

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

"Fruit-a-tives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers

ROCHON, Que., March 2nd, 1915. "I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'."

LIGHT BEERS

To the Editor:—The Pioneer is doing a great public service in sounding a note of warning against the insidious danger which threatens our long fought-for prohibition of the liquor traffic.

"For years the liquor traffic has been preaching beer-drinking. The distillers do not raise any objection to this. They know that beer drinking develops an alcoholic appetite, that demands stronger beverages.

"Germany's beer-gardens have produced a brutality that will make Germany a by-word for centuries to come. Yet some of these liquor men would like to establish the German Beer-Gardens here. It is not strange that the great philanthropist who is General Secretary of the Research Dept. of the M. E. Temperance Society is compelled to cry out 'If we must have the liquor business, in God's name let us have the bar-room where men take their drink standing and fully realize that they are poisoning themselves. Keep the women and children out of it. We have a lot to learn in regard to the liquor problem, but Europe can't teach us anything, to say the least, the Beer-garden Professors cannot.'"

"When there are symptoms already of a campaign in Ontario looking to the cultivation of a public opinion in favor of beer and wine, when the 1919 referendum comes, it is with deep regret that we read in an editorial in the Woodstock Sentinel Review the following mischievous suggestion:—'It is probable that much of the opposition to total prohibition would disappear at once or in time if some provision were made for the sale of light beers and wines. A good many who do not like compulsion would become reconciled to a law restricting the sale of stronger drinks as the sale of drugs is restricted, but they contend that the attempt to cut off all alcoholic drinks at once is not only unnecessary but impracticable and that the inevitable result will be to encourage illicit traffic in strong and poisonous mixtures of alcohol. They argue that to permit the retail sale of light wines and beers would be to encourage temperance by offering a safe-guard against the traffic in the more dangerous liquor.'"

That's the old song to a new tune, but we must remember that we're drinking more alcohol even now in beer than in the form of spirits. And it must not be forgotten that beer contains three poisons, while whiskey if pure, contains only one; also that beer drinkers make up in quantity what is lacking in strength of alcohol.

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

After the reaspry crop is harvested, clean out the old wood and diseased canes and burn them. Cutting back may be done either in the autumn or following spring. When done in the summer laterals are forced out giving the new cane somewhat of a bush form and this practice is still followed by some growers. However, fall and spring cutting back are most in favor.

In many cases the good cow goes and the poor one remains to eat up the profits. The scales and tester would prevent this, for the figures themselves shame the man who acts so wisely as to sell the profitable producer and feed the poor one.

Producers should get every cent possible of the consumer's dollar. The most effective way to accomplish this end is to go after it with quality to offer and an efficient organization to offer it.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

ALDERSHOT AND WINDSOR—NOVA SCOTIA'S MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS

(Yarmouth Times)

On a recent afternoon I drove by auto to the camp at Aldershot. No artist would hazard his reputation for accuracy by producing on his canvas what I saw. At once I looked upon the architectural sky line of a canvas city with walks and plazas and flags and the tramp of its busy inhabitants going hither and thither. I realized that I was in the summer city of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, worthy descendants of the Scotch saints who planted the Union Jack and the Bonnie Blue Flag of Scotland in the van guard of coming hosts. Aldershot is an ideal camping ground. It is not all valley, nor all hill—it is neither plain or plateau—it is a harmonizing of all these. The soil is not too sandy nor too clayey. It is a mixture of both making for hardness in dry weather and quick absorption in wet. It is on high ground producing heat in the day time and refreshing coolness at night. Rising to the right is a picturesque grove of trees—their royal robes ever fresh, even perfect, renewed from day to day by a gradual, subtle and nearly invisible process. As they stretch forth their dusky arms to the wooing embraces of the winds of heaven they sing one song which never alters throughout the ages.

