

SHARP ATTACK REPULSED

Dangerous Condition Relieved Just In Time By "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. F. J. CAVEEN
682 Gerrard St. East, Toronto.
For two years, I was a victim of Acute Indigestion and Gas in the Stomach.

A DINNER AND A KISS

"I've brought your dinner, father," The blacksmith's daughter said. As she took from her arm the kettle And lifted its shining lid.

The blacksmith took off his apron, And dined in happy mood, Wondering much at the savor Hid in his humble food.

While she with her kettle swinging, Merrily trudged away, Stopping at sight of a squirrel, Catching some wild bird's lay.

THE MAN AND THE TIDE

It isn't the man who goes up with the tide As it easily floats him along, But the man against whom it has turned, that deserves

The struggle there in the angry deep That against him is rolling its flood; Watch how he fights in the current's sweep

With the spirit of joy in his blood! His battle is terrible all the while As the waters keep dashing him down;

The many ride on the friendly wave Of the river of life each day; But the souls that are bright with the gift called brave

Against the tides that are strong; And not the fellows with plenty of power That drift with the stream along.

REZISTOL—A safe and sure remedy in all cases of overstimulation, also indicated in all cases of Brain Fatigue, Nervous Exhaustion caused by overwork or maintenance, unequalled for nausea or general depression.

Five thousand German prisoners of war on an island near Auckland, Australia, need little guarding, because the waters thereabouts are alive with big man-eating sharks.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

AT THE TOP OF THE NORTH SEA

(By U. N. Macdonnell)

Ever since the war began we have been hearing of those remote islands that command the upper part of the North Sea. The British Navy had a base in the Orkneys where much more active operations go on than the world is ever allowed to know.

A strange fate it is that has made these quaint and primitive corners of the earth the centre of a terrible struggle. Not long ago some Orkney Territorials volunteered for service at the front.

It was a wild country that we saw when we went on deck that morning of our arrival. It was July, yet there was no verdure, only a savage tumble of black, rocky hills on the one hand and on the other, a long, gradual, brown slope.

Blue-eyed sons of the vikings helped us ashore and led us up the long, narrow cobbled streets to our lodgings. There was not a tree to be seen; of course, and at every turn we got glimpses into curious stone wynds like those that open from High Street in Edinburgh.

Our lodgings were on the "street" in a house to dream of, decidedly not a house to keep house in (were they wrecked in the explosion, I wonder?).

First, we made off to the bay again. We were going to visit that island which had been on our right hand as we steamed up the Sound. We were going to climb that long, brown slope and see what was on the other side of it.

That walk was perfect. If you who read should ever travel the same path will you find sky and sea as blue as we did, turf as golden, upturned peat so richly black and brown?

We saw a flock of the sheep feeding on seaweed at low tide. The practice does not improve them as mutton, but there is nothing much else for them to eat. They are never shorn. The wool is plucked from them and they tell you that this accounts for its peculiar softness and lightness.

At this moment we rounded a shoulder of our hill and saw a Shetland farm tucked away behind it. Such a farm! Two small fields of something or other,—it was not well grown enough to say what. Probably it was here. But remember this was July, and there were not yet two inches of growth.

A minute later we met one of these women coming down the hill path with her "kysshie" of peat for the weary task of providing the winter fuel is also here. The "kysshie" is a basket made in Shetland from the roots of the heather, and in size and shape much resembles the familiar bushel basket of our fathers.

The Sound had filled up while we were away. Our small launch shot across the bows of innumerable blunt-nosed vessels amid an all-enveloping atmosphere of fried herrings, which never left us until we reached land again.

This women was young and attractive, and cheerful enough under the heavy load which bowed her shoulders. Her hands were incessantly busy as she walked and a long end of knitting tucked into her belt betrayed her the famous Shetland shawls are made. If we could have peeped into her cottage we would have seen, as we saw in others, two small rooms, with a hearth in the centre of the outer one, from which the smoke drifted upwards through strings of drying fish until a small fraction of it escaped through a hole in the thatched roof.

We reached the top of our hill suddenly, and with clouds of gulls wheeling and screaming above us, found the sea at our feet. A precipitous cliff dropped from us sheer down to the waves. On this crystal day we could see far away to the Fair Isle, that insignificant dot of land half way between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, which has more wrecks to its credit than anyone would enjoy counting.

There is a tragic tale still whispered around winter firesides of a great Spanish ship cast away there in that terrible running fight when the Armada fled from the Lizard to the Pentland Firth and beyond it. The unlucky survivors of the wreck spent the long, dark winter among the islanders. They ate up all the sheep, they tell you, and when they began on the ponies the prudent natives, seeing a famine imminent, refused to give them any farther provisions.

Not is there any reason to doubt the truth of this story. The remarkable thing is that the Spaniards were allowed to land in the first place, since the islanders refused to have a strong superstition against rescuing shipwrecked sailors. For to this day there is powerful proof of Spanish influence in the complicated and brilliantly colored patterns which the women of the Fair Isle knit. They are entirely different from any other northern work and are identical with those still found among the Moors.

