

THE CHIEF CHARM OF LOVELY WOMAN

Soft, Clear, Smooth Skin Comes With The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



NORAH WATSON 86 Drayton Ave., Toronto. Nov. 10th, 1915.

A beautiful complexion is a handsome woman's chief glory and the envy of her less fortunate rivals. Yet a soft, clear skin—glowing with health—is only the natural result of pure blood.

"I was troubled for a considerable time with a very unpleasant, disfiguring Rash, which covered my face and for which I used applications and remedies without relief. After using "Fruit-a-tives" for one week, the rash is completely gone. I am deeply thankful for the relief and in the future, I will not be without "Fruit-a-tives".

NORAH WATSON. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

HOW TYPHOID MAY BE CONTROLLED

(Issued by the Department of the Public Health, Nova Scotia.)

In 1910 the death rate from typhoid fever in Toronto was 49.8 per 100,000 of population. Since that time, as a result of the activities of the Department of Health, this rate has been steadily and rapidly reduced, and in 1915 it was but 1.9 per 100,000 of population.

This is a striking illustration of what can be accomplished by well-organized effort. Toronto has the proud distinction of having had a lower death rate from typhoid in 1915 than any other city in the Continent having a population greater than 250,000. The Toronto "Health Bulletin" for April explains this notable result as follows:

"The city water has been chlorinated and this is believed to be the largest factor in the reduction. The city water is examined bacteriologically six times a day, and these repeated examinations show that the water as sent on to the citizens is consistently safe.

The city milk supply (except certified milk) is required to be pasteurized and since 1912 there has been no milk typhoid in Toronto.

No cases of typhoid have been traced to oysters in Toronto for at least five years. The same is true for raw vegetables. Oyster beds are, of course, protected by the federal authorities at the sea coast.

As soon as a case of typhoid is reported an inspector calls and among other things, leaves a circular of information on typhoid fever and how it may spread.

The department has urged all the hospitals in the city to inoculate their nursing staffs with typhoid vaccine as a preventive, in nursing possible typhoid cases.

The danger of fly transmission has been materially cut down by the publicity campaign against flies and the abolition of hundreds of old-fashioned outdoor privies."

In this connection much interest attaches to a recently published observation that a few cases of typhoid than of paratyphoid are being reported amongst British troops. Antityphoid inoculation has had a remarkable effect in diminishing the prevalence of enteric, which in previous wars was the scourge of armies. Statistics show that the admission rate per thousand troops has been nine times greater amongst the un inoculated than amongst the inoculated.

A mixed vaccine is now being used for the protection of the troops, containing killed paratyphoid A and paratyphoid B as well as typhoid bacilli. This is being employed in the protection of our Canadian soldiers, three injections being given at intervals of one week. It is confidently expected that protection against paratyphoid will thus be conferred, which will be quite comparable to that which has already been secured against typhoid.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria...

EVENINGS ON THE CITADEL, HALIFAX

(By M. J. Shannon)

The great hill rearing itself proudly from the very centre of the city dominates the landscape; it is impossible to get away from it or from the consciousness of that for which it stands. Go where you will—north, south, east, west—so long as there is a clear view before you must perceive the Citadel, and so long as you see it with the Union Jack floating above its ramparts and trim, khaki-clad soldiers standing sentinel at its great gate, you will be reminded that our little sea-girt Province of Nova Scotia is one link in the mighty chain of the British Empire.

Sometimes I like to picture myself the panorama that lay before the eyes of the Englishmen on that summer day in 1749, as their white-winged ships sailed up the calm waters of the harbor and came to anchor under the shelter of the escarpment that is now crowned by the Citadel. When imagination is gracious I see the whole scene—the curved line of the peninsula that thrusts itself boldly out toward the ocean, its steep sides clothed with a dense growth of green, the wide and glorious expanse of blue sky and bluer water. I see the foliage of the trees clad in the incomparable hues of early summer shimmering and glancing in the sun; I hear the soft lap-lap of the waves as they break on the stony beach; I smell the woody perfume that is like no other—the fragrance of pine and fir, of sweet fern and bayberry, that is distilled by the moist heat and shed abroad by every wandering breeze. At such times though no lover of the Indian, as represented by our dirty and degraded Micmacs, I could find it in my heart to pity the red-skinned owner of the soil who, no doubt was crouching among the bushes, watching with angry and suspicious eyes the movements of these strange craft. Presently a boat is lowered from one of the ships, and instantly filled with a tumultuous party of stalwart men eager to tread earth again after their long sea voyage. With steady, deliberate strokes they make for the land. Now the keel grates on the beach, the men leap hastily ashore, and ere long the sound of axe and hatchet can be heard. The reign of primitive nature is over; that clear, metallic ring is its death knell!