At times a forsaken spot, Aldershot has become as if by magic, a military town. The stalwart youths of the Highland Brigade have trooped into it from all parts of Nova Scotia, clothed in khaki. Round these men has arisen a town of canvas where the hardest kind of training for the trenches is going on every day. Hard work for everybody, restraint and complete unity—that is the slogan of the Highland Brigade. Everywhere I found a tacit compact to pull together. The arrangement of the camp shows the combined wisdom of military, medical and sanitary direction. The Highland Brigade is composed of four battalions—the 85th commanded by Col. Parsons, the 185th by Col. Day, the 193rd by Col. Stanfield and the 219th by Col. Muirhead. The camp arrangement is one of parallel lines. The first line is occupied by the officers of the several battalions in the order named above. Next in order are the tents occupied by the orderly rooms and sergeant majors quarters of the battalions. Here the executive work is carried on and there is always something doing. Next in order come the tents of the members of the several companies composing the respective battalions. These run in parallel lines at right angles to the officers' tents, so that the several companies are grouped together. From six to eight men occupy a tent and find plenty of fresh air and good warm blankets to add to their comforts and preserve their health. Behind the rows of the tents of the rank and file are to be seen the mess tents of the officers of the several battalions. As one looks to the north of these tents he sees long rows of tables covered with oil-cloth and laid with white enamel-ware dishes, as though preparations had been made for a monster picnic. Here the men sit down to their meals in fine weather; in wet weather each man is permitted to eat his rations under cover. It is an impressive sight to see thousands of our boys in khaki sitting down at well filled tables extending as far as the eye can reach. The space immediately to the right is occupied by the cooks where the food is prepared for the table.

Near at hand are the water taps and ablution stands while to the rear are to be found the lustrous and shower baths. The visitors cannot fail to be impressed with the absolute cleanliness of the camp grounds. The waste is burned in incinerators; galvanized iron garbage cans receive the refuse at first and woe betide the man who fails to keep these cans carefully covered. The tents where the food is prepared for the table are models of cleanliness and even the most exacting house-wife would fail to find here an excuse for fault-finding. High up on a knoll surrounded by trees, one sees the Red Cross flag flying proudly in the breeze. Here is situated the "Camp Hospital." The chief director of this part of the camp is Col. Joseph Hayes and his work is well done. On him devolves the arduous work of keeping the camp healthy and sanitary. The excellent health of the men, the amazing cleanliness of all surroundings together with the noticeable absence of flies are tributes to the kind of work Col. Hayes is doing. Under him is a staff of doctors, every member of which is an experienced medical man. From a medical standpoint the men in the Highland Brigade are better looked after than they would be, were they enjoying the comforts of home. Returning to the front line tents, I found that of Brigadier-General Allison H. Borden occupying a position half-way between

