THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Owe Health And Strength To "Fruit-a-tives"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES", the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices — has relieved more cases of *Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine.* In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-tives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

A NEIGHBOR'S ADVICE

To the Editor:

The following excerpt from an editorial in the Hamilton Spectator of March 29th, should help to convince those who are honestly in doubt as to the wisdom of a prohibitory law.

Adjoining British Columbia is the State of Washington where prohibition went into effect at the beginning of the present year. How it works was told at a mass meeting of citizens in Victoria about a week ago; a distinguished visitor and the chief speaker was former Mayor Cotterill of Seattle.

The State of Washington, he said, had not gone hurriedly into the extinction of the liquor traffic. It had been a matter of education and experience through two or three generations. Prohibition was forced on Seattle somewhat against its will. With an adverse majority of fourteen thousand in the city itself, that majority had been swamped by the much bigger majority the other way in the whole state, at the vote in November 1914. The new regime went into effect January of this year. "There has been no complaints, everyone is satisfied." In February 1915, under the license system, there were 1463 arrests in Seattle of all causes. In February 1916, the arrests for all causes totalled 701. In February 1915 there were 415 arrests for drunkenness, in February of this year only 117.

Just as in a Canadian province, under the McDonald Act, while sale within the Province is forbidden, there is nothing to hinder the people of the State of Washington from purchasing liquor in any other State for personal or family comsumption.

What is the effect of such partial prohibition? The result has been that under prohibition we are spending on liquor only about one per cent of the average for the United States. Under the license system the liquor of the State was not less than thirty million dollars. The liquor of Seattle alone was a million dollars a month. Now the whole State is spending only about three hundred thousand a year. Of course the money that was worse than wasted in drink is now spent in wearing apparel, table supplies, and other useful articles. There is far more domestic comfort than there was, and legitimate trade of all kinds is booming.

What has become of the men formerly in the liquor business? Mr. Cotterill says many of the expensive bars of the city have been fitted up as lunch, ice-cream and tea-rooms. The proprietors are taking in more money than they did with their bars and besides this they have a source of self respect that they could not have when they were in the liquor business.

With thirty million dollars turned into legitimate channels of trade, it is no wonder that Mr. Cotterill says "There has been no complaint; everyone is satisfied."

H. ARNOTT, M.B., M.C.P.S.

ARROW POINTS

Feuds end friendships.

* * *

Expectations and experiences often greatly differ.

* * *

All the trouble rarely falls upon the actual transgressor.

* * *

There would be no hell were there no one to deserve it.

* * *

To be destitute of reverence is to be destitute of religion.

* * *

None has triumphed o'er the grave
Like the dear Lord Jesus!
None can pardon, none can save,
Like the dear Lord Jesus!
He my All in All shall be,
Now, and through eternity.

PASTOR J. CLARKE

Minard's Liniment cures Diptheria...

MY ESCAPE FROM A HAREM

Romance, Experience and Adventures of a Turkish Lady

To the Western world the harem of the East is invested with a glamour as alluring in its romance as it is tantalising in its mystery. We picture it mentally as the luxurious home of lovely women who spend their days in dreamy, sensuous delights to the ministering of obsequious slaves and the soft strains of music. Their greatest care is the decking of their beauty in silks and laces and sparkling gems; they have at their command the daintiest of foods and the most seductive of wines and they languidly watch through the perfumed smoke of their cigarettes the graceful dancing of houris or listen to tales of "Arabian Nights" splendour from the lips of skilled story-tellers.

But that there is another and very different side to the picture is made clear by the following story told to a friend of the writer by a lady who, a few years ago escaped from her "gilded prison" to enjoy, like a released bird, the pure spacious air of freedom.

"There is no doubt much that is true," the lady said, "in your conception of the life in a harem; but you know little of its darker, tragic side which indeed only those who have experienced it can know. The life is one of indolence and ease and luxury I grant you; but it is also, as I have reason to know, one of servitude and almost hourly humiliation. But let me tell my story, and you will see for yourself.

I am a Turk born at Constantinople, where my father was an army officer high in the favor of the Sultan. Although a pure-blooded Turk, he was a man of broad and enlightened views who had travelled largely in the West and had learnt much of its civilisation. Thus I was brought up with much more freedom than the average girl of the East. I had an English governess and was educated on the same lines as girls of your own country.