The vision has been so realistic that it is almost with a feeling of bewilderment I come back to the present and look at the scene as it is to-day. What a wondrous change! For clean pebbled strand, washed by the untainted tide, there are black and slimy wharves, among whose piles the dark murmurs fretfully. Instead of the primeval forest the sides of the peninsula are covered with close-packed and ugly buildings, above which rises the rugged peak of the Citadel; while over all hangs a low cloud of smoke which has come from a thousand busy chimneys. But if you will climb to the top of the hill, taking either the broad carriage road or one of the little footpaths that straggle up its sides, and look out over the wide panorama that lies spread below, you will have to admit that all the beauty of the place has not been destroyed by civilization. Away from the wharves the harbor flashes and dimples in the sunshine with all its pristine purity; the city lying in the embrace of its gracious curve, is so far away that it is impossible to see the squalor of its poorer districts; while to the south and west there is an enchanting view of green open spaces embowered in trees, through which peep the steeples of several churches which, at this distance, give the place the peaceful air of a country village, and the whole scene is met by and fades away into the far landscape of dim blue hills.

The old Citadel has been the mute witness of many a notable historic sight. Full many a famous ship has it watched riding at anchor in the harbor. (Only a few months ago it looked down on the Good Hope which sailed out of that haven to meet battle and destruction. Many a gallant soldier bearing a name that is written large on the page of history—men like Wolfe and Sir Harry Smith, Fenwick Williams and Sir John French—have passed beneath its shadow. In its early days it was one of the strongest fortresses on the continent having been greatly strengthened during the command of the Duke of Kent, to whom the old clock tower on the glacis is in some sort a memorial. To-day it is obsolete. The amazing advances of modern artillery have rendered it useless for practical purposes, except as a barracks or storehouse. But it has other than practical uses. As a strength of the imperial tie, its import teacher of history an inspirer of patriotism, a mighty witness to the fact that the past cannot be over-estimated.

Once upon a time, I remember, the Citadel was the scene of a great conflagration. The darkness had just fallen on one evening when the harsh clang of the fire-bell smote the still air, and presently the sound of hurrying footsteps and loud, excited voices gave warning that something out of the common was occurring, and that near at hand, running to the open door, we saw the sky all lit up with a lurid glow, and to our questions a passer-by

made answer tossing the words back over his shoulder as he ran. "The Citadel is on fire!"

The Citadel on fire! What a glorious sight! Let us go too. No sooner said than done. In less than five minutes a little party of us had joined the eager throng. As we turned the corner of the steep street leading to the Citadel a marvelous spectacle met our eyes. The rugged hill wore a crown of fire that flamed and roared, and glowed and sparkled like the bonfire of a Titan. You must know that there were houses in the Citadel, and where you would least have suspected them, too, for they were roofed with sod, which at a distance made them indistinguishable from the surroundings. In some way the woodwork in one of these dwellings had taken fire, and the conflagration, spreading rapidly from one to another, blazed merrily.

Within the Citadel there was an antique and venerable fire-engine that for many years had been enjoying the delicious somnolence of a serene old age. At the first alarm of fire it was roused awakened from its repose and dragged out to the scene of activity. Alas! its joints were so rusty, its strength so impaired by time, that after a few frantic efforts on the part of the garrison, with a few corresponding asthmatic wheezes from the engine, the attempt to use it was abandoned and it was ignominiously trundled back to its old station. The city apparatus was now summoned and came tearing up the hill, scattering the spectators to right and left.

The glacies of the Citadel was black with people, who surged hither and thither in an excitement which rose to fever heat when someone started the rumor that the fire was creeping alarmingly close to the powder magazine.