the line. The Brigadier was sitting in front of his tent and asked me to take a seat. General Borden looks every inch a soldier. He has the soldier's vision, quick, alert manner and keen eye. He is proud of his Brigade and he has reason to be. It is his creation—his vision become a reality. To him, the life and discipline of a soldier is not so much a physical endurance as it is a psychological fact. To him the disciplined mind determines more than anything else the qualities of the soldier that is being made at the Aldershot camp. General Borden takes a kindly interest in his officers and men. He is more human than many professional soldiers one meets in a journey. He is held in high regard by his men. His brigade is loyal to him. Walking through the line I came upon the encampment of the 85th Battalion. This is the senior battalion of the Brigade. Its members had hoped to be on the firing line ere this, but strenuous objections were raised to this and so the 85th has become the "pater familias" to the other battalions. The 85th counts itself the back bone of the whole shooting match. Yarmouthians are to be found here as elsewhere on earth so I was not surprised to be greeted by "Sammy" Hood wearing that smile that won't wear off. Clothed in khaki and a hat commonly called a "cow breakfast" with a face tanned as brown as a berry, Sam looked ready for a campaign either in Nova Scotia, Salonika or Flanders. Many other Yarmouth boys in this battalion gave me the "glad hand" and eagerly sought to find out the "latest," but being only a newspaper man I did not know very much to tell. Passing along the lines I found myself surrounded by old college chums bearing the badge of the 185th Battalion. All professions were represented and all trades. These fellows chiefly came from Cape Breton and many of them have given up splendid positions to don the khaki. One of them was associated with the postal department. He made the statement that more letters go from and come to Aldershot in a day than come and go to the city of Halifax. The 185th is commanded by Col. F. P. Day, and its spiritual interests are looked after by Capt. A. J. MacDoval formerly the Presbyterian minister in Lunenburg. It is said on every side that Day makes a great soldier. He knows his job and the job likes him. Inside the lines of the 219th battalion one felt immediately at home. Hardly had I passed by the commandant's tent than the stalwart form of Major VanHorne appeared in the distance and the genial Major hastened to give me a courteous and cordial welcome. VanHorne is an outstanding man in the 219th. He is president of the officers mess and a general factotum on all military matters. He makes a fine looking soldier and has the confidence of his men. But I am ahead of my story. The 219th Battalion is made up of men from the western counties and a sprinkling from Halifax. It is commanded by Col. Muirhead who has seen active service already in this war. Dr. Cutten president of Acadia University, commands company B, with Capt. Kent of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, second in command. Of all genial, big hearted men Dr. Cutten is a shining illustration. He has imparted something of his enthusiasm to his men. It was largely due to President Cutten's persuasive eloquence that the ranks of the 219th were so speedily filled. Major VanHorne commands C Company with Capt. Blackadar of Yarmouth second in command. Captain Blackadar was busy about his official duties when I called to see him. His life is an exceedingly busy one. He has paraphrased a scriptural sentence and made it to read "There is no sleep for the soldier." Capt. Blackadar, in addition to his company duties, is secretary to the officers mess and this throws an increased burden of responsibility on him. He is making good, his brother officers realize that he is no misfit. Doubtless my readers will be pleased to hear of some of the other Yarmouthians in the camp. I found W. J. D. Gibson hard at work in his official tent—the quartermaster-sergeant. He looked well, and happy and so busy he could hardly spare the time to leave his work. His is an important and responsible position. He must look after the food, blankets, equipment, and clothing of the men of his company and when the war is finished Parson Gibson will be in a position both by experience and knowledge to manage all the combined business houses of Yarmouth. He is a "great find" for his commanding officer. In company with Major White-man's tent I found a coterie of Yarmouth boys. Whitman is no novice at the game of soldiering. He has the experience of years behind him and he moves among the boys as an "authority." He too is a busy man and has the capacity of getting through with an enormous amount of work. He is the "go between," between the men



and their officers. He must keep an account of all the men in the company—the good, bad, sick, halt, healthy; the present, and the absent and it is no cinch. In his tent or near it I found a great number of Yarmouthians some of whom I knew by name, and some I did not know. Sergt. Albinus Horner was there, Roy Ross, Everett Killam, Robert Grant, Lorenzo Foulis Arthur Churchill, and many others—all looking the part of good soldiers. All seemed happy and contented. There were some complaints, but whoever heard of a soldier that could not complain about something? But anxious and solicitous mothers would have their fears removed if they visited Aldershot camp. It is a small city—a hive of industry—a place of jollity and good comradeship. Lieuts. Chipman, Crowell and Robertson are among the Yarmouth boys who hold commissions in the 219th.

In the lines next to the 219th I found the tents of the 97th American Legion, Col. Jolly, the O. C. of this battalion, who I had the pleasure of meeting, is an exceedingly courteous gentleman. Judging by his name he ought to hail from Yarmouth; but he is an American.

The life of the camp is by no means monotonous. When the days drill is over the ground is black with men playing baseball, football, and running races and practicing the high jump. Adjacent to the grounds is the Y.M.C.A. plant, and Borden Hall, a pavilion erected under the auspices of the R.C. Church. Too much praise cannot be given to the Y.M.C.A. for the great work done in the camp by their organization. His Majesty the King recently congratulated the Y.M.C.A. on the successful results of its war work, which has done everything conducive to the comfort and well-being of the armies and the supplying of special and peculiar needs of men drawn from countries so different and so distant. It has worked in a practical, economical and unostentatious manner, with consummate knowledge of those with whom it has to deal. At the same time the Association, by its spirit of discipline, has earned the respect and approbation of the military authorities.