Prisoner for Life

Much as I loved the life, with its greater freedom and wider outlook, it was, in fact, the worst possible preparation for the future, which I could not escape; for as the daughter of a Turk, and a girl who promised to be more than ordinarily beautiful, nothing could save me from the life of a harem. I knew that at thirteen I must take the veil and that the rest of my life must be spent in the closely-guarded prison of the harem. You may imagine how I shrank from it; how as the time drew near, I would have given anything to escape my fate; but it was as inevitable as death. At thirteen my days of freedom were ended and I found myself transported to the harem of a high-placed Pasha, older than my own father, to be one of his four wives.

As my husband was a rich man and as generous as he was rich, I was surrounded by every luxury the most exacting girl could desire. I had the most costly dresses money could buy and jewels a queen might have envied. I had at my beck and call beautiful Circassian slaves whose only duty it was to minister to all my wants, to adorn my beauty and to entertain me with their dancing. But as I was quick to realise, my life was that of a prisoner, however luxurious and richly-gilded my prison was. Every window of my apartment was strongly barred, to make escape impossible; every night the door of my bed-room was locked, and a eunuch kept sentinel watch outside it. It was dangerous to speak above a whisper, for everywhere there were spies eager to carry some indiscreet word to my lord and husband. And when I was permitted to leave my palace for an occasional drive, I was always accompanied by one of my girl slaves and a eunuch, whose eyes were always on me.

Jealous Rivals

I lived too, in the atmosphere of intrigue. The chief object in life to the women of the harem is to outrival each other in the favour of their lord; and often there is no devise too mean for them to stoop to, to compass this end. You can thus imagine how unhappy my position was, with three jealous women, all older and, if I may say so, less attractive than myself, ceaselessly trying to eclipse and injure me in the eyes of our joint husband. Even the girl-slaves, all chosen for their beauty you must remember, were so many dangerous rivals practising all their arts of witchery to supplant me in his favour.

And to all this was added the haunting of tragedy. Divorce is infinitely the least punishment that can befall a Turkish lady who fails to please her lord—he can as you possibly know, divorce her with a word. There are other and very terrible ways of getting rid of an undesirable wife. The Bosphorous tells no tales of the many hapless women who have been flung in weighted sacks into its dark waters. And this fate might be mine. You can understand now, perhaps how the harem-life, with its gilded fetters, its daily humiliations and possibilities of tragedy filled me with loathing and dread, I affected a gaiety I was very far from feeling, and I really think I should have gone mad had I not found distraction from my thoughts in books.

The Escape

But the time came when I could bear it no longer. I determined at any cost to escape from my prison, though I knew that failure meant death—and the most terrible of all deaths. For months after I had made my plans, I vainly awaited an opportunity. It seemed as if the eunuchs who waited on me, could read my thoughts, for I was more closely watched than ever. In the daytime I was never for a moment free from watching eyes; at night as you know I was locked in my room with the barred windows, and with a sentinel at the door. But I never lost either hope or resolve; and at last one day, when the Pasha was giving an exceptionally large entertainment from which I excused myself by feigning illness, my opportunity came.

How it happened I do not know—all I know is that, to my amazement, I found myself alone—eunuchs and slaves had all disappeared. Snatching up my jewels, which I had collected for the purpose, I left my room and ran along the empty corridor, my heart beating more and more violently at every step. Creeping carefully down a little-used staircase I made my way, by a miracle unseen, through a side-door into the street; and, after a journey, every step of which was a nightmare of terror, at last found myself under the roof of a devoted slave, my old nurse, in the slums of Stamboul. How I escaped detection will always be a mystery It was sheer Providence. All I knew was that for a time at least I was safe, and my heart was flooded with a great joy.

But my position was still full of peril. I knew that I could trust my old nurse to the death, but there was no one else I could trust, and I knew that soon all Constantinople would be roused to track the runaway down. Indeed, before I had been a day in my hiding place, I learned that a minute description of me had been published broadcast, that every spy and detective in that city was searching for me, and that every boat leaving the ports was being examined.

A Thrilling Venture

I shall never to my last day forget those weeks of suspense and dread. A thousand times I pictured myself suffocating in a sack, being flung into the Bosphorus; or with the bowstring, drawn tighter and tighter, strangling the life out of me. Every step that came along the street struck terror to my heart; and again and again I sprang back with a cry of fear from my own shadow.

I dared not venture a step out of doors, even at night, for fear that step would lead me to my doom; for my nurse told me that spies were in waiting at every corner. Thus four terrible months passed, and still—again thanks to Providence—I remained undiscovered; and with the long immunity my courage grew until I was able to make the last desperate venture, the issue of which would be either death or freedom. My plan was to disguise myself as a woman of the slums and smuggle myself some how—how, I did not know—on board one of the boats which sailed for some western port. But in order to do this I must first provide myself with a passport, and this my devoted nurse was able to procure for me.