In this terrifying suggestion wise citizens made a hasty departure, but there were any number of the more foolhardy who were ready to take their places. Meantime the flames mount higher and higher. Surely they are indeed coming perilously near that solid block of masonry in which the powder is stored! Just as this realization fairly grips the crowd there comes the sound of a long steady swish of water. The firemen have at last got their full supply, and have found their range, so to say. In a moment the immense torrent descending on the mass of vivid flames darkens them with swiftly rising clouds of heavy smoke. As they roll away the flames dart up again, but before very long it is evident that the worst is over. All the woodwork has been destroyed; the stone, which had stoutly resisted the attacks of the flames, is now protected by the constant streams of water turned on it. The danger has been averted and the spectacle is over. For a little time the fire shoots up and dies away spasmodically; then it dies away altogether and the great bonfire on the hill is over.

I never see the Citadel that I do not recall the evening I spent on its summit in 1910, watching for Halley's comet. The coming of that brilliant visitor had been so long talked of and so widely advertised that the whole world was agog to see it. Punctual to its tryst with our quiet, stay-at-home planet it arrived, first exhibiting itself in the wee sma' hours in early April, and then later on appearing in the evening sky. No other place affords such a commanding view of the heavens as the Citadel, so to the Citadel accordingly I took my way at sunset. At my feet lay the city, etherialized into a dream city by the glamor of evening. Over me stretched the wide expanse of sky, so fair and cloudless, and as yet too light to reveal its stars—on this side faintly pink with the reflection of the sinking sun, on that dipping down to the great, placid, gently-heaving sea. But the wonder of humanity struck me even more keenly than the wonders of sea and sky. For the Citadel was thronged with people—men, women and children. They sat in companies upon the grass; they strolled in groups along the broad walk that encircles the ramparts; they stood in rows upon the edge of the declivity, watching, in a perfect silence that had something reverential in it, for the coming of the phenomenon. Some I saw standing thus for fully half an hour, their arms folded and their steady gaze fixed intently on the sky. And these were men of the working class. Others there were of a higher grade also, but for the most part the gathering was composed of the lower order—respectable, intelligent working men, who had read in the daily papers of the comet, and were awaiting its appearance with the deepest interest.

Presently the sky grew dark and the stars began to twinkle out, and lo! there among the old familiar friends of our northern heavens the long-looked-for marvel rose in pallid splendor. A great sign of gratification from the expectant multitude greeted it, and then came eager exclamations: "Yes, there it is!" as fathers pointed it out to their children, who, you may be sure will never forget Halley's comet and they were taken up on the citadel to see it. A young artisan stood near me—very clean, very respectable, but still unmistakably "one of the people." He has a pair of opera glasses, through which he was studying the comet, and presently he turned and offered them

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

courteously to me: "Should you care to look at it through these?" Struck by such unusual thoughtfulness, I gratefully accepted the proffered loan. "Did you see the comet when it was visible in the early morning?" I asked, as I returned the glasses to him. "No, I was not so fortunate," he answered, taking them from me with a slight bend of the head and walking away. "If such are our common people," thought I, "what should our gentlefolk be?" And this trifling incident together with the picture of the watching people and the majestic beauty of the scene, are the chief recollections I have carried away from that evening. Beside the wonder of common humanity and common everyday beauty, Halley's comet became almost trivial and insignificant.

"When beggars die there are no comets seen. The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes!"

Shakespeare makes Calphurnia say to Caesar. Some of us recall this superstition when, shortly after the appearance of Halley's comet, the King of England—his late Majesty, Edward VII—was suddenly and unexpectedly gathered to his fathers. The general feeling of the people, as they wagged their heads knowingly over the coincidence, was that the wanderer of the skies could not have dealt the Empire a worse blow. Everyone mourned the demise of the kindly, clever man, whose wide sympathies and unflinching faith made an invaluable guide and mediator between warring factions. Our little city felt itself especially bereaved, for had it not known him as a charming, ingenuous youth just stepping out into life? Such a pretty boy! old ladies were wont to tell their children in their voices. Therefore was it decreed by civil and military authorities in conjunction that the passing of one monarch and the accession of another should be fittingly marked by a great open-air pageant, and the place chosen for its performance was the old Citadel up which the dead king, when a young lad, had tripped lightly.

The event was one of absorbing interest to the whole place because of its entire novelty. Kings do not die every day, nor do they always die at a season suitable for pageants. Victoria, of happy and glorious memory, after a reign of sixty-four years, departed this life in the chill month of January, when the weather was too inclement for outdoor parade. Her death was commemorated by solemn church services, while her successor was proclaimed king very quietly within the Citadel in the presence of a few on-lookers. But the early days of May, with the world just waking again to summer life and graces, afforded opportunity for the setting of a stage such as rarely been equalled.