The Y.M.C.A. has opened a new annex at the camp. The new building is the best of its kind in Canada. It measures 100 by 40 feet, the space being given almost entirely for an auditorium. It is fitted with hard wood floor and electric lights. With this fine addition to its plant the Y.M.C.A. is fitted to carry forward on a larger scale the splendid work among the men in the camp. The "changing of the guard" is one of the features of each days work. This is a very formal affair. The new guard is paraded, inspected and then headed by one of the many bands it marches to the changing post where it is met by the old guard and takes over from the latter the duties of the night. The new guard is then played to its several stations. There are many bands to be heard at Aldershot. Some one of them is discharging music at frequent intervals during the day and some say the night too. If it be true that "music hath charms to calm the savage breast" there should be none found in the camp at Aldershot. Moving through the camp one speedily comes to the conclusion that this is no play-soldiering, no sporting trip, or summer outing with military trappings. Social diversions are barred, and wives, sisters and sweetheart are noticeably absent. The men are here to work and to learn. They do both in dead earnest. They do not indulge in spectacular personal "stunts" for the benefit of the daily press. The orders of the day obeyed to the letter are for hard, steady work and absolute submission to discipline. Men are obeying orders given by those who in private life are their subordinates.

With the donning of the khaki the personalities of all are completely merged with the mass. The earnestness with which the men work and the high standard of intelligence represented is telling heavily in the results achieved. The camp is illuminated at night by electricity. All over the tented field the lights sparkle. Now and then in the glare one catches sight of a company of men marching out for night manoeuvres. The officers of the Brigade are a goodly lot. They are civilians who have come into intimate touch with officers of the regular army and mutual benefit has resulted. From the Brigadier all down the line, the officers are gentlemen of the highest type whose instruction has been efficiently given and courteously received. The Aldershot "white city" shows the temper of our Nova Scotians and their determination to discharge their duty and obligation to

their country. It is an obligation; not a merely voluntary affair, not a free-will offering, but a debt to the nation a blood tax as real as any other tax.

Bidding farewell to the camp I passed on next day to Windsor, to visit the 112th battalion encamped there. Commenting on this battalion the Windsor Journal said:—

"It was in the latter part of last year that Sir Sam Hughes authorized H. B. Tremain, Esq., M. P., to raise a battalion for overseas service and in accordance with the request the Federal member for Hants, with rank of Lieut.-Col., outlined his plan for a recruiting campaign in this and the western sections of the Province. A strong recruiting committee was organized and the energetic work of the same early showed splendid results and men came from all directions, willing and ready, to do their bit. The Western Counties from Halifax to Yarmouth contributed nobly, and soon, not only was the required number obtained but an additional 200 signed on.

About May 10th the last of the troop trains had arrived at Windsor, bringing men from various centres in the different counties, where they had undergone a course of preliminary training during the winter months.

Historic old Fort Edward again put on her war paint, and the battle ground of days gone by was tramped by 1500 stalwart sons of Nova Scotia.

At Windsor I met Major Seeley, who is proving himself a highly efficient officer, Sergt. Major Chas. Dyke, Sergt. Frank Rogers, Sergt. Horner and many other Yarmouth boys. I was particularly interested in the band because the backbone of this organization is a coterie of Yarmouth musicians. Among the number is Douglas Godfrey, Syversten, Clyde MacKinnon Brackett and others. Lieut. Lloyd of Lunenburg is the bandmaster and he is producing a first-class band. Here I found the war spirit alive and growing. Canadians do not talk much about the flag, but to see the enthusiasm of the boys in camp reminds the visitor of that ditty about the Union Jack,—

It's only an old piece of bunting, It's only an old colored rag But thousands have died for its honor And shed their best blood for the flag. A.M.H.

KEEPING FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR

A valuable bulletin (236) is obtainable from the Ontario Department of Agriculture on "Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables" which contains directions for canning successfully such vegetables as peas, beans and asparagus; and for peaches, raspberries, strawberries, cherries, etc. Now, if the department wishes to become very popular let it bring out a bulletin on how to keep fruit without sugar.

With the retail price of sugar soaring, till it is almost out of reach, and the fruit season at its height, a truly perplexing question is presented to many housewives and fruit-growers. To one it means doubt whether the customary supply of fruit can be "put up" for later consumption by the family, and to the latter it is serious because it threatens his markets for crops he has been at such pains to bring to maturity.

Here is where the schools of Domestic Science should prove their real value. It formerly was believed that quantities of sugar were essential to the preservation of all fruits, and that without its addition the fruit was almost sure to spoil. Some of our mothers knew better than that, but it was the generally accepted theory. Now, those who seek knowledge on the subject are taught that it is possible not only greatly to reduce sugar, but even to dispense with it altogether. The practice this is to store the fruit properly prepared and sweeten it to suit the taste as the store is drawn upon. Sugar may be cheaper then and besides any excess of supply will not carry with it waste of sugar as well as fruit.