Thus equipped, I fixed on a day on which a boat was to sail for France, and prepared myself for my perilous plunge. I put on the shabby ragged clothes my nurse procured for me, covered them with a dilapidated, thickly-padded cloak, and concealed my face behind a thick black veil. Thus attired, I must have presented a very grotesque appearance—that of an animated, shapeless bundle of clothes in which no one could have suspected th wife of a Pasha.

Trying Moments

But I was in no mood to find amusement in my appearance. My heart was in my boots; I was trembling in every limb, for I knew I was taking my life into my hands; and, after a tender and grateful farewell to my good old friend, I sallied forth on my perilous journey. Before I had gone many yards, however, I had an almost irresistible impulse to turn back. I was overwhelmed by a horrible feeling that everyone I passed could see through my disguise. All eyes seemed focussed on me; every moment I expected to be stopped and challenged. But at any cost I must proceed. To return would seal my doom—sooner or later; only by going on was there a hope, however faint, of freedom. Thus with resolute face and wild-beating heart I plodded on with downcast eyes, determined to look at no one. But in spite of myself my eyes would rise at intervals and at one such interval I found myself face to face with a man in whom I recognised an official spy.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
READ THE LABEL
NO ALUM

Almost dropping from fright, I saw him raise his hand as if to bar my way, while his eyes seemed to pierce through me. Then, to my infinite relief, the hand dropped, and I had stumbled past him unchallenged. His suspicion was evidently disarmed by my grotesque "bundle of clothes." But I knew that, though I had thus narrowly escaped one danger, I must run the gauntlet of others even greater when I reached the quay, which was sure to be infested with spies.

Indeed, I had barely set foot on the quay before I saw one of them eyeing me with such suspicion that I abandoned all hope. This, then was to be the end of my venture. I had staked my life for freedom and had lost my wager.

Safe

To my amazement, the man allowed me to pass him; but I had not gone many yards when, as I fully expected I heard his footsteps following me. If I faltered for a moment, I knew I was lost. My only hope was in walking unconcernedly on, and this I did, although everything was swimming around me, and each moment I expected to drop. Every moment the following steps came nearer and nearer. I reached the gangway of the boat the footsteps paused and then, as I stumbled blindly on the gangway, I heard them receding. For some inscrutable reason the spy had decided to let me go unmolested. At the last moment Providence had again proved my friend and as I staggered on to the deck of the boat, once more my whole heart went out in gratitude to God, who had so wonderfully guarded and preserved me.

From the moment I was on the deck of the French boat I was safe, and ten days later I was in England, free to lead my life as I willed, and free at last from the demoralising life and the nightmare terorrs of the harem. —London Telegraph.

WOMEN IN ADMINISTRATION WORK

An English Correspondent Sees a Pronounced Rise in the Standard of work, which to women will Turn Permanently.

(By W. E. Dowding, London, Eng.)

There have already appeared here and throughout the Empire books and pamphlets and magazines and newspaper articles dealing with women's war work. The way in which women have thrown themselves into emergency undertakings of all kinds has opened up many profound considerations for the future. Roughly speaking there are three parts to the subject. First the engagement of so many thousands of women in purely voluntary work such as the raising of war funds and the administration of the monies so raised. Second, the transfer of a vast army of wage-earning women into work of a higher character than they had been entrusted with hitherto. Thirdly, the enormous and sadly necessary increase in the number of women engaged in nursing the wounded and the sick.

Rise in Standard of Work

There is a further division that cuts right across all three groups, viz. the division between the merely operative woman and the woman of administrative capacity. If in the future women's labor is to be used more than it has ever been used in the past—and we may be sure it will—then nothing can prevent women themselves taking an ever-increasing part in organization, administration, and the general conduct of public affairs. Indeed, it is a condition of the increased employment of women that this should be so. Before long, we shall have women voting for Parliament, and probably sitting in Parliament itself; we shall have women conducting our great business and even as we now have a few women doctors and a few other women lost in the complicated machinery of our Government departments, you may be sure that in all professional work they will take a rapidly growing part.

Seeing, therefore that the pronounced rise in the standard of work to which women of all classes will turn permanently must inevitably mean the incursion of women into administrative work,—for the one cannot happen without the other—the important thing to consider is whether the nearly two years of war, added to our knowledge of what was possible before the war, have shown women to possess the genius for organization and administration which generations of monopoly have produced among men.