The declining sun shone on a striking and impressive scene. There lay the shining sea, opal-tinted with reflections from the rosy sky. Here were the Commons, encircled by trees that were misty with budding leaves. Between rose the huge bulk of the Citadel, clad in the tender green of early spring, and down there on its north-eastern slope were massed the troops of the garrison, nearly two thousand men, facing the hill, with arms reversed and muffled drums. Half-way up the ascent stood a little group of officers—the commandant of the station, his staff, and the lieutenant-governor of the province. Far above these again the ramparts were manned with soldiers, who at this distance looked like toys, so rigid and motionless were the slim, dark figures silhouetted against the sky.

A sound breaks the stillness. It is the dull roar of a cannon, which is followed at a moment's interval by another and another. These are the minute guns saluting the dead monarch, and proclaiming with their iron throats the tale of his years—sixty-eight in all. Now there steals out on the sweet air the exquisite, heart-breaking strains of Chopin's Funeral March. No other funeral march possesses the same haunting sadness. Beethoven's "Eroica" is grand, but it is fuller of triumph than of sorrow. The hero has fought a good fight, he has finished his course henceforth he wears a crown, and the music lifts one above the partings of earth to the joys of heaven. But Chopin in voices the poignant grief of those who are left behind; he expresses the agonized yearning of the human heart

for the touch of the vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still. To-night Chopin suits our mood, for the times are out of joint, and we had counted on the peacemaker to help right them. He has been taken from us just when he seemed to be most needed; so heads are bowed and eyes fill as the mournful strains fall on the ear. As they die away into silence other bands follow with appropriate selections, to which the vast multitude listens with reverent attention.

Presently the music ceases and there is a pause of a few moments, and then, suddenly one becomes conscious of a high, fine sound which thrills with indescribable pathos. It is the pipers, and here they come with their kits swinging and streamers fluttering, straying out on the grass midway between the troops and their commandant. I am not Scotch, and I have never loved the pipes, but this evening for the first time I conceive that it might be possible to do so. The pipers are playing that plaintive lament, "The Flowers o' the Forest are a' Wede Away," and as they play they wander up and down, as though too restless with grief to be still, while their music, now high, now low, rises and falls with an inexpressible weird and mournful cadence. This episode seems to gather into one all the emotions that have been so powerfully aroused by the impressiveness of the scene and the real sadness of the occasion, and comes as a fitting climax to the ceremony.

For it is sunset, and the moment is exactly marked by the deep boom of the sixty-eighth gun. With its last reverberation the flag on the Citadel that has hung all day at half-mast is hauled down, and the crepe is removed from standards and drums. There is a stir throughout the crowd. Heads are raised, shoulders straightened. "Le roi est mort, vive le roi!" The bands strike up "God Save the King," the soldiers form in line to march to the Commons, and before we realize it we are all hurrying pell-mell after them. Stumbling over the rough ground, and pushed and jostled by the excited throng, I and my companions are once in danger of being walked over by the soldiers. But a hasty turn to one side averts this catastrophe, and in a short time we find ourselves in an excellent position directly opposite governor and commandant, who have the soldiers massed around them in a hollow square; and, with the singular feeling of for once actually seeing history in the making, hear George V proclaimed King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India and Ruler of the British Dominions beyond the seas. At the conclusion of the proclamation soldiers and civilians gave three lusty cheers for King George, the bands again briskly play the National Anthem, and the evening's ceremonies are over.

During the last year the Citadel has worn its grimmest aspect for it has been used as a prison for interned Germans; but we are all hoping that the day is not far distant when it will once more play its part in a pageant—the most joyful one it has ever witnessed—a pageant arranged in celebration of a solid, lasting and glorious peace.

Halifax N. S.

SAVE THE TREES

More Attention Being Paid to Their Protection by Railways and Others

That the shade tree increases the value of property, and adds much to the beauty of surroundings is being more and more appreciated. Municipal corporations are encouraging the planting of trees in greater numbers as well as protecting those they already have. Many estimates have been made as to the actual cash value of a growing shade tree, but all concede that its aesthetic greatly exceeds its monetary value. In the transfer of real estate, a favourably situated shade tree will enhance the value of the property out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of the tree. From a financial standpoint, therefore, the shade trees should be protected.

