quite common in the navy! Fred was as chirpy as a cricket because he had gone through, as he put it, what his brother, a soldier, would not be likely to experience.

Then young Heritage also took part in the performances of the splendid "Queen Elizabeth" at the Dardanelles. Most youths would have had enough, for a time, with the former experience, but Fred wrote home giving voice to his perfect delight that he had been transferred at once (after the other ship's sinking) to such a fine vessel, and affirming his intention to do "his little bit" valiantly when "Lizzie" got going at the Turks.

And there is Jack Morton now interned in Holland, after having stayed too long in Antwerp on the chance of getting in another shot at the Germans, or of helping a comrade in distress.

"A Close Shave"

Jack, a Londoner, has had nearly a year's experience of the hard fate of a prisoner of war. But he is as lively as ever, he wrote home to his uncle a barber:

"Please, uncle, send me along a score of razors, if you can, or a hundred, if possible. All of us here are so changed, having now thick beards and long hair, that we are afraid when we go back to England our own relatives won't recognize us, but will turn us out as imposters and scoundrels! Please do send along those razors at your earliest. We've had many 'close shaves' since we left home, but we badly want a closer one still!"

And you will not forget the wondrous little middy who was the very first person wounded during that incredible landing of the colonial troops at the Dardanelles.

He had had charge of a boat and a shot broke his arm. He refused to trouble about this till all the troops in his boat were safely landed, and then his own sailors set off back at once with him to seek surgical assistance. Was the boy moaning and groaning at the severe wound he had got? Not a bit! He was seen by the soldiers and sailors of the other transporting craft standing up in his boat waving his broken arm as well as he could, and shouting triumphantly and proudly because the honor of being the first to be wounded had come to him!

Cheerfulness? Jack, from Admiral to Middy, from Boatswain to Cabin boy, just overflows with it. And he has so much of it that he fairly passes it on to others.—Sunday at Home.

WEPT AT HIS MARRIAGE

The following description of an amusing bit of experience is given in "Reminiscences of a Soldier." A dinner party was given to Col. Stuart just before his marriage by some bachelor friends. In the hotel where the young men assembled a number of clergymen of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, then in session in the city, were staying. Bent upon having a good time, the young fellows irreverently played what was termed the "Cayenne trick" upon some of the worthy ministers. Col. Stuart had sent to London for a new suit of clothes in which to be married. He wore the suit on this evening that he might do honor to his friends. We let him tell the rest of the story:

After the dinner I left Aberdeen and went to England to be married. My father-in-law was so well-known in the town in which I lived that the roads to the church were crowded on the day of the ceremony, and the church itself was crammed.

I took my place with my intended bride by the altar, and the ceremony proceeded. The clergyman had got about half through, when, having occasion to use my pocket handkerchief, I put my hand into my pocket, pulled it out and applied it to my nose. You can judge what my sensations were when I felt my eyes full of

YOURS TO ENJOY



You'll Like the Flavor
40c., 45c. and 50c. per pound

Cayenne pepper, the irritation of which was almost intolerable.

On the night of the dinner at Aberdeen I had placed the paper of Cayenne, with which we had committed the atrocities on the reverend gentlemen, into the pocket of my dress coat and had thought no more about it. On the morning of my marriage I put a clean silk handkerchief in that pocket not remembering what I had placed there before. The Cayenne had got loose from the paper, and, consequently, when I applied the handkerchief to my nose the miserable stuff flew into my eyes, and for a few minutes caused excruciating torments.

Water ran down my cheeks in streams, and I dare not apply the handkerchief again, for fear of getting another dose. Meantime the audience was staring at me, and I heard whispers:—

"Poor young man, how affected he is!" and other sympathetic remarks to the same effect.

I thought the ceremony would never be over, and when it was finished the clergyman who married me came up, and, shaking my hand, said: "My young friend, I am sorry to see you so affected on this joyous occasion."

Forgetting everything except my agony, I replied, "Affected, not a bit! It's the Cayenne pepper that I had in my pocket."

I may as well add that I suffered for two or three days in a way I cannot describe, leaving some bitter recollections connected with the happiest day of my life, and as a punishment, I suppose, for our trick upon the unoffending clergyman.

The "snowball army" is a popular way of recruiting in Australia. It consists of a small company of men who start from a distant town to march to the capital, increasing in numbers as volunteers join along the way.

In order to make possible the operations of the allies in Egypt, pipes will be laid in the desert to distribute water to the various camps. A Baltimore firm has shipped 1,500 miles of wrought iron pipe for this purpose.

The moving picture business is said to have become the fifth largest business in the world.

LAME BACK Spells Kidney Trouble

There's no use putting on liniments and plasters to cure that ache in your hips or back—the trouble is inside. Your kidneys are out of order. GIN PILLS go right to the cause of the backache and heal and regulate the kidney and bladder action. Then you get relief, permanent relief!

Many a man and woman who has been bedded up with shooting pains in the back having to stop work and lie down to get a little relief, has found new health and comfort in

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

Two boxes completely cured Arnold McAskill, of Lower Selma, N.S. "I have never had any trouble with my back since," he says.

If you have a lame back—or any sign of kidney trouble—get GIN PILLS to-day and start the cure working. 50c. a box, six boxes for \$2.50—and every box guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Trial treatment free if you write

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto - Ont. 15



DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after Oct. 9th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:
Service Daily, Except Sunday
Express for Yarmouth . . . 12 noon
Express for Halifax and Truro . . . 1.00 p.m.
Accom. for Halifax . . . 2.01 p.m.
Accom. for Annapolis . . . 6.35 p.m.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE
(Sunday excepted)
Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yarmouth" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m., arrives Digby 10.15 a.m., leaves Digby 1.50 p.m., arrives at St. John about 5.00, connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston and Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
R. U. PARKER,
General Passenger Agent,
GEORGE E. GRAHAM,
General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax
Shenandoah	March 28
Kanawha	April 3
March 29	Rappahannock
via St. John, Nfld. and St. John, N.E.	April 17
April 12	Shenandoah
via Nfld.	April 30
From Liverpool	From Halifax
via Nfld.	via Nfld.
March 29 (from Glasgow)	Graciana
April 1	Durango
	April 15
	April 23

P. S.—Above sailings are not guaranteed and are subject to change without notice.
Furness Withy & Co., Limited
Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri.	Time Table in effect January 4, 1915	Accom. Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton A.R.	15.45
11.38	" Clarence	16.17
11.55	Bridgetown	16.01
12.23	Grassville Centre	14.36
12.39	Grassville Ferry	14.21
12.55	" Karsdale	14.05
13.15	An. Port Wade L.V.	13.45

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Steamship Prince George
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caused by enlistment of those who have answered, and those who will answer their king and Country's call must be filled. Who will qualify themselves to take advantage of those great opportunities?

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