Perhaps I may say that ever since the war began I have made it my duty to watch this point, and that I have not only watched it critically, but have myself enjoyed the perpetual experience of engaging in emergency work with women of great capacity. Some of them have been new to the work, new almost to anything like it. Others had already made for themselves names in the world of action. Those who have not worked in such close association may be heard to say that the natural "faults" of women largely offset their capacity and brain power. I borrow the word "faults" from other mouths. For myself I would substitute the word "restrictions," for that is what it really comes to. In what the passing generation spoke of as "woman's sphere," the shining features were always woman's patience, her capacity to endure strain and suffering and her intense loyalty to her ideals. Why is it then that on the whole women do show rather less patience in administrative matters, and in business affairs than men? The best answer to that question, is another question. Does anybody expect that the methods of women will ever be precisely the same as those of men? The difference will always be there and the world will be richer for it.

Women's Capacity as Organizers

On the whole I believe women make better organizers than men do. Their minds are nimbler, their intuition is quicker; they read character more correctly, and most important of all they are less bound down by precedents. It is dangerous to quote examples, but I could perhaps show what I mean by describing two kinds of organizers. The one may be recognized as an organizer, and show expert facility in preparing schemes. People of this type are frequently imprisoned in their own schemes. They cannot see beyond them. They will seldom admit they can be proved on. They look perfect on paper. There is a vast amount of administrative genius thrown away on paper schemes that do not work.

The other extreme type of organizer is one with a great capacity for getting things done, a sure ability for getting them done right, and a dislike of anything in the nature of a scheme thought out and nailed down in its every particular. Such people grasp completely the object of the desired effort, and day by day, hour by hour, they devote themselves to attaining it, taking advantage of opportunities as they occur, moulding the situation as it develops, adding here, reducing there, and in the end getting the work done more rapidly and more successfully than the paper-bound schemer could ever hope to do.

Superior to Men

Taking these extreme examples and allowing for the infinite gradation in WOMEN IN ADMINSTRATION 2 between I assert that men, show a tendency toward the former extreme and women toward the latter. In other words, I believe that when women come into their own in the world of affairs they will prove to be more capable organizers than men are. At present men have the advantage, the almost nine-tenths advantage, of possession. They have the training and the experience and you will always find a more complete knowledge of affairs among men than among women. I have known women of surpassing natural ability who have had to borrow the knowledge of men in a multitude of small ways. For example, they have been ignorant of the contents of directories and year-books, and they may not even know why a country borough is different from any other borough. But the acquirement of this knowledge is merely mechanical. It does not give men any permanent advantage. Some of the few really talented organizers among men themselves have been equally ignorant, but yet have got things done.

War time has revealed not only a passionate desire among women to take a greater part in the world's business; it has revealed immense capacity for the work and I have come to the conclusion that they must be given a far greater share of responsibility with credit to themselves and to the untold advantage of future generations.—Journal of Commerce.

Meteorologists declare that the popular impression that battles bring rain and unusual weather has not been substantiated by scientific research, and that the European war has no effect upon weather conditions either in Europe or in the United States. The big munitions explosion, which was probably the most explosion that has ever occurred in this or any other country at any time, did not bring a drop of rain.

Chicago has had a novelty in auto speeding. A whole funeral was arrested for breaking the speed laws. The funeral motors, hearse and mourners' cars tore to Bellwood at 25 miles an hour. At the graveside six mourners were arrested and later heavily fined by Judge Scully.

Joker's Corner

Van Dussen (at Van Rock's country seat)—"Mr. Van Rocks, I love the very ground your daughter walks on!"

Van Rocks—"Well, it's for sale if you have the price!"

Wifey—"The road to a man's heart is thru his stomach."

Hubby—"And a lot of you seem to think it should be laid with bricks."

Young Man—"What is the difference between white lies and black lies?"

Old Philosopher—"White lies are the kind we tell; black lies are the kind we hear."

He—"Why didn't you answer my letter?"

She—"I never received it."

He—"You didn't?"

She "No, and besides, I didn't like something you said in it."

Touching on the subject of how Noah spent his time in the ark, a lady teacher ventured the opinion that he did some fishing.

The Bright Child joined in the conversation, saying. "He couldn't do much fishing with only two worms."

Patience—"He asked her to marry a dozen times."

Patrice—"And what did she say?"

"That he must give up cigars or her?"

"Well, what did he do?"

"Gave up asking her."

Landlady—"That new boarder is either a married man or a widower,"

Pretty Daughter—"Why, ma, he says he is a bachelor."

Landlady—"Well, I don't believe it. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his board he always turns his back to me."

"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner table.