Several railways are giving careful attention to the trees. Not only are they protecting, by special patrols and otherwise, the forests along their lines but, at no inconsiderable expense they are protecting them on their rights-of-way. One railway line was diverted from its originally planned route to save two handsome maple trees. Considerable attention and much favourable comment has been bestowed upon this considerate action of the railway corporation.

A young lady from the north shore of New Brunswick visiting friends at Canadian Station, on the I. C. R., while in the act of yawning, dislocated her jaw. Dr. Botsford was summoned from Moncton and replaced the jaw. After the doctor left for home the young lady was showing her friends how she had her jaw dislocated and carried the demonstration so far that she dislocated it the second time. The medical attendant had to return and replace the jaw the second time.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Joker's Corner

"I hear your fell out with the bank 'Yes; I lost my balance."

"Do you know why a giraffe has such a long neck, my son?" "Yes, dad; because his head is such a long way from his body."

An advertisement, praising the virtues of a new made of infant's feeding bottle, says, "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and put in a cold place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

A customer, after waiting several minutes for an oxtail soup, called the waiter to him and asked the reason why it was behind.

The waiter, who was Irish, gently answered: "Oxtails are always behind, sir."

"I have been thinking it over, and I have concluded that two can live as cheaply, as one, and so—"

"So have I; and that being the case, you and I will continue to be two instead of becoming one."

"Why, Jimmie, is it true that you gave little Bobbie a black eye?" asked the schoolmistress.

"Yes, mum," answered the truthfully inclined Jimmie.

"What excuse have you for such a brutal act?"

"W-well, he provoked me!"

"How did he provoke you?"

"He hit me back."

Little Helen was taken to church for the first time one Sunday. The service was a source of wonder to her, but after the alms basin had been passed and she had put in her mite, her curiosity was uncontrollable, and she turned to her mother. "Mother," said she, "what do we get for our money?"

"The word 'reviver' spells the same backward or forward." It was the teacher who spoke. "Can you think of another?"

The serious boy scowled up from his primer.

"Tut-tut" he cried contemptuously. And the class worked on in silence.

Hostess (at party)—"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" Willie (who asked for a second piece)—"No ma'am."

"Well, do you think she'd like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh," confidently, "she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie!"

Teacher: "Now children, who can tell me which is the Germans' favourite drink?"

After a pause—"Champagne," exclaimed all the class excepting Tommy.

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, don't you agree with the others?"

Tommy: "Well, teacher, I don't know. I am not sure that the German army are fond of champagne, but all the world knows that their navy always stick to port."

"If it were not for my money I'd have been married long ago," sighed Miss Fortune Left to Mr. Cash Hunter.

"But, my dear Miss Left, why not buy a husband? You don't hesitate to purchase a rare painting, a horse, a house, or any other possession. Why not endow a husband?"

"Are you for sale?"

"I am."

"Then consider yourself sold."

An Anglican clergyman, pleading for free and open seats, is said to have told the following story:

"When I was a curate, the holder of a large old-fashioned pew in our church once complained of the intrusion of a stranger on the previous Sunday. He added, 'Sir, I would not dare to disturb divine worship by pushing him of my pew, but I took the slight liberty of sitting on his hat.'"

Little Mary; the daughter of a Christian Scientist, fell one day and barked her shin, and, rubbing the hurt with her hand she began to cry. Her aunt, an unbeliever, came along at this moment. The aunt was mindful of Mary's faith and of those contradictory tears, and with a mocking smile she said, "Why, Mary, are you hurt?" "No, I'm not hurt," sobbed the little girl, restraining her sobs as best she could.

"But if you're not hurt, why are you crying?"

"I'm crying," said Mary, "because I'm mad."

"And what are you mad about?"

"I'm mad—boo, hoo!" wept the little girl, "because I can't feel I'm not hurt."

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... 12.47 p.m. Bluenose for Yarmouth... 2.07 p.m. Bluenose for Halifax and Truro... 7.10 a.m. Accom. for Yarmouth... 12.47 p.m. Accom. for Middleton... 6.55 p.m.

St. John - Digby

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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.

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A. E. WILLIAMS, Agent Yarmouth, N. S.

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Vacation Time

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

MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE

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