But we reflected that if we were to pause to recall all the dark tales of the north we should do no more exploring, and we turned our thoughts elsewhere. The peripatetic man became fired with an ambition to cross over to Noss, a small islet lying off this side of Bressay, and view the seaweed there. It is preserved for them, and is consequently a great breeding place. So he turned off into a hollow, encountering a field of ponies by the way. They were shaggy little creatures with coats almost as long as a sheep's fleece.

At one end of the thoroughfare a socialist orator was exhorting to red war against capital. At the other end a "gospeller" was preaching peace and goodwill. The crowd surged equally around both. Solitary couples, oblivious of either, wandered up the shore, until the mist swallowed them. Slowly the town clock struck eleven. The sunset flush was still rosy in the sky.

The peat was blazing cheerily in our grate, with the west window duly open. "For sheer joy I never had a day like it." I was finding a chair in the east corner as I spoke.

NO ALUM MAGIC READ LABEL BAKING POWDER

I cannot speak, for I judged discretion the better part of valor and remained safe on the Bressay side.

By the time we had retraced our steps and reached the Sound again it was eight o'clock, but the sun was still riding high in the heavens. In summer there is no night in this northern land. There are a few hours of twilight, but the sun does not set till ten, and at twelve we wrote letters out of doors.

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"Shall we come up next winter?" asked the peripatetic man. I shivered. The days in winter are about fourteen hours long.

Under that west window the waves lapped softly. There was an indescribable murmur in the air, compounded of voices, moving water and the slight sounds from hundreds of vessels. Against this background a student voice beneath us called: "Boat-ahoy!"

An answering hail came faintly across the water. I turned firmly to the peripatetic man: "I'm going to stay here all summer." "Shove up that other window. The fire is smoking," he said.

There will be no Dutchmen in the Sound this year. The herring-gutters are working in factories in the south, turning out shells to kill their fellow-creatures. And the fishermen—some of them will meet the fate of other trawlers. Poor Shetland! Poor Europe!

MILKING RECORDS OF PURE BRED COWS

Nine years ago the Live Stock Branch of the Federal Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with certain record associations representing breeds of dairy cattle, began to record the performance of pure bred milking cows. Each record association agreed upon a standard of yield for cows of its respective breed to qualify for registration, while the Live Stock Commissioner formulated regulations under which the tests were to be carried out. At the end of each year a report of the work has been issued, containing a list of the animals that qualified for registration during the year, their breed, age, ownership, milking period, production of milk and fat and such other information as might reasonably be looked for in an official report. Each year the work has increased until the seventh report, just issued, contains no less than 152 pages of information. During the year 413 cows qualified for registration, including 196 Holsteins, 123 Ayrshires, 33 Jerseys, 9 Guernseys, 14 French Canadians and 36 Shorthorns. The highest records were:—Shorthorn, 15,535 lbs. milk, 540 lbs. fat; French Canadian, 10,767 lbs. milk, 453 lbs. fat; Guernsey, 11,445 lbs. milk, 520 lbs. fat; Holstein, 23,717 lbs. milk, 834 lbs. fat; Jersey, 15,211 lbs. milk, 754 lbs. fat; Ayrshire, 16,696 lbs. milk, 729 lbs. fat.

This report for the second time contains an appendix containing the records of cows which produced sufficient milk and fat to qualify for registration but failed to calve within fifteen months after the commencement of the test, as required by the regulations. This report is of special interest to dairy farmers who are anxious to build up the milking qualities of their herds. Copies will be sent to those who apply for them to the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

THE DARK DAIRY BARN

While there are but few dairy barns that are really sufficiently lighted at any time the number of dark barns during the winter months are much greater than during the summer since most dairymen in their efforts to make the quarters snug and warm for the animals through severe winter weather, bar much of the light by closing up all the openings through which it must come.

The dark dairy barn is more apt to be damp since dampness is sure to form where the sunlight never is allowed to penetrate, and this with the fluids passed by the cows, forms an ideal seedbed for establishing rheumatism among the herd, while the absence of light further encourages the accumulation of all sorts of disease germs.

Another most undesirable feature of the dark dairy barn is its detrimental effect on the eyesight of the herd. The animals are confined in their dark quarters for several hours, perhaps several days at times, which somewhat accustoms them to the gloomy atmosphere. Being turned into the open daylight again, the sudden change strains and paralyzes the optic nerves, thus seriously affecting the eyesight. A limited amount of light admitted in front of the cows in their stalls will rectify this great mistake. The opening of the manure holes—if you are not equipped with a modern litter carrier—may be resorted to when the weather will permit, but as there are times when this practice would expose the herd to severe weather, the light supply must be made ample and permanent by the installation of regular frames for holding glass to admit the proper amount of light required for the general welfare of the herd.

And while you are making the barn lighter, see that it is equipped with modern stalls, stanchions, litter carriers, etc.—Farm Life.