"No," said his father, "what maks you ask a question like that while we are eating?"

"You had one on your lettuce, but it's gone," replied Tommy.

"What's up, Bill? You look scared."

"Should think so. Been a big explosion at our 'ouse."

"Much damage?"

"Damage! Why my father and mother was blown right out of the window. The neighbors, they say that it's the first time they've been seen to leave the house together for fifteen years."

In the course of a lesson on the subject of domestic economy and hygiene a mistress got a singularly smart and apt answer from a little girl. Speaking of milk and its importance as a food, the lady asked:

"What is the best place wherein to keep the milk perfectly nice and fresh during, say, a hot summer day?"

And one girl—evidently thinking it was an easy one—promptly answered:

"Please, teacher, in the cow."

Little Willie Jones was playing with the Robinson children next door. When luncheon time came Mrs. Robinson asked if he wouldn't like to stay.

"No, thank you," said Willie, "I think I'd better go home. My mother will be expecting me."

"Suppose I telephone over and ask her if you may stay," suggested his hostess.

"Please don't do that, Mrs. Robinson," said the boy earnestly. "We've got cocoanut pie for dessert today, and your cook told me you've only got prunes."

Mr. Brown had not a very good opinion of landladies in general until the other day, when he happened to see his bestowing a kindness on the cat. Of course he reasoned that any one who would be kind to dumb animals would be kind to human creatures, and he hastened to commend her actions.

"I'm glad to see that you give all the scraps to the cat, Mrs. Miggs."

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied. "Wot I say, Mr. Brown, is, be kind to the cats, and yer'll find it saves yer 'arf the wash-in'-up."

It was indeed a beautiful night. The gentle zephyr played musically amid the delicate fronds of the turnip-tops and wafted the subtle perfume of the luscious onions and decaying cabbages.

"Betsy," he murmured, as they sat together on the fence surrounding Mr. Filligan's pigsty "'ow beautiful you are Jest think of it, Betsy, when us be married us will have a pig of our own!"

"Ian," she answered, a note of resentment in her voice, "what do I care for pigs? I sha'nt want a pig when I've got you."

Then all was silent.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY
"LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after July 1st, 1916, train service on the railway is as follows:

Service Daily, Except Sunday

Express for Yarmouth.. .. 11.42 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Truro .. .. 2.07 p.m.
Bluenose for Yarmouth .. 12.47 p.m.
Bluenose for Halifax and Truro .. .. 12.47 p.m.
Accom. for Yarmouth .. ..7.10 a. m.
Accom. for Middleton.. ..6.55 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 trains from Halifax, daily.

R. U. PARKER,
General Passenger Agent,
GEORGE E. GRAHAM,
General Manager.

FURNESS LINE

LIVERPOOL SERVICE
TABASCO
DURANGO
GRACIANA

LONDON SERVICE
KANAWHA
SANTERAMO
RAPPAHANNOCK

Steamship Passages arranged to Great Britain, Bermuda and West Indies. Agents for the Allan Line, Holland-America Line, Canada Steamship Lines, etc. We can arrange tours on the S. S. Cascapedia fortnightly, from Pictou to Charlottetown, Summerside, Quebec, Montreal and intermediate points, returning same way; also through the Great Lakes to Thousand Islands and Niagara. Rail connections arranged.

For information regarding sailing dates, rates of freight and passage, apply to

Furness Withy & Co., Limited
Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Tues. & Fri.	Time Table in effect April 2nd, 1916	Accom. Tues. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton Ar.	15.45
11.38	*Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.36
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	*Karsdale	14.05
13.15	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RAILWAY AND D. A. RAILWAY.

P. MOONEY
General Freight and Passenger Agent

Yarmouth Line

Summer Service

Steamships Prince Arthur and Prince George

Leave Yarmouth every week day at 6.00 P. M. (Atlantic Time.)

Return—Leave Boston every day except Saturday at 5.00 P. M.

Connection made with trains of the Dominion Atlantic Railway and Halifax and South Western Railway to and from Yarmouth.

Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office.

A. E. WILLIAMS, Agent
Yarmouth, N. S.
Boston and Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd.

Vacation Time

Is here again. All our classes are closed. We do not deceive and disappoint new students by leaving senior studetnts in charge when the experienced teachers are on holiday. That is not Maritime-service. Our new term opens Tuesday, September 5th.

MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE
HALIFAX, N. S.
E. KAULBACH, C. A.

The First Week In September

Is the beginning of our busy season, but you can enter at any time.

Catalogues containing Tuition Rates and full information mailed to any address.

S. KERR
Principal