For those who mourn because they fear their supplies of winter jelly are threatened, there is hope in the fact that the juice of the fruit can be kept in the same way and cooked down and sweetened later in the season. It is our purpose only to suggest what can be done. Let the Department of Agriculture teach us the process, both in the interests of "Thrifty" and of the family. Winter without jam or canned fruit put up at home would be a sad season indeed. It has also been suggested to us that the Dominion Government might look into the rise in the cost of sugar to the customer. It seems all out of proportion to the cost of raw materials as quoted in the papers and something should really be done by the powers that be to help the people at such times.—Exchange.

The Irish insurrection has sent 125 men into penal servitude.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Joker's Corner

"Lives of motorists remind us 'We can set an awful pace, 'And departing leave behind us 'Fragments all around the place.'"

OWNER: See here, Sir, your bill for repairs is outrageous. Why, it's more than the old car is worth.

MECHANIC: Well, you can leave the car in part payment, if you like.

An interested visitor who was making call in the teacup district, rising said:—

"Well, good woman, I must go now Is there anything I can do for you? 'No, thank ye, man,' replied the submerged one. 'Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummin' meself.'"

Grocer (complacently to clerk)—"Did you read in the paper about this 'ere sugar swindle, Bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"What robbers there are in the world! The days when honest men were in business seem to have gone by."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, Bill, you might put another gallon of water in the vinegar while you have nothing to do."

Father Cummings, once superintendent of the little Wanderers' Home, attended a watch-night service, and closed his testimony by saying, "It may be but a month longer that I shall be here, perhaps a week, or even before the close of another day I shall be gone." He had hardly seated himself when a young man in the back of the vestry started the old song. "Oh, why do you wait, dear brother; oh, why do you tarry so long?"

Little Minnie was having a birthday party and some of the little guests were discussing the merits of the babies in their homes.

"My little sister is only five months old," remarked Annie, "and she has two teeth."

"My little sister," said Nellie, "is only six months old and she has three."

Minnie was silent for a moment, then she burst forth:—

"My little sister hasn't got any teeth yet, but when she does have some they're going to be gold ones!"

PUBLICAN—And how do you like being married, John? JOHN—Don't like it at all. "Why, what's the matter wi' she, John?"

"Well, first thing in morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner it's money again, and at supper it's the same. Nothing but money, money, money!"

"Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money?"

"I dunno. I ain't given her any yet."

There is an old negro living in Carrollton who was taken ill several days ago called a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving Dr. S. felt the darkey's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue.

"Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, sah," he answered feebly. "I hadn't missed anything but my watch as yit, boss."—Old Joke Book.

When a well-known doctor, an enthusiast on phrenology, visited a lunatic asylum in Paris, he was shown around the establishment by one of the inmates, who was quite rational in his talk. The doctor therefore felt his head and remarked:—"I find here not a vestige of madness. What brought you into the asylum?" "Not a bit likely that you will detect any trace of lunacy on the head at which* you now see on my shoulders; for you must know that it is not my head at all. I only had it stuck on after I was guillotined, during the revolution." The doctor was satisfied with the explanation.

"Spell your name!" said the clerk sharply.

The witness began: "O, double T, I double U, E, double L, double—"

"Wait!" ordered the clerk: "begin again!"

The witness repeated: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O—"

"Your Honor!" roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court!"

"What is your name?" asked the judge. "My name, your Honor, is Ottiwell Wood, and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O D."

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY

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

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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. Cascadia 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

Table with columns: Accom. Tues. & Fri., Time Table in effect April 2nd, 1916, Stations, Accom. Tues. & Fri. Rows include Read down and Read up times for various stations like Lv. Middleton AR, * Clarence, Bridgetown, Grandville Centre, Grandville Ferry, * Karedale, AS. Port Wade Lv.

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 3.00 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 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 HALIFAX, N. S. E. KAULBACH, C. A.

No Summer Vacation

Will be given this year, but we will do our "bit" by fitting young men and women for the work that is waiting for them. Students can enter at any time. Send for catalogue.

S. KERR Principal