A cotton planter in South Carolina has raised brown, yellow and green cotton, and hopes to produce black, red and gray cotton.

Twenty Years of Heroic Service

By Jean Ford Roe.

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, the famous medical missionary, has completed twenty years of noble service in Labrador, that almost unknown country that borders the Arctic wastes. The story of this wonderful life for the past two decades—a life dedicated to the services of the slowly fisherman of the icy Northland—is a story of peril, hardship and suffering.

It is said that Dr. Grenfell was converted during an evangelistic campaign conducted by Moody and Sankey, in England and that a few years afterward, young Grenfell met Mr. Moody and told him about it. Mr. Moody, it is related, looked at the young Englishman a moment and then said, "And what are you doing?"

Whether this story is true matters little; it is a fact, however, that Dr. Grenfell and his devoted band of helpers have lived up to Moody's belief that real Christianity consists of doing deeds of love, not talking them.

When Dr. Grenfell first talked of going to Labrador, he was told that it was "the land of Cain" and "the rubbish-heap of the Creation." This did not deter him in the least. His first cruise in Labrador waters was made in the mission hospital ketch Albert of ninety-nine tons burden and, said Dr. Grenfell, "as stout a craft and as comfortable in a breeze as any I have ever been on."

Dr. Grenfell's first professional call in Labrador was made a few minutes after he landed. The sick man was in a hut made of earth, sod and straw. It was dark and damp and air-tight, except for the door which was always kept shut. There was no flooring except sea shells scattered over the mud upon which the hut was built. Besides the sick man and his wife who attended him, were five half-naked children. The fisherman was dying with pneumonia. And this was only a sample of the wretched conditions found on all the islands in this land of ice, dogs, frogs and cod.

Dr. Grenfell's records show some nine hundred and fifty sick folk treated during that first cruise. His first visit at an Eskimo village was made memorable by the opportunity to attend an unfortunate man, who, a short time before, had blown off both hands while reloading a cannon to salute the incoming supply vessel on its annual trip.

With the aid of friends and the Government of Newfoundland, Dr. Grenfell has built and equipped five hospitals on the islands off the coast of Labrador to afford proper care and protection of the lives of the huge summer floating population and of the winter residents. The original sailing ketch was sold and replaced by an efficient little hospital steamer named, after the chief donor, Strathcona. This boat is fitted with an X-ray apparatus a searchlight, and wireless telegraphy. It patrols the coast during the season of open water and has been the means of saving many lives.

Not to mention the "Co-operative Store" which has encouraged thrift among its customers and caused prices of necessities to be greatly lowered, one of the greatest things which Dr. Grenfell has done for these people has been the introduction of reindeer into Labrador. These are the only animals that can find sustenance from the immense tracts of moss in the interior. The reindeer not only afford excellent transport, but their milk is rich, sweet and easily made into cheese their flesh furnishes excellent food and their skins are yearly becoming more valuable. Dr. Grenfell will be glad when the reindeer supplants the dog in affording transport, for he can recall many cases of people badly injured or killed by the wolfish "huskies," since he went to Labrador.

Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd

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Leave Yarmouth daily, except Sundays at 6 p. m. Return, leave Central Wharf, Boston, daily, except Saturdays, at 2 p. m. Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office A. E. WILLIAMS, Agent Yarmouth, N. S.

THEY'RE FINE FOR KIDDIES CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

On and after July 19th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows: Service Daily Except Sunday. Express for Halifax (Monday only) 4.13 a. m. Express for Yarmouth 12.08 p. m. Flying Bluenose for Halifax 12.29 p. m. Express for Halifax 1.58 p. m. Flying Bluenose for Yarmouth 2.18 p. m. Express for Annapolis (Sat. only) 7.53 p. m. Accom. for Halifax 7.40 a. m. Accom. for Annapolis 6.35 p. m.

Midland Division

Trains on the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a. m. 5.10 p. m., and 7.50 a. m. and from Truro for Windsor at 6.45 a. m., 2.30 p. m. and 12.50 p. m. connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth. Buffet Parlor Car Service on Flying Bluenose trains between Halifax and Yarmouth

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted) Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yarmouth" leaves St. John 7.00 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 Flying Bluenose train from Halifax daily except Sunday. P. GIFFKINS, General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

Table with columns: From London, From Halifax, From Liverpool, From Halifax. Includes ship names like Appenine, Caterino, Shenandoah, Toba co, Durango.

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

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accon. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect January 4, 1915, Accon. Mon. & Fri. Includes stations like Lv. Middleton Ax., Clarence, Bridgetown, Granville Centre, Granville Ferry, Kapadale, Ar. 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

\$14 per

is not too bad for a lad who a year ago did know Debit from Credit. He is an undergraduate and since his appointment in June has received two promotions. Despite these facts some persons say it does not pay to be Maritime-trained. Students admitted any day at the

Maritime Business College HALIFAX, N. S. E. KAULBACH, C.A.